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Harper's

MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1954

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Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression

Helen Hill Miller

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The Secret Life of a Man on Skis by George H. Weltner

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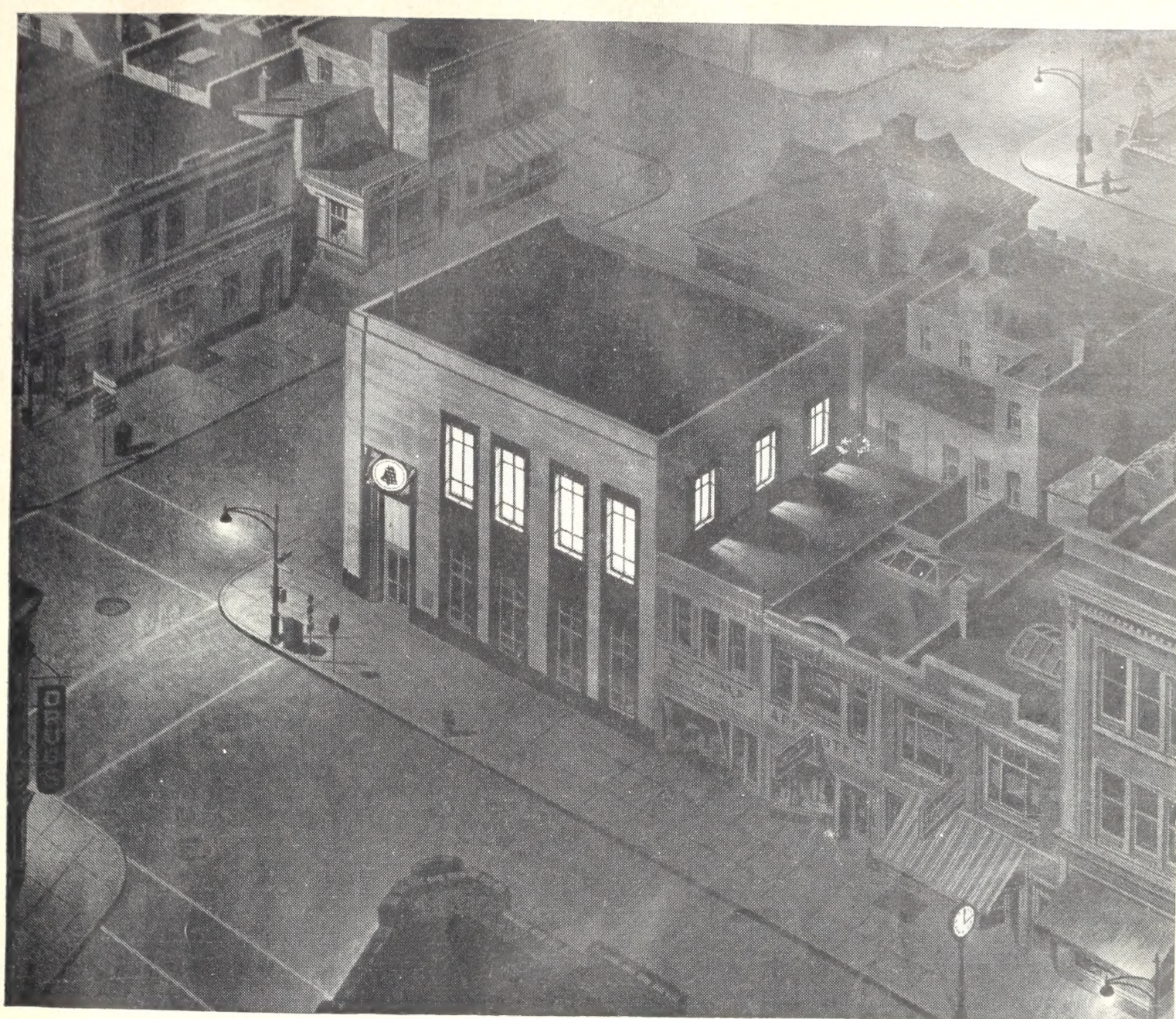
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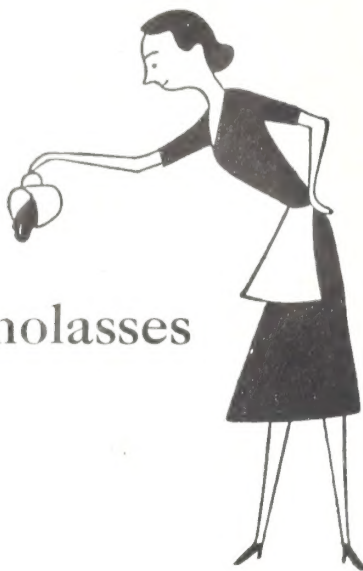
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

How to pour molasses out of a cup



The first woman who greased the cup before measuring molasses deserves a small but appropriate medal for ingenuity. Likewise, the first man who thought to tape an emergency key under his car hood. Or whoever first sprinkled salt on an icy sidewalk. Or whoever first had the happy thought to warm a knife before cutting fruitcake.

In case you think all pesky problems center around the home, try soldering the connections on a radio. Or suppose you try assembling the bits and pieces of an automatic toaster.

If you did it for a living, you'd be on the lookout for better ways of working. That's for sure. In our family, a General Electric man or woman who finds an easier way to work a tool, to tighten a belt, or pack a parcel may win the price of a new hat, or a suit, or maybe even win the price of a new car.

Our sugar bowl marked "Cash for Suggestions" has been hit for over \$4,600,000 by employees in past years. Last year, over 27,000 suggestions were accepted and rewarded. This has been going on since way back in 1922.

As we write this, an order clerk in our Schenectady plant has just won himself a tidy \$4,800. His bright idea was a better way to use copper in motors and generators. By the way, we asked him how he planned to use the money. A new well on the family farm would be first, he said. The old well ran dry.

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Harper's Magazine issue for January 1954. Vol. 208. Serial No. 1244. Copyright 1954 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Published monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00 one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

Change of Address: Six weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

Harper's

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L E T T E R S

English Laughter—

To the Editors:

P & O said that after V. S. Pritchett's article appeared in the November number a reader of *Harper's* would want to read Mr. Pritchett's recent novel, *Mr. Beluncle*.

Contrariwise. Mr. Pritchett has already set me the hard task of re-reading Henry Green to the bitter end of one of his books, floundering through Ivy Compton-Burnett's dialogue, and finishing a novel of Joyce Cary's that I laid down after five pages. . . . With Mr. Pritchett's article as guide, I now have enough to do, finding my wandering sense of humor. In the light—or darkness—of "The Englishman Laughs" I have my first inferiority complex. It is equally disturbing to know I can no longer rate myself as that highly desirable person, an average *Harper's* reader.

CAROLYN LISBERGER
San Francisco, Calif.

Church and State—

To the Editors:

"Church and State" by John Tracy Ellis in your November issue is perplexing in that the official (papal) record of the Catholic (Roman) church so differs from the statements of American clerics. . . .

For instance, Leo XIII's statements on pages 148, 159 of his encyclical on "Human Liberty" specifically point out "that fatal principle of the separation of church and state."

B. M. PETTIT
San Diego, Calif.

To the Editors:

The Catholic bishops, theologians, and others *had* to take the stand they did from 1784 to 1948 because they were in the minority. . . . Today it is different. As the Catholics become more influential in American life (particularly politics) the pressure is put on to demand support for their schools and for an Ambassador to

the Vatican, and hence you have the opposition which, as Father Ellis states, has not always been temperately discussed. However, the idea is right. Those opposing *all* moves toward closer relationship between church and state know what they are doing. . . .

FRANCES C. WELLS
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

Father Ellis easily demolished the straw man he had erected, the claim that the Roman Catholic Church advocates the union of church and state in the United States. No serious critic makes this claim, or disputes the perfectly sincere protestations of American bishops that they accept *some* church-state separation. The thing that concerns most Americans about Catholic church-state policy is that the American hierarchy, in pursuance of a world-wide policy . . . works constantly for a *partial* union in which the state would give public funds to Catholic schools. This policy would "establish" religion indirectly in defiance of our Constitution.

Father Ellis did not even mention this policy as a current reality. . . . He also omitted all mention of the most famous and authoritative manifesto on church and state by American bishops, the 1948 pronouncement on "The Christian in Action," which condemned the United States Supreme Court for its gospel of church-state separation in the *McCullum* case, and argued that non-preferential grants to churches are constitutional.

Father Ellis' mention of Ireland and Portugal as possible models for church-state separation was especially unhappy. The Irish Republic has no public school system in the American sense. About 97 per cent of its children attend Catholic schools, and more than 97 per cent of the costs of these schools come from the public treasury. . . . In Portugal's one-party dictatorship it is

compulsory to include Catholic catechism in the curriculum of all the nation's schools, and Catholic canon law on marriage is incorporated into the national law.

PAUL BLANSHARD
Thetford Center, Vt.

To the Editors:

My thanks to you for Father Ellis' article. It is a finely discriminating piece of writing, well documented, yet very readable. Presenting, as he does, the views of eminent members of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in America, he has given the average reader, who is really looking for answers, a statement of what the American Catholic (which I am) actually believes is an ideal relationship between church and state. . . .

EMILY E. JOHNSON
Seattle, Wash.

Heigh-ho Highet—

To the Editors:

Ladies write you
(Almost fight you!)
Raising riots
Because Highet's
Narrow-minded—
Say he's blinded
To the graces
Of the race's
Pervert Aces,
Such as Gide was
(When his need was),
With loquacious
(To the nations)
Ostentatious
"Variations."

I won't buy it—
I'll take Highet!

GEORGE CHALMERS
San Francisco, Calif.

Social Security?—

To the Editors:

We were interested in reading Cabell Phillips' "The Business Invasion of Washington" [October], and

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And . . .

Addre



Just drifting?

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LETTERS

particularly interested in what he had to say about the Chamber and social security.

Mr. Phillips says: "And over at the new Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Secretary Hobby has loaded her advisory committee with representatives of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce whose recommendations are regarded by most professionals in the field as a step back toward the doctrines of the soup kitchen as a 'means test.'"

The fact is that this committee had on it two men who are members of our Committee on Social Legislation, and one man who was formerly a member of our Committee. Secretary Hobby's committee also included representatives of the AFL and CIO.

Secretary Hobby's committee restricted its studies to one phase of the social security problem. The committee unanimously recommended the extension of social security coverage to ten and a half million people. . . .

Mr. Phillips says: "The Chamber's idea is to get the federal government out of the 'relief' business and to put old-age and survivors' insurance on a 'pay-as-you-go' basis. This not only destroys the whole insurance feature of the program, the experts reason; it would convert old-age pensions into a perennial political football."

The Chamber's idea is to extend automatic benefits under old-age and survivors' insurance to more than four million retired aged who are now excluded. . . .

The Chamber's idea is to get the federal government out of the "relief business" for the aged, and we feel this can be done by making benefits under social security available to all retired aged, and not to just a few. The fact that so many aged people are being denied automatic benefits is a major excuse being used for continual federal participation in state and local relief programs for the aged.

The pertinent fact Mr. Phillips misses is that old age and survivors' insurance cannot be an insurance program in the commonly accepted sense of the words. It is, and can only be, a public-purpose program designed to provide benefits to the aged financed by taxes imposed on the currently gainfully occupied

population. Pay-as-you-go means meeting current costs of current revenues. . . . What makes the federal security program for the aged a perennial political football is not pay-as-you-go, but the existence of two competing programs: old-age and survivors' insurance and old-age assistance.

ARCH N. BOOTH

Executive Vice President

Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.

Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

Mr. Booth's long letter boils down to two complaints about my treatment of their social security proposals: (1) that Secretary Hobby "loaded" her advisory staff with their representatives; and (2) that the Chamber's program for improving social security would be a throwback to the social welfare concepts of the twenties.

Four of the first six members appointed to the advisory committee by Secretary Hobby were Chamber members who had taken active parts in formulating and promulgating the Chamber's program. That gave the Chamber a 33 1/3 per cent representation on a twelve-man committee—greater than that enjoyed by any other special interest group.

As to the second complaint, the Chamber's proposal would do these things and have these effects:

(1) It would achieve a "pay-as-you-go" standard by levying anew each year the payroll taxes to support the program. Inevitably the annual debate would open the Congressional floodgates to all sorts of group pressures. . . .

(2) It would extend coverage to several millions not now protected by drawing on the trust-fund reserves which others have contributed over many years.

(3) The virtual depletion of the reserve fund and the destruction of the insurance principle in this aspect of the social security program. . . .

I did make the mistake in my copy of identifying former President Hoover with the new Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. The chairman of the group is instead Dr. Clarence E. Manion. . . . My apologies to Mr. Hoover.

CABELL PHILLIPS

Washington, D. C.

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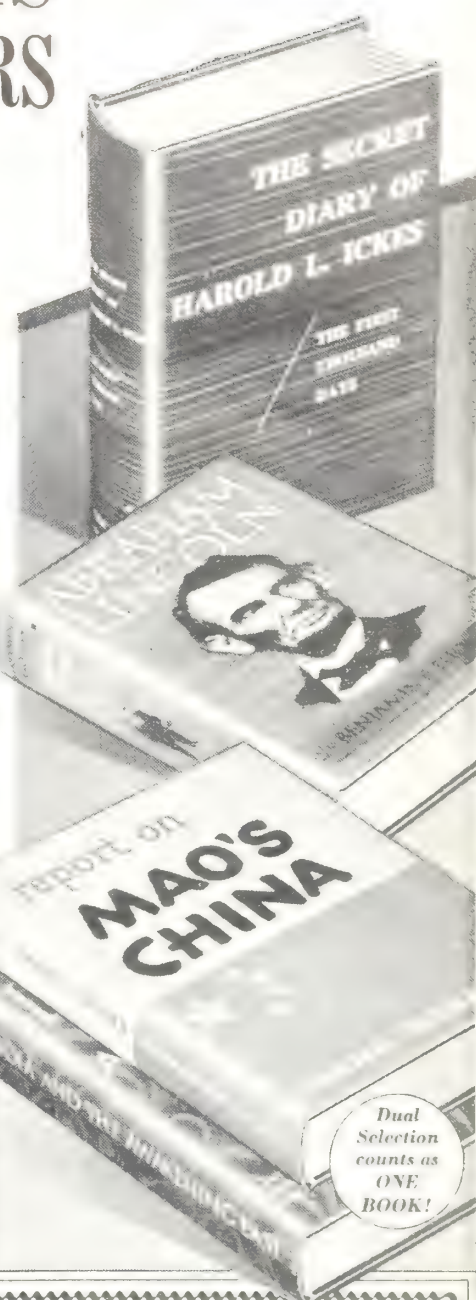
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My Career As a Lawbreaker

Bernard DeVoto

TO A writer the word "euphoria" tends to mean the brief period when the last hundred pages of a book are writing themselves. In the summer of 1931 it had that meaning for me and another one as well. A friend of mine had lent me his summer place in northern Vermont. It was too big for my family needs and luxurious above our station, but we soon found that we needed all its facilities. For it had an additional feature which brought my Cambridge friends up in numbers that kept the several guest houses full and sometimes had an overflow sleeping in the woodlot: it was just twenty minutes from the Canadian border.

Regularly at four o'clock every afternoon I put the manuscript of *Mark Twain's America* aside and got into my car. At 4:20 I reached Derby Line, a Vermont village whose main street, in fact its only one, straightway crossed a brook that was the international boundary and became the main street of Rock Island, Province of Quebec.

Parking just inside the United States, I walked across the bridge and at 4:22 entered the village tavern and ordered a bottle of the Canadian ale that still seems to my nostalgic palate the best brew made on this continent.

The tavern was in the basement of a small hotel. It hummed with geniality in two languages but its principal fascination was a breed of loungers of wildly unconvincing appearance but great narrative skill. Some day the scholars of the American Folklore Society will get round to the Prohibition story. They will find all the sagas, cycles, variants, and modulations that they keep turning up in other sectors of popular belief, the same culture heroes, the same Sinbads and Paul Bunyans. I heard all the stories at the tavern, where for the price of another bottle of beer, which I remember as

thirty cents for a twenty-ounce pint, I could take my pick of flight, chase, cunning, bribery, the Inspector Outwitted, the Fox Confuted, in fact anything except murder. For the folk artist was a borderer after all, a Vermonter or a Canadian, and on the border rum-running was a good deal more genteel than it was on Cape Cod.

I ASSUME now that everything I heard was art, not history, but during Prohibition, our national fantasy, it was both pious and patriotic to believe anything you were told about rum-running. And of course great quantities of liquor were run across the border, by automobile on woods roads and by boat up Lake Champlain. Long before 1931 an originally competitive business had been organized and most of the traffic was monopolized by two groups. They did sometimes feud with each other but in a fraternal way and the casualties seldom amounted to more than a black eye or a ducking in the lake. Nor did the revenuers of the saga, the Border Patrol, offer more than a formal dissent. The honorable tradition of smuggling in these parts is older than the United States. Not only its skills but its loyalties have been developing for two centuries. No one wants to get a neighbor into trouble, still less to shoot at him.

A visit to the tavern was the first item on the program of entertainment which I devised for people whose affection for me was so warm that they would drive the nearly three hundred miles from Cambridge prepared to stay indefinitely. There were some good effects too, as on the afternoon of July 4, when the place filled with thirsty men in uniforms more splendid than any you would see at the Governor-General's ball in Ottawa. They were the American Legion of Newport, Vermont, ten miles away at the head of Lake Memphremagog. They had spent several

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hot hours parading to celebrate the birth of freedom, and now they had crossed over for a glass of beer.

The second item on my program was a picnic. The nearest Quebec Liquor Commission store was at Sherbrooke and we would arrive there just before noon. We bought French bread a few minutes out of the oven, butter, the cheese called Oka that is made by Quebec Trappists, and an appropriate amount of wine, justly estimated at one bottle per person and one for the pot. Well, one extra per automobile. Then we repaired to the shore of some neighboring lake, where for some hours the afternoon had more blue and gold in it than could be seen on the Vermont side.

But a compulsion which Prohibition had produced showed itself when an American entered a store where he could legally buy whisky—and could be sure that the whisky he bought was what the label said it was. Such a novelty could be intoxicating in itself. Going in search of a poet or a professor of English who seemed to have dropped out of our party, I was likely to find him sitting on the curb, brandishing a bottle of Haig & Haig which he had not yet bothered to open, and singing loudly, to the scandal of Sherbrooke and the shame of his fellow-slaves.

NO ONE wanted to drink whisky on such an occasion but no one intended to leave it in Quebec, either. Besides, it was judicious to build up a reserve in Vermont, lest illness or the weather keep us home some day. Finally, a citizen must do what he could to end our national disgrace. So we joined the company of patriots who in all countries and all ages have fought despotisms by smuggling. Whenever I went to Sherbrooke I brought back a couple of bottles of whisky. It would have been perfectly feasible to put them in the glove compartment, or for that matter to leave them unwrapped on the rear seat. The Derby Line customs officials never searched my car; to do so would have marred the friendship that had sprung up between us on my daily visits to the tavern.

But everyone was an actor in the Prohibition drama, the make-believe forced on us by the mores of the time. Coming back from a picnic, we would stop a mile short of Rock Island and spend up to an hour putting into effect whatever expedients had been worked out at a staff conference the evening before. Once the inspiration ran to jacking up a car, half-removing the splashpan, and laying fifteen dollars' worth of Scotch on it before bolting it back, a job that would have cost fifteen dollars at a garage. When I was alone, I used a complicated harness of twine which would hoist a couple of bottles behind the cushion of the rear seat, where no inspector

would find them unless he ran his hand over the cushion or stooped to look up.

The customs officials, of course, knew by heart every device a tourist could invent to outwit them. It was always pleasant to spend half an hour watching them work, with several pints of ale making me tolerant at the end of an afternoon. Usually they waved cars on after a glance at the first suitcase but occasionally they gave one the works. The embarrassment of freeborn and defiant Americans caught striking a blow for freedom was intense out of all proportion to either the offense or the penalty, which amounted merely to confiscation of the liquor. One day a U. S. Senator who was a bellowing Dry came through. The whole force forsook everyone else and let cars line up bumper to bumper for fifteen minutes while they all but took the upholstery off his Cadillac. They were practicing caste discrimination, for I am sure that at least two of them saw the Senator's chauffeur hand me a bottle for safekeeping when he got out of the car.

THUS the mantel and sideboard of my borrowed summer estate soon carried a display of fine liquors. This richness led to the establishment of an importing firm that was to become the admiration of Cambridge, or at any rate of my rapidly expanding circle there. One evening a friend whose identity I am not concealing when I call him Emery and whose patriotism had been warmed by the best Scotch he had drunk in years—Emery and I fell to lamenting that we could not assure ourselves for the coming winter such comfort as we were experiencing at the moment.

I remind you that such talk was extraordinary realism: it recognized a truth which one was duty-bound to deny. The fantasy of Prohibition required everyone to believe that he was one man who knew how to get honest, uncut liquor. His bootlegger employed Pullman porters to bring Real Old McCoy down from Canada, or personally supervised its transportation from the Cape Cod beach where it was landed, or had an in with enforcement agents and so got his pick from confiscated stock. The pretense did not extend to gin, which we were not obliged to regard as anything but what it was. One Dedham bootlegger was widely approved for using a printed label on which his name appeared above the legend "High Grade Bathtub Gin."

Emery and I laid our problem before a farmer who lived down the road a piece. He had a name so typical of Vermont that it could serve as the title of a Walter Hardy poem: call him Eli. Having kept an eye on our activity, Eli had an answer already worked out. He converted a canvas hunting coat into a vest with fourteen

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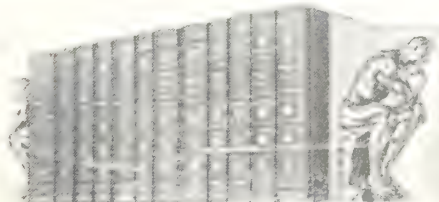
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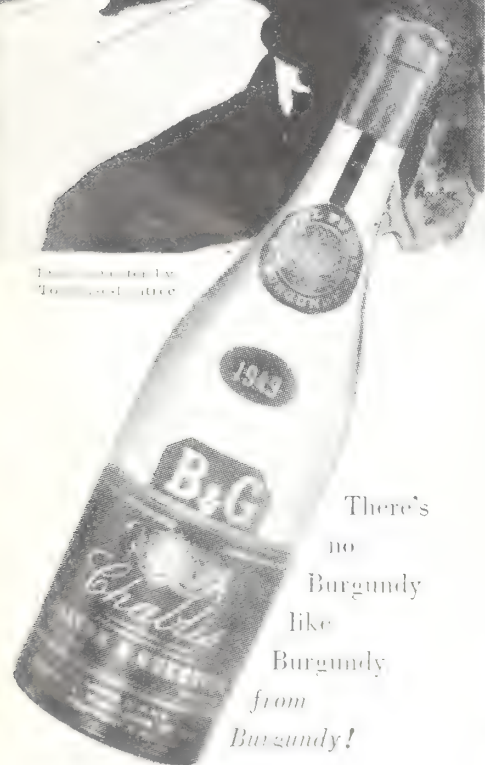


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pockets, each capable of holding an imperial (forty-ounce) quart. His wife drove him to Sherbrooke in the family Model T. He bought the fourteen quarts that he reckoned to be his optimum load, and she drove him back to a curve in the road about three miles north of the border. Here he entered the only vestige of the Great North Woods remaining in the area and his wife went on to wait for him at a rendezvous about four miles below the border on the Vermont side.

IT is time to look at the price list issued by the Quebec Liquor Commission, whose Sherbrooke store was at 186 rue King Ouest. I have preserved a September 1932 issue, a 32-page pamphlet which makes stimulating reading. Quebec being devoted to frugality as well as wine-drinking, there are a great many wines at forty and fifty cents a bottle, but for picnics we were interested in lordlier stuff.

I developed an affection for an Alsatian wine that I cannot find in Boston nowadays, Clos Stc. Odile; it is listed at a dollar a bottle. Chateau Latour 1922 cost \$2; Haut Brion and Margaux of the same year, \$2.50; Lafite Rothschild 1925, \$1.75; excellent lesser clarets, \$1.50 and on down to \$1. First-rate Burgundies ran about \$1.50 but I suspect there is a touch of sophistication in the listing of 1919 Clos Vougeot, \$1.75, and Hospice de Beaune, \$2.50. I can certify, however, that the Montrachet of the same year at \$2 was just what it claimed to be and I would rejoice to get a Bernkasteler now as good as the one listed at \$1.75. For \$3.25 or \$3.50 a vintage Heidseck, Lanson, Roederer, or Moet & Chandon would assuage your memory of the fortified and carbonated cider that we called champagne in the United States.

The list covers the spirits of the entire civilized world, including Chinese liquors called Ngkapy and Mukweilu at \$3 a bottle. The most expensive are old brandies but, considering the habits Prohibition had forced on us, who wanted them? At the top of the list is "Bisquit Dubouché Napoléon 1811," \$16.40 and certainly a phony. Apart from such esoterica, the highest price is that of two twenty-five-year-old liqueur Scotches, \$7.25 an imperial quart,

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which is fourteen and a half ounces more than an American fifth. (For comparison, one of them is currently offered in Boston at \$18 a fifth.) Standard Scotches such as Hudson's Bay, Teacher's Highland Cream, White Horse, Johnnie Walker, and Dewar's range from \$3.15 to \$6.25. Considering quality, probably the best buy on the list is the youngest of three cognacs under the Quebec Liquor Commission's own label. Six years old and just such a cognac as you would expect to find at an inn in the region where it is made, it is listed at \$1 an imperial quart.

FOR toting fourteen forty-ounce quarts through seven miles of forest, Eli set a fee of one dollar per bottle. (On one trip he fell and broke a bottle; since an honest man must guarantee delivery, he refused the fee for that one.) When Emery went home—he lives in Andover—he took with him a selection of QLC spirits. At the end of the summer I took to Cambridge all that my car would hold. At intervals thereafter, and they tended to grow shorter, Emery and I sent Eli a check covering three or four trips across the border, forty-two or fifty-six imperial quarts, and a list of what we wanted. A week or so later we received a postcard saying that there had lately been a lot of rain in Vermont or that Eli's setter had had pups. Thereupon we drove to Rock Island and spent an evening in the tavern, or went on to Sherbrooke for a better dinner and some wine. The next day we returned to Vermont, stopped at Eli's house for our cargo, and drove home.

The whole QLC list was ours to choose from but, though we were glad to drink well beyond our means, there were limits. So we stuck mostly to \$3.50 or \$4 Scotches and the \$4 cognac. Nowadays, repentance would swiftly come upon me if I were to drink brandy and soda very often, but I was twenty-two years younger then—and, besides, any genuine spirits were more emollient than the liquors we had been hardened to. We never brought in gin; it would have been pointless without vermouth and the importation of low-proof goods would have been an economic waste. We did buy a few collectors' items, simply for swank and vain-

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THE EASY CHAIR

glory. A bottle of Greek brandy or *eau-de-vie de Marc*, even one of Benedictine, suggested to the Cambridge hedonists that any whim could be gratified at my house. An expensive Scotch, say Grant's Best Procurable, made a fine gift, being revered far beyond its cost. Eli, however, refused to transport mere frivolities. Arriving at his place on one occasion, I found that he had not brought a bottle of champagne which I had ordered for a friend's birthday. He said that he would not help me spend my way to the town poor farm.

I gave a bottle of the liqueur Scotch I have mentioned to an editor who always took me on a tour of the speakeasies when I went to New York. He later admitted that he did not much care for it, missing the smoke that was ladled into the domestic product and the throat-corroding bite. And it took me a long time to find a rum that could please a famous Boston connoisseur, who was used to the offshootings of the New York trade. I finally succeeded with a viscous Demerara of 160 proof that would have felled an ox.

Our importing firm stayed in operation till good liquor came on the market following Repeal, which, the elders among you will remember, took some time. Ethical men both, Emery and I retained our amateur purity: we never sold a bottle to a friend. But our cellars and our connoisseurship gave us a popularity we could not afford, and we were forced to abate it by occasionally letting some intimates club together and order a load. They invariably refused to bring the liquor down themselves, convinced that the traffic was hazardous to an extreme. At least their cars would be confiscated, beyond that there were jail sentences, and who knew but that they might be forced into bribery, assault, or even gunfire? They thought of us as professionals, with spectral cutlasses between our teeth and a wad of protection money in our wallets—just such characters as spent their leisure in the hall of heroes at the Rock Island tavern. We could not see that the illusion did them any harm.

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drive south from Eli's house. I suppose the only risk we ran was the unlikely one that we might have a collision in the presence of a city cop. Even that would have had to occur in circumstances which required the cop to be censorious rather than sympathetic about a lot of spilled whisky. But the dramatic fantasy of Prohibition had us driving U.S. 3, 4, and 5 with the certainty that every quarter-mile was hazardous. At any moment a pursuit car might overtake us, round every curve we might be stopped by a road block. I often drive those highways now and the landscape remains beautiful but it has lost its zest. No revenueurs are hating me.

ON THE evening of December 5, 1933, my wife and I went to the Parker House for the ceremonies befitting the return of legal liquor. The legislature of my native Utah was selling out its Mormon teetotalism or the publicity that would attend its becoming the thirty-sixth and decisive state to ratify the Twenty-First Amendment. The flash came through about 11:00 P.M. and at once our waiter brought us a now legal bottle of Rhine wine in a now legal ice bucket, an insipid Liebfraunmilch—all the good wines in Boston were locked up in closed, dispirited peakeasies. But a newspaper photographer made a flash of it and us, and next morning's *Herald* ennobled it as the first champagne sold legally in Boston since 1920.

During the last war Canada diluted its whiskies and enormously raised the tax on them. It has neglected to abate either evil and now he smuggling through the Derby line and Rock Island custom houses runs north. Thrifty folk come down from Quebec to buy good, cheap quor at Vermont state stores and hoist it up behind the rear cushion with a harness of twine. And a little while back I remarked to some young person, "I was a bootlegger once." The appalling lack of sociological understanding that characterizes the modern young showed in its bewildered question, "Whatever?" At that, I was bragging like a tavern lounge. I was never a bootlegger, I was not even a rum-runner. I was the rum-runner: I was merely in the carrying trade.

How come \$1.00 steak from 25¢ steers?

1000 lbs. Steer

at 25.8¢ per lb.

Packer pays

\$258⁰⁰

Production costs of cattle raisers and feeders include breeding stock, death losses, feed and labor, land use, taxes, interest, supplies, equipment and other expenses for the three full years it takes to produce and feed a choice grade steer.



590 lbs. Beef

at 41¢ per lb.

Retailer pays \$241⁹⁰

Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, etc., helps offset packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that usually the beef from a steer actually is sold to the retailer for less than the live animal costs. As shown above, packer pays \$258.00 for typical 1000-lb. steer—sells meat for \$241.90*.

	Lbs.	Retail Price	Total
Prime Rib	35	\$1.00	\$35.00
Tri-Tip	55	.88	48.40
Brisket	50	.77	38.50
Chuck	30	.65	19.50
Round	25	.89	22.25
Shank	105	.55	57.75
Flank	100	.42	42.00
Steak & Misc. cuts	50	.56	28.00

450 lbs. of Retail Cuts

Consumer pays \$291⁴⁰

Retail markup takes into account such costs—and they've been rising—as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc. Also there is a loss of weight averaging 140 lbs. from shrinkage, fat and bones not salable to consumers. Prices are typical*.

All cuts of beef are equally nourishing.

If there were equal amounts of all, with an equal demand for all, steak and hamburger and stew meat would all sell at the same price.

But that just isn't the case—see table at right, above.

In general, demand is concentrated on steaks and roasts. This is why porterhouse steak, for example, may sell in some stores for \$1.00 while hamburger sells for 42c.

If consumers don't want steak

badly enough to pay \$1.00 for it, the price goes down. If they demand more hamburger and the supply does not increase in line with increased demand, the price goes up.

That's how the law of supply and demand works.

*Based on average prices for choice-grade steers and choice-grade beef, mid-October, 1953.

*Retail prices shown are for various kinds of Chicago stores, including cash-and-carry, charge-and-deliver, in high rent areas and in others lower.

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Personal & Otherwise

Reckless Forecasts for '54

This is the year when Americans will start to pay most of their attention to affairs at home after twenty years of horrified fascination with goings-on abroad. The rest of the world will accuse us of sneaking back into isolation. Actually, we are just getting bored with other people's headaches; and we are collecting some new ones of our own.

...The Creeping Recession will result in 2,400,000 unemployed by Labor Day. Prices of gasoline, whisky, automobiles, TV sets, and men's shirts will fall a little. (But the price of horse-radish will soar to an all-time peak; drought wiped out the crop.) The going rate for babysitters will drop to fifty cents an hour.

...Nielson ratings of "Dragnet," Arthur Godfrey, and Lucille Ball will slump. Gerald Johnson's will climb.

...In February the Administration will launch a major campaign—known as Operation Candor and packaged by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn—to explain why a balanced budget is impossible.

...Nikita Krushchev will move up to the No. 2 slot in the Soviet hierarchy.

...Movie-makers will decide that trick screens and colored glasses are not The Answer. But three independent producers will discover that they can make a nice living out of good stories, honest acting, and low-budget operations. The big studios won't believe it.

By SEPTEMBER, the Republican strategists will decide, reluctantly and with loathing, that their only chance of winning the Congressional elections lies in turning Joe McCarthy loose in the Middle West. ...Seventy-two novels will be published about the break-up of a

marriage as seen through the eyes of a sensitive child; eighteen about decaying magnolia blossoms and the sad lot of the adolescent homosexual in Mississippi; 127 about race relations; 280 about the plight of the artist in a materialistic, high-tariff economy (told on three levels); and an even 900 about improbably passionate eighteenth-century hussies. Sales of fiction will continue to fall. ...The Democrats will carry the House of Representatives by at least fifty seats.

...Cigarette production will stop climbing, for the first time since 1918, as more people get worried about lung cancer. ("If smoking isn't dangerous, what are all those doctors doing in the tobacco ads?")

...A group of frightened Texas millionaires will organize The Patriotic Society of One Hundred Per cent Americans to Fend Off the Twentieth Century. (They know they made all that money too easy and too fast; and because they are moral men, at heart, they suspect that Something is about to take it away from them.)

...Congress will look into the activities of Henry "The Silent Dutchman" Grunewald and his friends, in connection with the construction of American air bases in Spain.

...Stock of Carrier Corporation, Mathieson Chemical, Falconbridge Nickel, Southern Railway, Corning Glass, and Republic Steel will be higher at the end of the year than at the beginning. (We are confident that *Harper's* readers are too smart to gamble any money on guesses of this kind.)

...Three firms publishing paperback books will be in serious financial trouble, as millions of unsold copies pile up in their warehouses. Local censorship of smutty 25-cent novels and comic books will spread.

ABOUT November 15, the crowd promoting Stuart Symington for President will start a *Putsch* to install Les Biddle as chairman of the Democratic National Committee in place of Steve Mitchell. He will be strongly supported by conservative Southern Senators.

•••By Christmas, it will be clear that if Adlai Stevenson wants the nomination again, he will have to fight for it hard. He will have trouble making up his mind.

•••Next big target for the Kremlin will be Kashmir. Because it is the only spot where India borders on Russia, it is the logical funnel for agents, propaganda, and eventually arms; and the Soviets are determined that the revolution in India must be run from Moscow, not Peking. The Kremlin's head man for the area will be Ghulam Mahomed Sadiq, who is confident that he will be dictator of India within ten years. Meanwhile, the Chinese will race to establish their own foothold in India by way of Tibet and Nepal.

•••Eisenhower will pass the word to Republican leaders—in strict confidence—that he doesn't want to run again. The confidence will leak.

•••The State Department will discover surprising difficulty in recruiting able young men for its Foreign Service.

AMERICAN imports from the Free World in 1954 will fall below 1953; Russian imports will rise. Result: the greatest strain yet on our network of alliances.

•••Theodor Blank will be named Minister of Defense for West Germany; and he will make an honest effort to lay the foundations of a democratic army, free from the domination of the traditional Prussian officer caste.

•••As television costs continue to climb, an increasing number of corporations will decide that they can't afford to sponsor big shows.

•••Investment in new homes, machine tools, and new factories will slide off rather sharply. The price of good farm land will decline about 8 per cent, but will still be too high to attract the prudent investor. (Except in the Southeastern states, where some shrewd operators will make money by converting worn-out cotton and tobacco land into pasture,



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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

and stocking with low-priced cattle from the drought areas farther west.)

The Major Prophets

THE foregoing minor prophecies are offered strictly at the buyer's own risk. Our major prophets operate a few pages farther on.

For example, a more detailed—and considerably less speculative—forecast of what is likely to happen to the nation's economy is provided by **Helen Hill Miller** on page 23. She is an economist with long experience in Washington, where she has served as correspondent for *Newsweek* and the *London Economist*. She also worked on the Bell Report on foreign trade policy, and the National Planning Association report on manpower; she now appears frequently on radio and in national magazines.

Chester Bowles, who recently returned from a notably successful mission as Ambassador to New Delhi, has written what we believe to be the best-informed estimate ever published on the Kremlin's chances of capturing India (p. 41). A former governor of Connecticut, he now lives on his estate there near Essex. His book, *Ambassador's Report*, will be published this month.

A forecast on what may turn out to be the wildest row in the new session of Congress—the fight over increasing postal rates—is given by **Stacy V. Jones** on page 85. Mr. Jones is a Washington correspondent who specializes in covering government departments rather than The Hill or the White House. He is author of a book about the goods and services that the private citizen can acquire from federal agencies—*How to Get It from the Government*—and this pursuit led him naturally to the Post Office Department. For two years, Mr. Jones has been contributing a weekly column on new patents, to the Saturday financial page of the *New York Times*.

Motives and Movers

•••Beginning with this issue, **Bernard DeVoto's** column, "The Easy Chair," will appear regularly in the front section of the magazine, immediately after "Letters." A recent survey of *Harper's* readers indicated

that most of them look for "The Easy Chair" first. It seemed both sensible and convenient, therefore, to give Mr. DeVoto a permanent, easy-to-find stable, instead of leaving him to roam loose in the middle of the magazine.

•••Unless you have put your dreams of New Mexico to the test of recent travel, you had better check them against **Albert Rosenfeld's** up-to-date study on page 29 ("New Mexico Cashes In"), for most of what you have been thinking isn't true any more. Mr. Rosenfeld has been a New Mexico resident for the past eight years, and has been exercising his energies in intensive coverage of the state as a free-lance correspondent, principally as the "Time-and-Life man" in that region, and his articles have appeared in many major magazines.

He is a veteran of World War II—three and a half years of it—and attended New Mexico A & M, where he met the Texas girl he married (but no *tejana* she).

•••The strange fraternization between a boy named Charlie and a reptile known scientifically as *Lampropeltis getulis getulis* is recorded truthfully by **Eaton G. Davis** in "Death of a King" (p. 36). This is Mr. Davis' first job of writing; he is a sculptor and lives in Vermont because that state is "composed of granite, marble, and hardwoods—a sculptor's paradise." He had his first one-man show in New York in 1941 and has been exhibiting pretty steadily ever since, most recently at Dartmouth College.

•••In "The Secret Life of a Man on Skis" (p. 49), **George H. Weltner** scrutinizes the hidden meaning of one of civilized man's most spectacularly dangerous sports.

Mr. Weltner, who was a college instructor and a sociologist with the U. S. Forest Service before the war, became a soldier, then a veteran, and now a white-collar, part-time sportsman. Between his annual two-week winter vacations, which he devotes to the hazards of skiing, he works for the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York.

Robert Osborn, who has many times shaken his very free-lance pen

in *Harper's*, produced the drawings of the skier's secret joys and sorrows which appear on the cover this month and accompany Mr. Weltner's article. As seen by himself Mr. Osborn looks like this on skis.



•••Leonard Engel's observations on making research pay off (p. 55) are the outgrowth of his extensive experience as a reporter of frontier developments in science, medicine, and technology.

•••Now that military service has become a normal part of growing up in America, a lot of us are beginning to take a second look at our school-book ideas of Duty and Patriotism. In our October issue, Eric Severeid paid tribute to the men in Korea who had learned to serve their country the hard way—without parades, romantic slogans, or any illusion that the life of a fighting man is in any way glamorous.

Some of our readers thought that Mr. Severeid rather oversentimentalized this lack of sentiment. Others may think that Robert Berkowitz takes an unduly cynical view of the same state of mind in his "The Easy Way Out" (p. 60). But both Severeid's soldiers and Berkowitz's veteran have one thing in common: a new concept of duty which has little to do with speeches and flag-waving. It is a concept very close to that which has always been held by the Old Pros in the business, since the days of Caesar's legions. The strange thing is the ability of our conscripted amateurs to understand so readily this disenchanted, professional view of soldiering, and to adopt it as their own.

How this happens was nicely demonstrated, one hot day in 1943,

when General Joseph Stilwell dropped by a remote little post near the Burma frontier for a routine inspection. When he had finished checking the mess shacks, latrines, and anti-aircraft emplacements, the garrison fell in to hear The Speech. Visiting generals always made The Speech, about Our Noble Cause, Our Noble Allies, and what a privilege it was to risk prickly heat and *dhobi's* itch for Democracy.

But Stilwell didn't. He just grinned for a minute at his sweating and disheveled troops, and remarked:

"I'm sure glad I'm not stuck way out here in the jungle like you poor dumb bastards."


Before dark the men had put up a sign, rechristening their post Dumbastapur—a name the local tribesmen adopted, when the Americans finally pulled out. And from then on, every soldier there was a Stilwell Man. As one of them explained, "He's a mean old turkey, but he doesn't give us any guff."

•••One of the by-products of the American urge to do right by former enemies was Milton Mayer's year-long stay in a little German town, as part of his assignment as visiting faculty member of the Institute for Social Research of Frankfurt University. From that experience he wrote his serial report on "The Germans: Their Cause and Cure," of which the second installment appears on page 70. He is back home now in Carmel, California, lecturing for the American Friends Service Committee and writing for *The Progressive*.

•••The newest story by Wallace Stegner ("Maiden in a Tower," p. 78) is a reminder that its author, who has written several novels and biographies, and is now professor of English and director of the writing program at Stanford University, went to high school and college in Salt Lake City. Since then he has seen a great many parts of the globe, and he is planning to go in March, with his family, to Denmark for six months of village life.

In the spring Houghton Mifflin will bring out Mr. Stegner's biography of Major John Wesley Powell, "the last of the West's explorers, the first of its great planners and

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prophets." It will be called *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*.

...One part of the "best" of Sinclair Lewis was undoubtedly that creative force which produced George Babbitt and other immortals; but the rest of the "best" was the personality which radiates in *Dale Warren's* "Notes on a Genius" (p. 61).

Mr. Warren, who has spent many years with Houghton Mifflin in Boston, first as publicity director and then as an editor, has written articles and reviews and is the author of *The Care and Feeding of a Place in the Country*. He roomed across the hall from Scott Fitzgerald at Princeton and so began at an early age his acquaintance with the fabulous world of the writer.

Oscar Berger's caricatures were made from life, and they pleased Sinclair Lewis himself. Mr. Berger appears below, self-drawn in one line and one dot.



...John Ciardi, who wrote the poem, "January 2, Morning" (p. 69), is the author of *From Time to Time* and associate professor at the Rutgers School of Creative Writing.

The Better Ad Man

WE HEAR that the Nelson publishing people finally turned down—with considerable reluctance—a suggested advertising campaign for their Revised Standard Version of the Bible. A bright ad man wanted to promote it as "The Better Book—first basic improvement on The Good Book in 1900 years."

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Harper's MAGAZINE

Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression

Helen Hill Miller

Even a modest slump could wreck the GOP . . . So Ike has built a staff of economic planners more elaborate than anything the New Deal ever had . . . Here is how they work—and what they hope to do if business slips too far.

THE No. 1 nightmare of the Eisenhower Administration is the threat of a depression. Right now it is probably causing more sleepless nights in Washington than the towering problems of foreign policy and defense. Indeed, it is tightly interlocked with these problems—and with all the others, including the political ones—which are harassing the President and the top members of his team.

Even in Washington, however, few people know what Ike & Co. plan to do about it. The men around the White House are understandably close-mouthed; too much talk about a depression might help to bring one on. Besides, some of the ideas they are playing with would give the extreme conservatives in Congress a bad case of the shudders, if the news got around too soon.

In fact, the Administration has set up a fairly elaborate apparatus to make plans for halting a depression. Some of the ablest men in Washington have been assigned to the job, and they are working on their blueprints with considerable imagination and boldness. What's more, Eisenhower himself apparently is paying serious attention to what they tell him.

As well he might. For a depression—or even

a middle-sized slump—could wreck the Republican party. Abroad, the effects quite possibly would damage this country's allies so badly that the whole United States foreign policy would collapse, and the Communist tide would start to rise again all over Asia and Western Europe. At home, such a slump would cost the Republicans not only the next election. It might also ruin their chances at the polls for a whole generation; an Eisenhower Depression, following the Hoover Depression, would make the GOP virtually a synonym for hard times in the minds of millions of voters.

Because all this is perfectly plain to the Administration, it is determined to spot any symptoms of economic trouble in the earliest possible stage, and to prepare a shelf full of remedies for instant application. Here is how it is tackling the job.

The Trend-Watchers

EISENHOWER'S FIRST STEP WAS to build a sensitive machinery—in his own Executive Offices—to keep track of every quiver in the economic indicators.

Part of this equipment was inherited from the Truman Administration. The Employ-

ment Act of 1916 had established the Council of Economic Advisers to provide the President with expert guidance. Ike has kept the structure, although he has changed practically all of the staff and is using it in a very different way.

(Under Truman, the Council was frequently employed as a loudspeaker for the Administration's politico-economic views, and for lobbying on The Hill. Under Eisenhower—so far—it has served as an almost invisible staff agency, speaking to the White House instead of to the public.)

To head his Council, Eisenhower chose an economist who has long been highly respected by his professional peers: Arthur Burns, former Director of the National Bureau of Economic Research and a professor at Columbia. He is a quiet man, with an alert mind and no visible political ambitions. In Washington it is generally believed that he has earned the President's complete confidence.

UNDER Burns' chairmanship, the Administration set up an entirely new agency—the Interdepartmental Advisory Board on Growth and Stability. Although it carefully avoids the headlines, this Board has become one of the most important instruments of government, so far as domestic economic affairs are concerned. Its membership is imposing. It includes men drawn from all of the main agencies concerned with the nation's economy; and each of them carries enough power in his own department to speak with real authority.

In addition to Burns, they are Marion Folsom, Under Secretary of the Treasury and formerly a top-flight business executive; True Morse, Under Secretary of Agriculture; Walter Williams, Under Secretary of Commerce; Rocco C. Siciliano, an Assistant Secretary of the Labor Department; Abbot Mills of the Federal Reserve Board; Paul Morrison of the Budget Bureau; and Gabriel Hauge, one of Eisenhower's closest campaign advisers and now his assistant for economic matters, serving as liaison between the White House and the agencies whose ordinary work affects the domestic economy.

To draw a military parallel, this group can be regarded as the top strategic planning staff for Eisenhower's campaign to stave off a depression.

The Secret "Figure X"

SINCE the middle of last summer, this Board has been meeting regularly once a week, and frequently oftener. It has three main tasks:

(1) It tries to provide a running assessment of the economic situation, as accurate and up-to-the-minute as possible. This is no simple undertaking. Because American industry is so big and varied—and because it often takes a long time for the significant figures to get sorted out in Washington—there is always a chance that trouble in some part of the economy could mushroom dangerously before it was spotted.

Consequently, Burns is trying hard to speed up the compiling of key statistics. Before long, he hopes, some of the government agencies which gather and weigh these statistics will be able to give the Board at least preliminary figures ten days to two weeks earlier than they do now. In addition, where there are gaps in current information, Burns assigns members of his Council staff to make special studies and report back fast. These measures could make a lot of difference—just as the prompt transmission of military intelligence sometimes can sway the course of a battle.

(2) With such information before them, the members of the Board consider each week what action ought to be taken by both government and business—particularly by business acting in local communities. The theory is that if you can spot a little fire in some waste basket and put it out quickly, you won't have to call the fire department.

(3) Finally—and maybe most important—the Board tries to decide what measures ought to be taken if unemployment should reach a certain critical level; and what additional steps might be needed if unemployment should rise beyond this level by half a million, by a million, and so on.

What it regards as the critical level—call it Figure X—is something the Board is reluctant to discuss in public. For good reason.

At this writing, fewer than one and a half million people are out of work. This is the lowest level of unemployment the country has had at any time since World War II. Some economists, inside of government and out, believe that it is abnormally low—that it is a

if the economy is operating under forced fit. A number of these unemployed, they argue, are actually unemployables—alcoholics, criminals, and misfits—while nearly all of the others are only temporarily out of work while moving from one job to another.

According to this view, unemployment would rise considerably—perhaps it could even double—without giving cause for serious worry. Since more than 63 million people are now at work, a doubling of the present number of unemployed would still mean that less than 5 per cent of the nation's labor force would be out of jobs. Obviously, however, no economist in government dares to suggest, outright, that unemployment would have to rise above, say, three million before it should be labeled as "critical." Such a cool appraisal would strike every right-thinking Congressman as heartless, anti-labor, and bad politics. But X is an elusive number for still other reasons. Because of the constant change that is one of the merits of private enterprise, employment will always be declining in some industries—maybe to the vanishing point—as fashions and products shift. The market can catch in relatively few years from horse-drawn buggies and high-buttoned shoes to radio sets and juvenile space suits. Unemployment may be severe in the disappearing industries; but it is also likely to be temporary, as new enterprises grow up to take their place. The process may be disruptive for a while, but that is one of the prices of progress.

SO IT clearly would be unhealthy for the government to take action to prop up employment in an industry that is on its way out. Even when it runs into fair-sized figures, therefore, this kind of unemployment will not alarm the Washington trend-watchers. At most, they might suggest government help to restrain the displaced labor and move it to new locations.

On the other hand, if employment starts to edge downward in many different industries and localities at the same time, the trend-watchers would look sharp. A relatively small increase in unemployment of *this* kind might be a definite danger signal. Figure X, therefore, can vary, depending on what kind of unemployment one is talking about.

Then, too, it might be dangerous to publish Figure X, even if it could be accurately pre-

dicted in advance. Suppose the government were to announce formally that four million unemployed—to pick a random illustration—would be regarded as the danger level. When that magic figure was reached, business men might well get panicky and run for the storm cellars—thus bringing on the very depression which everybody wants to avoid.

For all these reasons, the Board members don't like to talk about Figure X. But it remains a key statistic in all their private deliberations.

Three Kinds of Plans

SO MUCH for the machinery of planning. To most informed observers, it looks pretty good. It is, in ironical fact, considerably more systematic than any planning apparatus ever set up by the New Deal.

The real test, however, lies in the quality of the plans which come out of the hopper. That is a hard thing to measure, at this stage; but we can get some useful clues by taking a close look at the way the machinery is now operating.

In the light of their trend-charts, the Council of Economic Advisers and the Interdepartmental Board consider many proposals for action. Some of these ideas come from the Council's staff, others from regular departments of government. They fall into three groups:

(1) *Mild incentives for the period just ahead, when defense spending will level off.*

(2) *Longer-range measures designed to keep the economy growing at a steady, healthy pace.*

(3) *Emergency schemes, for use if a downward spiral should start to pick up dangerous speed.*

Examples are available to illustrate all three types of planning now under way.

Typical of the mild incentives which the Council is now exploring is a remodeling-and-renovation drive, to bring the country's existing housing up to date. The construction industry is a big factor in prosperity. In recent months, the building of new houses has begun to slip off, and some people think that the market for new homes is at last beginning to soften. But the desire for *better*

housing is never satisfied. Modernization of old homes, ranging from the decent-but-dilapidated all the way down to the slums, might keep the construction industry busy for a long time. Such a campaign might be conducted largely by private enterprise, with the government's role limited to encouragement, co-ordination, and perhaps some credit backing.

Typical of the broader measures being studied by the Council is a thorough revamping of the tax structure. It would be intended mainly to promote long-term growth of the economy; but it might also be helpful in meeting an economic emergency. Responsibility for drafting the new scheme rests primarily with Congress' Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, which has an expert staff serving both the House Ways and Means and the Senate Finance Committee. This staff also works closely with Folsom, whose Treasury duties include supervision of the Administration tax program.

He brings to Advisory Board meetings the ideas of his department, and there they come under the scrutiny of all the other agencies concerned with taxation. Details of the program which is being shaped in this fashion will not be known until the Administration sends its formal proposals to Congress, soon after it reassembles in January. But the philosophy behind them already is clear.

THE Eisenhower Administration believes that the well-being of business is a main-spring of the economy. It holds, therefore, that tax relief for business can stimulate expansion in output, jobs, and earning power; and that for purposes of economic growth, it may make better sense to cut taxes on corporations than on individuals.

Specific application of this reasoning includes a possible change in the tax law to permit industry to depreciate the cost of new plants and equipment at a faster rate. When such fast tax write-offs were granted to selected corporations after the start of the Korean war, they proved highly effective in getting new defense factories operating in a hurry. The same principle, applied more broadly, might stimulate *all* manufacturers to renew their equipment oftener. By similar favorable tax treatment, business might be encouraged to spend more money on research

and development—thus fostering progress throughout the whole economy.

ANOTHER special case which is getting lots of study is the encouragement of investment abroad. Lighter tax rates on corporation earnings from overseas developments might do the trick; if so, the result could help America's allies in need of capital, cut the demand for government aid, and expand private enterprise, all at one stroke.

These are the chief tax changes that the Administration would like to make. Whether it *can* make them is another question, hinging largely on the Administration's conflicting eagerness to balance the budget. Four types of emergency taxes, enacted under Truman to finance rearmament, are scheduled to expire this year—under the law as it now stands, the excess profits tax and certain excise taxes will go off entirely, and both corporate and individual income taxes will be scaled down.

As a result, the Treasury will lose \$8 billion to \$9 billion in revenue; and the budget already is out of balance by an estimated \$3.5 to \$4 billion.

With such a whopping deficit, further corporate tax cuts might well seem unreasonable and unpolitic. The problem would be simpler if substitute revenue could be obtained from some such measure as a sales tax—preferably in the guise of a manufacturer's excise—but even that seems unrealistic just before an election. Probably the most that can be expected, therefore, is enough token relief for business to express the Administration's philosophy.

The planners also recognize that tax cuts for individuals can act like a shot of adrenalin on the economy, by increasing consumer spending. So they are studying three specific changes in the individual tax burden.

One would raise the \$600 exemption to which the taxpayer is entitled for each dependent. Since each \$100 increase in exemption above the \$600 level would cost the Treasury about \$2.5 billion in revenue, the change won't be large; but the level might be raised a little.

A second possibility is an increase in the deduction allowed for medical expenses. A third is to permit working wives to deduct the wages paid to help that replaces them in the home. But since the individual taxpayer

will in any case start paying some \$3 billion less in income tax on January 1, not much additional relief can be hoped for.

Three billion dollars, however—in which fifty million taxpayers get a share—can do a lot to shore up an economy that might be showing a tendency to sag. Aside from obvious election year tactics, the Republicans are willing to let at least some scheduled tax reductions go through at this time, for a carefully calculated economic reason. They reason that a tax cut should be made a little *before* armament spending begins to taper off. In that way, an increase in private consumption should balance off the declining government demand for goods, and so keep the economy on an even keel.

(Of course, if defense expenditures didn't taper off this year, but were forced up again by events abroad, the Administration would face another problem—how to restrain private buying to make room for more armament and still keep the economy steady. But that is another story.)

Successors to the WPA

IF REAL storm signals start to fly, much more drastic tax changes might be made. As the Eisenhower people see it, many of the New Deal anti-depression measures would be virtually useless today—simply because the economy has grown so much since 1930. In those days, a WPA or public works project of a few millions loomed very large indeed. The total output of the economy was then valued at less than \$100 billion, and peak government spending, in 1936, was less than \$9 billion. This year the national output will be somewhere around \$367 billion, and the government will spend about \$72 billion. It would take an awful lot of water to prime so big a pump.

To brake a depression starting from today's levels, therefore, some device would have to be found to get economic help very quickly to large numbers of people. The withholding tax is one of the few tentacles of government which does reach many people. In case of sudden deflation, an act of Congress cutting income taxes and applied immediately to withholdings would distribute purchasing power over a wide area; it should have the same effect as a simultaneous salary increase

for millions of families. This possibility has not been lost on the government's planners.

In such a crisis, however, the Administration probably would rely most heavily on its power to lend, to guarantee, and to insure. The New Deal demonstrated how such techniques can build stout floors under various parts of the economy. The insurance of bank deposits and the guarantee of housing and agricultural credit are cases in point.

The Eisenhower economists are now studying a new type of guarantee, more radical in some ways than any of the New Deal devices. It concerns consumer credit.

The consumer debt on installment purchases, charge accounts, and loans is one of the most controversial subjects in the business picture. The outstanding credit on automobiles alone, for example, has risen from less than a half a billion at the end of World War II to more than \$10 billion; and some motor executives are wondering whether it may already be too high. Yet advertising executives, such as Arno H. Johnson of J. Walter Thompson, argue that consumer credit could rise another 75 per cent without becoming overextended. He notes that such debts outstanding are far smaller in relation to consumer income than they were in 1940. Similarly, Arthur Dietz of the CIT finance company—biggest in the consumer credit field—reports that delinquencies in his firm's accounts are at a postwar low.

NEVERTHELESS, many people high in government are worried by the fact that consumers' debt rose 20 per cent last year, to a total of more than \$27 billion—or about a tenth as large as the national debt. They wonder if there might be a parallel between today's heavy installment buying and the purchase of stock on margin which caused so much grief in 1929. Certainly if the day should ever come when the installment collectors turn empty-handed from the doors of many customers who couldn't quite make the monthly payment, a crisis would blow up fast in dozens of industries.

Consequently the planners are now exploring—strictly as a potential emergency measure—the possibility of some kind of government insurance for installment credit comparable to the existing guarantees of home mortgages.

A related idea would call for a federal guar-

antee of state and local bond issues, if necessary in a time of slump, to finance highways, schools, hospitals, and other public works. This would fit in with the Republican theories of decentralization and local responsibility. It is assumed that local governments would spend the money more prudently than a big federal public works agency; and they probably would be able to get the work under way faster.

A main advantage of the Advisory Board is that it provides a place where proposals such as these can be checked against the experience of everyone concerned while they are still in the early blueprint stage—thus (it is hoped) avoiding a lot of the inter-agency bickering and intrigue which characterized the New Deal.

What Happens on D-Day

A FINAL question about Ike's planning machinery is: What happens when the Council and its Advisory Board finally get their schemes hammered into acceptable shape? The best program in the world isn't much good if it remains on paper.

So far, the channels for moving a plan from blueprint into operation have not been fully worked out. But there are a number of possibilities.

Regularly on Mondays the President meets with Burns and Hauge. In addition, Burns has occasional talks of his own with Eisenhower, and from time to time he briefs the assembled White House staff.

If Burns recommends a given course of action in one of these conferences, the President might then bring it before his Cabinet; or he might call in a single agency chief and

tell him to put the scheme into operation. When Congress is in session, the majority leaders could also be sounded out in their regular meetings at the White House.

That's about where the techniques for action stand today. Yet there seems to be little cause for concern. The economic weather prophets are now in remarkably unanimous agreement on two forecasts:

(1) That an economic down-turn can be expected in early 1954.

(2) That it will range in depth somewhere between 5 and 8 per cent under the 1953 level of business activity.

And there is a third point on which both Washington economists and most business men seem agreed: *that the Administration will act—fast and decisively—to keep the recession from plunging any further.*

Recently a reporter asked a New York life insurance executive three questions: (1) What do you think is going to happen to the economy? (2) What do you think the government should do about it? (3) What do you think will be done? He winced a little as he replied:

"I've been predicting a slight recession so long that I bore myself, but I still think there's going to be a mild drop-off some time after New Year's. The kind of recession I have in mind probably could be well handled merely by the wise use of monetary policy—loosening up on credit, for example, and increasing the supply of money in circulation by the normal type of Federal Reserve Board operation.

"But what do I think the Administration actually will do? I think they'll throw the wad!"

The Age of Flight

NOTICE found on the bulletin board at the publishing house of Doubleday & Company:

Memo from: THE OFFICE MANAGER

TO ALL SUPERVISORS

Mr. George Nelson has requested that all letters to the Toronto office be sent by first class mail rather than by air mail. First class letters are usually delivered to him within 24 hours but air mail letters are often delayed for several days.

The first atomic explosion touched off a chain reaction in New Mexico that is transforming everything, from churches to Indian pueblos. A lot of the quaintness is gone for good—but nearly everybody prefers the New Look.

New Mexico Cashes In

Albert Rosenfeld

CORPORAL SALAZAR and I were two of that small band of fortunate GIs who came home on rest leave from the European Theater of Operations just in time to find ourselves still in America when VE Day arrived. I met Salazar only once, briefly, on a hot August afternoon in the barracks at Camp Butner, North Carolina, where we were awaiting reassignment. Several of us had been loafing on our cots, listening to the radio, when an excited announcer interrupted our disc-jockey program to give us the first news of an atomic explosion at Hiroshima.

"Golly," said Corporal Salazar, "I'm sure glad I live in New Mexico."

New Mexico, Salazar gave me to understand, was a land of broad spaces, big skies, and few people, where sparse herds of White-face cattle roamed the dusty mesas; a place where Indian-American, Spanish-American, and Anglo-American lived side by side in unhurried harmony. They wove, carved, danced, and painted in a manner that everlastingly charmed the romance-seeking tourist. And they built, farmed, lived, and did their work in the primitive, easy-going way that had led Charles Fletcher Lummis to name New Mexico "The Land of Poco Tiempo."

It was a land where comic-opera politics flourished and the cultural descendants of Mary Austin still fought to keep the Philistines out of the art colonies; a frontier world, with no industrial centers to attract future bombers and few resources to tempt the go-getting business man. Larger than Italy in land area, it supported fewer people than

Pittsburgh. A perfect spot to sit out the Atomic Age.

In his innocence that afternoon at Camp Butner eight years ago, Corporal Salazar had no way of knowing that a shallow, green-glazed crater already existed between Socorro and Alamogordo to mark the spot where the first atomic bomb sent up the first atomic cloud; nor that, only thirty-five miles from Santa Fe, scientists had set up history's most elaborate atomic laboratory. New Mexico gave birth to the Atomic Age, and New Mexico was to remain its headquarters.

IN THE past New Mexico had known names like Lew Wallace and D. H. Lawrence, John Marin and John Sloan. It still knew names like Georgia O'Keeffe and Peter Hurd, Witter Bynner and Oliver LaFarge. It was now getting acquainted with a new set: Robert Oppenheimer and Enrico Fermi, Hans Bethe and Edward Teller, Clyde Tombaugh and Norris Bradbury.

No one could have foreseen, even a few years before, the development that was to come. Even Erna Fergusson, that great knower and lover of New Mexico, was writing as late as 1940: "The Southwest can never be remade into a landscape that produces bread and butter." Yet, in the dawning of a new era, the landscape's very barrenness turned out to be one of its most marketable assets. Taking another look ten years later, Miss Fergusson felt constrained to report: "All this military and atomic development has changed New Mexico more in a decade

than anything in the previous centuries changed it."

Last summer, visitors attending three national scientific gatherings in New Mexico found the state's growing campuses alive with nuclear-age activity, and one of the distinguished visitors, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, from UCLA, freely predicted that New Mexico would be a key center of the next revolution in physics.

AT THE University of New Mexico Dr. Victor Regener, in his quietly enthusiastic fashion, is looking in new ways at a number of old mysteries—cosmic rays, ozone, and the zodiacal light, to mention a few. On the same campus, Regener's energetic colleague, Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, is operating at full blast the world's only institute of meteoritics.

Down the road, at Socorro, Dr. E. J. Workman of rain-making fame is carrying out a series of researches that Mark Twain would have been happy to endorse: seeing what can be done about the weather. A little farther down Highway 85, new laboratories at State College, run by Dr. George W. Gardiner (probably the region's most underpublicized scientist), are operating on the outer reaches of classified rocket research.

From all over the country experts have swarmed to New Mexico to take advantage of the nation's clearest skies—new conquistadors planting their radar-tipped standards on peak and plain. Today there is hardly an open area free of searchlights, telescopes, far-visioned electronic instruments, wide-angle cameras, or other Rube Goldberg contraptions designed to probe the upper atmosphere and make life harder for the rattlesnake and scorpion.

Most of this activity has been encouraged, if not actually inspired, by the government. Los Alamos added a new county to the state and a new dimension to the economy and politics of northern New Mexico. The Army's spacious proving ground at White Sands stimulated little Las Cruces into a period of astonishing expansion. Sandía Special Weapons Base and Kirtland Field catalyzed the growth of Albuquerque from a sleepy tourist town of 35,000 into a thriving metropolis of 150,000 in the span of a few years—a record even for the proliferating postwar West. Small cities like Clovis, Roswell, and Alamogordo have sprouted to keep pace with

the mushrooming jet and bomber bases nearby. Nearly every town that was not already a ghost town has become a boom town.

Striking It Rich

IF CORPORAL SALAZAR came back (and I have no reason to suppose he did not), he returned to a world no longer comfortably familiar. While men, money, and materials were coming into some parts of the state under the secure and benevolent aegis of government spending, wildcat drillers elsewhere were beginning to strike oil—first in a small way, then in more impressive quantities, finally in old-time land-office proportions that have left hardly a corner of the state unspoken for. In the southeastern black-gold rush, towns like Hobbs, Artesia, and Lovington grew out of all recognition, and little oil men like Malco's Robert Anderson fast became big oil men.

In the northwest, the scene of one of this nation's mightiest natural-gas booms, companies like El Paso Natural Gas developed into giants in record time. Drowsy agricultural communities like Aztec and Farmington found themselves suddenly all but bursting at the seams trying to contain the invading hordes of prospectors, oil roughnecks and roustabouts, drilling crews, speculators, pipeline constructors, trailer salesmen, house builders, utility-company executives, shopkeepers, bookkeepers, and barkeepers. People formerly of only local importance—like Farmington's Mayor Tom Bolack—were all at once regional figures. Nearly every hamlet in the whirring San Juan Basin, like Stephen Leacock's famous horseman, began moving off in all directions.

When Paddy Martinez unexpectedly discovered uranium at Haystack Mountain, the subsequent rush insured the slower but steady growth of towns like Gallup, Grants, and Shiprock. Vigorous young enterprisers like Albuquerque's Calvin Horn and Artesia's Bob Ferguson were getting rich quick in the same unpromising countryside that *aficionado* Ross Calvin had described only half a dozen years earlier as "an unlikely theater for fortune-makers."

In Carlsbad, not only were more people than ever coming to see the famous caverns, but potash production was more than dou-

bled. Mining, in spite of labor troubles in the Silver City area and the close-down of lead and zinc production, broke all previous records in 1952. The Mesilla Valley turned out nearly 90,000 bales of top-grade, top-price cotton.

Meanwhile growing numbers of tourists and ex-GIs were coming back to stay, simply because they liked the climate, the scenery, and the people. (I came myself to study at State College on the GI bill, and made New Mexico my home.) Would-be settlers had once been inhibited by the dearth of jobs and business opportunities. Now the influx of new money (Albuquerque bank clearings jumped 720 per cent between 1940 and 1952) was creating those jobs and opportunities.

New Life and Old Tensions

IN THIS period of rapid transition, even Ralph Edgel, the astute head of the university's Bureau of Business Research and unwilling inheritor of the state's fundless Economic Development Commission, admits the hopelessness of trying to get an orderly statistical picture of the boom. There is no measuring the phenomenon in dollars, production figures, and population growth alone—the complex and unpredictable changes this last busy decade has brought have left hardly a facet of New Mexico's life untouched.

In religion, for example, New Mexico, long the traditional stronghold of Hispanic Catholicism, is now reeling under the onslaught of a militant "Anglo" Protestantism. For the first time since pre-Coronado days, there are claims that Catholics constitute only a minority of the population.

The Protestant anabasis has been spearheaded by what the Reverend Mr. Lewis Myers, editor of the influential *Baptist New Mexican*, calls "the extreme aggressiveness of the Baptist Church." The Southern Baptist Church, that is. The majority of the newcomers, especially those who settled in the Eastern counties ("The East Side" or "Little Texas"), came from Southern states—most of them from next-door Texas itself—and belong to the Southern Baptist Church. Under the dynamic leadership of Rotarian Harry P. Stagg the Southern Baptist congregations have waxed wealthy and their numbers have increased mightily. Their missionaries claim encouraging success with Spanish-Americans,

Navahos, Apaches, Pueblo Indians, their own backsliders, and people who previously had no interest in religion at all.

Another factor in the Protestant advance is the recent rapid spread of the cowboy camp meeting. Laymen like Joe M. Evans, well-known rancher and raconteur, and Presbyterian missionaries like Ralph Hall and Roger Sherman, have worked hard to set up open-air tabernacles with camping-out facilities at scenic spots like Nogal Mesa. As a result, many stockmen who were too isolated to get to a church, and many cowhands who felt uncomfortable sharing a cushioned pew with the banker's wife, have become active worshippers again.

At Glorieta, near Santa Fe, the Baptists have established, on nearly two thousand acres of photogenic countryside, what will be without competition the biggest permanent outdoor encampment on earth. They expect to bring in half a million Baptists every summer from all over the country.

THERE have been a few court battles between Catholics and Protestants—most notably, the bitter, long-drawn-out Dixon Case, which involved the status of a group of nuns who had been teaching in the public schools of a rural area. (The courts finally decided they would have to stop.) On the whole, though, there has been little open conflict, although Baptists insist that Catholics have carried on a constant undercurrent of obstructionist activity.

The Catholic Church—officially, at least—remains unconcerned about the Baptist blitzkrieg. "This is a free country," a priest in Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne's office told me, "with a long tradition of religious freedom. We certainly would not have it otherwise." Asked about the presence of new Spanish Baptist churches in about twenty New Mexico towns, his only comment was, "We are certain the Spanish-speaking people will remain loyal to their traditional faith."

Beneath this surface serenity is a gnawing, unadmitted worry. When a Catholic Regional Conference on the Social Problems of Spanish-Americans was held in Albuquerque last summer, Archbishop Byrne said, in his keynote address: "The concern of this conference is to find ways and means to keep our Spanish-speaking people faithful children of God."

Mother Church and loyal citizens of our blessed America."

There seems little doubt that the vast majority of the state's Corporal Salazars are content in their old faith. Apart from the bonds of deep-rooted tradition, there is a defensive factor involved, since the religious conflict sometimes takes on "racial" overtones.

IN NEW MEXICO, the line drawn between "Anglo" and "Hispano" is a linguistic, not a racial one. The term Hispano means a descendant of Spanish-speaking ancestors; the Hispano does not always speak Spanish himself, nor does he invariably have a Spanish-sounding name. The term Anglo designates the non-Hispano, non-Indian portion of the population, whose names may run from Gallagher to Goldstein.

The average Hispano, even if he were not a staunch Catholic, would tend to resist conversion simply because, in his mind, Protestantism is somehow associated with *tejanos* and the East Side. And in common with his non-Spanish neighbors he shares a deep distrust of, if not hatred for, the *tejano*.

Who is the *tejano*? Literally, the word means Texan. But its definition—since the pre-Civil War days when it first became an epithet—has been expanded to take in all Southerners. More recently any prejudiced person—even a Yankee or a Westerner, as is often the case—is likely to be called *tejano*.

But it is the Texan who has been singled out as the principal target. He has become the stereotype of the tactless boor, the bigoted know-it-all outlander, the loud, gauche country boy forever pulling unforgivable boners. He drives up in his long Cadillac, buys the best properties, and never hesitates to express his ungrammatical contempt for everything he sees that does not look just like back-home. Since the early eighteen-forties this legendary Texan has been perpetrating his oafish depredations—real and imagined—on New Mexico and New Mexicans. It has reached a point where people say, with a straight face, "Some of my best friends are Texans." And recently a state official told me, no more than half jokingly, "I have only one race prejudice—Texans."

It is small wonder that the individual Texan—in all likelihood a very nice fellow bearing little resemblance to the stereotyped

tejano—is sometimes confused by the reception he gets. Especially after he has received such a cordial invitation from the state tourist bureau to come on over and spend some of those oil dollars!

Still, there's no overlooking the fact that Texans have brought much of the anti-*tejano* feeling on their own heads. Many historical incidents, particularly in their amplified retelling, have created bad feeling. Texas has also long been noted for its openly anti-Mexican, anti-Negro sentiments. And the East Side counties of Little Texas have adopted the mother state's prejudices intact. Nowhere else in the state are any New Mexico citizens segregated or discriminated against as part of the accepted local mores.

Folks Is Still Folks

THERE is a fear abroad, especially among those who loved pre-atomic New Mexico, that the newcomers may refashion the state into their own image of a Southern state. Evidence that this fear is not altogether groundless is the way the *tejano* point of view has spread from the East Side. Albuquerque recently had to pass the country's first anti-discrimination ordinance to keep the local *tejanos* from foisting their quaint folkways on their unwilling new homeland.

"It's hard enough to eradicate discrimination and segregation where they already exist," a respected member of an old Spanish family remarked not long ago. "But to see these practices *imported* into new places, especially in this age of atoms when people ought to be growing up a little in this respect, strikes me as a major tragedy."

Most old-timers, however, feel that New Mexico's invaders, like the conquerors of ancient Greece and China, will be more influenced than influencing; that the tolerant folks-is-folks and a-man-is-a-man tradition of the West will prevail. I think they are right. After spending a while in New Mexico, even Texans begin talking about *tejanos*.

It should perhaps be pointed out that the identification of Protestantism with prejudice, as it exists in the minds of some New Mexicans, does not necessarily have any basis in fact. Even the Southern Baptist Church, contrary to popular belief, does not encourage

segregation—at least not in New Mexico. The Reverend Mr. Lewis Myers likes to tell about a Sunday service at Laguna Mission:

I was the preacher. The girl at the organ was Navaho. A Spanish woman led the singing, and there were three Negroes in the mixed congregation, all of us sitting together, praying together, and loving the Lord together. That's the way we want it. We're working toward brotherhood and better understanding.

But that happened in Laguna, in Indian country. Could it happen in, say, Hobbs? Or Portales? Or any of the other East Side towns where segregation in church and school is a commonplace?

The Catholic Church, for its part, has been unequivocally and outspokenly critical of any acts of discrimination. To single out one example, when a Negro member of a Santa Fe high-school team was refused accommodations in Roswell, the *Catholic Register* wrote a blistering front-page editorial condemning this sort of un-American behavior.

At every recent session of the state legislature, someone has introduced an anti-segregation bill. So far the measure has always failed, even though a majority of legislators are careful to go on record in favor of it. On the credit side, a few East Side communities, in a trend begun by Carlsbad, are voluntarily abolishing segregation in their schools.

ACTUAL segregation, openly applied to the Negro, seldom touches the Hispano. His problems are rather social and economic, and mostly of long standing. But in recent years he has felt himself at a growing disadvantage. He has witnessed the *tejano* invasion. He has observed the accelerating tendency to repeal the old laws that all state documents must be translated into Spanish. He has noted the increasing difficulty of electing anyone named Romero or Apodaca to high political office. And all the while the politicians have done their demagogic best to appeal to his chauvinistic tendencies and keep him brooding on his troubles which, God knows, are legion.

In spite of all this, the Hispano's material lot is much better than it used to be—thanks in part to government aid during the New Deal years, but thanks mostly to the lately

acquired confidence of the new generation. The coming of the *tejano* threw down a challenge that helped unify Spanish-Americans as never before. The same aristocratic Spanish gentleman I quoted a few paragraphs back went on to observe: "A curious thing about the *tejano* mentality—it can't seem to distinguish between the proud descendant of the Conquistadores and the wetback who waded across the Rio Grande an hour ago. To him, a Mexican is a Mexican. This attitude has had an unexpected salutary effect on some of our own people. We were jolted into realizing that we were perhaps guilty of a little snobbery in that direction ourselves."

Encouraged by organizations like the LULACs (the League of United Latin-American Citizens), the young people are lifting their heads high and facing the world on its own terms. They are educating themselves better, getting higher-paying and more responsible jobs, and putting aside the inferiority feelings that plague their elders. The Felix Vigils, the Fred Sandovals, the Belsen Armijos who were my classmates at New Mexico A & M College, have gone out to become biologists, teachers, lawyers, county agents, administrators.

REGARDLESS of how they fare in other fields, though, the Vigils and Sandovals will—for the time being at least—have a hard time following in the political footsteps of U. S. Senator Dennis Chavez. The numerical shift in population from Hispano-Catholic to Anglo-Protestant has put the East Side in too enviable a political position for that. These days Democrats and Republicans alike must examine each candidate for state office with extreme care; and one of the primary criteria determining their choice is: Will he be acceptable to the East Side? If his name is Vigil or Sandoval, and he is running for the highest office, the answer will almost certainly be no.

Despite this, the atomic decade has given New Mexican politics in general a healthier look. A sizable proportion of the new residents are technical people, well-educated and hard to bamboozle. They appreciate *opéra-bouffe*—but on the stage, not in the statehouse. Although Ed Mecham has not been the most spectacularly successful occupant of the Governor's chair, at least "second-

floor governors" are no longer in vogue at the capitol. The practice of counting the votes of sheep and dead men is declining, and the state police force, under Captain Joe Roach, has improved to the point where New Mexico is losing its reputation as a place where you can, literally, get away with murder.

Lo, the New Indian

How are the original inhabitants, the Indians, doing in the new atomic age? The Mescalero Apaches are prospering on timber and cattle, the Jicarillas on gas and oil royalties. Laguna and Ácoma Pueblos have leased out their lands to uranium prospectors. Modern conveniences—radios, refrigerators, flush-toilets, and the like—have been penetrating the pueblos, sometimes causing no little conflict, as in Taos. More and more pueblo-dwellers—from Sandía, Isleta, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and San Juan—are taking jobs at atomic bases that pay so well they forget to take time off to go home for sacred tribal rites they once would never have considered missing.

The chronically miserable Navaho, under the enlightened leadership of Sam Ahkeah, is perhaps the best example of the New Look among the state's Indians. The tribal coffers are a-jingle with wealth—nothing fabulous, but a steady income from gas, oil, and uranium royalties, from pipeline rights-of-way, and from the tribe's own enterprises, all the way from sawmills to motels. With the blessing of the Indian Service, with whose bureaucrats Chairman Ahkeah has not been reluctant to pick fights, the Navahos are handling more and more of their own affairs. To insure efficiency, the tribal council calls on the best business brains in the state for advice.

Even more important than the growing treasury is the fact that increasing numbers of Navahos are earning regular wages, on pipeline construction, in uranium mines, ore mills, or small, tribal-run industries.

The new Navaho, while he does not neglect tribal shamans, also wants the best medical care that the white man can offer. He sees the advantage of a good education and has begun to demand that the government start living up to the never-kept treaty of 1868, which promised his tribe adequate schooling.

His attitude toward visitors has changed,

too. Where he once considered the tourist a nuisance, today he encourages the traveler's interest. New roads are being planned to make it easier to get around the reservation; there are motels at Window Rock and Shiprock, with others in the works. And the Navaho Tribal Fair, which used to be strictly a family gathering, is now wide open to everybody—last year's featured a beauty queen and an atomic-energy exhibit.

The uses of politics have been added to the Navaho's talents. It was before a largely Navaho audience that President Eisenhower, when a candidate, was inveigled into making the speech that opened his campaign. After the election, the Navahos lost no time applying pressure to get their man, Glenn Emmons, made Commissioner of Indian Affairs. They buttonholed influential friends, reminded the new Administration of its promises, and even paid for full-page ads in the *Gallup Independent*. This kind of behavior was altogether unprecedented in Indian affairs. But it got Emmons in.

Archaeologists who once had difficulty getting permission to dig in Navaho country now excavate at the tribe's expense, not only because the Navahos see the value of preserving tribal antiquities, but because they also hope to use archaeological findings as evidence to press old land claims against the government. What's more, the same tribe that once so fiercely resented government directives to cut down the number of grazing stock on their lands is now voluntarily carrying out a program to get the all-but-sacred horse off the denuded ranges.

It would be inaccurate to pretend that the Navahos are not still one of the most underprivileged groups in the country. Thousands of Navaho children have no schools to go to; thousands of TB cases have no hospital beds to lie in. There is still too much hunger and illiteracy, too little productive land. But enormous strides have been made.

New Style Cattle Thieves

AS WITH the Navaho, so with the rest of the state. Everywhere "progress" is moving inexorably ahead. Santo Domingo Pueblo still offers its beautiful Corn Dance, but the chanting of the caciques is all but drowned out by hot Mexican mambo

music from a carnival dance tent on the other side of the church. In the hills north of Santa Fe, the Hermanos Penitentes still carry heavy wooden crosses in their ancient flagellant Easter rites. But the Church, taking them back into the fold after years of outlawry, has demanded that they punish themselves less cruelly; and you no longer need go to some desolate moonlit canyon to hear the weird wail of their flutes—there are public performances at the art museum in town.

The old Spanish customs are going, one at a time, as the young people leave the ancestral homesites. Last year, when Frank Ortíz y Davis held a wedding party at Galisteo for his daughter in the old, authentic tradition, it was so unusual that hundreds of uninvited guests flocked to witness the festivities.

Even the old Spanish music is disappearing fast. John Donald Robb, dean of fine arts at the university and New Mexico's foremost composer, has, as a self-appointed local Lomax, been spending all his spare weekends in the hills with pen and tape-recorder, trying to salvage what is left of it. Others are doing the same to preserve the fast-dying chants and ceremonials of the Indians. And a retired Silver City rancher named Lou Blachly recently started a corporation whose sole purpose is to put on tape the reminiscings of those old pioneers who rode with Billy the Kid, fought Geronimo, and eyewitnessed the hanging of Black Jack Ketchum.

ON THE cattle range, the horse has been giving way to the pickup truck and the airplane. Nearly every year sees the breaking-up of one or more of the great old cattle outfits like the Bell Ranch, and artist Theodore Van Soelen has made it his mission to put as much as possible of the vanishing round-up and chuck-wagon life on canvas. The Magdalena Stock Driveway is the last place left where you can see large herds of cattle and sheep being driven to the railroad the Old West way—on the hoof. Cattlemen almost universally truck their stock to the railroads these days, and the Magdalena driveway itself would pass into history if the United States Grazing Service did not maintain it.

Even here there are no agonized advance parties searching desperately for waterholes, as there used to be. At the end of a leisurely-

paced day (speed limit on the driveway is ten miles per day), the cattle are brought comfortably in to water and then locked up for the night in sturdy, government-built pens, while the cowboys, leaving only a single guard, drive off to town to take in a movie. Even the rustlers have streamlined their operation. Nowadays it is fashionable for a cow thief to pull up in a truck, calmly shoot a steer in the head, then drive off with his loot at seventy miles an hour.

Not too many people are displeased, really, with the way things are changing, and in spite of everything, New Mexico remains as attractive as ever to the tourist. Some of the old-timers feel a vague disquiet, though—not for maudlin reasons, but for very practical ones.

How much oil and gas money will keep coming in, they wonder, after the initial exploratory activity and pipeline building are over? Suppose the international emergency should end overnight or Congress should, at some whim, suddenly decide to cut off the appropriations that are holding up New Mexico's new economy? What would happen then to towns like Albuquerque, Roswell, Las Cruces? And what about the additional strain now being put on already limited resources—especially water? Is the state plunging headlong into an economic cul-de-sac?

These are more than rhetorical questions. The optimists have ready answers, but—in the context of a situation that defies analysis—the thinking behind them is more wishful than sound. The chances are that what happens to New Mexico in the next few years will be as surprising as what has happened during the last few.

Meanwhile, I can't help wondering what Corporal Salazar thinks of his brave new world eight years after. I never did bother to ask his first name, or what town he came from; I had no way of knowing, that afternoon in North Carolina, that I would soon be making his world my own, or that I would be wanting to look him up. Sooner or later I feel I must run into him somewhere—perhaps in Santa Fe's plaza during Fiesta, or in Taos on San Geronimo Day. Unless, of course, he took one alarmed look at New Mexico and decided to make a quick escape to some safe, remote state like Nevada.

The true story of a friendly monster,
and his adventures with the human race.

Death of a King

Eaton G. Davis

Drawings by Sanford Kossin

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, when my family was living on the outskirts of a small town in Connecticut, my best friend was a boy named Charlie, now an herpetologist of distinction. Equipped with the requisite number of bags, tin cans, nets, and hooks, we used to go into the woods and gather snakes, among other things.

We were remarkably good at it. It is surprising what a competent hunter a boy of nine can be, if he has been brought up near a patch of woodland. He seems to know where things are. He can approach the edge of a pond, soggy with the drowned leaves of many autumns, put his hand under a leaf and withdraw it with a spring peeper sitting uncertainly on his palm. Spring peepers are beautiful little frogs with St. Andrew's Cross clearly marked on their backs, and they are the shyest and most elusive of creatures. They will stop their peeping long seconds before the intruding stranger can get near them. They are about half as long as a little finger, and of course quite invisible under the leaves. But the boy, possibly guided by some sense that dries up in afterlife, goes at once to the spot and picks one up.

We did no numbering or classifying, or anything like that. We simply collected. We were equally skillful, had the same lack of method, the same vague intellectual concept of what we were trying to do, and yet I knew that Charlie was a naturalist and that I was not. This was made clear the following spring.

He lived with his father and mother in a large, ill-planned, somewhat dilapidated house, all by itself on the side of a wooded hill, not far from our hunting grounds. It was always crowded with children, most of whom nobody had ever seen before. I remember being startled to find three of them, once, who spoke no English.

Charlie's family was considered mildly eccentric. His father, an electrician, conducted experiments in the cellar, which always ended in the blowing out of every fuse in the box. He had plenty of spare fuses, but it seemed strange in an electrician.

His mother was a tall, even-tempered woman, fond of padding around the house in her bare feet. She was afraid of thunderstorms (possibly on account of her husband) and also of reptiles. She had all the old ideas. She believed that all snakes were venomous and slimy to the touch, that they drank milk from cows, swallowed their young in time of danger, and stung people with their tongues. Charlie had a lot of trouble with her.

Her method of dealing with thunderstorms deserves mention. She would take four glass tumblers, put one under the end of each leg of a chair, and stand on the chair. There is a theory behind this, of course. Glass is an insulator. But for some reason never explained, she always had a lighted candle in her hand. A majestic figure.

It was our custom to liberate all the inmates of Charlie's cages in the late autumn,

because snakes and frogs must hibernate in that climate, and they all would have died at the first heavy frost. Nevertheless we kept collecting right up to the last minute.

ONE lovely afternoon in early October, we were crossing an abandoned orchard on our way back to Charlie's house. There was a fallen tree on which we often used to sit and rest when we were coming home this way. We did not sit this time, however, because, sunning its noble self on the tree, was a five-foot kingsnake, black as death, and dangerous.

A snake always looks bigger than it is, roughly twice as big for some reason. Forty-foot anacondas have often been reported.

But Charlie and I were not thinking in terms of feet and inches. We were spellbound by the enormousness, the almost indecent hugeness of this thing.

The term kingsnake is used to designate various kinds of snake, depending on where they are found. They are all constrictors, all cannibals, and all unbelievably strong.

Bearing these things in mind, I suggested to Charlie that we proceed on our way to his house.

But then the purity of Charlie's passion showed itself. He took a step toward the monster, reaching behind him as he did so to hand me his little snake-stick, a short length of broom-handle with a flattened wire hook at one end.

"Don't you want this?" I asked, appalled. He looked at me gloomily.

"What good would it do me?" he said. He was right. As well attack a shark with a knitting needle.

The sun was just setting behind the hill which I hoped we would soon be climbing, casting its usual honey-colored, under-waterish light. It blazed from Charlie's bleached hair, and gleamed along the snake's tempered steel back, glancing from every polished scale on the big quiet muscles that bulged on each side of his backbone. I had a dim feeling that I had seen it all before—perhaps 20,000 years ago.

In times of crisis, Charlie's face would lose all expression, and his eyes would become flat and opaque, as if very lightly sprinkled with dust. He looked at the snake, and the snake looked back at him, with equal in-

scrutability. Charlie gently pushed his collecting bag around in front of him and put out his hand to stroke the snake's head. There was no objection, and Charlie's hand slid further down, stroking softly and rhythmically. Slowly he raised the open collecting bag, and at last held it closely in front of the snake's head.

It must have looked murky and comfortable in there, and it smelled of other snakes, which was appetizing. The snake made a sudden rush into the bag, nearly knocking Charlie down, and immediately coiled up and went to sleep. Charlie drew tight the string of the bag, and that was that.

THERE was no question of releasing this beauty. Some way of keeping him in the house all winter, with or without the consent of Charlie's mother, had to be found. We thought we might do it with a little intelligent maneuvering.

Charlie started with turtles. They were to be found taking the sun on rocks and logs in the swampy ponds of that country. They were about the size of a butter plate, black with yellow spots, and looked very dashing in a military sort of way.

Charlie's mother was quite taken with them, and after a good deal of wheedling, agreed to have them spend the winter in Charlie's room. The clinching argument was an appeal to her sensibilities. How could she bear to think of the handsome little creatures shivering the winter through in a damp, cold pond?

The weather continued warm, and the King seemed quite contented in the palatial quarters Charlie had built for him. At the end of a week he graciously accepted a few large frogs, and ate them very daintily, for a snake. A warm relationship grew up between him and Charlie, almost like that between a boy and his dog.

The constrictors do seem to have a capacity for affection, no doubt arising from the calm sweetness of disposition that sometimes goes with great strength. Probably nothing, not even a weasel, had ever come out alive from the King's tender but firm embrace. He had self-confidence.

It wasn't long before the cage of small snakes—garters, mostly—was up in Charlie's room, right beside the turtles' cage. This was allowed on condition that the cages be kept



locked, and the room also, while Charlie was at school. He agreed to this readily, since it gave him an argument for getting the King into the house without subterfuge. If everything was going to be locked, there was no reason not to have a big snake as well as a lot of little ones. So he said, some two weeks later, and his mother, bored with the subject, said No, she supposed not.

All went well for a while, but "all going well" was not the normal state of affairs in that family.

ONE dismal morning in late November, the month when country people, as well as animals, are not quite themselves, Charlie, who had taken the King to bed with him, awakened to find himself most unwilling to get up. The prospect of a four-mile bike ride to school in that cold, dreary, drizzling weather was repulsive, and he lingered as long as possible.

Then he had to hurry. He dived into his underwear and socks, slid the King into his cage and slammed the door, forgetting to lock it, grabbed the rest of his clothes and ran downstairs, leaving the door of his room half open. He brushed his hair, gulped down some cocoa, and was off, not quite awake.

About an hour later, Charlie's mother, mooning about the kitchen in her bare feet as usual, decided that she was tired of washing dishes, and would much prefer to hang a water color that she had finished and framed the day before. She started up to Charlie's room to borrow his hammer, forgetting that the door was supposed to be locked, forgetting all those horrid crawling things in there, even forgetting that Charlie was at school.

Charlie's room was directly under the roof, and went the whole length of the house. It had once been the storage room and still was, to some extent. It was also his workshop, playroom, bedroom, and finally, reptile house. His mother had gone a good way into it before she saw the King, advancing toward her with speed and a beaming good will which was by no means obvious to her. She stopped, paralyzed, and the King, always the perfect host, coiled into a graceful spiral and reared two feet of himself from the floor, flicking his black, forked, eight-inch tongue rapidly, in a genial attempt to find out who was there.

The poor lady could not remember, later, how she got out of that room, or succeeded in closing the door and locking it. She made her way to the bathroom, where she was sick,

and, after shutting herself in her bedroom, went to bed under the covers, with all her clothes on.

It was so her husband found her, late that afternoon when he came home from work. She was calm, and inclined to reproach herself for being prostrated by what, after all, must have been one of God's creatures, but she was too weak to get up and make supper, or indeed do anything.

Charlie and I arrived soon after, I having been invited to spend the night. We found Charlie's father sitting on the porch in his shirt sleeves, in that weather. He had beside him Charlie's 22, a packet of cartridges, and a spade. He indicated these with a wave of his hand, and went into the house without a word. No word was necessary.

CHARLIE's face immediately lost all expression. He went quickly to his room, and came down with the King festooned over his left arm. He took the rifle and cartridges, I the spade, and together we went out past the tool shed, into the woods beyond. Here Charlie stopped, and deposited the King gently on a bed of moss. Then he loaded his rifle (a single-shot) and fired it into the ground. He waited a few seconds, reloaded, and fired again.

He unbuttoned his jacket and blouse, and picked up the King, who was beginning to show signs of annoyance at being waked up and taken out into the cold. (He sounded like a large kettle about to come to the boil.) Charlie inserted the King's head inside his blouse, and the King, pleased at finding a warm place, instantly poured himself all the way in, wrapped himself several times around Charlie's small middle, and went to sleep again.

We waited a while, about as long as it might take to bury a big snake, and then went back to the house. We went upstairs, ostensibly to wash, and Charlie unwound the King, not without a little coaxing, and put him in the cage. Then we ate supper, which Charlie and I prepared, in complete silence. His mother did not appear, and his father, who apparently considered the snake business closed, seemed absorbed in dreams of a new experiment in the cellar. It was the most noiseless feast I have ever attended, but by no means the most dismal.

That winter the King spent the nights in Charlie's bed, and his days at school, wrapped around Charlie. Nobody ever had the slightest suspicion of what was going on, and I got used to the effort of keeping a straight face when Charlie got up to recite. Sometimes the King, coming dimly for a moment out of his primordial lethargy, would contract his muscles a very little, and Charlie, in the midst of a vivid description of Burgoyne's Surrender, would fall silent, and turn red in the face. He explained these lapses to the teacher by saying that he had chronic bronchitis and was trying not to cough, so as not to spread germs.

Public-school teachers lead a very rough life, as most people know but have forgotten. In those days it was even worse. Our unfortunate lady had to teach five subjects to forty pupils, correct two hundred test papers every day, listen intelligently to several recitations, and, above all, maintain discipline. This she did more by guile than force (though she could use that, too) such as calling on a boy to recite when he was about to throw a spit ball, or telling interesting stories about Chinese pirates when she was supposed to be discussing the Yangtze Kiang.

It was her custom, in the spring, when the children were getting really unmanageable, to have a little natural history class with exhibits in glass-fronted cages along the back wall. There would usually be a few chipmunks and field mice, some lizards, frogs, and turtles, and maybe a new-born grass snake or two. Under each cage was a neatly printed label saying what was in it, although the children had been familiar with these little animals from earliest infancy. They would gaze solemnly at the field mice, for instance, and then bend down to look at the label, which said "Field Mice." This was reassuring.

ONE spring morning, when, unconsciously, our minds were more on trout and squirrels than long division, the teacher proposed this plan (which we had never heard about, not having been in the sixth grade before) and asked that each of us bring whatever we could capture, and that the cages would be ready the next day.

There was great excitement, and Charlie, who was probably the only one there who was



more interested in the animals themselves than in the diversion they might give, announced that he had a very fine specimen of black snake right with him, and would be glad to show it to the class. The teacher was accustomed to little boys with worms in their pockets and dead mice in their caps, and she assumed that Charlie had a snake of last year's hatching about as long as a pencil

and half as thick, in his pocket. She said he could show it, if he would promise not to leave it in his desk or play with it for the rest of the day.

Charlie unbuttoned his shirt. The King put out his head, which looked about the size of a small eggplant, and flicked his tongue absurdly, as if he were inviting people to come in there with him. Charlie gave him a gentle pull, and out he came, interminably, on to a patch of sunlight on the floor. There was quite a lot of him on the floor at the same time that much of him was left inside Charlie's shirt. The effect was impressive.

The King was pleased with the roughness of the board floor and the warm sunlight. He wriggled ecstatically.

To the teacher it must have seemed like the writhings of a foul monster, and if she had not had the iron self-control that all teachers must develop or die, she would have fainted.

As it was, she let out a sort of yelp, an extraordinary noise, as I remember, and went into action.

She ordered all the children to leave their seats and go stand against the wall—all but Charlie and me. At the moment I think she was afraid of us. Then she ran to the door shouting for the janitor, and also for the principal of the school, which was an unprecedented thing to do.

They both came running, and the janitor, armed with a shovel, advanced against the King, while the principal bellowed panicky encouragement from the background. The janitor brought the shovel down again and again, until the King was dead. He made a bitter fight, and at one point, covered with blood and glory, he had the janitor backing away, but there was no chance against the shovel.

My own reaction was simple terror. I looked at Charlie to see what he was making of this clamorous and bloody spectacle, and it was then I understood the difference between one who is a naturalist and one who is not.

There was no expression on his face at all, and his eyes were flat and opaque, as if lightly sprinkled with dust.

He was observing animal behavior.

Will the Reds take over India, as they did China? Who are their leaders? How fast are they gaining? What barriers stand in their way? Here are some highly informed answers, by a notably successful diplomat, author of the forthcoming book, *Ambassador's Report*.

The Odds on Communism in India

Chester Bowles

FOUR or five hundred students were furiously chanting something in Bengali, ending in "Bo-less," when I arrived at the University of Calcutta to speak.

"What are you shouting?" I asked one of the boys who was waving his fist in unison with the others like a cheer leader. "We are saying, 'Go home, Bo-less' to the war-mongering American Ambassador who is trying to drag us into the Anglo-American imperialist camp," he replied.

Inside I found several thousand students, two dozen or more faculty members, and the president of the university, who in India usually carries the title of Vice Chancellor.

After greeting me, the Vice Chancellor rather nervously said that he could not allow the Communist-led students into the meeting because clearly they only wanted to start a riot. I said I thought they had a right to hear what I had to say, whether they agreed with me or not, and after some discussion he agreed to admit them. In they came, looking rather fierce, with anti-American placards on big sticks which they waved ominously.

For forty minutes I talked to the tightly packed auditorium about three phases of American history: first, the struggle for full political democracy from Jefferson and Lincoln to the fight for woman suffrage and the continuing one against racial discrimination; second, our efforts to secure a broader share of economic justice, from Jackson to the two

Roosevelts; and third, our progress toward international co-operation, from the old isolation through Woodrow Wilson to the United Nations.

When I sat down the Communist delegation remained silent, but the rest of the audience applauded generously.

I turned to the chairman of the meeting, a history professor at the university, and said I was ready for the question period. Again he predicted a riot, but encouraged by the friendly response of most of the audience I insisted.

Immediately the Communist contingent went into action. One student with a banner jumped up, shouted a question, and before I could speak started bellowing the answer he thought an American "imperialist" should give.

At first I waited patiently until he was through, but by then another had started screaming a new question, again with his own self-provided answer. Finally I decided that with the advantages of a big voice and a microphone, I had better join the fray.

By turning their questions around and copying their technique it was easy to get the rest of the audience on my side. When they kept asking me why Communist China was not allowed in the United Nations, I asked them why the Soviet Union had vetoed the admission of Japan, Nepal, and Ceylon, all good friends of India, and hastily

gave my own uncomplimentary explanation.

Soon I found that a firm, factual, good-humored, reasonable answer was appreciated by most of the students, although the Communists kept things fairly uproarious for more than two hours. Afterward, arguments among the audience led to street fights. This was my first encounter anywhere with militant communism, and it was a fitting introduction to the Indian Communist Party.

MOST of the fifty to one hundred thousand Indian Communists are young, and most of them are not poor, illiterate peasants, but frustrated, educated city folk.

A great many Indian party members are well-to-do young people whose conscience is bothering them in the midst of poverty, and whose desire is to do something to help the misery of people all around them. Others are from middle- or lower-class families for whom job prospects are dim and to whom communism is painted as a rosy society of complete equality and full employment. And many converts are girls who wish to escape the traditional restrictions on their sex. Probably the Communists have a higher proportion of female members than any other party.

As I came to see the party in action I found that its main features were the hate, fanaticism, and discipline which had been so vividly portrayed at that fracas in Calcutta.

Stalin once said, "It is impossible to conquer an enemy without having learned to hate him with all the might of one's soul." That is precisely what Indian Communists have learned to do, whether against the "Hitlerite dogs of Wall Street" or the "Fascistic Indian plutocrats." Their avowed purpose is to help "downtrodden peasants . . . demand a tooth for a tooth." And there is no doubt that a direct appeal to the worst in men is a powerful weapon.

So is fanaticism. Into an empty, unemployed life, recently cut loose from age-old cultural and religious systems and often genuinely disturbed by the slow pace of democratic reforms, communism comes like a mighty purpose. It is a complete ideology, which purports to answer every question. It demands total service, sacrifice, and secrecy. For the rigid concepts of caste and family restrictions it substitutes an entire new pattern

of existence with equally rigid loyalties, with clear-cut day-to-day objectives, and with ready-made enemies marked for extinction.

Western democratic concepts, long taught in Indian universities, have done much to undermine the old way. In its place they offer the infinitely more complex concept of individualism, the right to speak one's own mind and to act according to one's own responsible judgment.

Many young Indians, suddenly breaking loose from caste and family, find in this new individualism only uncertainties, frustrations, and a never-ending series of decisions for which there are no ready-made guide posts. So they become targets for the Communist agent, and once caught up in communism it is difficult to break away.

How the Party Grew

LIKE so many things in new India, communism came from Britain. In the early nineteen-twenties several English Communists were sent to organize an Indian party. They came with the usual European Marxist concept of the city factory workers as the key to revolution, and ridiculed Gandhi's organization of villagers.

They made so much progress organizing labor unions that the British imperial government arrested them in 1929 and held them for the long-drawn-out Meerut Conspiracy Trial. The real birth of an all-Indian Communist party is said to have come during the several years these leaders were planning together in prison.

Since then the movement has followed an almost incredible series of zigzags.

During the mid-thirties, following Moscow's directive to commit parties everywhere to establish "United Fronts," Indian Communists were instructed to join the Congress party while continuing their opposition to Gandhi, whom they called "reactionary."

Jayaprakash Narayan had become a Communist in the United States during the Depression, but on his return to India, finding the party wedded to Moscow and blind to Indian realities, he abandoned the Communist faith, enlisted with Gandhi, and organized the Congress Socialists. When the Communists sought to work with the Socialists in 1937, he accepted them in the mistaken

hope that he might woo them away from Soviet domination.

Instead, the Communists secretly infiltrated his own organization, took over most of the Socialist party in South India, and did considerable damage before they were expelled.

Then in World War II the Communists' abrupt about-face dug an irrevocable gulf between them and the Congress and Socialist leaders.

In 1939 and 1940 the Communists called it an "imperialist war" and opposed the Indian Congress' offer to support the British against the Nazis if given independence. Suddenly, immediately after the German invasion of Russia, the selfsame Communists were fanatically demanding all-out, unconditional support of Britain in what had become overnight a "people's war."

While the national democratic leaders who said they would oppose the Germans and Japanese only as citizens of a free India crowded the Viceroy's jails, Communists co-operated with the British and won the Viceroy's blessings. Legalized as a party by the British in order to promote the war effort, the Communists were able to take over the All-India Trade Union Congress and the All-India Student Federation, and to increase party membership from about six thousand to over fifty thousand.

WHEN the Congress leaders were released from prison after the war they promptly expelled the Communists and proceeded to win back the workers. And for a time the Communists lay low. But soon Soviet policy shifted to the Cold War offensive, and new directives for militant action began to reach India and other South Asian countries. In 1948 the so-called "moderate" Communist leader, P. C. Joshi, was removed, for much the same reason and in much the same way as Earl Browder was dismissed in the American party.

Some Indian Communists had long been urging direct action to disrupt the young Indian Republic before democracy could take root. Adopting this new "line" in an official convention, the Indian party accused Joshi of "right deviationism," and embarked on a wide-spread campaign of violence under a new leader, Ranadive. In approved Communist fashion, Joshi gave an hour-long

speech of self-accusation, confessing his "reformist" errors.

Simultaneously with this shift in Indian Communist tactics, Communist violence flared up in Burma, Indonesia, the Philippines, Malaya, and Indochina, often inspired and led by wartime leaders of guerrilla resistance to the Japanese.

In India violent strikes, sabotage, riots, and guerrilla warfare occurred in the centers of Communist strength in Bengal, parts of Maharashtra and the Punjab, central Tamilnad, Malabar, and Andhra.

Ranadive's Communist program concentrated on inflaming the city "proletariat," a strategy described by his opponents as "the acid bomb in city" phase. Young Communists were ordered to throw homemade acid bombs into police stations or in the midst of crowds, hoping that riots would ensue.

Nehru announced that he had in his possession Communist instructions "containing open incitement to murder, violence, and sabotage." In several provinces he proposed that the party be banned. Thousands of agitators were arrested, and many Communist plots were nipped in the bud.

Because of their violent extremism the Communists during this period lost control over half of the unions which they had previously captured; and many disillusioned intellectuals resigned from the party or were expelled for criticizing Ranadive. By the end of 1949 Communist organization was shattered everywhere except in the Telegu-speaking areas of North Madras and of South Hyderabad, known as Andhra.

THERE a new kind of Communist leadership with a new kind of strategy had succeeded in digging deep roots. Rather than the "acid bomb in city" approach, based on factory workers, the Andhra party believed in the "revolver in village" strategy of Mao Tse-tung. As in China it had been the agrarian revolution on which the Communists rode to power, so, the Andhra Communists argued, in India the villagers must become the base of the revolution.

"Land to the tiller" became the slogan of the Andhra party, and for the first time Indian Communists found themselves with a mass following. The Telegu-speaking areas of Hyderabad, where they first put into effect

then new techniques, fitted Lenin's prescription for the place to start a revolution: "the weakest link" of the old order.

If land ownership is shockingly unjust in much of India, it was incredibly worse in the State of Hyderabad. The ex-ruler himself, known as the Nizam, owned some five million acres, roughly equal to our state of New Jersey, on which more than a million poverty-stricken serfs earned for him millions of dollars every year. Other rich landlords owned a hundred thousand acres or more. A feudal structure of no more than a thousand families controlled almost all the wealth of Hyderabad. The peasants lived under inhuman conditions, born into debt and paying most of their crops in rent.

IT WAS in this explosive economic and political soft spot that the Communists struck in 1948, while the Nizam, a Moslem, was still trying to establish the independence of his state from the new Indian Republic, and most of the people, who were Hindus, were opposing him.

Into over a thousand villages went armed bands of young Communist intellectuals. They assembled the land-hungry peasants and announced that henceforth no rent should be paid to the landlords, that all debts were erased, that the landless families should be given the land of the rich, and that the villagers should resist all efforts to re-establish the old order.

The landlords and officials of the Nizam who did not flee were murdered. At this point the Indian army crossed the border, the Nizam agreed that the State of Hyderabad would become part of the Indian Union, and the Indian army moved against the Communists in Telegana. Eventually the Indian government also forced the Nizam to distribute most of his land among the former tenants.

"The armed revolt can continue only through guerrilla tactics," the Communist circulars now stated. Villagers were ordered to kill anyone who took any of their newly distributed land, and to "hide the party leaders and guerrilla members very secretly." And despite all measures against it, spasmodic guerrilla fighting continued until the Communists themselves changed their program two years later.

The lessons of this revolutionary upheaval are far-reaching. "Do you really know what guerrilla warfare is like?" an Indian army officer asked me. "I can understand why the French have not won, in Indochina. We could not *completely* win even in that one section of Hyderabad, and we were Indians, not white foreigners."

Stalin or Mao?

THE Hyderabad Communists skillfully operated under Mao Tse-tung's description of guerrilla tactics: they were the fish, the villagers were the sea; when the sea is warm and friendly the fish can multiply and swim where they wish.

They further followed Mao in operating on a village rather than a city level—for which they were immediately denounced by the central leadership which refused to accept Mao as a prophet. "The Communist party of India has accepted Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin as the authoritative sources of Marxism," said a letter published in the party organ in June 1949. "It has not discovered new sources of Marxism beyond these."

Seven months later, on January 27, 1950, the official Cominform journal, "For Lasting Peace, For a People's Democracy," published in Bucharest, abruptly changed its views about Mao, praised the victory of the Chinese Communists, and directed Asian Communists to follow the path blazed by Mao.

Turning an obedient somersault, the Indian Communist party accused Ranadive of "Trotskyite-Titoist" mistakes and "left adventurism." On June 8, 1950, the Cominform ordered Ranadive to resign, and on July 19 Party headquarters announced that Rajeshwar Rao of Hyderabad was the new General Secretary of the Indian Communist party. A policy statement proclaimed that "the path followed by China . . . is the only correct path before the Indian people."

The guerrilla struggle in Hyderabad was finally abandoned only when it became clear that the New India was already too strong for such a strategy to succeed. In 1951 the Communists once more shifted tactics. With the national and state elections approaching, Communist policy became "peace for the time being."

This policy too had the solid support of

Moscow. "As long as you are unable to disperse the bourgeois parliament and every other type of reactionary institution, you *must* work inside them," Lenin had written. Thus in 1951, on the eve of the election, the Indian Communists adopted a course of "constitutionalism" in order "to *prove* to the backward masses why such parliaments deserve to be dispersed."

THIS intricate story of foreign direction of an Indian party shows perfectly clearly that Indian Communists dance to the Kremlin's tune. Not only do they take instructions from Moscow, but they look to Russia and China for substantial assistance of many kinds.

In Communist bookstalls throughout the country, and in general bookstores, I saw the vast quantity of cheap literature, printed in the Soviet Union, which supplies intellectual training for an Indian Communist. "Not one of the books we studied to become Party members was written by an Indian or published in India," an ex-Communist student once told me.

Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Gorky, some Russians of whom I had never heard, some British Communists—books by all these are widely used, particularly Lenin, but no basic works by Indian Communists.

"Buy enough of the Communist literature in India and you will eventually break the Soviet budget," is a common joke among anti-Communists. But in fact, it is no joking matter. This literature is used by Moscow, not only for propaganda purposes, but to subsidize the Indian Communist party. The literature is sent free by the Russian and Chinese governments and the proceeds from its sale go directly into the treasury of the Indian party. This provides the largest single source of party funds.

In 1952 the Indian government attempted to cut off this flow of income, and barred the sale of Soviet-subsidized literature on government property throughout India, which included the thousands of railway newsstands. However, it was blocked by law from controlling private newsstands.

Moscow has also been a center for training future Indian party leaders. To the Lenin Institute in Moscow many promising young Indian radicals have been sent, to return

dedicated Communists. But the totalitarian atmosphere repels some sensitive Indians who stay long enough to see through the façade, and others have become confused and disillusioned by the zigzags of the Moscow-directed party line.

Everyday Tactics

IF IT had not been for the smashing victory in China, communism in India might have continued to lose ground steadily. What happens in the future will depend on many factors, one of the most important of which is the day to day operations of its agents throughout India.

From former Communists and from direct intensive study and observation I was able to secure a reasonably full picture of how the party goes about its work.

In 1952 the Communists picked the State of PEPSU (Patiala and East Punjab States Union) as an area for concentrated organizing. Formerly ruled by princes, this section had no tradition of democratic struggle, and law and order had not yet been firmly established.

First the Communists focused on the Sikhs, whose community had been devastated by the partition struggle and whose bitterness is still smoldering. They threw their support behind the demands by the bitter Sikh anti-Moslem organization, Akali Dal, for a separate Punjabi-speaking province.

"For their base they chose the Sikh-dominated village of Kishangarh," a local government observer told me. "The Communist representative promised that not only would the people own the land they till, when the Communists came to power, but that prices would come down and that they would be able to buy two *dhotis* for the price of one." The most ardent converts were unemployed young men who were suffering psychologically from being useless. The party work gave them a new, important function in the village.

"When more than fifty villagers had paid the membership fee of one anna (two cents) a year, the elders and leaders of the community were approached and most of them won over," he continued. Then a big conference was called, with Communist speakers from New Delhi and other centers, and it was resolved to stop paying rent to the landlords.

"The Communist organizer knew this move would invite repression," my friend observed, "and he welcomed it. Such a repression makes the government unpopular and creates heroes of those who go to jail and suffer on behalf of the peasants." This is particularly true in India where so many thousands of leaders suffered prison sentences to help win independence from the British.

Once arrests began, other Communist organizers started a campaign to release the prisoners. Inside the jail, Communist leaders promptly set up indoctrination courses for the non-party inmates whom they found there.

THROUGHOUT India Communist practice is to ally with all antisocial elements. Near Kishangarh lived some of what are called the "Criminal Tribes," whose profession for many generations was thieving or other law-breaking activities. Therefore, when the organizer at Kishangarh village discovered that the current complaint of the Criminal Tribes was the government campaign against the country-made alcoholic beverages, he immediately went to them with the promise that if they helped to overthrow the government, the Communists would permit them to produce as much liquor as they liked.

Cultural activities are another Communist weapon. The Communist "People's Theater," consisting of wandering actors, who sing simple new revolutionary texts to old folk tunes, and put on skits portraying the Russian and Chinese revolutions, moves from village to village with great effectiveness.

In areas where untouchability and other caste prejudices are particularly strong, the Communists make a point of brushing aside all restrictions. They go from house to house casually asking for water. "I cannot give you water. I am an Untouchable," the peasant will usually say. "There are no Untouchables for Communists, you are my comrade," the organizer will explain.

Of course, many Untouchables and low-castes still willingly accept their status as the inevitable result of their present incarnation. To break the hold of Hinduism on this orthodox group, the Communists use the Marxian argument that "Religion is the opiate of the people."

In dealing with factory workers the Communists apply equivalent techniques. In

the cities and towns even party members from wealthy families adopt as their dress the khaki shorts and undershirt of the unskilled laborer. When it is hot their organizers often walk to the factories barefooted and dusty, and when it is raining they leave their umbrellas behind.

One stratagem, not unusual in labor history, is to make a deal with the employer. "If you will continue to recognize us, negotiate with us, and certify us as the proper bargaining agent," they say to the manufacturer, "we will promise not to ask for a raise in wages during the next two years."

Another stratagem is the political strike called to dramatize some political demand. In still other cases, when a Congress union asks for a raise from four to five rupees a day, the Communist union may promptly demand ten or even fifteen rupees. The Communist organizer knows that the employer cannot grant the request, and that the strike will be crushed; but by making such demands he seems the only militant champion of the workers.

The Communists who organize these unions and who go into the villages are drawn largely from the students and young teachers in the universities. The vigorous, sensational Communist party press, *Crossroads* and *Blitz*, reaches a wide audience, and all members are required to peddle the party literature. Study groups are organized for those who show interest. And above all, young intellectuals are caught in the network of party fronts, the All-India Students Federation, All-India Peace Congress, Progressive Writers Association, India-China Friendship Association, Indo-Soviet Cultural Society.

In their student fronts the Communists also carry out very effective "relief work" for needy people, such as the supply of costly textbooks, and campaign for lower tuition fees. To frustrated, low-paid teachers who desire recognition and an audience for their talents they offer a place on the program of pro-Communist conferences.

WESTERN visitors to India and other Asian countries are often confused by the large number of anti-Communist students who still consider themselves Marxists. "India is a country of Marxists," an outspoken pro-American student told me in Trivandrum.

He explained that the background of most intellectuals in India was Marxist. "It just happens," he said with assurance, "that Marx was not only the greatest economic thinker of the last century but was the one who first analyzed the process of economic development, and his theories are relevant to a country in need of an accumulation of capital. Unfortunately, Lenin picked up some of those theories, gave them his own twist, put an army and a revolutionary movement behind them, and now the world is plagued with the Communist party."

This assumption of Marxism among so many of the intellectuals makes it an easier step to slip into Communist vocabulary, fellow-traveling in the Communist fronts, and finally into the party itself.

Will There Be a Red Victory?

WHATEVER happens in China, the immediate question now is whether India will, as the Communists predict, follow the path of China. An objective picture of Indian communism shows a party with powerful potential, but on the other side of the ledger are certain other considerations of considerable weight.

So far, Communists throughout the world have succeeded in coming to power under only two conditions: either by an invasion, or threat of invasion by the Red Army, as in Eastern Europe; or by the genius of a master revolutionary who finds himself in a society ripe for armed rebellion, such as Lenin in Russia, Mao in China, and to some extent Tito in Yugoslavia. In my opinion, neither of these conditions now exists in India.

Indian Communists are busily trying to organize units in the border areas, and may thus have a direct route for smuggled arms and money from China, and Chinese Communist agents are often moving in and out, but the conquest of India by a Red army of Russians or Chinese seems most unlikely from the north. The Tibetan route is almost impassable for any large-scale invasion, and at present the superbly trained Indian army appears able to hold its own against any intruder from this direction.

If Communist China should invade South-east Asia through Burma this situation would change drastically. A Chinese army in Burma

or Indochina would bring impossible pressures on Thailand, spread chaos and fear throughout Indonesia and Malaya, and put a strong Chinese military threat on the long eastern boundary of India.

Is there an Indian Lenin or Mao on the horizon? No one can say there is not, but no Indian Communist who has yet hit the public eye has seemed able to master the materials of Indian social change. Indian Communists have still to live down their days of collaboration with the British against the independence movement.

It is reassuring to know that so far the Communist drive in Asia, with the single exception of China, has fallen far short of its objectives. In the years following the war when first the Philippines and then India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, and Indonesia finally won their freedom from Western rule, the predictions of the pessimists were dire indeed. Today these six nations remain free, and the record shows that they have dealt with their native Communists far more effectively and decisively than have the two remaining major colonial powers of Asia, France and Britain in Indochina and Malaya.

BUT there is no basis for overconfidence. In the coming years it is probable that the Soviet Union will improve its tactics. It may be that the Russians will even borrow some American ideas which we have pressed only half-heartedly and adapt them most effectively to their own objectives.

I will be surprised, for instance, if more and more non-Communist young Indians are not invited to Russia "to see in all fairness what we have accomplished in the past thirty years." And I would be doubly surprised if some version of our own Point IV is not advanced by the Politburo as part of the new Malenkov strategy.

However, if the Communist parties in India and other free Asian nations shifted their primary allegiance from Moscow to Peking, I believe their prospects would improve even more dangerously. Mao's guidance would seem less alien, there would probably be more flexibility and greater room for local decisions, and the directives, when they came, would probably be better fitted to Asian conditions.

There is little question in my mind that

Mao is already moving to stake out his claim. In Peking he has established an organization known as the "Peace Liaison Committee of the Asian and Pacific Regions."

This committee may well be the vehicle through which he hopes to exert his control over the Communist parties of Asia. A growing minority of India's Communists would apparently like to make such a shift, but in the autumn of 1953 the majority in India still seemed to look first to Moscow. However, with the obvious internal stresses and strains within Russia following Stalin's death, Mao's relative standing is steadily moving up, and the emergence of Maoism as the dominant Communist power in Asia seems to me a strong possibility.

Whether this more formidable force might succeed where Stalinism failed may prove to be the most crucial question of our time. In the end the decision may rest, not so much on what the Communists have actually done, but on the estimates of millions of young Indians and other Asians of what they may succeed in doing in the future.

One night in Nagpur a young American-educated Indian engineer said to me earnestly, "You know I hate communism, and desperately want to see India not only remain a democracy but become stronger and more effective as a free nation.

"But," he continued soberly, "I am only twenty-seven years old. I have a wife and two young children. I have thirty or more active years ahead of me, and I don't want to be a martyr and spend those years in a Communist salt mine. So I suppose that I will watch and see whether the Communists grow stronger. If someday it seems clear that they are going to win, I will join them, not because I like dictatorships and dislike democracy, but because there will be nothing else for me to do."

His eyes lit up as he added, "Perhaps if communism comes to India it will be a different kind of communism, more tolerant, less bitter, borrowing something from Gandhi. And who knows, perhaps a new kind of communism generated here might eventually soften and modify even the brutal ways of the Russians and Chinese?"

But I have seen hundreds of other young

Indians working on the great dams, and in the villages and fields, creating new electric power, distributing new irrigation water, ridding vast areas of malaria, introducing new seeds, opening new schools. It is these young men, dedicated and unafraid, who give the free world cause for hope.

SURELY the final answer over the years must come from within India herself, in her own capacity to draw on her rich past and to interpret the new restless demands of her people into a dynamic effort at national construction. And as free Indians pick up the challenge, it is clear that they have many advantages over the anti-Communist Chinese whose tragic failure has shaken the world.

Instead of thirty years of violence, the Indians had a generation of non-violent civil resistance and constructive work. Instead of Japanese military occupation, the last phase of the British Empire stressed law and the parliamentary system. Instead of the Generalissimo of the military Kuomintang, there is a democratic Prime Minister known and beloved by the mass of the people. Instead of administrative chaos, there is an able civil service and a bold, dynamic Five Year Plan which calls for huge increases in production and a village to village extension service to cover all India.

Above all, India had its own master revolutionary in Gandhi, who left a heritage which cannot easily be forgotten. Gandhi not only demonstrated a new way to wage revolution, but a strange new way to handle Communists.

When the documents were shown him about the atrocities committed by the Communists in the Punjab, he said, "I know, I know so well their devastating activities. But you remember . . . we can win not by actually fighting them but by constructive methods, emphasizing the power of love, of respect for individuals—so disregarded by them, by working for real freedom, by serving God. Try to do it as I am doing."

I believe that the greatest hope for a free democratic India lies in the millions of Indians who today are earnestly "trying to do it" as Gandhi did so successfully.

The Secret Life of a Man on Skis

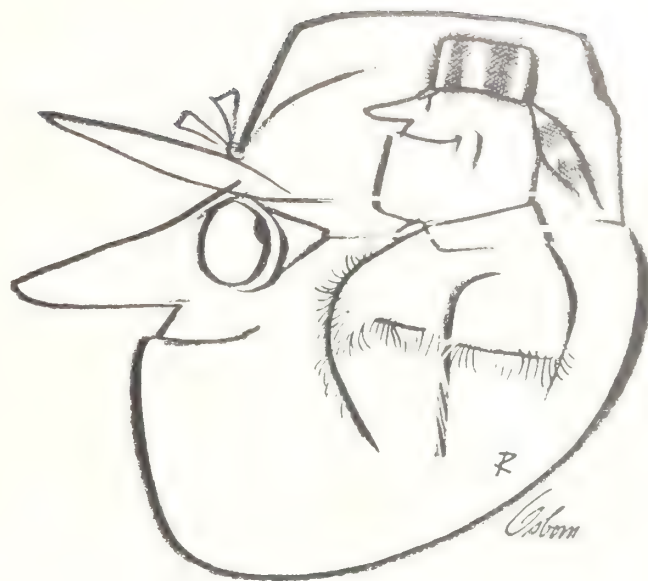
George H. Weltner

SO FAR, all efforts to deprive several million American skiers of their high accident rate have failed. That's what the latest figures collected by the National Ski Patrol System seem to say. And the news gives me considerable satisfaction.

As a loyal supporter of the Ski Patrol System I am in a difficult position—I am convinced that skiing has won its tremendous popularity during the past twenty years largely *because* of the element of danger, not in spite of it. I am convinced that without casualties—or the risk of them—skiing would lose its principal charm: its fascinating resemblance to life.

It is not surprising that skiers themselves are reluctant to accept this idea. I would never have accepted it myself if a roomful of fractures and sprains, high in the Laurentian Mountains, had not jarred me out of my previous views.

Early one Friday afternoon last winter I was deposited, for my first extended ski vacation, at a small airport at the base of Mont Tremblant. A French Canadian taxi-driver took me the remaining few miles over an icy road to the Inn. On my right lay a frozen lake, Lac Ouimet, and beyond it rose the strangely soft contours of Mont Tremblant, more like a giant, powdered cream puff than a proper mountain. Just before we reached the Inn, I caught a glimpse of my future comrades-in-



arms—colorful as grenadiers—as they formed at the bottom of the lift for the first assault of the afternoon. I was in the special world of the skier.

I had just finished signing in at the desk when my shoulder was tapped. A grinning elfin face greeted me as I turned around. It was Lorna, a tiny young woman, whom I had met at Snow Valley the year before.

As we walked toward the fireplace, I noticed that she was limping, and I expressed my concern. "Oh, it's just a sprain," she said cheerfully. "It's much better now. I'll be out again tomorrow."

FROM our seat by the fire, I noticed that there were several other people in the lounge, half concealed in upholstery.

"That's Kay," whispered Lorna, indicating a young woman whose eyes were closed and who sat with an odd, upright rigidity. Her hands were crossed under her throat in an attitude of prayer. "The doctor told her that she broke a blood vessel at the base of her thumb. That's why she's holding it up, to keep the swelling down." Lorna's eyes were tender as she looked at Kay.

Next to the staircase a heavy blond girl and a pale young man were playing cards. I noticed that she had a cast on her leg. Then I noticed that *he* had a cast on *his* leg. "She got it first," Lorna told me, "and was about

Drawings by Robert Osborn

to go home. The next day *he* got it. They got acquainted here in the lounge and decided to stay out their week." Lorna smiled.

A side door opened, admitting a cold draft and a snow-covered skier. He dusted himself off with his cap, took off his tinted goggles, and limped to the fireplace. "This is *Curly*," said Lorna. *Curly*, a stocky young man with a crew cut, shook hands, grinning broadly. "No use," he said. "My leg is just like jelly—just like jelly. No control at all."

Curly told me that he had got hurt the day before in the second ravine on the Lowell Thomas Run at Tremblant. He had thought that a night's rest might help and had waited until afternoon to try again. It was no use. "Just like jelly," he repeated cheerfully.

At this point I was startled by a clatter directly behind me. I turned to see a man rising slowly from a sofa. He picked up a fallen crutch and hobbled away into an inner lounge. Lorna laughed at the expression on my face. "Bad knee," she explained. I excused myself to find my room.

Why Do They Do It?

I HAD arrived, of course, at a time when the lobby was most likely to look like a hospital ward. It was Friday afternoon, and the casualties I had seen represented an accumulation of the entire week. And I was, no doubt, in a delicate and impressionable condition: this was my first exposure of the season. But for whatever reason, I was shocked into looking at my fellow skiers—and myself—with a new and urgent interest.

I knew all the usual answers to the question: Why do skiers ski? I knew about the thrill of the birdlike descent, the invigorating mountain air, nature in its frozen beauty, and the camaraderie around the open fire at night. But now none of them, nor all of them to-

gether, explained that scene in the lobby. And, more to the point, none of them answered the personal question: *What am I doing here?*

Once, when I asked a friend of mine what he thought motivated the skier, he snapped, "Self-destruction." Skiers, he said, have an irresistible urge to get as far away from modern medical care as possible—and then break their legs.

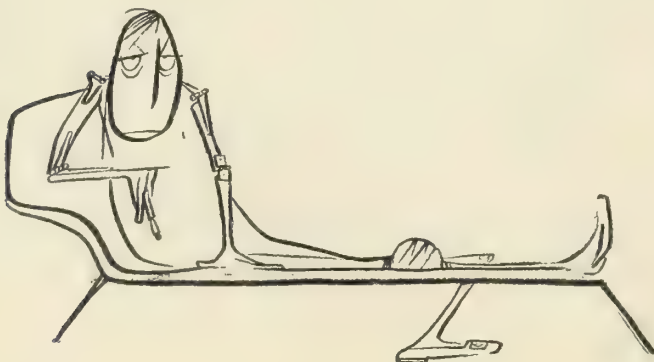
Naturally I found this theory distasteful. I also found it frivolous. A man bent on destroying himself has far more subtle and sinister means at his disposal. An ulcer, for example, is far more destructive than a fracture—and it can be acquired without doing anything as pleasurable as skiing.

The idea, on the other hand, that skiers are merely wholesome outdoor types, like the rosy-cheeked characters in a winter scene by Grandma Moses, seemed equally misleading. Skiers, largely office workers like myself, were surely only as mad or as simple as their "real" lives had made them. They had apparently discovered satisfactions in skiing that were not spoiled and were possibly even enhanced by the risk of injury. What were they?

I began to get an inkling when I observed that my fellow skiers did not merely tolerate risk—they *cultivated* it. Or, rather, they cultivated the *atmosphere* of risk. Even at night, away from the slopes, they seemed impelled to keep the idea of danger alive and before them.

AN "ENTERTAINMENT" presented after dinner on the day of my arrival featured a ski ballad, to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas," written and dramatically presented by members of the Washington Ski Club. Every stanza ended with the refrain: "—And I land-ed in a pine tree!" This refrain was sung in a broken, mournful voice by a young man who was grotesquely bandaged from head to foot. It made a big hit.

At a costume dance a few days later a husband and wife came as doctor and nurse. As they entered, the nurse carried a large tray of "surgical instruments" consisting of a butcher knife, a hammer, a chisel, and a hack saw. The doctor followed, sharply eyeing each guest in turn and rubbing his hands in anticipation. Of course, one of the casualties came



as a casualty, on crutches, with a broken ski hung around his neck.

Real Charette, head of the Ski School, made his own contribution to this atmosphere at his weekly showing of ski pictures. At each of the two showings I saw, when the picture of a certain Western Mountain appeared on the screen, he quietly commented that it was here that Herman Gadner was killed, victim of an avalanche. Herman Gadner was *former* head of the Ski School.

Cultivated and heightened in these ways, the atmosphere of risk affected us all like a mild intoxicant. It was at least as stimulating as the mountain air. The constant reminders of falls and injuries produced a distinctly pleasant and giddy feeling that we were all in this thing together—an almost military *esprit de corps*.

The full significance of all of this was brought home to me by a simple telephone call from a friend who was staying at a nearby lodge. When she asked the conventional "How are you?" I found myself doing a quick inventory of my arms and legs before answering, and when I asked her how *she* was, I got a specific answer that involved a strapped ankle. I think it was the first time in my life that I had taken this conventional exchange seriously and literally. It suddenly seemed clear to me that all of us skiers had conspired to create a way of life that would reveal the fragility of our bodies and cause us to draw cozily together in fear and relief. I became convinced that there was no purer social emotion—nor one more starved for expression—than the gentle, protective concern we were thus able to feel and share.

The Knight's Armor

I USED to assume that adults, when they played, immediately became juvenile and trivial. I must have believed that through their favorite sports they really succeeded in "getting away from it all"—and away from themselves, too—and there was no point in taking them seriously until they came back again.

But now I began to suspect there was more to it than that.

Most of us who spend our days in offices are less than satisfied with our images as they are



mirrored in our work. As white-collar functionaries we represent the realization of no boyhood dream, no traditional American type.

Behind the masks of our well-modulated office personalities we often feel that we are running down as men, that we are becoming daily more docile and defenseless. The dream of becoming captains of industry and finance is fading and we turn more and more to leisure and recreation for fulfillment. We can fully become the kind of people we want to be—and need to be—only in our spare time, in our play.

I began to feel better the very first morning I dressed for skiing. As I drew on my long woolen underwear and my heavy socks, a number of satisfying images passed through my mind: lumberjack, trapper, prospector—men who squinted and spat and took things as they came. My plaid shirt was obviously not made for a timid man and the heavy twill pants were clearly built to withstand more strenuous wear than friction against the seat of an office chair.

Best of all and most transforming of all were the boots—heavy, padded, complex, and functional. It was a shoe within a shoe, with an inner lacing and an outer lacing, an inner tongue and an outer tongue. Studded straps radiated from a metal ring on each side of the ankle and fastened in a buckle over the instep. The corrugated sole was three quarters of an inch thick. Any resemblance these boots bore to city shoes was purely coincidental. They



were not merely shoes—they were heavily armored mechanisms that transmitted power and control to the skis. And when control was lost, they protected the skier's ankles and legs against the terrible twisting force of a wild ski.

Once on, tightly laced and buckled, there was no escaping their psychological effect. They were the shoes of a man of action. To move at all I had to move decisively. Indoors, every step had to be emphatic and loud. The only practical stride was a rolling, forward-leaning swagger. By the time I stepped outdoors, goggled and mittened for my first run, I was already in a mild state of recklessness.

THE whole first day, nevertheless, I skied like a nervous elderly bookkeeper. My knees were weak, and my armored transmission mechanisms refused to transmit. Only on the third day did I begin to get my weight forward and gain confidence and control. The cold morning of the fourth day—25 below zero—I joined Claude's class.

After we had warmed up with some climbing, Claude said, "Watch this," and headed straight downhill for a small hummock. Just before he reached it, he crouched, then thrust his poles sharply down and jumped. His knees were drawn up high, and his skis, four or five feet off the snow, were exactly parallel. He landed in perfect balance, one ski a bit ahead of the other, and then swirled around in a flourishing stop-Christy. "Now you do it," he called up.

The seven of us standing in a row at the top of the hill stirred and chattered like frightened fledglings on a limb. Claude laughed, climbed up, and described each movement in detail. Then he demonstrated again. "Now you do it." Again we stirred and hesitated. But we did it. I was third. The first two had been clumsy, but they had managed to stay on their feet. I didn't.

I got into the air fine. Quite high. But my points caught as I came down and I took a jarring header right over my skis. My nose throbbed from the impact and for an instant I felt scared and defeated. Then I pulled myself together and climbed back to the top of the slope.

On the next round I stayed on my feet, but I felt I had jumped timidly. The third try was somewhat better, but still too cautious. As Claude was about to take the class elsewhere for some milder work, I hurried through it once more on my own. I jumped freely and high, landed well, and reproduced as nearly as I could Claude's flourishing stop.

I did not need Claude's approving "Okay!" to convince myself that I had done something good. In fact, my self-approval bordered on drunkenness. During the rest of the morning I was the friendliest, most talkative member of a very friendly, talkative class.

What had I accomplished? On the face of it, it was a small victory—I had simply proved that I had the nerve enough to risk jumping off a hummock. But I had really done much more. With my skis I had etched in snow a bold new self-portrait to replace the blurred image I had brought from the city. I had arrived as a shadowy office worker, an anonymous pencil-pusher. I could return, in my own mind's eye, at least, as a rugged individual.

The Medicine of Fear

IT WAS not until late in my vacation that I made the startling discovery that skiers develop a craving for the pungent taste of physical fear just as certain animals develop a craving for salt. In moderate doses, they have found, it's an antidote for anxiety! My first intimation of this came from the things we laughed at and the way we laughed at them.

Skiing is full of laughter. Much of it, from an outsider's point of view, is ghoulish. There

was the story, for example, of the four college students who were drinking beer one night near the Bear Mountain ski jump. As they drifted into irresponsibility, one of them wondered aloud how it would be to go off the jump in a toboggan. A lively discussion followed, more beers were had, challenges were hurled and accepted. A half-hour later, breathing heavily from the climb, they reached the small platform at the top of the enormously steep inrun. Without a pause they clapped the toboggan down, packed themselves into it, spilling beer in the process from the cans they still clutched—and took off. They roared down and off the lip of the jump miraculously intact. But out in space things immediately began to disintegrate, and they came thumping down separately out of the starlit night like shot geese. Only one of them had to be hospitalized.

When this story was told to a group of us at the Inn, we were all seized with the kind of paroxysm that can only occur when emotion stored under pressure is suddenly unlocked. It wasn't just funny. It tore us apart.

Later in the day, when I thought about it, I was puzzled and a little displeased with myself. I was willing to own up to a certain amount of sadistic humor, but I didn't want to join Charles Addams' family of monsters. Then I thought of the Dinkas, who laughed at the wrong things, too. I had read an article about this fishing tribe of the Upper Nile, who were frequently maimed, often killed, by hippos and crocodiles—yet they always went into convulsions of laughter when they were reminded of these accidents to their fellows. Those who laughed had to fish daily in the same unstable, dugout canoes. Their laughter was not sadistic; it was an explosive mixture of anxiety and relief—touched off by a spark of reminiscent fear. It was a purifier, a purge.

The four students in mid-air were images of me. Their blind flight into space expressed with shocking concreteness and clarity the vague sense of helplessness and impending disaster that I had often felt in the course of my life in the city, and my gasp of recognition was the opening that my imprisoned anxieties had been waiting for. My laughter was simply the noise of their grateful explosion to the surface.

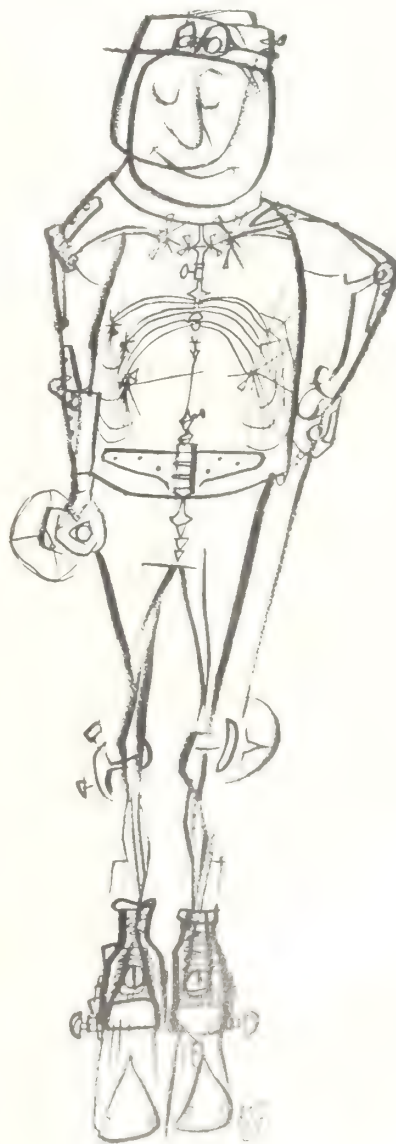
But it was in my own action on the slopes—not through stories—that I discovered how

vitalizing the skier's experience of fear could be, and felt the keen satisfaction of dealing with dangers that were clear and specific and *right there*.

The Winning of Snow White

THE worst—and most satisfying—fall of my vacation occurred just the day before the end. The slopes were icy after a thaw and freeze. I was alone and had foolishly turned into a trail that was new to me. Although its pitch was moderate, I soon found myself running narrowly through crowding elder bushes and saplings. Two deep, hard-frozen ruts guided my skis as firmly as if I were riding on rails and they were soon singing and rasping like emery wheels as I gathered speed.

A bush leaned across the tracks and clawed at my face. I lowered my head and brushed



past. Then another bush, bigger and leaning more boldly, forced me to crouch low and protect my eyes with my hands. I threw my weight forward in order to get through without being thrown sideways. It was apparent that the thaw, followed by strong winds and a quick freeze, had twisted and broken much of the undergrowth. And as I continued to be whipped and clawed by bush after bush, it became disturbingly clear that I was the first, since the windstorm, to come this way.

The slope leveled off momentarily, but not long enough to permit me to check my speed and escape from the ruts. As I committed myself to the next sharp incline, I saw that I was in real trouble. Fifty feet ahead at the bottom of the pitch a large bush arched directly across my path. Its stock appeared firmly rooted at the right of the tracks, and its top, instead of being high and free, was buried and apparently locked in the crust at the left.

The wild thought of trying to jump came and went with a heart beat. I had only the choice of deliberately throwing myself down before I reached the bush—or attempting to crash through it. I chose the latter, hoping to dislodge the top, or crack through the middle with the impact of my shins.

The next thing I knew I was crashing forward toward the points of my skis and staring fearfully down at my strained ankles. Just before I rolled sideways to the ground, I felt something snap in the region of my right heel. For a long instant I braced myself for the pain—until I saw that a screw holding a small safety strap to the ski had been pulled right out of the wood. I relaxed and laughed. I knew I was all right. I had successfully cracked two of the major branches, but the third and largest had held fast. Fortunately, so had my shins.

As I rubbed my right leg, I realized that it was wet and sticky under my long under-

wear. It was bleeding a little. But I didn't mind. In fact, I was immensely gratified and relieved that I had finally met my peril face to face—and survived. If, at that moment, Snow White had emerged from the Laurentian woods and offered me her hand in marriage, I would have felt that I had won her fairly. The world and I were on equal terms again. My vacation was complete.

SKIING is an allegorical act. Every time a skier works his way down a difficult slope, he enacts, in elementary and primitive terms, the journey of his life—or what he would like the journey of his life to be. Instead of complex and elusive goals, he has simple and limited objectives. Instead of mysterious and unlimited perils, he has clear and limited risks to his arms and legs. And instead of vague and sluggish anxieties, he has specific and active fears—fears that relieve him of doubt and inertia, fears that remind him that he is alive and that he has a body to protect and defend.

In this allegory failure is a fall. The skier meets it halfway—not with a whimper, but with a brave bang. Usually he can see it coming. He has an instant to fight it—and then another instant to relax and commit himself to it as coolly and as safely as he can. In the very act of falling he conquers, in some degree, the fear of falling itself; he adds one more bit to the evidence that, if necessary, he will be able to withstand failure in the real world—and recover.

In all of these ways, through all of these symbolic actions, skiing draws us into a tense and moving play about ourselves and our lives. It would be a poor play indeed—and it would certainly not be about our lives—if it ever lost its most dramatic and spell-binding quality, the quality of danger—real, genuine, leg-breaking danger.



The garret inventor, the garage tinkerer, and the backyard genius seem outmoded today in a world of enormous laboratories and expensive equipment. But how well are we doing without their virtues of independence and imagination, and can we make "research" pay off?

Get a Good Scientist

. . . and Let Him Alone

Leonard Engel

BY ALL outward signs, American science is in an unprecedentedly good state of health. Funds, physical facilities, and personnel for research are greater than ever; the journals that report results are fatter and more numerous. A number of able scientists, however, are made distinctly uncomfortable by some aspects of this boom. They fear—and with reason, I think—that American science is developing in a way dangerous to the imagination and ingenuity which alone can make it fruitful.

In recent years American science has been overworking one of its techniques—the pre-planned study with a precisely specified goal, passed on by an advisory board or committee. Sometimes it is carried out by a single individual but more often by a large group of ^{eight} researchers working together. They may aim ^{ever} either at the solution of a particular problem ^{to} or a study of some natural phenomenon, but ^{gr} the important thing in either case is that both goal and research plan are fixed in advance.

In recent years the nonscientific public has become more and more appreciative of this weapon in science's arsenal. Especially during World War II, the armed forces, industry, and the voters learned—through the atom bomb and lesser achievements—that scientific research had in the preplanned study a marvelous device for answering all kinds of pressing questions. It could determine the best

shape for children's shoes or even find, at astonishingly short notice, a host of synthetic antimalarial drugs to take the place of quinine. It could cut waste motion and focus attention squarely on the problem at hand. It could open the road into the technological Utopia everyone expected science to create. Yet planned research has a disconcerting way of suppressing everything not included in the plan; and it could also narrow the opportunity for talented individuals, for really new ideas, and for the exploitation of the unexpected.

The decisive element in the whole history of science has hitherto been the gifted individual with a truly new idea or the insight to see significance in a chance observation. Before there could be research in nuclear physics, there had to be an Einstein; before the microbiologists who systematically seek out new antibiotics, there had to be a Fleming and a Dubos; before the jet-engine laboratories in which thousands of "development engineers" toil, there had to be Frank Whittle. Thus what Professor Harold Willis Dodds of Princeton calls "projectitis"—which lengthens the odds against the unusual talent, the novel idea, and the unexpected observation—may be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Already a number of authorities feel that, considering the effort expended, fewer really new discoveries have been made in their fields in recent years than could have been expected.

The Disease Spreads

UNHAPPILY, projectitis is not on the decline. Twenty years ago, most papers in publications like the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* carried only one or two names and authors, and in a fair number of cases they represented the ideas of no one but those who signed them. Today nearly all the papers in the *Journal*—and in most other journals of original research—bear some mark of the project. A large percentage are signed by “teams” of anywhere from three to a dozen authors. Others have the telltale introductory note with a contract number or a line indicating that the present study is but part of a larger program.

Several circumstances are responsible for the projectitis epidemic. To begin with, scientific equipment has become highly complex and staggeringly expensive. I recently visited a small laboratory in New Jersey equipped for routine studies of blood and tissue. There was easily \$100,000 worth of gear in the place. Devices like the research ultra-centrifuge and the mass spectrometer may cost tens of thousands of dollars apiece; atom smashers run into the millions. The heads of laboratories with such equipment react just the way manufacturers with heavy plant investments do: they want to see their expensive machinery employed around the clock. Accordingly they encourage elaborate projects—the more elaborate the better.

Another unavoidable factor in the spread of the large project is the increasing specialization of scientific work. Studying the biological effects of hormones on the body, for example, requires techniques that take an educational lifetime to learn. Exact chemical identification of the hormone substances involved demands other, equally difficult techniques. The only solution, then, for a comprehensive hormone investigation, or any similar undertaking, is a joint enterprise of many scientists with different skills.

The main drive toward projectitis, however, has come from a radical change in the financing of research. Before the war, research was mainly a university affair. There were a number of important government and industrial laboratories, but an overwhelming proportion of the most significant research was conducted in universities—and largely

financed by them. During the war decade, however, inflation and the rising cost of research made it increasingly impossible for the universities to continue their work without outside help, and lots of it.

Though thousands of new government and industrial laboratories sprang up, in fields ranging from atomic energy and electronics to pharmaceuticals, and though prewar laboratories like the General Electric center at Schenectady grew to mammoth size, there were many research problems that could not be dealt with adequately or economically in such establishments. The universities had—and still have—an unparalleled concentration of scientific skills, and so government and industry alike returned to them for help. In addition, agencies like the American Cancer Society and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were raising sizable sums for research in their various fields, and universities were the logical place to spend them. University research was thus able to continue and expand—at the price of projectitis.

ORGANIZATIONS like the Rockefeller Foundation have long made grants to universities for research, but there is a crucial difference between these institutions and the new dispensers of funds. The Rockefeller agency is primarily interested in stimulating the growth of science. Though it has aided some specific projects, it usually gives funds to a talented researcher without questions as to how he plans to use them. The new fund dispensers, on the other hand, are primarily “buyers” of research. The Atomic Energy Commission and its board of supervisors, the Congress of the United States, hope to obtain information that will lead to improved atomic weapons or contribute in some other way to the atomic energy program. The American Cancer Society is buying a cure for cancer. And so on.

A good many of the administrators of the new fund-dispensing agencies know that, in science, the longest way round is frequently the shortest way home. The Navy Department's Office of Naval Research, for example, has made large grants for research on phenomena in the neighborhood of absolute zero (−459.6 degrees Fahrenheit), although practical applications still seem pretty remote. And the American Cancer Society supports

work only indirectly related to cancer, on the sound theory that this is at least as likely to lead to more effective means of dealing with cancer as a direct attack on the disease.

The difficulty is that the new fund dispensers behave as buyers even when they sponsor such broad programs of investigation. Like buyers everywhere, they want to be sure of their money's worth. So they seize on the one tangible in the situation—what the researcher proposes to do with the money. The researcher who asks for a grant is forced to spell out in advance just what he hopes to learn, what experiments he thinks are necessary, and exactly how they will be performed. In short, the fund dispensers demand prefabricated projects.

CURIOUSLY, eminent scientists themselves, who certainly know better, are among the worst offenders. Nearly all the large grant-making agencies turn the actual selection of recipients over to advisory committees drawn from the top echelons of the scientific community—often from the expert panels of the National Research Council. With certain exceptions, these scientists have proved as quick as anyone to show an excess of caution in allotting funds and to tie down other scientists of even recognized ability in a mass of preplanned detail.

In a recent issue of *Science*, Professor Curt P. Richter of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, a veteran of two decades on grant committees, tells how the committees function. Before World War II, he writes, when a scientist applied for a research grant "a few lines or at most a paragraph or two sufficed for the experimental design." Now this one part of the application "may extend over six to eight single-spaced typewritten pages. And even then committee members may come back to ask for more details."

The other day I saw an application for a grant, not from an unknown but from a man with three major discoveries to his credit, which ran to thirty-nine single-spaced pages by the time he had supplied all the details members of the grant committee demanded. He was actually required to specify the chemical analyses he meant to employ, although analytical techniques are advancing so rapidly in his field that those he specified are almost certain to be outdated before the project is completed.

The Damage It Does

THE spread of projectitis through American science has had a number of disturbing results, one of which is to encourage a kind of mass deception on the part of scientists. A young bacteriologist on the staff of a New York hospital recently became interested in studying how a widely used antibiotic achieved its curative effects. He was able to get a grant from one of the agencies in the cancer field by contending that his study might lead to an anti-cancer antibiotic, although he himself believed the possibility was practically nil.

Another curious result is the buying by some laboratories of unneeded equipment, rather than returning unused portions of their grants. Still another is the project-that-leads-to-a-project; to assure themselves of a continuing supply of funds, smart researchers pick out projects sure to lead to questions that can be settled only by further projects. This is the practice, increasingly familiar in the humanities as well as the sciences, that sociologist David Riesman of the University of Chicago calls "academic check-kiting."

But the real objection to the project system is that, when carried too far, it becomes a bar to the progress it purports to serve. Research workers are reduced to the status of technicians. New ideas are blocked. The solutions found for many problems are more apparent than real; they often take the form of gadgets and technological gimcracks that create difficulties as great as or greater than those they were supposed to overcome.

A plan of research inevitably mirrors the attitudes and information of the people who draw it up. When it is refined and re-refined by a committee, it is reduced to the common denominator of that committee's views and beliefs. Consequently, in the area of basic research—that is, the study of natural phenomena without an immediate application in view—planned research often serves merely to confirm what is already known or strongly suspected, or to fill in obvious gaps in knowledge; while planned attacks on "practical" problems tend to start out from existing knowledge and proceed along strictly conventional lines.

Few great discoveries were made, or could have been made, by sticking close to what was

known, reasonable, or to be expected—in other words, by proceeding according to plan. Even the most “inevitable” have had an unexpected, unplannable element. The development of penicillin, for instance, is usually cited as a “planned” discovery. The development was indeed most carefully and ingeniously planned, from Chain and Florey’s extraction and trial of a small amount in 1939 to mass production in 1945. But one element was not and could not have been planned: the alertness of a British bacteriologist named Alexander Fleming that led him to notice, fourteen years before, a clear spot in a culture dish left on a window sill. He studied the spot and found it was made by a common mold, *Penicillium notatum*, which secreted a substance that had destroyed nearby bacteria. Similar accidents must have occurred repeatedly in countless laboratories before and since Fleming, but no one else had noticed or followed them up. Without Fleming, there could have been no plan for the development of penicillin.

A GOOD many other outstanding discoveries have resulted from what Dr. Alan Gregg of the Rockefeller Foundation calls “puzzlement”—a state of bafflement and uncertainty over discrepancies in the “known” facts, a feeling not easily tailored into a project. It was a feeling of this sort over the famous Michelson-Morley “ether drift” experiments that led Albert Einstein to the special theory of relativity; and another dissatisfaction, this time over the distinction in Newtonian physics between inertia and gravitation, that finally brought Einstein to the general theory of relativity and the revolutionary conception of gravitation as a property of space-time instead of force.

Still other great discoveries have been the result of sudden flashes of insight or the will-
ingness of a man to stick with an idea, however wrong or odd his colleagues might think him. Several of the discoveries of the great French mathematician Henri Poincaré came to him at odd moments—for instance, as he climbed aboard a bus—after weeks or months in which he found himself unable even to formulate the questions involved. And Otto Loewi’s historic experiment proving that a chemical substance is discharged when a nerve impulse passes from one nerve fiber to another

—which won him the Nobel prize—came to him in a dream.

IT IS, of course, impossible to gauge how much we are losing by casting research into a project mold. Discoveries have a way of remaining unknowable until they are discovered. Still there are signs that we are missing discoveries of importance—perhaps of the greatest importance.

In the fall of 1953, fourteen antibiotics were available for the treatment of disease or undergoing trial in the clinic. Nine of them are derived from a single family of molds, *Streptomyces*. Is this because *Streptomyces* have a near-monopoly on the production of useful antibiotic substances? Or is it because several of the early ones happened to be from *Streptomyces* and so pharmaceutical research projects have focused on this family ever since?

In a recent book, T. K. Quinn, a former vice president of General Electric, points out that the only household appliance that ever originated in the laboratories of the big electrical companies is the electric garbage grinder. The fan, the refrigerator, the washing machine, the dishwasher, the toaster, the electric iron, and all the rest started in smaller companies or in someone’s barn. Is it because the men who work for big electrical companies are dull, or because (as Quinn suggests) “private monopoly” isn’t interested in being original, or is it because (as I suspect) their laboratories work almost exclusively on projects?

The aviation writer Wolfgang Langewiesche has called attention to an equally disconcerting situation in aeronautics. During the past decade and a half, there have been several important innovations in aircraft, such as the tricycle landing gear and the jet engine. Not one of them came out of the huge, astronomically expensive air research program financed and managed by the United States government. The program, Langewiesche says, has made airplanes bigger, fuller of gadgets, and much more expensive—but not really better. It has yet to produce a fighter plane more effective than the much simpler Russian Mig. Langewiesche blames government red tape. I suspect projectitis, a disease that seems to be becoming universal.

I hope that what I am saying will not be

taken to imply that there is no place at all in science for projects and planned research. There is—in taking an idea from the laboratory to the stage of practical use, and in certain other research problems. But even applied research cannot be completely pre-planned—a point nicely underscored in the possibly true story of the Russian laboratory director and the visiting English scientist. The Englishman asked how the Russian laboratory managed to fulfill its plan 100 per cent year after year. "It's not difficult at all," the Russian replied. "In 1952 we see what we did in 1951 and write that down as the plan for 1953."

The Way to Cure It

THE real question is how to retain the advantages of the project without closing the door to new ideas or observations. The solution is surprisingly simple. Research institutions (especially universities) should hire fewer people for specified undertakings, and more simply because they are bright. Grant-making and research-contracting agencies should ask fewer questions about projects and more about the researcher's intelligence, imagination, and integrity. As grant-making committees ask more questions about experimental design, they inevitably ask fewer about people. In recent years, comments Professor Richter, the man behind the project has become a dim, shadowy figure; few committee members ask about him. This trend should be reversed. People and their potentialities are, of course, less tangible than projects. Mistakes will be made that will make the research administra-

tor unhappy. But the uncovering of a single genuine talent is worth many mistakes.

A number of institutions and grant-making agencies have operated for years and still operate in this way. One is Harvard University, which has just won its sixth Nobel prize—more than any other institution in the world. Another is the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, whose staff members have won four Nobel prizes—an equally remarkable record, considering that the Rockefeller Institute is much smaller and works in a more limited field than Harvard. A third is the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller grant-making agency that asks questions about brains, not plans. A clear majority of the men who received Rockefeller fellowships a decade or more ago have since made outstanding scientific contributions and become eminent in their fields.

The system of hiring a good man and letting him alone can be recommended for at least part of their work even to industrial laboratories, in which the project approach is often necessary. Three manufacturing firms in the United States have for some time made a particular point of getting good research people and giving them a free rein: Merck & Company, Eastman Kodak, and the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Merck men came up with the first practicable procedure for manufacturing cortisone; Kodak has made many far-reaching contributions to photography and related branches of chemistry; and Bell Laboratories produced the transistor, the revolutionary successor to the vacuum tube which will gain the telephone company more than any hundred "planned" projects one might care to name.

Anyhow, We Invented Chlorophyll . . .

EVERY liquor dealer and barman personally knows, in varying degrees, of the growing popularity of vodka. In the past few years it has risen from nowhere to a leading place in Pacific Coast sales. Production of vodka in January 1953 was almost ten times larger than it was in the same month of 1952. . . . Every city, every state is reporting bigger and better sales. Why? . . . The answer can be told in one word—*discovery*. The public is discovering the unique qualities of vodka and spreading the word. They have learned that the odor of vodka can hardly be detected on the breath. . . .

—From *Beverage MONTHLY* (June 1953)

Maybe it wasn't heroic—but Philip had been taught that a good soldier should take advantage of the terrain.

The Easy Way Out

Robert Berkowitz

PHILIP was a veteran of World War II and a senior at an Eastern university when the Korean war broke out. He was also beginning the last year of an advanced infantry ROTC course. He had no particular desire to be an officer, but advanced ROTC cadets receive about \$30 a month, and this supplemented his GI-Bill checks. The Korean war, however, frightened and depressed him. The younger students faced the draft anyway, but he had served in one war and this time he wanted out.

Though the few other veterans in his ROTC class generally agreed with him, all cadets had signed a contract to finish their course or repay several hundred dollars in uniform and subsistence allowances. None had the money. Theoretically it was possible to be flunked out or to be dropped as unsuitable. With some others, he decided to try. He ceased to study; he began cutting weekly drill and showing up late to class. This got him nowhere; according to the semester grades, absence seemed to improve some students.

At the beginning of the next semester, loyalty forms were passed out for signatures. Philip could have signed the loyalty oath without question, of course, but on the list of subversive organizations was one which had sponsored a public meeting he'd attended—perhaps more than one. That was ten years before; Philip had been seventeen. He couldn't remember much about it except that he'd gone to the meeting in prurient and unsatisfactory pursuit of a girl whose name he'd since forgotten. Genuinely uncertain, he went to the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, a Regular Army Colonel commanding the ROTC unit.

The Colonel was stunned. Under his questioning, Philip went back over the entire list. He hadn't belonged to the Black Dragon Society, nor to the German American Bund, nor to the overseas branch of the NSDAP

(Nazi party). But other names seemed vaguely familiar. There were Socialist groups, Trotskyite groups, anti-Fascist committees of this and that; he couldn't know what he'd signed in the years before military service interrupted his college career, when he'd been on all kinds of mailing lists. Scrupulously, he admitted this and noted each name which seemed familiar. He had been to see "Alexander Nevsky" at Harvard in 1947; he didn't remember if it was sponsored by American Youth for Democracy (subversive) or by the Liberal Union (non-subversive). On a visit to New York he had attended a showing of the film "Potemkin." Though he couldn't remember if he'd made any other accidental contacts he knew in his own heart he was loyal. Would the Colonel help him? The Colonel took copious notes and said he would.

HE DID. A few weeks before the end of the semester, Philip was notified that he had been dropped without prejudice from ROTC. He made no appeal. He collected his check and said good-by. The class was commissioned and called up; most of them served in Korea.

Philip feels a little guilty about dropping out of ROTC, since another cadet who had a similar record was less successful in calling it to the Army's attention; Philip was the only one who got away with it. He knows now that it was the Liberal Union that put on "Alexander Nevsky," but if he made other such errors—and he doesn't think so—they were honest errors. All he'd done, in a sense, was to smear himself, quietly, judiciously. He still considers himself a normally patriotic citizen, and he calmly points out that it was the Army, after all, which made the decision. He was willing, or at any rate prepared, to serve his country. He still considers himself just as loyal as, say, the Colonel who commanded the ROTC detachment. Maybe a trifle smarter.

He was a man of fascinating contradictions—full of ribald jokes, bitter anger . . . eager for company but always lonely. He wasn't much like the Lewis legend . . . and he never understood how he happened to become a truly great writer.

Notes on a Genius

Sinclair Lewis at His Best

Dale Warren

Portraits by Oscar Berger



I MET Red Lewis sometime in the middle nineteen-thirties. The publishing house of Houghton Mifflin was at that time having trouble with a “difficult author” who had been an intimate friend of Red’s wife, Dorothy Thompson. Dorothy, whom I had met in London just prior to her expulsion from Germany, asked me out to Bronxville to lunch to talk over the “situation.” Red was to be there and this promised to be an exciting experience for a young publisher, or for any young reader who had been bowled over by *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, and *Dodsworth*.

I went with trepidation and also with considerable prejudice, as I had heard a great deal of talk about Red and a lot of it was not favorable talk. Whether or not founded on fact, stories about Red became exaggerated in the telling and he always provided a field day for his detractors. I expected the worst, although I knew instinctively that Dorothy Thompson would not have married the figure which gossip and rumor had built up in my mind, and I also had great respect for the wise and tempered judgment of our mutual friend, Carl Van Doren.

A hawker selling toys came through the train and, to cover my expected embarrassment, I bought an armful to present on my arrival to the Lewises’ small son, Michael, who was then about four or five. That this was a needless precaution I felt the moment I saw Red enter the room—a spring in his step, a smile on his face (which looked nothing at all like his pictures), a neat, immaculate appearance about him which was also contrary to report. His brown tweeds were straight from Savile Row. Dorothy said: “Here is Dale Warren.” Red said: “Never heard of him!” The infectious smile turned into a grin, as he gave me what can only be described as a hearty embrace. “Hello, Dale,” he went on, “I don’t like a lot of Dorothy’s friends—except big John Gunther—but I think I am going to like you.”

For the next two hours he ~~never stopped~~ talking, and that is an achievement when Dorothy is around. He asked question after question about the “difficult author” and told me just what he would do. He put me through the third degree about the publishing business. Tips, stories, anecdotes flowed on without ceasing. Red, as I learned then and there,

liked to talk shop. He even liked publishers. He knew more about their business than nine out of ten of them. No one young in the trade could have asked for a better briefing. I remember him saying, "Once a year I go into my publishers' office and raise hell just so they will know I'm alive. The rest of the time I leave 'em alone." I wondered to just what extent this might have been true.

"When are you coming again?" he asked as he left for his customary midday nap. I went out again a few Sundays later. When he met me at the door he said: "We are having two Countesses for lunch. One of them is swell." The one who was "swell" was Reine de Roussy de Sales. She was up to her eyes in crossword puzzles. Red had all the right words on the tip of his tongue. David Cohn was there also. Dorothy saw no reason to keep silent, nor the Countesses. Publishing was forgotten and the talk was chiefly on "international relations." Red, with his flair for baiting and deflating, always referred to this topic as "It," particularly when Dorothy had a voice in it. Here again he had a lot of the right answers. The other Countess later became the target of many of his well-directed mischievous barbs—Red was often most endearing when he was most indignant—and not only because of her persistently addressing him as "my dear Hal." Only Red's intimates called him "Hal," his childhood-through-college name. To call him that was to assume an intimacy that, with all his gregariousness, he did not cultivate. What a kick he got out of discovering and exposing anyone he thought was a phony! Some of Red's best talk of this era found its way into the delectable series of columns which Dorothy entitled "Grouse for Breakfast." Those who never heard Red in his self-elected role of mimic missed one of the world's rarest treats.

Bernard and Avis DeVoto came in after lunch; later Red and I took a long walk (Bronxville was hardly the Cotswolds) and when he put me in the taxi, he asked: "When are you coming again?" It must have been about this time that I sensed Red's essential loneliness and his constant need for companionship. He wanted people around him all the time, new people, different people, some of the same old people. He wanted to talk, he wanted an audience, he wanted to see and feel and hear people about him. Even

people he didn't like were often better than no people at all. This was all mixed up with his gregariousness and sense of hospitality. When he worked he worked alone, with absolute concentration. But when he left the typewriter he wanted a roomful of sounding boards, preferably of the opposite sex. Yet unlike many "talkers," Red was an acute and sympathetic listener.

ON THESE two occasions Red drank milk. Where was the marathon drinker I heard so much about? Dorothy had told me that Red drank because he wanted to, not because he couldn't help it; that he could go on the wagon as easily as turning off the electric light. The third time I went to Bronxville was for dinner and the night. Martha, the German maid, opened the door. There was no one home. Martha was tense, and it did not seem to be merely German tenseness. After repeated gazings out the back window, she finally exclaimed: "Oh, my God, master come, but no missis!" Red, drunk as a skunk, lurched down the garden path through the rhododendrons, supported by what proved to be the taxi-driver who had brought him out from town.

"Dale," he said, "this is Oscar. Oscar has ten children and he makes forty-two dollars a week. What a hell of a life that is! What a hell of a country this is! Sit down, Oscar, and I'll get you a drink." So Oscar parked himself in Dorothy's best brocade chair and three drinks later Red knew all about the trials and tribulations of a New York taxi-driver.

When he had gone, Red explained that he and Dorothy were supposed to have met at the station and come out together. But Oscar had won out. At this moment Dorothy appeared at the end of the garden path and Red with difficulty made the stairs. I told her that Red had come home and gone up to change. She said: "I am glad to see you, but I don't feel well and I am very depressed." Later on she repeated: "I don't see why I am so depressed. Spring is here and I have been to the matinee." When it eventually appeared that the matinee had been "The Children's Hour," it seemed to me that this might be sufficient cause, although it was already evident that this was not one of Red's best days. Nor was it to be a happy evening. Dorothy had dressed in her best as Hal Smith and a lady were ex-

pected for dinner, but Hal arrived very late and without any lady. Red never put in an appearance. Nobody had any appetite, for an excellent dinner complete even to fish course. Hal made an excuse to leave early, and Dorothy and I sat talking until long after midnight.

An hour or so after I got to bed, Red came into my room and said: "Get up and come down stairs. I want to talk to you." Sober as a judge, he brought in two glasses of milk, and sandwiches. When it began to get light he wanted to hire a car so that we could spend the day in the Catskills and he could keep on talking, but I had appointments in New York and left by the commuters' train. The final separation of Red and Dorothy was not hurried, nor was the divorce, so that I was with them together on many subsequent occasions. This night in Bronxville was the one and only occasion on which I ever saw Red with even so much as a breath. I can picture the earlier and later binges but I never saw any of them. Nor did I ever witness any of those scenes, displays of temper, or cantankerousness that often go hand in hand with genius. I seem always to have seen Red Lewis at his peak.

Why Writers Write

WE MET shortly afterward at Swampscott, Massachusetts. Red telephoned and said he and Dorothy were there for the night. They wanted to have a look at the sea, he said, and would I come down to dinner. The conversation, as I remember it, was chiefly about the New Ocean House where they were staying, a Victorian caravansary chiefly given over to conventions and women's club fracas. Red, always a pushover for hotels, put his cataloguing mind to work. I found he knew as much about hotel management as he did about publishing—although his *Work of Art* couldn't hold a candle to Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace*.

Somewhere along here they came up to Boston, before taking off on a vacation trip to Jamaica. They summoned Wells, Red's older son whom he had named for H.G., and we spent an evening at my apartment. Wells, then a student at Harvard, and his father were very serious together, both ill at ease. My first impression of Wells—later to be changed

—was of a shy, embarrassed youth who enjoyed being with us about as much as a fish out of water. Red, with his eagle eye, picked a copy of *Ann Vickers* out of the bookshelves. I asked him to inscribe it for me and in it he wrote "Fiftieth Birthday, February 7, 1935," as indeed it was. Dorothy later explained that Red was not one to make a lot of his birthdays, certainly not the fiftieth. Before they left I showed him a copy of a script I had used for an occasional radio talk or women's club meeting on "Why Writers Write." In it I quoted what Red had once so pertinently written of himself, as it conveyed so well his individual stamp and characteristic bite:

One of the most curious questions about a writer, and one least often answered in biographies, is why he ever became a writer at all; why, instead of the active and friendly career of a doctor or a revolutionist or an engineer or an actor or an aviator (stage-driver it would have been in my early days), he should choose to sit alone, year after year making up fables or commenting on what other and livelier citizens actually do. There is no problem about it when the writer's family circle is "artistic"—as with Hugh Walpole, collateral descendant of the great Horace and son of a brilliant bishop. He goes into his father's business somewhat as the grocer's son takes in his turn to the appalling existence of handling ketchup and cornstarch across a counter all day long. But how the devil did a Wells, a Bennett, a Howells, a Whitman ever, in their dreary middle-class boyhood homes, happen on writing as a desirable thing to do?

And how did a Harry Sinclair Lewis, son of an average doctor in a Midwestern prairie village, who never but never heard at table any conversation except, "Is Mrs. Harmon feeling any better?" and, "Butter's gone up again," and, "Mrs. Whipple told me that Mrs. Simonton told her that the Kellses have got a cousin from Minneapolis, doing good work!"—a child should be so ready to write? Certainly had never seen any professional writer except the local country editors—how came it that at eleven he had already decided to become a short-story writer (an ambition, incidentally, that he never adequately carried out) and that at fourteen he sent off to *Harpers Weekly* a poem he supposed to be a poem?

A good many psychologists have considered that in such a case, the patient has

probably by literary exhibitionism been trying to get even with his schoolmates who could outfight, outswim, outlove, and in general outdo him. Of me that explanation must have been partly true, but only partly, because while I was a mediocre sportsman in Boytown, I was neither a cripple nor a Sensitive Soul. With this temptation to artistic revenge was probably combined the fact that my stepmother read to me more than was the village custom. And my father, though he never spoke of them, did have books in the house, and did respect them, as one who had been a schoolteacher before he went to medical school.

Anyway, cause or not, there was, at eleven or earlier, the itch for scribbling. . . .

A good job—and not for gold would I recommend it as a career to any one who cared a hoot for the rewards, for the praise, for the prizes, for the embarrassment of being recognized in the restaurants, or for anything at all save the secret pleasure of sitting in a frowzy dressing gown, before a typewriter, exulting in the small number of hours when the words (noble or ribald, it doesn't matter) come invigoratingly out in black on white, and the telephone doesn't ring, and lunch may go to the devil.

I had been to their summer retreat, Twin Farms, with Dorothy, before I had met Red. In fact I had slept in his room, which was also his workshop, as Christa Winsloe was ensconced in the only heated guest room. It was mid-October, and in mid-October in Vermont the frost is not only on the pumpkins but everywhere else as well.

Here was not the usual disarray associated with a writer, but an orderly assemblage of the writer's tools, and all these kept to the minimum—typewriter, stationery of different sizes, shapes, and colors, filing cabinets, reference books, a battery of sharpened pencils, protruding from a china vase. This worktable could have belonged only to one who was neat, orderly, methodical, and whose unwritten books were in his head, not scattered all over the room. This same orderliness extended to his closets and bureau drawers which Dorothy showed me with pride. What also impressed me was a massive tier of bookshelves given over to his foreign editions and translations into all languages including the Scandinavian, and I wondered if any other Nobel Prize winner had been so widely read abroad. The first volume to catch my eye was

the French edition of *It Can't Happen Here*, a novel I am sure he would never have written but for Dorothy Thompson's prescience and his own discovery of Vermont. *Impossible Ici* was the way it came out in French. Cheek by jowl with the works of Sinclair Lewis were two or three hundred assorted murder mysteries, one of Red's few admitted indulgences.

AT THIS time Red took a genuine interest in Twin Farms, in the Vermont countryside, in the native workmen who had remodeled and were still remodeling the place, in having the house full of assorted guests when work permitted. But as time went on, his interest grew less and less and the absences grew longer and more frequent. He began to refer to Twin Farms as Dorothy's creation. Red was never a worker around the place nor a handyman around the house. He took pleasure in his acres and in the handiwork of others, and he knew how a place should be run and kept up. Yet quite understandably, Chapter 3 always came ahead of the weeds in the driveway. He asked me to go up with him one cold, rainy April, but I couldn't go. He often used to settle in by himself in the early spring when the woods were being cleared and the maple sap was running and the new novel was going well, and I think these were the few occasions on which he actually enjoyed being alone. Sometimes he would have another sympathetic writer with him.

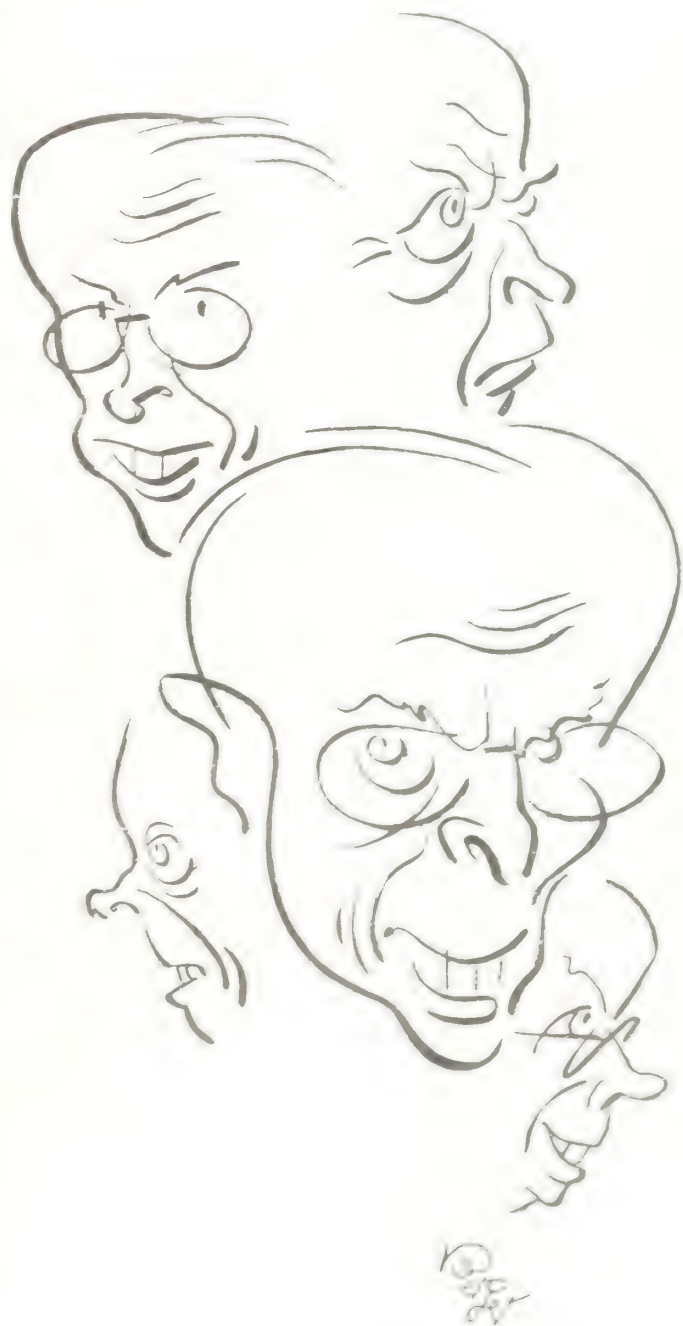
One June, when Dorothy moved up for the summer she saw something in the distance that looked like the Eiffel Tower. When she asked what it was he reminded her: "You said you wanted a little tea house up on that knoll. Well, there it is." This erection of sixty-foot tree trunks sunk in concrete towered into the sky with flights and flights of wooden steps leading round and round to the platform on top. When and if you got up there you could hold Mt. Ascutney in the palm of your hand and see Canada in the distance, but the tea-table never made it. The spruce shafts are now all that is left of what appropriately became known to all and sundry as "Sinclair's Folly."

I remember the first time I saw Red in action at Twin Farms. The prodigious walker of his youth had now given way to the prodigious talker of his middle years, and his talk

had a beguiling charm. He seldom went a stone's throw from the house, except by car, and the "action" consisted chiefly of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair (advice given by Mary Heaton Vorse to an aspiring writer and often quoted by Red) and letting the talk flow. This was the year that the dramatization of *It Can't Happen Here* was being given as a Federal Theater Project. Red had been tied up with it all the spring, and there was a lot to report. He had arrived on the night train, had a bath, and got into a "frowzy dressing gown." The house was thrown into activity and there was no question as to who was Master. Coffee was brought into the parlor. Cigarettes, matches, pencils, pads appeared from nowhere, guests were aroused, plans were meanwhile made for a picnic at the boathouse (by car, of course). Dorothy was all ears. So was everyone. And all the while Red provided a running fire soliloquy on the FTP, the state of the nation, directors, producers, actors, plays, and the whole new exciting experiment. Red was in the theater up to his neck. This was real participation, not the lonely life of a writer pounding it out behind a closed door. Red took to it all as a duck to water, and no one who sat around the coffee table at this morning homecoming could have failed to understand his excitement and enthusiasm. He had flirted with the theater before, in the good company of his friends Lloyd Lewis and Sidney Howard, but this was the real thing. From then on the Red Lewis I knew was the Red Lewis of the theatrical phase.

HE SELDOM talked to me about his novels or his actual writing, although I did hear a good deal about the projected labor novel that never came off and also about *Bethel Merriday*, whose surname was first *Gayheart*, but quickly changed when I happened to mention that I had known a *Gayheart* which he had forgotten. He told me of his hobby of collecting odd names from country newspapers or the telephone book. With slight variations he used as the equally odd names of his characters. I used to send him occasional combinations that I ran across, and he often reciprocated. I still have some of them written down: Mrs. Melville Mucklestone, Amples S. Morash, Julius Jupiter, Elmer Masted, Ful-

mine Wormhole, Icarus Dixon Pagnure, Hal McPeak, Myrtle Suggenguth, Dr. Themistocles Gluck. Once I drove up to Vermont in a new convertible. Red was fascinated by the mechanism that made the top go up and down



ing with high spirits. Good company, good food, and good drink (which he pressed on his friends when he took milk), plenty of laughter, and he became the unpredictable elf that functioned like a skyrocket. At the first of these feasts, Dorothy produced an epicurean salad from her new herb garden. I put Red's comment into a book I was then getting together, *The Care and Feeding of a Place in the Country*: "I'll tell you the best way to eat herbs that ever was. You go out to the garden and pick every damn herb in sight and take them into the kitchen, tell the cook to throw them all into the garbage pail, and use salt and pepper instead!"

The next year, Otis Skinner drove over from Woodstock to join the fun. While we were having predinner cocktails on the terrace, Red appeared from the library carrying a heavy volume and began his entrance speech in the manner of one addressing an Elks convention: "We have with us tonight a distinguished group of men and women [naming and characterizing each of us in turn] but with a single exception not one of us rates a line in the encyclopedia. That exception is given a full page." Mr. Skinner looked as blank as the rest as Red, literally with boyish glee, exhibited a page marked "Make-Up," showing photographs of Otis Skinner in four contrasting roles. Red's was decidedly a graceful gesture to a veteran in his eighties and Mr. Skinner's pleasure was the greater as the exhibition came as a complete surprise.

The Restless Traveler

After Red and Dorothy separated, Dorothy took over own apartment in New York, and with a good deal of help from her, Red established himself in a suite at the Wyndham. The first thing I noticed when I went there was an indifferent oil painting of yellow calla lilies hung over the mantel. For years this had kicked around from pillar to post with many uncalled-for suggestions as to its final disposal, but it did seem to supply a "home touch" and a nostalgic link with the past. Red liked to entertain here and no one was surprised to find Dorothy at the table. Nor was Red a stranger at hers. One Sunday night when I was there with Frank Adams and some others, Red arrived with Ina Claire on his arm. He was just beginning to discover

the ladies of the stage. The regard was generally mutual.

Following the Wyndham came the Lombardy. Then a winter in New Orleans, where he began to take an increasing interest in the Negroes. Red did more and more traveling and moving about. His restlessness became chronic, and his need for people grew more acute, although I think he tired of them more quickly. As if refreshing a drink, he continually wanted to refresh the company, even if a party seemed to be going well. I remember once at Twin Farms telephoning Julia Peterkin, whom I was going to see in Bennington on my way back to Boston. Red lifted the receiver from my hand and said: "Hello, Julia, my dear. I didn't know you were in Vermont. Can't you come up and stay with us a few days?" When I said I didn't know that he knew Julia, he answered: "I don't. I only met her once, but I thought it would be nice if she would come."

During these years I used to send Red advance copies of Houghton Mifflin books. Inevitably there came an acknowledgement, or if he was impressed by the book a testimonial for use in advertising. Many of the letters were but a line or two in length. One said: "One of these days Dorothy and I hope to take a whole hour off and read something." Another: "I am about 16,000 volumes behind on my required reading." Long or short, Red's letters always read as if he wrote them because he wanted to, never as if they were an extra obligation imposed on a busy professional writer. The longest (which is reproduced here in part), as well as the most spontaneously characteristic, reached me the winter he went to California and happened to run into the "difficult author" and her husband (whom I refer to as X and Y) at a Hollywood party. She had lately become a convert to Alfred Adler's "Individual Psychology." Writing from Beverly Hills, Red exploded:

I knew Kenneth McKenna would be a good host and John Cromwell was going to be there and he is a fine man, also gt director, so it was all innocently that I went into that room there and got hit right in the eye, also both ears by gush of warm marshmallow, and I thought No, they can't be here, they must be in England loving the war away from those beleaguered shores, but By God, it was them, it was

X and Y, loving me and loving God and loving America and loving Houghton Mifflin and loving Adler and loving refugees—their refugees that they wished on us—and loving Dorothy and loving Truth and Beauty and loving the Jews, the Jutes, and the Jukes, and being so clear and persistent about it that I got sourer and sourer and sourer. . . .

But otherwise California is fine, I am fine, the play I am writing will be fine if I ever write any of it, I have a disgustingly handsome swimming-pool—that is, I have it for two months more, the term of my lease, I hope to be playing in Cohasset or thereabouts this summer, and God is good—or was, till 7:42 last evening when I walked innocently into that room and into that loving kindness. . . .

EARLY in the summer of 1938, Red rented a seashore house on Sandy Cove, Cohasset, Massachusetts, the town where Lawrence Barrett, the actor and business associate of Edwin Booth, had lived and is buried. I went over frequently, my own house being some seven miles inland at North Pembroke, to swim off his beach, and would drop in afterward for a drink or dinner, if he was not working. Dorothy had supplied him with Greta and Josef, a capable couple whom they had once had together. Ed Jason, a respected local character, drove him when necessary. Reine and Raoul de Roussy de Sales had rented a nearby house belonging to a Boston band leader, which they christened "Château Façade."

The South Shore Playhouse, one of the pioneers in the summer theater movement, was to do "It Can't Happen Here," starring Sinclair Lewis. Red was in his element, and there was nothing about the theater, a converted white frame building on the Cohasset Village Green, and its personnel, that he had not discovered within the first twenty-four hours, although the play was not scheduled until midsummer. His house was filled with actresses—Fay Wray, Flora Campbell, Mary Howes, Jane Bancroft, Mady Christians. Visitors from New York were plentiful. The lights burned late and no one went hungry or thirsty. For Red it appeared to be a happy, productive summer, marred only by an unexpected trip to Twin Farms, where I happened to be at the time. Michael had come

down with a severe case of pneumonia. Ed Jason drove Red up from Cohasset in record time, and he stayed, in a tense and anxious household, until the crisis passed.

I saw "It Can't Happen Here" after the wrinkles were smoothed out, and from the first sight of Red peering out from under his green editor's eyeshade until the final curtain. I felt that I had been in the presence of Doremus Jessup himself. Whereas professional critics were polite and to some extent awed by his performance, I was completely convinced and deeply moved. For me, a character who had been strangely alive in print was doubly so on the stage. Author, actor, and character had actually become one and the same. To see was to believe.

The Cohasset summer also brought Red a new interest—"long hair" music. He bought a phonograph and a stack of classical records, and within two months he knew as much about it as he did about Main Street—and enjoyed it a good deal more. The phonograph practically never stopped; changing the records gave the actresses something to do. I believe that never before this summer had Red shown the slightest inclination toward symphonic music. Now, once again, he simply set out to master a new subject, and did it.

HE CAME over to my house a few times, and enjoyed my Capehart, but a pretty face and someone new to talk to came first. One noontime, when a good-looking girl dropped in, Red kept saying: "Ask her to lunch. Ask her to stay for lunch." Afterward, nothing could take the place of his nap. I had a guest suite in the remodeled barn and he went there directly. He chuckled when I told him how the bathroom came into being. The year before, Dorothy and I had seen an "Auction" sign on the about-to-be-demolished Greylock Inn as we drove through Williamstown on the way to Twin Farms. There was nothing for the Inn but to be torn down and second-hand bathroom fixtures. Dorothy bought two sets and I bought one. The terms being "cash and carry," and "carry" being impossible, Dorothy arranged to have the loot picked up by a truck. I had to go to the auction room myself and find the truck. When the installation was complete, I had a placard lettered by a commercial artist and tacked it to the bathroom door. It reads:

*This Delightful Comfort Station
Comes to You Through the Courtesy of
The First Lady of American Journalism*

After reading it, Red winked and asked: "Who the hell is the First Lady of American Journalism?" Then whipping out a pencil he added the name that is still where he wrote it—*Louella Parsons*.

When he left that day, I stood watching him shuffle down the drive toward the waiting car. "Come over again soon," he called. I had just been reading Leonard Ehrlich's life of John Brown of Osawatimie and the title *God's Angry Man*, was still fresh in my mind. God's lonely man, I thought.

I DID not see Red in "Our Town" or in any of his subsequent theatrical ventures, but the next summer after I had seen Thornton Wilder (in the role of the narrator which Red was to do), I wrote him in some detail. He answered from Provincetown where he was playing "Ah, Wilderness"—"which I like better than any role I have ever done."

I was much interested in your account of Thornton at Cohasset. Wells is hugely grateful to you for giving him a quiet place for writing, and when he drives down today, for the comic spectacle of his benevolent father trying to enact a benevolent father, I shall expect news of you. Till Vermont, or New York.

The barn suite at North Pembroke was the "quiet place for writing" which I made available for Wells—no longer a shy, awkward adolescent, but a college graduate of poise, vivacity, and mature charm, a metamorphosis aided, to a very great extent, not by his "benevolent father" but by Dorothy. A rare affection and mutual admiration existed between him and his stepmother. Wells had published his first novel and after leaving Harvard, with honors, in 1939, was at work on his second (which he did not live to complete) in a shack he had rented on the coast at nearby Duxbury. Dorothy was shocked when she saw it and spent a hot Sunday morning cleaning the kitchen and dealing with soiled linen. Wells did not inherit Red's respect for household law and order. What finally drove him out of the shack during working hours was not the increasing disarray, but the close prox-

imity of a tennis court knee-deep in neighborhood children. He found the barn at North Pembroke an ideal refuge, and I found him an ideal guest. In his early twenties he had embarked on a literary career, or, as Red had earlier phrased it, "his father's business," somewhat in the manner of the grocer's son handing out ketchup and cornstarch.

Wells and I had become close friends during the years since the Fiftieth Birthday meeting. He had planned to submit his first novel to Houghton Mifflin and the date had been set for him to come up for a visit and unofficial conference. This date coincided with the 1938 hurricane, which Wells and Red rode out together in a New York skyscraper. Before transportation had been restored, Wells had received an offer from a New York publisher, Red had advised him to accept it, and had given him one of his best titles, *They Still Say No*.

Decidedly amused by his "benevolent father," Wells had adopted something of a paternal air toward him, and I felt that between him and his father there was a deep if somewhat distant respect. It was obvious that from Red he had inherited his genuine sense of fun and frolic. Just what qualities, beyond his exquisite manners, he inherited from his mother I do not know. I never met her, although she was Dorothy's guest on several occasions.

Red was now going headlong into the theater. My meetings with him were few and letters were scarce. Summer and winter he had half a dozen different addresses. Always a traveler, he now became literally itinerant. A letter from Lakeville, Connecticut, reads:

If I haven't written to you this summer (interjection from Dale: "And you haven't—what d'you mean if?") it's only because I've been working hard on, or at, a novel, with a little summer theater mixed in. I'd hoped to drift up your way sometime during the summer, but it doesn't look as though I would. The trees are thinking of turning; the blondes who have been playing *Candida* and *Camille* are hoping to land the old job in the chorus; it is the End of Summer and I soon head back for Sardi's.

But Red was never really at home at Sardi's either.

The last time I saw him was at his New

York penthouse, a background which became him not at all. He was asleep when I got there, and when he finally shambled into the room it was obvious that the cat nap no longer refreshed him. He looked old and tired and conversation seemed to be an effort.

I wrote him when Wells was killed by a sniper's bullet in France—not an easy letter to write—but it brought no reply. (I was told that he neither answered nor acknowledged any of the many letters of condolence received at this time.) He later sent word by someone that there was a bed waiting for me at Williamstown—the scene of the Greylock auction and the amusing incident it set in motion—but before I had a chance to take him up on the invitation it was too late. He had put the Berkshire farm up for sale and once again gone abroad, still in restless pursuit of his “world so wide.”

The year after Red's death in Italy, Dorothy

provided a final footnote, when she invited me to a family dinner in New York. Her husband, Maxim Kopf, was to be there, she said, and Michael, who had been studying acting at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, was back from a year in London. And there was also to be a special guest who had come East from Minnesota on his second honeymoon, and his new wife. Just the six of us. The special guest turned out to be Red's brother, Claude. Like their father he was also a doctor, and like Red he was red-headed, if less stooped and lanky. They were so much alike—yet so essentially unlike—that all through dinner and during the evening I had an uncanny feeling that here was someone slyly impersonating Red. Or was it perhaps Red impersonating brother Claude, in the unmistakable accents of Sauk Center? It was an intriguing situation, and it would have intrigued Red more than any of us.

January 2, Morning

JOHN CIARDI

THE joy-trees rust in tumbles of the snow
Like fishbones at the backdoors of
the feast,

Not the whole death of season but a least
Decline of expectation, an overthrow
Like one more waking to the common-
place:

The street-lamps burn forgotten in the
light,

The windows stare at mist, and out of
sight

Alarm clocks shiver on the shelves of space.

Along the lawns the snowmen grip their
brooms,

A wreath sits on the trashcan at each door,
The traffic-light blinks at the corner
store

Forever cautioning. The street resumes
Its brick-red mufti row on row on row.

If caution shines forever, jubilee

Packs up ten thousand lights and wearily

Goes off in tinsel tatters through the snow.

An overshod and muffled man of days
Comes out to start his car and children
follow

Like little puffs of breath. They beat the
hollow

Air of morning like a drum to raise
Their snowman from his sleep. Shouts and
exhaust

Steam together from the day's hard rim.

The man drives off; the children wave
at him

And turn to fun's coal-eyed and fatty ghost.

They raise the trees around him one by one,
The silver moss still tangled in the burr
That held the top-star when the trees
were fir.

Forests of fun rise round the ghost of fun.
A second growth of Christmas, brittle
brown.

Hedges the rigid doll-man in its rust.

The children crash away across the crust

Letting the ice and snow

This is the second of three articles by Mr. Mayer, who recently spent a year in a German town getting to know ten ex-Nazis, in the hope of learning why the Germans behaved as they did under Hitler.

My Ten Anti-Semitic Friends

The Germans: Their Cause and Cure, Part II

Milton Mayer

PASTOR WILHELM MENSCHING, in the village of Petzen, in Lower Saxony, preached anti-Nazism to his little flock during the twelve years that the Nazis were in power in Germany. Every Sunday morning he stood in his pulpit and answered the speech which the Bürgermeister, an *alter Kämpfer* or Old Nazi Fighter, made every Saturday night in the market place. Mensching was never touched. He had "always" been pastor of Petzen, and to disturb him would have been an intolerable disturbance to the composure of the village. And both he and the Nazis knew it.

There were not enough thousands of Menschings in Germany, but there were enough dozens to make the point. Modern tyrants are politicians, and they know, without reading Florentine theorists, that politicians cannot afford to be hated. A Niemöller would have to be arrested, at whatever risk to the tyranny; he was a national and an international challenge. But there were ways to confine the effectiveness of dozens of Menschings to their separate villages without taking steps which would have made any good villager say, "No, this cannot be."

Ordinary people—and ordinary Germans—cannot be expected to take part in, or even indefinitely tolerate, activities which outrage the ordinary sense of decency unless the victims are, in advance, successfully stigmatized as enemies of the people, of the nation, the race, the religion. Thus the Jews, in spite of Wilhelm's friend Ballin, Bismarck's friend

Bleichröder, and the Jewish Professor Stahl, who laid the constitutional foundations for Prussian authoritarianism a century ago. The innocuous tradition of social anti-Semitism in modern Germany had weakened the resistance of ordinary decency to the stigmatization to come. The Jews were only one per cent of the German population; their rate of apostasy was higher there than anywhere else except Italy; but long before the first world war, middle-class holiday places, such as the island of Borkum, had boasted of being *judenfrei*.

It is resistance which worries tyrants, not lack of the few hands required to do the dark work of tyranny. What the Nazis had to gauge was the point at which atrociousness would awaken the community to the consciousness of its moral habits. This point the tyrant must approach but never pass. It is in this non-litigable sense, at least, that the Germans as a whole were guilty: nothing was done, or attempted, that they would not stand for. The two exceptions were euthanasia, which was abandoned, and the pagan "Faith Movement" of Alfred Rosenberg, which was aborted.

Local hoodlums could desecrate Jewish cemeteries or deface Jewish shops and homes by night; the local police, overseen by the Gestapo, would make a routine, and unsuccessful, investigation of the vandalism; and the ordinary demands of decency would be satisfied. But the burning of a synagogue was something else; if not sacrilege, then lawless destruction of valuable goods, an affront

to the German property sense (much deeper than ours) and, no less, to the responsibility (much sterner than ours) of the authorities to uphold the law. When the synagogue was burned in the town where I later made my study, local SA men (probably including one of my friends, the old tailor) were used incidentally; but the arson was planned and directed by outsiders, from a big city forty miles away. In the pattern of American gangsterism's importation of killers from New York to Chicago (or vice versa), the local officials were helpless—and the community too.

THE German community—the rest of the fifty million Germans, apart from the million or so who operated the machinery of National Socialism—had nothing to do except *not to interfere*. Absolutely nothing was expected of them except to go on as they had, paying their taxes, reading their local paper, and listening to their local radio. Everybody attended local celebrations of national occasions—hadn't the schools and stores always been closed for the Kaiser's birthday?—so you attended too. Everybody contributed money and time to worthy purposes, so you did, too. In America your wife collects or distributes clothing, gives an afternoon a week to the Red Cross or the orphanage or the hospital; in Germany she did the same thing in the Nazi *Frauenbund*, and for the same reasons.

One minded one's own business in Germany, with or without a dictatorship. The random leisure which leads Americans into all sorts of after-hour byways, constructive, amusing, or ruinous, did not exist for most Germans. One didn't go out of one's way, on his day off, to "make trouble for himself," there less than here. Germans were no more given to associating with nonconformist persons or organizations than we are. They engaged themselves, with or without a dictatorship, much less than we do in opposing the government. Few Americans say No to the government; fewer Germans. None of my ten friends said No to the Nazi government, and only one, the teacher, thought No. Where the community feels and thinks—or at least talks and acts—pretty much uniformly, to say or do differently means a kind of internal exile that most people find unattractive, even if it involves no legal punishment.

The tailor's son was nineteen when he

joined the Nazis. This was during the depression. His father's business had collapsed; he himself, after his apprenticeship to his father, had never found work. There was simply no work to do for a strong, intelligent, well-trained young man. For four years he had gone on foot from village to village.

Apart from an occasional odd job, he had during this period, two months of work-relief service on the roads, for food and lodging and two dollars a week. But he never became a bum; he slept only in youth hostels or the fields. "You don't know how much that means," said his wife, "that he never became bad in that time. You would have been proud of him, Professor." And then, in '31, he became an SA policeman, for pocket money and a uniform—and a place in the sun. For the first time in his life he *belonged*.

"They Had It Coming"

HE WAS not a *Fanatiker* and quarreled with his father, who was. His father was fifty-one in 1933, a product of "the golden time" before the first war. Even then he had "only been a tailor." "But I had ten suits of my own when I married," said the handsome old dandy. "Twenty-five years later, when the Weimar 'democracy' got through with me, I had none, not one. I had my sweater and my pants. Even my army uniform was worn out. My medals were sold. I was nothing. Then, suddenly, I was needed. National Socialism had a place for me. I was nothing—and then I was needed."

"And now," I said, "you are down to your sweater and pants again."

"Yes," he said, "now that the 'democracies' are through with me again."

"National Socialism," I said, gently, "didn't leave its enemies that much."

"They had it coming. You see what their 'democracies' did to us."

By "they" the tailor always meant the Jews. He was the most primitive of my ten friends. Facts, although he could apprehend them, had no use he could put them to; he could neither hold nor relate them. Proof, especially if it involved a sequence of steps, he recognized as Jewish trickery. He could talk, but he could not listen. "They say six million Jews were killed"—not that "we" or even "the Nazis" killed them—"but when

you see how many there are all over the world today, there are just as many as ever. There are fifteen million in America—"

"Only six or eight, I believe," I said.

"Naturally, that's what they tell you. Do you know how many there are in Russia right now?"

National Socialism was anti-Semitism; apart from anti-Semitism its character was that of a hundred tyrannies before and since. Traditional anti-Semitism—what Nietzsche called "the anti-Semitic swindle"—played an important role in softening the Germans as a whole to Nazi doctrine. But it was separation, and not prejudice as such, that made Nazism possible, the mere separation of Jews and non-Jews. None of my ten friends (except the teacher) had ever known a Jew personally, in a town of twenty-five thousand which included a nine-hundred-year-old Jewish community numbering almost a thousand persons. The last traces of the ghetto had gone two centuries before. Generation after generation, these people went on living together, in a small town, with a nonexistent wall between them over which the words "Good morning" and "Good evening" were tossed.

My friends had all had business relations with Jews, both as buyers and sellers. Springer, the Jewish jeweler, had even belonged to the town glee club, along with the tailor and his son. "I bought Mutti's wedding ring from Springer," said the tailor, patting his old wife's hand.

"Why from a Jew?" I asked.

"N'ja," said the burner of the synagogue, "we always traded with Springer. For a Jew, he was decent." I thought of Tacitus' observation on the Hessian tailor's forebears: "The Chatti [Hessians] are intelligent, for Germans."

Seven of my ten friends had known Springer over a period of years, and all seven of them, when I interrupted their denunciations of the Jews to ask them if they had ever known an *anständig*, a decent, Jew, named Springer first. They had traded with him, sung with him, marched with him (in veterans' organizations), but he had never been in any of their homes, nor any of them in his. None of them knew how many children he had, or where he had come from.

"What became of him?" I asked the tailor. "Oh, he went away." "Where?" "I don't

know. South America, maybe. It was early"—that meant '37 or '38—"and a lot of them went to South America or somewhere."

None of the seven knew what had become of Springer.

I asked the university student, who had lived around the corner from the synagogue and Hebrew school, if as a child he had had Jewish friends. "Certainly," he said at once. "I never had a fight with a Jewish boy." "I don't mean that," I said. "I mean, did you play with any?" "Oh, no," he said. "Why not?" "'Why not?' I don't know. They played together, and we played together."

In the Dark Age the Jews had to separate themselves to preserve their communion; in the Middle Age their separation had been recognized and progressively enforced by the non-Jews; with the disappearance of the ghetto in Germany, the religious and linguistic basis of the separation had declined, in the last century radically, and the economic and civil restrictions had all been lifted (the last, in the army, after the first world war). But the Jewish community, as a formal association, to which all Jews, through choice, heredity, inertia, or social compulsion, belonged in a small town, remained. The relationship between Jews and non-Jews was not as simple as exclusion; the element of two-way separation, of the independent existence of two communities, distinguished the situation from anti-Semitism in, say, the United States.

IN THIS separation the devil slumbered, and in slumber built sinews before Hitler was born. When my friend, the self-educated bank clerk, was a child in a Catholic village in Württemberg, a Jewish peddler came to his village once a month. The peddler transacted all the villagers' city business for them, including their banking, without charge, and on his monthly visits he stayed two or three days with the families of the village in rotation. "He was just like a member of the family to us children," said the bank clerk, "except for one thing. After dinner, when we read from the Lives of the Saints, the peddler went into the corner and stood there facing the wall, and put a shawl on and something around his forehead, and said prayers different from ours. It must have frightened us somehow, because I remember my mother's saying not to be frightened—it

was because he was a Jew he did that. We did not know what 'Jew' meant.

"I remembered him only many years afterward, after the first war, when I first heard Nazi propaganda, in Munich. And I remembered how I had been afraid—perhaps only mystified, but I suppose that with children the two things are the same—when the Jew stood in the corner, facing the wall, with that band around his forehead, saying prayers we couldn't understand, in Yiddish."

"In Hebrew," I said.

"Yes, in Hebrew."

"Did your memory of the peddler make you anti-Semitic?"

"No—not until I heard anti-Semitic propaganda. Jews were supposed to do terrible things that the peddler had never done. And still, I had been frightened by him when he prayed, although I think I really loved him otherwise—I'm sure I did. The propaganda didn't make me think of him as I knew him, but of him as a Jew. And it was as a Jew, praying alone, that he frightened us. So I suppose that, in the end, that was part of it, of my anti-Semitism. I can still make myself frightened, put myself back there. I hear my mother saying not to be frightened."

"Everybody Knew"

WHEN people you don't know, people in whom you have no interest, people whose affairs you have never discussed, move away from your community, you don't notice that they are going or that they are gone. When, in addition, public opinion (and the government itself) has denigrated them, it is still likelier that you will forget them. How many of us whites, in a white neighborhood, are interested in the destination of a Negro neighbor whom we know only by sight and who has moved away? Perhaps he has been forced to move away; at least the possibility occurs to us, and if we are particularly sensitive, and we feel that perhaps a wrong has been done which we know we can't rectify, it is comforting to hear that the Negro was also a Communist, or that he will be happier wherever he's gone, "with his own people," and was even paid a bonus for moving.

Four of my friends—the tailor and his son, the baker, and the bill-collector—said that the only Jews taken to *Kah-Zed*, concentration

camp, were traitors; the rest were allowed to leave with their property, and when they had to sell their businesses "the courts" or "the finance office" paid them the market value. These ordinary citizens could have found out otherwise, at the time, only if they had wanted to very badly. Who wanted to? We whites—when the Negro moves away—do we want to find out? The policeman, the teacher, the student, the cabinet-maker, and the bank clerk suspected the truth of the "market value" myth. What should they have done?

"What would *you* have done, Professor?" Remember: the teacher excepted, nine of my ten friends didn't know any Jews, didn't like Jews, and didn't care what happened to them—all this *before* Nazism. And it was their government, now, which was carrying on this program under law. Merely to inquire meant to attack the government's justice. It meant risk, large or small, political or social, and it meant risk in behalf of people one didn't like anyway. Who but an ardent Christian, of the sort that takes Matthew 5 seriously, would undertake the risk of inquiring; who, if injustice were uncovered by inquiry, the penalty of protesting? I am sorry to say that none of my ten friends was that ardent a Christian.

In 1934 I visited a family of remote relatives of mine in a country village outside Hanover. These Jews were shopkeepers. They had been there for seven centuries. In those first years of Nazism their non-Jewish friends continued to trade with them, openly; and, later, secretly. Children who called them names on the street were taken home and spanked. The villagers, except for a few officials and a few young rowdies, simply would not let Nazism have its way in Eichdorf. In 1943 these Jews were "taken away." In so small a village they could not be taken unnoticed. After the war one of their neighbors told about it:

"Everybody knew, but nobody came out on the street. Some looked from behind their curtains, not many." "Did you?" "No." "Why not?" "Why? What good is it to look?"

OUR TOWN WAS DEPORTED. None of my friends ever saw Jews leave in a group. It wasn't required that they do. Even the policeman knew any of the details of the departure of Jews, and he only of their departure, not of their destination, and only the teacher (some of whose Jewish in-laws left the

town ever corresponded with any Jews after-
 from 1933 on. Jews were moving away when
 they could. All of my friends had heard that
 these Jews or those were going or gone. A
 Jewish woman came to the baker to pay her
 bill and wanted to make sure that there was
 nothing left owing him. "You're leaving?" he
 said. "Yes," she said.

Three of my friends heard, during the war,
 that a busload of Jews had left the market
 place at dawn one day. That was all.

Shortly after the war began, a group of Jews
 were seen working on the street, laying blocks
 in the trolley-car track. The policeman waved
 a greeting to some he knew, but didn't talk
 to them. The cabinet-maker, he who re-
 mained a vestryman of the church throughout
 Nazism, spoke to one he knew, a lawyer, who
 had been a customer of his.

"Did you ask him how he happened to be
 there?" I said.

"No. I knew."

"How?"

"Everybody knew."

"How?"

"Oh—we just knew."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him how he was, and he said,
 'Fine.' He looked all right."

"Did you shake hands with him?"

"No . . . one doesn't shake hands with a
 man who is busy with both hands, *nicht*
mitte."

"No, not in America, but you Germans
 always shake hands so much. . . . By the way,
 Herr Klingel, do you think you were brave to
 talk with him on the street?"

"Brave? No, not brave. Maybe, a little.
 No, not really. My loyalty was known."

The unemployed bank clerk, risen to Party
 orator and department head in the local Labor
 Front, saw Stein on the platform waiting, as
 he himself was, for the northbound train. He
 had known Stein, in a business way, well;
 Stein, to help him out when he was unem-
 ployed, had always hired him to audit the
 books of his drygoods store. The Jew was an
 old man. It was—when was it?—in early '39.

He pretended not to see me. Maybe he
 thought it would embarrass me, or just that
 I couldn't want to talk to him. That was
 wrong: I wasn't a *Fanatiker*. Finally, I went
 up to him and shook hands and asked him

how he was. He said, 'Fine.' I couldn't ask
 him how his business was, because I knew he
 had sold out. I didn't know what else to say.
 Then, when the train was coming, I said, 'Are
 you going away, Herr Stein?' Of course he
 was going away, or he wouldn't have been
 waiting for the train, but a man may go away
 for a day or permanently; I didn't ask that. I
 said, 'Are you going away, Herr Stein?' he said,
 'Yes,' and then I said, 'Well, good-by,' and
 held out my hand, but he had already turned
 away."

"Did you both get on the train?"

"Yes."

"Together?"

"No. He got on the non-smoker end of the
 car, and I got on the smoker."

"Did you smoke?"

"No."

I DID not initiate discussion of the Jews
 with any of my ten friends. Somewhere
 between the beginning of the second con-
 versation and the end of the fourth, each of
 them introduced the subject, and each of them,
 except the teacher, the bank clerk, and the
 cabinet-maker, reverted to it repeatedly. Of
 the ten, only the teacher was not anti-Semitic.
 The student thought he wasn't, but in his case
 I am not at all sure.

The anti-Semitism of the bank clerk and
 the cabinet-maker was the mildest. It was
 essentially economic.

The cabinet-maker's father, from whom the
 son had taken his trade, had told him that
 Jews were all right, "but you couldn't trust
 them in money matters, that was all. And he
 was right." "Were you ever cheated by a
 Jew?" "No, but that was only because I was
 warned and was careful. If you're careful,
 you have no trouble with them." "Were you
 careful with Professor Freudenthal?" Freuden-
 thal, who committed suicide in 1933, had been
 a customer of the cabinet-maker's and had
 sent him a wedding present, a piano shawl of
 which my friend was proud. "No. With him
 you didn't have to be."

The bank clerk's thinking was larger. The
 Jews had accumulated too much of the coun-
 try's economic power. "They should have
 been reduced economically to their proper
 proportion in the population." "How should
 that have been done?" "I don't know, but a
 way should have been found without depriv-

ing them of their citizenship or mistreating them." "Did they exercise this power badly?" "In a way. I suppose anybody would. But it seemed especially to be the case with the Jews." "Do you mean that they introduced a 'Jewish spirit' into economic life?" "No, I wouldn't say that. There is and there isn't a 'Jewish spirit,' but certainly the aggressiveness and competitiveness of some Jews led to abuses; for instance, to pornography in the press." "Of some Jews." "Oh, yes, of some; not all." "And of any non-Jews?" "Of course. That's why I don't like to speak of a 'Jewish spirit.' But there were so many more Jews than non-Jews in these things, at least proportionately. That's what I mean."

Not one of my ten friends had changed his attitude toward the Jews since the downfall of National Socialism. The six who were extreme anti-Semites were, I believe, not a bit more or less extreme now than previously. What surprised me, indeed, was that, with the war lost and their lives ruined, they were not more so. Certainly Nazism's defeat by force would not make Nazis love the Jews more; if anything, less. Nor would their country's destruction. Nor would the three-quarters of a billion dollars their conquerors compelled them to pay, as restitutive damages, to the Jews of Israel. And the six extremists had never seen the inside of the local *Amerika-Haus* or of any other agency of "re-education," and never would.

"They All Worked Together"

THE six extremists and, to a degree, even the bank clerk and the cabinet-maker, took the greatest pains to convince me that the Jews were as bad as the Nazis said they were. I sat passively, every so often asking a question that betrayed my stupidity, while my friends pressed their argument. If I diverted them, they came back to it. The one passion they seemed to have left was anti-Semitism. I thought, as they went on, of the usual analysis: We have to justify our having injured our victims, or we have to persuade others to our guilty view in order to implicate them. I thought a little, but I didn't say much. What could I have said?

Nobody has proved to my friends that the Nazis were wrong about the Jews. Nobody can. What the Nazis said, and what my ex-

tremist friends believe, may be true or false, but there is no way to reach it with proof.

The bill-collector was visiting me. He had brought tulips to my wife as, when I went to his house, I brought candy to his. We were drinking coffee, he and I, as, at his house, we (or, rather, I; he was a teetotaler) always drank wine. He was interested in finding out about America, at least in talking about it. I was telling him about the reservation of powers to the states in our federal system. "Do you know any Jews over there, Professor?" he said. "Oh, yes," I said, "many, quite well. They live among us over there, you know, just like other people." "Not like Negroes," said my friend, whose argumentativeness had kept him, in spite of his having been an *alter Kämpfer*, from rising to high office in the Party. "but I want to ask you about the Jews. Can you always tell a Jew when you see one, over there? We can, here. Always. They're not like you and me."

"How can you tell?" I said. "They sometimes *look* like you and me."

"Certainly," he said. "*sometimes*. It isn't by looks, though. A German can tell. Always."

"Well," I said.

"Yes," he said, "and do you know, Professor, the Jews have a secret Bible, called the *Talmud*. They deny it exists: you just ask a Jew about it, and watch him when he says it doesn't exist. But every German knows about it; I've seen it myself. It has their ritual murder in it, and everything else. It tells them—mind you, it was written centuries ago—that they must marry German women and weaken the German race. What do you think of that?"

What did I think of that? I thought I would telephone to the dean of the theological faculty at the University and ask him, even though it was a Sunday night and a blowy one, to bring a German *Talmud* to my house. That, I said to myself, will do it, much better than my telling him I'm a Jew. (None of my ten friends knew I was a Jew.) If I said to myself, I tell him I'm a Jew now, he will be so furious at my previous deception of him that I'll have no opportunity to point out to him that he didn't know a Jew when he saw one. I wanted a minute or two to think it over, first. "You say," I said idly, "that you have seen this—this—?"

"*Talmud*," said the bill-collector, a small, spectacled, weak-featured man with a tooth-

the newspaper. "But watch out, Professor, they don't fool you. I've seen the real one. The Jews would show you a fake, if you trapped them, and even in your own universities you will find professors in the pay of the Jews who will tell you that it is genuine. We had such professors here before. And again now, of course."

What did I think of that? I thought that I would not telephone to the dean, and, later on, as I said, "We'll have to have many more talks, Herr Klein," I thought that we'll have to have many more generations of Herr Kleins, emerging, somehow without being led, from the wilderness in which this generation of Kleins lived with their "real" *Talmud*.

I was visiting the tailor, my square-faced, jut-jawed old *Fanatiker* friend in his sweater and pants. We were having soup and unbuttered bread, a meal which, German country bread being what it is, wasn't as light as it sounds. And his wife had baked a cake. And I had brought tea. "And so," I was saying, "we come to the end of your father's life." "*N'ja*," said the tailor, meaning, in his dialect, "Yep." "And that," I said, "brings us to the end of the story of all your ancestors on both sides, down to you. I marvel that you know so much about each one of them, for so many generations back."

"That's the way we Germans are," said my friend. "We are proud of our families. The Americans took my Bible—they sent a Jew to do it, naturally—or I could give you all the dates exactly, birth, baptism, marriage, children, death."

"Your family," I said, very carefully, "seems always to have been lucky. Never any great troubles. Never lost their homes or their land. A very unusual family, always to have had such good fortune."

"Always, always," said the tailor. "As far back as we go up to my own bad fortune—it was always very good, with my father, my grandfathers, my great-grandfathers, all of them."

There is an example of an nineteenth-century conversation. In the course of the second, long before we began the remarkably detailed examination of the lives of his ancestors, he was talking about the Jews, saying "I had seen enough to hate them even before, for the way they ruined my ancestors for gen-

erations back. Stole everything from them, ruined them." I think the tailor believed what he was saying—at the time he was saying it—both in our second conversation and in our fourteenth. I'm sure of it. I might have shot home the contradiction. It would not have made him any less anti-Semitic, and, besides, his life was what he thought it was. So I didn't.

I was visiting the salesman, the country boy who (his older brother having got the farm under Hessian primogeniture) had come to our town, sold tobacco for a wholesaler, lost his job in the depression, joined the Party to get a job, and rose to be office manager, *Kreisamtsleiter*, of the local Party headquarters. It was the twelve hundredth anniversary of the founding of the village where his family had settled in the year 808—that's right, 808—and I was at the celebration.

"Yes," said the former *Kreisamtsleiter*, "our family were always great anti-Semites. My grandfather and father were followers of Dr. Börckel, who founded the Anti-Semitic Party in Hesse, back in the nineties. We used to have the flag, with the anti-Semitic inscription on it, 'Freedom from Judaism,' but the Americans took it away."

"Did you have any dealings with the Jews?" I said.

"Always," he said. "We had to, in the country. Before the farmers' credit union was founded—it was anti-Semitic, to save the farmers from the Jews—we were at the mercy of the cattle dealers. They were all Jews, and they all worked together." "How do you know that they all worked together?" "They always do. They held us in the palm of their hand. Do you know what one of them once did? He bought a calf from my father and took it to town and sold it to my father's cousin, at a profit."

"Yes," I said, "but that is just the profit system. You believe in the profit system, don't you?—You're certainly no Communist!"

"Of course," he said, "but only think—to my father's own cousin. If my father had known his cousin wanted the calf, he could have sold it to him himself, without the Jew."

On another occasion, he was visiting me; or, rather, since it was to be our last talk together, I was his host at dinner at a café in town. I brought the talk back to one of our first conversations, in which he had told me that he was the only *Kreisamtsleiter* in

our whole *Gau* who had refused to leave the Church. "I told them I was born in the Church," he had said, "and I would die in it, and not in the 'German' Church, but the Christian Church." "Now," I said, as we ate, "what many Christians in America can not understand is how you Christians in Germany could accept the persecution of the Jews, no matter how bad they were; how could you accept it *as Christians*?"

It was the first time I had taken the initiative on the subject. "The Jews?"—he said—"but the Jews were the *enemies* of the Christian religion. Others might have other reasons for destroying them, but we Christians had the *Christian duty* to. Surely, Professor, you know how the Jews betrayed our Lord?"

An Accumulation of Legend

NONE of my friends was in the least interested in Nazi race theory as such, not even the tailor or the bill-collector. Five of the ten of them laughed when they spoke of it, including the cabinet-maker: "That was nonsense, for the SS and the universities. Look at the shape of my head. Look at my brunette wife. Do you suppose *we're* not Germans? No; that they could teach to the SS and the university students. The SS *Flott*"—"cream," sarcastically—"would believe anything that made them great, and the university students would believe anything complicated. The professors, too. Have you seen the 'race purity' chart?" "Yes," I said. "Well, then, you know. A whole system. We Germans like systems, you know. It all fitted together, so it was science, system and science, if only you looked at the circles, black, white, and shaded, and not at real people. Such *Dummheit* they couldn't teach to us little men. They didn't even try."

What my friends believed—and believe—is an accumulation of legend, legend which comes to them no more guiltily than the cherry tree story comes to us. Only in their case, estimating themselves, as they did, as "little men" who did not amount to anything except in so far as they were *Germans*, the legend of a people among them who were not Germans and who, therefore, were even less than they, was especially dear.

There might have been something evidential to adduce, or there might not. What difference did it make? None of my friends had had any personal experience with Jews to support his anti-Semitism. The bill-collector told me that Jews were filthy, that the home of a Jewish woman in his boyhood village was a pigsty; and the baker told me that the Jews' fanaticism about cleanliness was a standing affront to the "Germans," who were clean enough. What difference did the truth, if there were truth, make?

I suggested from time to time, and always in hesitant fashion, that perhaps the medieval exclusion of the Jews from citizenship, soldiery, and landholding, and their confinement to the "unchristian" practice of money-lending, with the attendant risk of the unprotected creditor against the knightly debtor, might have required cunning of most of the Jews in most of early Europe as the condition of survival itself; that the consequent sharpening of the intellect under such circumstances would have produced a disproportionate number of unusually noble and unusually ignoble minds among any people, their unusual behavior, in the marginal occupations to which they were driven, disappearing as the great community removed the disadvantage which produced it. I reminded the bank clerk, whom I esteemed, that the ancestors of the Christians who now forbade Jews to be bank presidents once compelled them to be. He was a Swabian; he appreciated the joke.

None of my ten friends argued with me when I said these things. None of them, except the bank clerk and, of course, the teacher, listened. Everything I said all of them might have learned long ago. But there are some things that everybody knows and nobody learns. Didn't everybody know, in America, on December 8, 1941, that the Japanese, or Japs, were a treacherous people?

In the American Embassy in Berlin, in 1934, an official of the German Foreign Press Office told me the story of the North Sea town where there had never been a Jew. When Goebbels announced his boycott of the Jews for the month of April 1933, the Bürgermeister of the town sent him a telegram: "Send us a Jew for our boycott."

[The third of Mr. Mayer's three articles will appear next month.—The Editors.]



Maiden in a Tower

A Story by Wallace Stegner

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

THE highway entering Salt Lake City from the west curves around the southern end of Great Salt Lake past Black Rock and its ratty beaches, swings north away from the spouting smoke of the smelter towns, veers toward the onion-shaped domes of the Saltair Pavilion, and straightens out eastward again on the speedway. Ahead, across the white flats, the city and its mountains are a mirage, or a mural: metropolitan towers, then houses and trees and channeled streets, and then the mountain wall.

Driving into that, Kimball Harris began to feel like the newsreel diver whom the reversed projector sucks feet first out of his splash. Perhaps fatigue from the hard day and a half across the desert explained both the mirage-like look of the city and his own sense that he was being run backward toward the beginning of the reel. But the feeling grew as he bored townward along the straight road, the same road out which, as a high-school boy, he had driven much too fast in a stripped-down Ford bug with screaming companions

in the rumble seat. They must have driven back, too, but he remembered only the going out. To see the city head-on, like this, was strange to him.

Middle-aged, rather tired, but alert with the odd notion that he was returning both through distance and through time, he passed the airport and the fair grounds and slowed for the first streets of the city.

Twenty-five years had made little difference. The city had spread some, and he was surprised, after the desert, by the green luxuriance of the trees, but the streets were still a half-mile wide, and water still ran in the gutters. It was really a good town, clean, with a freshness about it that revived him. Circling the Brigham Young monument, he nodded gravely to the figure with the outstretched hand, and like a native returning he went through the light and turned around the button in the middle of the block and came back to park before the Utah Hotel, careful to park well out from the curb so as not to block the flowing gutter. They gave

you a ticket for that. It tickled him that he had remembered.

The doorman collared his bag, a bellhop climbed in to take the car around to the garage. Still running pleasantly backward into the reel, he went into the unchanged lobby and registered, and was carried up the unchanged elevators to the kind of room he remembered, such a room as they used to take when they held fraternity parties in the hotel, back in Prohibition times. During those years he had been on a diet for ulcers, and couldn't drink, but he had retired religiously with the boys, gargled raw Green River redeye, and spit it out again in the washbowl, only for the pleasure of lawbreaking and of carrying a distinguished breath back to the ballroom and the girls.

He shook his head, touched for a moment with his giddy and forgotten youth.

Later, fresh from the shower, with a towel around him, he picked up the telephone book, so dinky and provincial-seeming after the ponderous San Francisco directory that he caught himself feeling protective about it. But when he found the Merrill Funeral Parlors in the yellow pages he sat thinking, struck by the address. 363 East South Temple. On the Avenues side, just below Fourth East. He tried to visualize that once-familiar street but it was all gone except for a general picture of tall stone and brick houses with high porches and lawns overtaken by plantain weeds. One, the one Holly had lived in, had a three-story stone tower.

That tower! With all the Jazz Age Bohemians crawling in and out. Havelock Ellis, Freud, Mencken, *The Memoirs of Fanny Hill*, *Love's Coming of Age*, *The Well of Loneliness*, Harry Kemp, Frank Harris. My Lord.

He was flooded with delighted recollection, they were all before him: reed-necked aesthetes, provincial cognoscenti, sad sexy yokels, lovers burning with a hard gemlike flame, a homosexual or two trying to look blasted and corroded by inward sin. Painters of bile-green landscapes, cubist photographers, poets and iconoclasts, scorners of the bourgeoisie, makers of cherished prose, dream-tellers, correspondence school psychoanalysts, they had swarmed through Holly's apartment and eddied around her queenly shape with noises like breaking china. He remembered her in her gold gown, a Proserpine or a Circe.

For an instant she was slim and tall in his mind and he saw her laughing in the midst of the excitement she created, and how her hair was smooth black and her eyes very dark blue and how she wore massive gold hoops in her ears.

HE WROTE the number down and tucked it in the pocket of the suit laid out on the bed. But when he had dressed and gone down and was walking up South Temple past Beehive House, Lion House, Eagle Gate, the old and new apartment buildings, he began to look at numbers with a feeling that approached suspense, and he searched not so much for the Merrill Funeral Parlors as for the house with the round stone tower. Finally he saw it, lifting across the roof of a mansion gone to seed, and in another thirty paces he could see the sign and the new brass numbers on the riser of the top porch step. It was the very house.

Quickly he looked around for landmarks to restore and brace his memory. Some of the old maples and hickories he remembered along the sidewalk were gone, the terrace rolled down with an unfamiliar smooth nap of grass. The porch no longer carried its sagging swing, and porch and steps had been renewed and painted. The door was as he remembered it, with lozenges of colored glass above it, and the door knob's massive handful was an almost startling familiarity. But inside all was changed. Partitions had been gutted out. The stairs now mounted, or levitated, a spiral of white spokes and mahogany rails, from an expanse of plum-colored carpet. Instead of the cupping old parquetry his feet found softness, hushedness. The smells were of paint and flowers.

He was eying the stairs when a young man came out of an office on the left and bent his head a little leftward and said softly and pleasantly, "Yes, sir. Can I help?"

Harris brought himself dryly back to what he had driven eight hundred miles to do. He said, "I'm Kimball Harris. My aunt, Mrs. George Webb, died day before yesterday at the Julia Hicks Home. They telephoned me she would be here."

"We've been expecting you," the young man said, and put out his hand. "My name is McBride." A brief handshake, a moment when the young man regarded Harris with

his head tilted. "Did you fly in?" he asked.

"Drive."

"All the way from San Francisco?"

"I spent a few hours in Elko."

"It wasn't so bad, then."

"Oh, no," Harris said. "Not bad at all."

In his mind was a faint amusement: this young man might have been left over from one of Holly's parties. He looked better equipped to write fragile verses than deal with corpses.

"She's in the parlor just back here," McBride said. "Would you like to see her? She looks very nice."

That would be young McBride's function, of course. He would be the one who made them look nice. "Maybe later," Harris said. "I expect there are some details we ought to settle."

"Of course," McBride said. "If you'll just step in here. We can look at caskets after a minute. You have a family cemetery plot, I believe? It will only take a minute for this. The details you can leave to us." He held the door wide, standing gracefully and deferentially back, and ushered Harris through.

A VERY few minutes seemed to settle the details. They rose, facing each other across the desk coolly glimmering in muted afternoon light. "Now would you like to see her?" McBride said.

Why, he takes pride, Harris thought. He probably stands back estimating his effects like a window dresser. Mister McBride, the Mortuary Max Factor. "All right," he said, "though it's not as if I had any tears to shed. I haven't seen her for twenty-five years, and she's been senile for ten."

McBride guided him around the unfamiliar to where the plum carpet flowed smoothly into what had evidently once been a dining room. "She does look nice," he said. "Very sweet and peaceful."

Which is more than she did alive, Harris thought, and went forward to the table with the basket of chrysanthemums at its foot. To remind himself that this was his mother's sister, his last near relative, made him feel nothing. Not even a deliberate attempt to squeeze sentimental recollections out of the memories of Aunt Margaret's Christmas visits at Aunt Margaret's, times when Aunt Margaret had unexpectedly

given him a quarter, made the wax figure any dearer or realer. His indifference was so marked that he separated it and noticed it, wondering with a tinge of shame if he was callous. He supposed that if he had been attached to the dead woman he might think her peaceful, touching, even terrible. All he could think as he looked at her was that she looked well-embalmed—but then she had probably been close to mummified before she died.

Old Aunt Margaret, never very lovable, never dear to him in his childhood, and in his maturity only a duty and an expense, thrust her sharp nose, sharp cheekbones, withered lips, up through the rouge and lipstick and was, if she was not a total stranger, only old Aunt Margaret, mercifully dead at eighty-three. Harris did not even feel the conventional disgust with young McBride, who tampered with the dead. Considering what he had had to work with, McBride had done reasonably well.

Back in the hall again, he stood looking up the spiral stairs, apparently as unsupported as the Beanstalk, and remembered a time when Holly and three roommates—which three didn't matter, they changed so fast—came down the old shabby steps arguing about the proportions of the perfect female figure, and he met them on the second landing and like a chorus line they raised their skirts and thrust out their right legs before him, clamoring to know which was the most shapely. An undergraduate Paris and four demanding goddesses. He had picked Holly; why would he not?

McBride was in the office doorway. "We've just redone the whole place," he said. "It was the home of a Park City silver king originally, but it was all run down."

Harris was still looking up the stairs. McBride's words were no more important than the decorative changes, but upstairs there was something that *was* important, that pulled at him like an upward draft.

"I used to know this house twenty-five years ago," he said. "Some people I knew had an apartment on the third floor."

"Really? The front one or the back?"

"Front. The one with the round tower window."

"Oh yes," said McBride. "We haven't done much to that yet—just painted it."

"I wonder," Harris said, and made a little shrugging deprecatory motion and felt irritably ashamed, like a middle-aged man recalling last night's revels and his own unseemly capers and his pawing of the host's wife. It was fatuous to want to go up there, yet he did.

"Go on up if you want," McBride said. "The only thing, there's a woman laid out there."

"Well, then . . ."

"That wouldn't matter, if you don't mind. She's . . . presentable."

For a moment Harris hung on the word, and on the thought that McBride's professional vanity was one of the odder kinds, and on a little fit of irritability that a corpse should intrude upon a sentimental but perfectly legitimate impulse. Then he put his hand on the mahogany rail. "Maybe I will."

The second-floor hall, at whose doors he had knocked or entered, was as much changed as the ground floor, but up the second flight of stairs he mounted into a growing familiarity. And he climbed against the pressure of a crowd of ghosts. The carpet ended at the stairhead: he put his feet down softly and held back his breath with the wild notion that he heard voices from the door of Holly's old apartment. Up these stairs, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred times, through how long? a year? two years? he had come with books or bottles or manuscripts in his hands and (it seemed to him now) an incomparable capacity for enthusiasm in his heart. From the high burlap-hung windows of the apartment inside they had let their liquid ridicule fall on the streets of the bourgeois city. He half expected, as he moved into the doorway, to see their faces look up inquiringly from chair and couch and floor.

But in the room there was only the dead woman, and she was not looking at him.

She lay on a wheeled table, with beside her one stiff chair and a taboret bearing a bowl of flowers, all of it composed as if for a macabre still life. Looking toward the windows across the woman's body he saw how the gray light of afternoon blurred in her carefully-waved hair.

For a minute or two, perhaps, he stood in the doorway, stopped partly by the body and partly by the feeling of an obscure threat: he must summon and gather and recreate his recollections of this room; he was walking in

a strange neighborhood and needed his own gang around him.

IN HOLLY's time the tower bay had held an old upright piano, its backside exposed to the room like the hanging seat of a child's sleepers. Afternoons, evenings, Sunday and holiday mornings, there had been loud four-hand renderings of "Twelfth Street Rag," "St. Louis Blues," "Mood Indigo." On at least one Christmas morning they had even sung carols around it, syncopating them wickedly. That was the morning when he brought Holly the facsimile copy of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*—a mutinous book full of mottoes for their personalities and their times.

But what he remembered now, hanging in the doorway, was how in some lull in the bedlam that always went on there they had found themselves smiling foolishly at each other by the piano and she had put up her hands to his face and kissed him sweet and soft, a kiss like a happy child's. He realized now that he had recalled that kiss before, waking or sleeping, and that the memory of it had acquired a kind of caption, a fragment of the world's wisdom contributed to his adolescent store by a returned Mormon missionary: "*Das ewig Weibliche fuehrt uns hinan*," that remembered moment said.

How they had flocked and gathered there, debated, kissed, lied, shocked and astonished and delighted each other, there in the tower with Holly at their center, there by the vanished piano: poets and athletes, Renaissance heroes, fearless Stoics and impassioned Epicureans and abandoned Hedonists, girls with the bloom on their loveliness, goddesses with Perfect Proportions, artists and iconoclasts, as delighted with their own wickedness as if it had meant something.

He felt the stairs in his legs, the years in his mind, as he went in softly past the woman who lay so quietly on her back, and when he had passed her he turned and searched her face, almost as if he might surprise in it some expression meaningful to this wry and confusing return.

She was a plain woman, perhaps fifty. McBride had not yet made her look nice with rouge and lipstick. She lay in a simple black dress, but she had a Navajo squash-blossom necklace around her throat. It struck him as a remarkable piece of realism—perhaps some-

thing she had especially liked and had stubbornly worn even past the age when costume jewelry became her. It gave her a touching, naïvely rakish air.

Yet she shed a chill around her, and her silence spread to fill the room. Hardly a sound came through the stone walls. In the old days there had always been the piano banging, the phonograph going, two or six or sixteen voices making cosmic conversation. And he never remembered daylight in the apartment. Holly had affected a romantic gloom; the windows were always shrouded by the artistically-frayed burlap, and the light was from lamps, most of them low on the floor and some of them at least with red globes in them. And always the smell of sandalwood.

Like a Chinese whorehouse. He shook his head, pitying and entranced, and sat down on the window seat overlooking the reach of South Temple. Directly across was a Five Minute Car Wash with a big apron of concrete and a spick dazzle of white paint and red tiles. In the times he remembered, that lot had held a Peewee Golf Course where men in shirt sleeves, women in summer dresses, young couples loud with laughter, putt little white balls along precise green alleys and across precise circles of green artificial grass and over gentle and predictable bridges and causeways into numbered holes.

"Look at them," Holly said to him once as they sat in the tower looking down at the after-dinner golfers moving under the bright floodlights. "*Toujours gai*, my God. Some day I'm going to build a miniature golf course with runways six inches wide and rough all over the place. I'll fill the water holes with full-sized crocodiles and sow the sandtraps with sidewinders. How would it be to hide a black widow spider in every hole so that holing out and picking up your ball would earn you some excitement? What if you saved the supports of all the little bridges nearly in two?"

Live it dangerously. It was strange to recall how essential that had seemed. Go boom, take chances. He touched the casement windows, thinking that this was the pose, sitting right here and looking out, that Holly had assumed

There stood, painted two inches gold

Probably that portrait wasn't anything

unlike. It looked like a girl. The painter
could have been a woman. — (POTTER) 1936

where now, if he hadn't drunk himself to death. But then, in this room, in the presence of its subject whose life overflowed upon them all, that slim golden shape with the velvet highlights was Lilith, Helen, *Guenevere, das ewig Weibliche*. And it was hardly a day before other girls, less fortunately endowed or graced, had begun dropping comments on how *warm* that Stead-Holly romance was getting, and hinting that there was hidden away somewhere a companion portrait—a nude.

Well, well, what a bunch of Bohemian puritans. Harris did not believe in any nude, or in its importance if there had been one, though at the time it had bothered him, and he had been malely offended, surprised that she would *lower* herself, you know?

Now, sitting bemused in the window, he reflected that what had truly shone out of that golden portrait, as out of Holly herself, was not so much glamour as innocence. Under the sheath she was positively virginal; if you cracked the enamel of her sophistication you found a delighted little girl playing Life.

Again he remembered the soft, childlike kiss by the piano on a Christmas morning, and he stood up so sharply that he startled himself with the sight of the dead woman. It *was* innocence. She could put away the predatory paws of college boys, twist laughing from the casual kiss, pass among the hot young Freudians as untouched as a nun, shed like water the propositions that were thrown at her seven to the week. There she sat in her gold gown by her window opening on the foam: a maiden in a tower.

HE CROSSED the room and tried the bedroom door, wanting to look in on her intimately. In this room, now completely bare, aseptically painted, he had sat dozens of times when she was ill or when on Sunday mornings she made it a charming point of her sophistication to entertain in bed. While she lay propped with pillows he had read to her, talked to her, kissed her, had his hands fended away. The empty room was still charged with the vividness with which she invested everything. There was one night very late, two or three o'clock, when he had sat on one side of the bed and a mournful and lovesick jazz trumpeter had sat on the other, neither willing to leave the other alone there, and all that night he had read aloud

into the smell of sandalwood the life story of a mad woman from Butte, Montana. *I, Mary MacLean*, that one was called.

What an occasion she made of it, laid up by flu, hemmed in by rival young men, covered to the chin in an absurd, high-necked, old-fashioned nightgown, taking aspirin with sips of ginger beer, laughing at them alternately or together with that face as vivid on the pillow as a flower laid against the linen. It was innocence. In that crackpot Bohemian pre-crash wonderful time, it was innocence.

How he and the trumpeter broke the deadlock, what had ever happened to the Tom Stead flurry, what had happened to any of Holly's string of admirers—all gone. She sent them away, or they quarreled at her over their bruised egos, or they grew huffy at finding her always in a crowd. Plenty of self-appointed humming-bird catchers, but no captures.

And yet, maybe . . .

SUMMER and winter, day and night, were telescoped in his memory. How old would he have been? Twenty? Twenty-one? It must have been near the end of Holly's reign in this apartment, before everything went sour and the delayed wave of the crash reached them and he left school to go to work and Holly herself went away. There was neither beginning nor end nor definite location in time to what he most vividly remembered. What they were doing, whether there had been a party there or whether they had been out on a date, whether she had roommates then or was living alone, none of that came back. But they were alone in a way they had seldom been.

They must have been talking, something must have led up to it, for there she was with the clarity of something flood-lighted in his mind, Holly pressing against him and crying with her face against his chest, clinging and crying and saying—he heard only the refrain, not the garble against his chest—"Kim, Kim, get me out of here! I want to get out of this. This is all no good, I've got to, Kim, please!"

Both the tears and the way she clung excited him. But the game had been played so long by other rules that he went on in the old way, laughing, burlesquing gestures of consolation, patting the crow-wing hair, saying, "There there, little girl." Inanities, idiocies. . . . She wore an evening dress cut very low in the back, and he played his fingers up and down her spine. He slid his hand in against her skin, slid it further, expecting the competent twist and shrug and fending and the laugh that would mean the emotional fit was over. But his hand went on around, clear around, and with a shock like an internal explosion he found it cupping the frantic softness of her breast.

Even remembering, all his sensations were shocking to him. He remembered how smoothly the curve of her side swelled upward, how astonishingly *consecutive* her body seemed. Also, also, and almost with revulsion, how rigid and demanding the nipple of her breast. Innocence—he had never touched a girl there, never imagined, or rather had imagined wrong. Stupefied by the sudden admission to her flesh, made uneasy by the way she crowded and clung, he stood wrapping her awkwardly, and kissed her and tasted her tears, and thought with alarm and conviction of Tom Stead and the rumored nude, and was anguished with eagerness to escape.



He could remember not a scrap, not a detail, of how he got away. She offered herself passionately in his memory, and that was all. The Peewee Golfer putting his little white ball up the little green alley of his youth came suddenly upon the sidewinder in the sand-trap, the crocodile in the artificial lake.

Harris closed the door on the ridiculous and humiliating memory. It had begun to occur to him that he had been an extraordinary young man, and very little of what had been extraordinary about himself pleased him. Innocence? Well, maybe, though there were more contemptuous names for it. He had been a fraud, a gargler of whisky he would obediently not drink. A great yapper with the crowd, but when the cat stopped running, what a frantic sliding to a stop, what digging not to catch what he was after.

Weakly he tried to prop up the slack thing he had been. He told himself that it was a pose with all of them, the life that revolved around Holly was an absurd and perhaps touching and certainly unimportant part of growing up. Or was it? What might he be at this moment, would he have more or less to regret, if he had taken Holly at her passionate word, married her, lived it, as she was determined to live it in her innocence, dangerously?

The last time he saw Holly she was boarding the *London* for Seattle on her way to Shanghai and a job they all publicly envied but would probably not have risked taking themselves. Her life, whatever happened to her, would not have been dull. And yet it might have been more thoroughly wasted than at that moment he thought his own had been.

He had played it the other way, not so much from choice as from yielding to pressures, and he had done the best he could with it. How would he look to Holly now, at this very minute. How had she been?

His childhood—his adolescence—his submerged and decaying in deep water there rose out of the mist—a to—read and Blake's proverbs of Hell that they had admired together that long-gone Christmas morning. It burst, and it said, "Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity."

It shamed him to remember, though he half repudiated it. From the life of prudence he had got a wife he loved and respected, a life of interest and almost with content. He re-

gretted none of them. But he stood here remembering that moment when Holly stopped playing make-believe, and it seemed to him that his failure to take her when she offered herself was one of the saddest failures of his life. The fact that he might make all the same crucial choices the same way if he had them to make again helped not at all; it did him no good to remind himself that no one could turn in any direction without turning his back on something. The past had trapped him, and it held him like pain.

ANGRILY he looked at his watch. Past five. Starting for the door, he passed the dead woman's table and saw her calm pale face, the skin delicately wrinkled like the skin of a winter-kept apple, but soft-looking, as if it would be not unpleasant to touch. What was her name, what had she died of, what had she looked like when she wore expression? Who mourned her, who had loved her, what things in her life did they regret or had she regretted? Would they think it disagreeable that a total stranger had been alone with her here staring into her dead face? And in that face what was it that the caution of death enclosed and hid?

The barbaric silver necklace seemed somehow to define her. What it said of frivolity, girlishness, love of ornament and of gaiety and of life, made him like her; the way it lay on the sober black crepe breast preached the saddest lesson he had ever derived.

He thought of how she had been transported and tampered with by McBride, and how further touches of disguise would complete her transformation from something real and terrible and lost to something serene, removed, bearable. Alone with her here, before the arrival of the others, before she went plete her transformation from something real anguish for this woman he had never known, and a strange gratitude that he had been permitted to see her.

Gratitude, or something near it. And yet as he started for the door he threw a sick, apologetic glance around the room as quiet and empty as a chapel, and at the woman who lay so quietly at its center. He meant to tip-toe out, but he heard, almost with panic, the four quick raps his heels made on the bare floor before they found the consoling softness of the stairs.

One of the roughest fights in Washington this winter will probably develop between two teams of business men. Here's the issue: a rise in postal rates would help bolster the Treasury—but it might also ruin a lot of small enterprises.

Who'll Pay the Postage?

Stacy V. Jones

THE new Postmaster General soon learned that his lot was not a happy one. He reported his discomfiture to the President and Congress in these words:

"For the first time in the course of a life devoted actively to business, I find myself in charge of an establishment the expenditures of which largely exceed its receipts—a state of affairs which strikes with peculiar force a mind more or less disciplined by that close inspection of accounts enforced in mercantile pursuits.

"In ordinary business affairs," he continued, "there is but one end to this condition of things—bankruptcy."

The author of these melancholy words was Marshall Jewell of Connecticut and the President he addressed was Ulysses S. Grant. But for their names we might with perfect reason substitute Summerfield and Eisenhower.

A successful Chevrolet dealer from Michigan, Arthur E. Summerfield found himself even more discomfited last spring than Jewell had been in 1875. Jewell faced a deficit of \$8 million for the fiscal year of 1876. After making what adjustments he could, Summerfield still faced a loss of more than that every week. He therefore approached Congress with a proposal that seemed eminently reasonable—that a greater share of the cost of carrying the mail should be paid by users of the service, to lessen the drain on the taxpayer's purse.

But what seemed eminently reasonable down on Pennsylvania Avenue drew outraged

roars a few blocks away on Capitol Hill. The hearings of the House Committee on the Post Office and Civil Service were more than stormy. When Congress reconvenes this month, the debate will reopen in both House and Senate. Like similar arguments for more than a century, it will turn on how much of the cost of the postal service should be covered by postage—and what the post office is anyway.

This time, however, the debaters will have the advantage of an extensive Congressional study, the Carlson Report.

Under the command of Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, chairman of the Senate Post Office Committee, an impressive organization—with a \$100,000 budget—is trying to find some basis for setting a permanent policy.

An advisory council, headed by Carlson himself, is looking into the relationship of postal rates to the national welfare. Walter D. Fuller, chairman of the board of the Curtis Publishing Company, is vice chairman of the council, and six others of the ten public members represent large users of the mails. Moreover, the council has engaged the National Industrial Conference Board to examine the impact of postal service on the economy, the National Education Association to estimate its contribution to education, and Price, Waterhouse & Co. to do the figuring. The council's recommendations to the Senate committee are promised for the first week of January.

HOWEVER sane and good-tempered the Carlson Report may be, it is not likely to calm down the struggle in Washington. At bottom, this is a tug-of-war between two teams of business men. Summerfield and his assistants, recruited last January from corporation posts, are pulling for higher rates. Straining at the other end of the rope are the publishers who use second-class mail and the operators of direct-mail concerns who use third. In the middle, as judge, stands Congress. The rest of us—who eventually will pay the bill in one way or another—have so far been cast as spectators.

Except for the Treasury, which collects taxes, the Post Office is unique among government departments because it attempts to support itself. Should it operate more like the agencies that serve the public with no effort to balance their budgets? Should it help everybody, as Labor helps the working man and as Commerce helps the business man? Or is it a federal department store, organized to serve the public at cost? These are the perennial questions that will reappear in the Congressional garden early this spring.

When Summerfield moved in last January, his business mind was appalled at the vast bureaucracy in Washington, at the archaic methods employed there and in the field where 500,000 employees were working in or out of 41,000 post offices, and at the loss of \$2 million for every business day.

His accountants told Summerfield that the only mail paying its way was first class, and that it was doing so only because of letters delivered locally or weighing more than one ounce. It was costing 3.18 cents to deliver every out-of-town letter. All the non-mail services except postal savings were operating at a loss.

The postal budget was burdened by airline subsidies and the cost of "free" mail carried for other government departments and for Congressmen. One small item was for domestic mail delivered free for foreign diplomats stationed in this country, and for the three living widows of Presidents—Edith Wilson, Grace Coolidge, and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Summerfield could control neither the salaries paid by his department nor the rates it charged. The postman's wages are set by Congress, which also sets most of the postal rates. Summerfield could save considerable

money by economies, increased efficiency, and the shifting of charges, but he saw no prospect of cutting the deficit to a reasonable figure without higher postal rates.

In July he went blandly to Congress with a request for an extra cent on each out-of-town letter, an extra cent on domestic air mail, and increases on second class (newspapers and magazines), on third class (chiefly direct mail advertising circulars), and on books. Congress had a Republican majority elected under a mandate to economize, and he was confident he would get these rate increases although the session was nearly over.

The Postmaster General had uttered but three words—"Ladies and gentlemen"—to the House Post Office Committee when his disillusionment began. He was interrupted by a rough-and-ready Republican from the northwest corner of Minnesota. Harold C. Hagen, who demanded that the committee go into executive session, to discuss postponement of the hearings. In the row among Republicans that followed, Tom Murray—the senior Democrat—put in a word.

"I am mortified," he said. "This is the rankest kind of discourtesy to a Cabinet officer."

Finally Summerfield was allowed to proceed. There followed two strenuous weeks of day and night hearings. "They'll have us all in Bethesda," said one committee member, referring to the Naval Medical Center where Congressmen go for breakdowns. The hearing transcript, which runs to eight hundred printed pages, is a textbook on the American legislative process.

Postal Rates and Publishing

MORE than twenty years earlier, Congressman Hagen had been a country publisher and a second-class mail user himself. Congress has a warm spot in its heart for the country editor. Country weeklies have enjoyed for more than one hundred years, with some interruptions, free delivery in the county of publication, except where there is city or village letter-carrier service. Summerfield had been careful not to tamper with "free-in-county." Indeed he had asked for rates on second class estimated to meet only \$20 million of the \$240 million deficit on publications of all kinds.

The Congressional heart beats less warmly for the big publisher. "Some of the beneficiaries of these government handouts," said George M. Rhodes, a Democrat on the committee, "are the biggest and richest monopolies in the country. We are subsidizing salaries that some of these publishers pay themselves of \$100,000 or more a year."

At the request of another Democrat, the Post Office Department submitted calculations of deficits chargeable to five large-circulation magazines and as many newspapers. The "losses" to the department are based on the last quarter of 1952 with adjustment for a 10 per cent increase in second-class rates that became effective last April. Here are the annual figures:

Life, \$8,604,000; the *Saturday Evening Post*, \$6,524,000; the *Ladies' Home Journal*, \$1,632,000; *Collier's*, \$4,948,000; the *Reader's Digest*, \$3,668,000; the *Chicago Tribune*, \$1,788,000; the *New York Times*, \$1,700,000; the *Detroit Free Press*, \$232,000; the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, \$452,000; and the *Los Angeles Times*, \$180,000.

The publishers assailed these figures as unfairly calculated, and as based on a wholly erroneous method of cost accounting. The post office, they contended, was originally established to handle first-class mail, and all of the 41,000 post offices, most of the trucks, and certainly most of the employees would still be there if no second class had been established. All that should be charged to second class was the extra expense; and on that basis, the publishers contended, second class was already paying its own way.

WITH some logic, the commercial publishers further complained that they shouldn't have to make up the special discounts given to the 4,500 "exempt" publications—nonprofit religious, educational, scientific, philanthropic, agricultural, labor, veterans', and fraternal papers and magazines.

The committee soon learned that Summerfield's request for 9 per cent of the over-all deficit on second class meant a 200 or 300 per cent increase in postage bills for some users, such as small newspapers. His proposal would increase the minimum per copy from one-eighth cent to one-half cent. The publisher of fourteen farm weeklies distributed throughout Iowa said this increase would be four

times his expected net earnings before taxes, and would put him out of business. The general manager of the four Corn Belt farm dailies, which cover the livestock markets, told the committee, "We figure we are in jeopardy and dire jeopardy."

LARGER newspapers would also be hit, but not so hard. The committee was reminded that there had been two 10 per cent rate increases since March 1952. With the Summerfield increases, city newspaper publishers calculated the total rise at between 65 and 70 per cent. One association called it "unconscionable." Publishers complained of poor service and the amount of sorting and transporting they had to do for themselves. A *New York Times* spokesman declared the proposed increase "would make it necessary either for us to charge such a prohibitive subscription price that people at any distance from New York could no longer buy the *Times*, or to absorb a cost that looks to us to be beyond any reasonable cost the government should incur."

A Republican freshman from California, Representative Charles S. Gubser, was moved by the arguments to compare postal subsidies with the farm program. One basic difference, he said, "is that the farm-subsidy program is in front of God and everybody, and everybody knows it."

"We vote in Congress for it, and are men about it," he added. "We do not hide it behind a deficit and blame it on the Post Office Department."

Many witnesses spoke hopefully of the forthcoming Carlson Report and urged that nothing be done until it was available. When they were asked whether they would accept its conclusions if it recommended higher rates, most of them ducked the question.

As the House committee went ahead, it met sinister predictions of magazine casualties. A printer of national magazines said the rate increases would force a number of his smaller clients to suspend. Four of them had assured him the additional postage would wipe out their profits. A publisher told the committee that he would have to discontinue three or four of his magazines for children. An Ohio printer whose plant ~~prints and binds some books for the disappearance of money~~ because the customers would never pay more

"When anyone disrupts my business to the point that I suffer, I mean to fight back." He hoped the chairman was on his side. "We can't have Boston Tea Parties and Whisky Rebellions," he added.

A Massachusetts man who started a mail-order business more than forty years ago when he was stricken by polio said his profits had already dropped below one per cent of his sales, and his and other small concerns would be ruined by any further increase.

The committee was reminded that Father Flanagan had built Boys Town on third-class mail, and that the Disabled American Veterans established their key-tag business by the same means. Philanthropic and religious organizations get discounts on third-class mailings, as they do on their publications in second class.

One protest was filed on a community basis. It was sent on behalf of sixteen manufacturing, distributing, and sales companies with headquarters at Newark, Wayne County, New York, dealing in nursery stock, fertilizer, grass seed, costume jewelry, cosmetics, silverware, and china. They employed 14,000 sales representatives besides the home office staffs in Newark.

Sympathetic objections were lodged by other organizations only indirectly affected—manufacturers of paper and envelopes and printers' and pressmen's unions.

Gideon Speaks for Books

IT EARLY became obvious that the \$3.5 million additional revenue that Summerfield asked on books would be no less calamitous than the changes on publications and advertising matter. College stores and textbook publishers protested it would especially burden textbooks, which tend to be heavy. Book publishers complained that reading matter in books now pays almost three times as much as that in second-class publications, and urged a single, uniform, nationwide rate for all reading matter. The American Booksellers Association said that the "devastating blow" might bring a wholesale exodus from the business.

"I appear here as Gideon," announced Dale B. Johnson, president of the Christian Booksellers Association. "I am the man standing in the gap." He foresaw the closing of "a good

percentage of the doors of the Christian booksellers."

A FEW voices were lifted against raising of first-class rates, which would furnish 60 per cent of the new revenue that Summerfield asked. Bill-collecting agencies reported they would be handicapped. A telegram came from a group of housewives, and two citizens filed statements. One said he got quantities of advertising which he threw into the wastebasket unopened. He objected to paying the loss on this matter either in income tax or first-class postage.

A Texas Congressman inquired what the sweethearts who wanted to correspond with each other and the parents who wanted to write their sons in the service thought about the extra penny on letters. He got no answer in the hearing room, but by now he has doubtless heard from sweethearts and parents in his district.

When the House wound up its hearings, virtually the only recorded approvals had come from the National Association of Manufacturers, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and several postal labor organizations. Congressman Hagen had the last word. He inserted ten separate "extensions of remarks" assailing the increases in the final issue of the *Congressional Record*, published after adjournment.

Although no action was taken on his proposals, Summerfield has "cut" the postal deficit by more than \$300 million a year. Of this improvement, \$200 million is expected from new revenue; \$160 million from higher parcel-post rates; and \$40 million from higher fees and foreign postal rates. The rest represents bookkeeping changes. The Civil Aeronautics Board now pays the \$80 million in airline subsidies, and the departments and Congress are now charged \$36 million for their penalty and franked mail. The effect of the changes will not be felt for the entire fiscal year ending next June 30. As this is written, the Bureau of the Budget estimates the 1951 deficit will be something less than \$420 million.

Although "subsidy" is a nasty word to the patrons of second and third class, the Supreme Court isn't squeamish about using it. "The second-class privilege is a form of subsidy," said the court in a 1947 decision.

Business or Public Service

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, who delivered the opinion, noted that from the beginning Congress had allowed special rates to certain classes of publications. He cited a speech of Representative Hernando D. Money of Mississippi, author of the 1879 law that formalized the postal classification.

We know [that] the reason for which papers are allowed to go at a low rate of postage amounting almost to the franking privilege [Money told the House] is because they are the most efficient educators of our people. It is because they go into general circulation and are intended for the dissemination of useful knowledge such as will promote the prosperity and the best interests of the people all over the country. . . .

Justice Douglas' opinion continued:

The policy of Congress has been clear. It has been to encourage the distribution of periodicals which disseminated "information of a public character" or which were devoted to "literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry," because it was thought that those publications as a class contributed to the public good.

Congress tried until about 1850 to make the Post Office Department live within its postage income. Since that year the policy has generally been to keep postal rates low and service requirements high. Indeed, the department has shown a surplus in only eighteen out of the past 116 years, and a good many of the black-ink years have been in wartime when the military absorbed a good part of the transportation costs.

Rural free delivery was established in the late eighteen-nineties, not on a business basis but largely to bring culture and contentment to the farmer. In 1892 the House Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads reported: "It is believed that rural free delivery will aid materially in stopping much of the growing discontent that now seems to exist among the farming population." The 32,000 rural routes cost \$189 million to operate in 1952.

There's a saying that the post office is a pet of Congress. A cold-hearted board of directors would abolish many of the 19,000 rural (fourth class) post offices and many of the Star Routes that connect them. Congress has vir-

tually guaranteed RFD carriers lifetime jobs by decreeing that rural routes can be consolidated only on the carriers' resignation, death, retirement, or dismissal on charges. Both the carriers and the postmasters take Civil Service examinations and have protection on tenure, but vacancies are a source of Congressional patronage. And the 500,000 postal workers, with their families, constitute an important bloc of voters.

THIS, then, is how matters stand as the new session of Congress opens. Senator Carlson's committee will hold public hearings this month, at which publishers and mail-order sellers can present the arguments they have bolstered during the recess. The committee's own report to the Senate is due by the end of the month. Sooner or later a postal-rate bill—perhaps bearing little resemblance to the original HR 6052—should come over from the House. Along with it may come a bill to raise post office pay.

Here are some of the points that the new bill must take into account. The postal system is obviously a public service in part. The availability of a clerk to wait on you for the purchase of a single 3-cent stamp in any village in the country is a public service. So are free mail for the blind and aid to publishers and sellers-by-mail. Congress ought, of course, to set a value on the public service and accept the corresponding deficit "in front of God and everybody." But it is too much to expect a neat mathematical formula.

In an election year, any legislation that adds substantially to the burdens of publishers and small business men will look pretty dangerous to most Congressmen. Nevertheless it seems likely that there will be some increase in postal rates. Carlson has said that moderate hikes in first-, second-, and third-class mail would be acceptable to him; and he has mentioned a four- or five-cent stamp for out-of-town letters, which would pay for air transportation to distant points.

All of this will, of course, affect every one of us—directly whenever we buy a postage stamp, and indirectly through the effect of the rate changes on newspapers, magazines, and books. But it will probably still leave unanswered the basic question: just what part of the postal operations is business and what part is public service?



After Hours

Untouched by Human Feet

THE wine-makers of western New York are not as well off as I'd imagined. They are a friendly group of businesslike people—the beneficiaries of some of the happiest scenery ever wasted on country-dwellers—but they are also the discontented victims of a city problem: how to find a market for their wines. There turns out to be more to their job than pressing grapes in wooden racks between great folds of cloth; it involves the national palate, Prohibition, and the variables of popular judgment. It puts the vintners of the Finger Lakes district in the position of having to make wine less ably than they know how, of having small sales for the wines they like themselves, and of having to sell in quantity a number of bottled beverages for which they have no great respect.

This unexpected state of affairs confronted me on a recent trip to their stamping grounds—the hillside slopes of Canandaigua and Keuka Lakes—at a time of glowing autumnal foliage and the grape-growers' hardest work of gathering in the harvest. The vines must be picked as the fruit ripens, and the grapes pressed soon thereafter, though the juices can be stored (purged of their natural yeast) before mixing and fermenting. It is the blending process, from there on, which makes the difference between one wine and another. Coming in out of the fall sunshine to the cool, vinegary interiors of the wineries, I was astonished at the number of different uses to which American grapes can be put.

Before this trip it hadn't occurred to me that a single wine-making establishment would naturally cover the spectrum, from grape juice to champagne. In fact, it must range across the field to stay in business. A winery that made

only one kind of wine would be a waste of equipment and of skill. But in the enormous, many-thousand-gallon oaken casks that fill most winery interiors the juices can be blended almost at the wine-master's will, and it is at this point that what the vintner makes is determined by what you, and I, and other tipplers buy.

New York State wines account for only a tiny part, at most, of the American total. California cleans off 90 per cent without half trying, and leaves the small fry like Ohio, New Jersey, and New York to squabble over the remaining 10. "We're running 5 or 6 per cent," said one winery official in the Finger Lakes, "and if we could be sure of staying there we'd be perfectly content." New York's hope lies in what it can do that California can't, or can't as well—that is, champagne and dry, white, fruity table wines. But these are not, deplorably, the wines that sell the best. The ones that do well today—incredibly enough, all over the country and California, too—are kosher wines like Manischewitz and Mogen David, the wines like Mother could cut with a knife.

PROHIBITION did far less damage to wine-making than to wine-drinking. True, the number of New York acres put to vines is less than it once was, yet—by a mixture of intelligence and deceit—the vines and contents of the wineries were maintained through the drought. Some of them made sacramental wines, some calmly laid down vineyard stock in the taint of Repeal, and others made a highly marketable, non-alcoholic product called Wine Concentrate (do not under any circumstances, the label would read, add so-and-so much yeast and sugar, or the result will be an illegal beverage). But Prohibition did have one disastrous effect in

permitting one American generation to grow up unaccustomed to drinking fermented grape juice with its meals.

Qualitatively the New York vintners could still rank with the best and still, commercially, be no more than twenty years from scratch. The routine consumption of table wines is still a rarefied, urban habit. "There are only three cities in the United States," I was told at the wineries, "where you can order wine in a restaurant without making yourself conspicuous—New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco." For the rest, wine is not the companion of food but a drink, like Dr. Pepper or a pineapple ice cream soda. The American taste for wines, debased by grape jelly and the watery juice of the Concord, has a long recovery to make. At the moment the mass market reaches the dessert wines but not much farther, and those that it really demands are sherries, ports, tokays, and muscatels.

"Those are the names most people have heard of," said one wine man. "With them, they figure they can't go wrong." To him, as to his colleagues, the popular thirst for sweet, grapy drinks is a monstrous, daily frustration with which he heroically contends. The talented mixers and tasters at Widmer's, Urbana, Taylor, or Pleasant Valley—the Big Four of the Finger Lake wineries—are by definition consumers of drier, more refined, and subtler drinks. Personally, they give you to understand, they would rather not soil their vats with the brews that Americans down by the caseful. They would much prefer to let the native grapes, soil, and climate combine to make the light table varieties and champagnes which are the characteristic local product.

AMERICAN grapes are hybrids, though "natural" ones, between the *vitis vinifera* of Europe and the *vitis labrusca* of the Western Hemisphere. Any oenophiles, schooled in the European taste, who have read this far may now be objecting that New York wines seem never to be wholly free of the fruity, *labrusca* flavor. This is the quality—or one aspect of the quality—called "foxiness," presumably from one of the names (fox grapes) for the wild kind the colonists found here when they came. The question of "foxiness"—does it exist? can it be got rid of?—is much discussed in the Finger Lakes region, though there seem to be nearly as many opinions as there are trained tongues and noses. One of the companies ignores it, another tries to capitalize on it in their advertising, while another (Urbana) argues that "foxiness" can be licked. Charles Fournier, chief winemaker of Urbana and formerly assistant winemaker of Veuve-Clicquot in France, believes that the good methods which go into his Charles Fournier Brut

enable it to compete with the best of French champagnes—and he has the prizes to prove it.

This argument looked to me as though it could go on forever—or at least longer than I found I could go on expressing coherent opinions about each winery's champagnes (visitors are the bane of their existence, but I must say they go out of their way to be nice about it). It would seem to me logical to accept the fruit of our own vines as it comes to us, rather than treat it as a substitute for something else. Nowadays competition with Europe is hopeless anyhow, since medium-good French wines are coming in at lower prices than our own. If there is such a thing as an innate western New York taste in wine, then the best thing for it ought to be to head toward perfection in its individual way.

William Widmer, of Widmer's Wine Cellars at Naples, is even using this principle to educate his customers. His winery is the only one in the state to make "varietals"—i.e. the relatively unblended wine of particular grapes—like Diana, Elvira, Delaware, or Niagara. His Diana 1942 (and, parenthetically, his Riesling 1947 and 1949) seemed to me admirable, but like all the others they have had to struggle for a market. The only varietal that does extremely well is Lake Niagara, which has—you guessed it—an aggressively sweet and fruity flavor. Mr. Widmer finds it worth making, nonetheless.

"I think we're getting close with our Lake Niagara," he said. "It doesn't attract the people who already know wines, but we feel it's converted a lot of sweet-wine drinkers to something different. It's a step in the right direction."

"Why don't you try leaving out a drop of sugar a year?" I asked him.

"That," he said, smiling, "is not a bad idea."

Every Man His Own Musak

OVER a year ago, though I'm ashamed to say I scarcely noticed it at the time, there took place an important development in recorded popular music—the record *meant* to be listened to while doing something else. What



started *pianissimo* is now triple-*forte*. "We consider," said the representative of one record company, "that the passive listener market is very big."

Priority seems to go to Columbia Records, which brought out six 12-inch LPs called "Quiet Music" in April 1952. In September RCA Victor countered with another six, with four-color photographs on the cover and titles like "Music for Dining," "Music for Reading," and "Music for Relaxation." These have since been followed by "Music for Courage and Confidence," "Music for Faith and Inner Calm," and "Music to Help You Sleep."

Capitol is also in the act with "Background Music" on four 10-inch LPs, and so by now must be countless others. The "mood" line of any company can be broadly defined, as Columbia and Capitol define it, to include their "Music for Lovers" and "Moods for Candlelight" of dance orchestras like Paul Weston, Francis Scott, and Jackie Gleason. Whatever happens, the records do well. RCA Victor's first dozen have each sold over 50,000. I'm sure there is a reasonable explanation for all this, but I'm not at all sure the proper word is "passive."

"Let's face it," I said to the record company man, "what you've got here is Music for Neck-
ing."

"We know that," he said, "but there's no need to noise it around."

Folklore and the Corporation

ONE of the most mesmerizing sights I have seen in a long while is a scene in "The Solid Gold Cadillac," a solid gold hit on Broadway. It is a simple matter of a female employee, who has been fired for being embarrassingly good at her job, in the process of emptying the contents of her desk into an oversized briefcase which, though tremendous, is not up to the task. The lady is Josephine Hull, an actress of no uncertain age and astonishingly indeterminate shape, and a pantomimist of remarkable skill; she is past mistress of the unfinished gesture. Alone in her office she goes about the task of clearing out, a process in which there emerges a sub-plot—the case of the missing overshoe.

What comes out of the desk is every man's dream (or nightmare) of the contents of every woman's purse raised to a higher and bulkier power. First a bright red rubber overshoe emerges out of one drawer; then the search for its elusive mate ensues. Out come a small coffee pot, an empty milk bottle, a twice-folding umbrella, then a moment of suspense when a bright red rubber object emerges—not the missing overshoe but a hot water bottle—and so on. The process takes a few minutes (the overshoe is found



along with a corset in the filing cabinet), a lovely drama of treasure hunt, of semi-dismayed femininity, of endearing autobiography; it is funny enough to establish Miss Hull (as though she needed establishing) as a clown in the highest tradition.

You could blow the play away with a sneeze; its specific gravity is that of swan's down. But nobody would want to blow it away because it is entertaining from the moment the curtain (trimmed with solid gold Cadillacs) rises on an annual stockholders' meeting of General Products, Inc., until it falls on the sight of a solid gold chauffeur.

IF THE play means anything, which is doubtful, it means that the big corporation has finally become part of our folklore . . . a sort of mechanized Paul Bunyan, high, wide, handsome, and humanly ridiculous. A few years ago the mood would have been wrong for a play that kids without mercy but with good humor a mammoth corporation so big that it inadvertently starts a price war with what it thinks is a competitor only to discover that it has ruined one of its subsidiaries. General Products, Inc., manufactures everything from locomotives and its chairman, at considerable personal sacrifice (he got a paltry three and a half million dollars for his stock), goes to Washington to take a Very Important Government Job. To the dismay of the men who succeed him as Top Management of the company he throws no gov-

ernment contracts their way, and to his own dismay he discovers that his job consists mainly of playing footie with Senators and Congressmen.

Now that there is a "business administration" in Washington even business men, including Top Management, can laugh heartily at its expense and can do so with the benevolence and good grace of the corporation president who is kidded by "the boys" in a skit at the annual company outing. It's all good, clean fun written by Howard Teichmann and George S. Kaulman in much the same satiric mood as "Of Thee I Sing."

That one was, you'll remember, a satire on Presidential politics which was a great success in the early thirties, but which flopped when it was refurbished and revived a year or so ago. We have been in no mood recently to take Presidents (past or present) lightly; they have a dirty job that almost nobody envies them and they are constantly being called names (even accomplices in treason) by men who are playing for keeps. People are uneasy about satire on such a touchy subject. They are evidently not in the least uneasy about satirizing Big Business, which I am inclined to construe as a good sign—for business and for the community in general. (Satire can knock off a few rough edges, and there are rough edges to knock.) It means, I think, that most people believe that the corporation has come of age and that it takes not only itself but its public responsibilities seriously for the most part. You don't kid a popular villain; you lambaste him. You kid a friend.

But whatever the significance of "The Solid Gold Cadillac," it is certainly not insignificant as entertainment. It is expertly performed, paced like a race horse, and Josephine Hull as a five-share stockholder who upsets the corporate apple cart by asking what the Chairman of the Board does to earn \$175,000 a year for presiding over five two-hour meetings is just plain wonderful.

Ticket

THE only ticket I ever got for speeding was in a New Jersey town some years ago just before midnight. I was driving a brand new car that I was breaking in very carefully, but I got clipped for doing thirty down a deserted village street where the limit was twenty. I was offered a chance to go straight to a justice of the peace and pay a fine, which I did in an upstairs office over a store. Evidently the town's finances were in bad shape, and its law enforcement department was working overtime to balance the budget.

I hadn't thought of this incident for a long while until the other day when a friend of mine had been put on his

car in Sherbrooke, a city just north of the Vermont border in Canada. The contrast in police methods is worth noting. Here's what the ticket said:

CITY OF SHERBROOKE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

*Welcome to our City
Make Yourself at Home!*

Sherbrooke is doing its best to help you enjoy your visit here as much as possible, and thus, we need your entire co-operation. Do not hesitate to ask information from any constable who will make it not only a pleasure but a duty to help you, and thus prevent an infringement of our traffic by-laws.

You are now infringing our traffic by-laws by placing your car where parking is not allowed. Please correct. Thank you for your cooperation, and "Au Revoir."

Below this were the date, the time, and the constable's number. On the reverse was the same message in French.

Item



FLEXEES, the girdle manufacturers, are now advertising a model for constraining the three-dimensional female; they call it a *Figurama*. Their next step, an item especially designed for wide girls, will obviously be a girdle called *FeminaScope*.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Now Flows from Then

Gilbert Highet

... and to all, a happy New Year.

Götterdämmerung

WE CAN almost hear the rich hoarse voice of Sir Winston Churchill in some of the pages of his new volume, *Triumph and Tragedy* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for December), which is the sixth and last of a series covering the second world war. It is boldly and clearly organized. It is decisively, energetically, often warmly written. It draws on many almost inaccessible records, long experience of political and military strategy, comprehensive grasp of many historical and geographical problems, and a unique personal relationship with many Allied and neutral leaders. Everyone who wants to understand the last war should read it. Anyone who attempts to write a history of the last war will read and often reread it. It confirms the view that Churchill is one of the greatest warriors of our century.

Still, it is not wholly satisfying as history. In the preface, Sir Winston calls it part of his "personal narrative" of the war. He says: "I have told the story as I knew and experienced it as Prime Minister and Minister of Defense of Great Britain." If so, we should expect him to deal primarily with British enterprises in the war; and, next, with Anglo-American and other Allied adventures: all as seen from 10 Downing Street. Sometimes he does this in great detail; but sometimes he is discreet, or careless, or personal.

It is possible to divine the sources he is using, and to observe when he changes from one to another. First is his diary as Minister of Defense. (In the chapter on the German V1 bombs, one subheading reads "Allied Counter-Measures" and the next "I Appoint a Small Committee.") Next and more important is his diary as Prime Minister, supplemented by Foreign Office telegrams, transcripts of diplomatic exchanges, and other high-level documentary records. And third is a purely personal diary, from which Sir Winston

draws a variety of minor details which will appeal to some readers and annoy others. Some of the jokes are very amusing. On page 397 Sir Winston describes a meeting with the late King Ibn Saud, who as a Moslem did not allow smoking or drinking in his presence. He goes on:

As I was the host at luncheon. I . . . said to the interpreter that if it was the religion of His Majesty to deprive himself of smoking and alcohol I must point out that my rule of life prescribed as an absolutely sacred rite smoking cigars and also the drinking of alcohol before, after, and if need be during all meals and in the intervals between them. The King graciously accepted the position.

It is a little naughty, but quite funny. The rest of the account covers the exchange of presents, handsomely feudal. Sarah Churchill got robes and perfumes and jewels—all given to the Treasury, the all-consuming British Treasury. Now, this personal stuff is gay and irrelevant: the casual reader will scarcely notice that it entirely conceals the purpose and the result of Churchill's meeting with King Ibn Saud. No hint is given of the subject under discussion—which must have been important, for all the residents of the Fayum Oasis had been removed to ensure privacy. No hint is given of the results, or of any development in the relations between Saudi Arabia and the British Government. The passage ends with the utterly insignificant information that Sir Winston's plane to England was diverted to Lynham because of fog: "I drove on to London by car, stopping at Reading to join my wife, who had come to meet me."

Another of these tactful but unrevealing narratives covers a blinding spot in the Anglo-American alliance. Churchill visited the British commander Alexander at Siena in 1941. The American General Devers arrived. Alexander, "gay, smiling, debonair," almost immediately went out and did not return. Churchill says he was conscious of a tension between the two men,

"...in an impeccable surface of politeness." Well, not entirely impeccable, perhaps; but could he not explain the whole thing a little more clearly, now that he is writing a history of the war we won together?

THE book therefore constantly vacillates between personal reminiscence, important British history, and even more important Allied history; but it is apt to change from one point of view to another at any moment; and in fact it does not fully record either the British effort or the fortunes of the "Grand Alliance." It was apparently written—so far as Sir Winston wrote it—during his period as Leader of the Opposition, has been virtually dropped since, and has been only partially filled out by assistants and subeditors. Some of them seem to be dutilful historians and statisticians. The galley proofs of the book, as one reviewer received them, contained only blanks for the numbers of Japanese shipping tons sunk by Allied naval action: these figures were filled in by last-minute checking before the book was set up in pages. A few attempts have been made to expand or to balance Churchill's descriptions of important events by reference to other histories of the war; but they are few indeed. Some great phases of the conflict are described in exhaustive detail—for example, the Battle of Leyte, a wholly American victory (in which only one British Empire unit took part), is narrated in about fifteen pages with illustrative maps. But others are practically ignored. The climax of the Japanese war occupies only half a page, because, Sir Winston observes, its "closing scenes . . . took place after I left office" (p. 645). Surely this is unworthy of a man who has the history of two world wars in his mind, and who might well—even if he was wounded by his temporary expulsion from office in Britain, and even if he felt the conquest of Japan was mainly American—have written a deathless chapter on that historic event.

It is not likely either that most readers will profit from the endless telegrams and minutes with which the book is packed. Official telegrams are always pretty dull to read, even when urgent. Obsolete official telegrams are much duller—except for experts who can treat them as the material of a history still to be written. If, instead of giving us transcripts or paraphrases of dozens of telegrams on the Polish question, Sir Winston and his assistants had had time to digest the entire controversy and to make its main issues as clear as is humanly possible, we should all be in his debt. As it is, we know *something*; we are terribly conscious of the difficulties; but we are left dissatisfied with the presentation of that tragic episode.

APPARENTLY the book was boldly sketched out and then inadequately filled in. From the point of view of composition it is much inferior to Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*. But it is better written (at least where it is not composed of telegrams); it is packed with information unobtainable elsewhere, and with uniquely Churchillian points of view. These illuminate both Sir Winston's character and some important events of recent history.

One singular characteristic is his belief that heads of states can always reach an agreement, and that it is only their assistants, "informers," or foreign offices, who destroy confidence. The U. S. State Department is mentioned coldly, rather as though it had tried to break the harmony between Churchill and F. D. R. Stalin often appears as a determined but genial old fellow, who would listen to reason over a conference table but was liable to be misinformed and hardened when left alone in the Kremlin. The astute and contemptible Russian trick of waiting outside Warsaw while the Polish resistance was slaughtered by the Germans might seem to be the invention of Stalin's advisers, who overcame his better nature. The fact that Stalin did not ask a single question when told of the atom bomb is put down not to the fact that Fuchs and Nunn May and the Rosenberg group had already sent him plans of it, but to the idea that he had never heard of such a thing in his life. This naïveté makes some people call Churchill the greatest mind of the seventeenth century; but no, he may be one of the most powerful minds of the later twentieth—which Spengler called "the era of warring Caesarisms." This may also account for his surprising outburst of anger at the shooting of Mussolini (pp. 528-9). He called it murder, and he immediately cabled Alexander asking whether the man who did the shooting had "any authority" to shoot Mussolini's mistress: a fantastic inquiry, which the Field Marshal no doubt passed on to some impassive captain to file and forget.

The finest part of the entire book is its cool realistic appraisal of the great redeployment of forces which has taken place since 1945, which few in this country or in Britain foresaw, and to which we are now painfully and unwillingly readjusting our entire lives and hopes. In a single sentence (pp. 602-3), Churchill explains how the world would have been—if not at peace, at least far closer to peace, if Russia had been contained within her own boundaries or as close to them as possible, and if the new imperialism had not been permitted to colonize or to menace most of Central Europe. Since then, other great territories have been engulfed, and more are threatened or infected. This, Churchill makes clear, he fore-

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saw; and when he said so (in the Iron Curtain speech and on other occasions) he was met with jeers or protests. Other equally percipient remarks occur in his negotiations toward the close of the war: for example, when he said to the Communist ruler of Poland, Bierut:

It was easy to call everyone who was not a Communist a Fascist beast; but between these two extremes there lay great and powerful forces which were neither one nor the other, and had no intention of being one or the other.

The most penetrating of all these utterances is his final message to the liberated Italians, issued in August 1944. It is a collection of what he calls "title-deeds for the new Italy": it would serve for a statement of basic democracy everywhere. It is too long to reprint here, but I hope it will often be copied from page 127 of his book, and meditated by many governments and by the people who appoint them. Churchill means it and believes it. He is not a gangster, nor a "scientific" official, nor a blood-and-race ruler. Take him for all in all, he is a man.

Miniaturists

IT is not too hard to write one short story. As some of the magazines show, it is not hard at all to find a formula and write dozens of short stories within its comforting embrace. But it is awfully hard to produce a collection of short stories which can be read straight through and will not strike the reader as monotonous or repetitious. A. E. Coppard was probably the master of variety in English; but his tales were so peculiar, they sometimes seemed to be imaginative poetry rather than descriptions of life.

Successful short-story writers seem to work in two ways. Some of them keep down the fine writing, and concentrate on varying the plots and shapes of their stories: so that thirty tales will give thirty widely different views of life. This is the method of Erskine Caldwell, whose ninety-six *Complete Stories* have been collected by Duell, Sloan and Pearce/Little, Brown (\$5). They are nearly all told in the tone of simple talk. They will begin chattily: "I didn't steal Lud

Moseley's calico horse," or even ungrammatically: "You couldn't see no stars, you couldn't see no moon." They are told in short simple sentences, and seldom are the sentences grouped into long paragraphs. The people in them are not explained. They talk, or listen, or look, or act. The reader is an invisible observer. Part of his pleasure is to infer their character and motives from their conduct. Caldwell leaves him to do that: what he discovers is sometimes horrifying, sometimes wildly amusing, sometimes full of pathos, sometimes savagely bitter.

Caldwell is brilliant also at changing the shape of his stories so that they fit their leading characters. The inconsequence and misunderstandings of the young, the misplaced energy of the mature, the selfishness and weakness of the old as well as their gentleness and surrender, all these are conveyed in the curves of Caldwell's story-lines. The only doubt which some readers will have is the doubt that hangs over all his work: whether he does not exaggerate in order to make an impression, and omit in order to suit his own beliefs: whether behavior like that described in *Tobacco Road* ever existed anywhere; whether a farmer would watch his young wife walk into the woods with a stranger, hear her squeal, and then go off to sleep on his own porch. A number of his plots seem utterly incredible; but he makes them convincing because he writes so clearly. At his best and simplest, he is very good indeed. I read "The First Autumn" and "Country Full of Swedes" many years ago, I have never forgotten them, and they are as good as ever.

THE other type of short-story writer cultivates elaborate style, poetic imagination, psychological penetration. Two admirable collections of this kind have recently appeared: *The Honeyed Peace*, by Martha Gellhorn (Doubleday, \$3.50), and *The Passionate North*, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). Mr. Sansom's tales are (as he says) almost "landscapes with figures." They are about the lands of brief summer: Scandinavia and northern Scotland. Some are laid in towns, some in deserts of heath or rock, the characters vary widely, but

every story is penetrated with sensitive observation and written in eloquent prose. An exquisite love-story, "The Girl on the Bus," and a grotesque tragedy, "The Death of Baldy," are particularly remarkable. Mr. Sansom has exceptional gifts.

Miss Gellhorn's stories deal with the nerve-quivering world of the nineteen-forties. One of them is just over two pages long; another takes seventy-two pages, without an unnecessary paragraph. Miss Gellhorn's plots are far bolder than Mr. Sansom's; and her special gift is conveying character, both individual and national. She can describe Polish officers with all their gallantry and gusto, without making them sound crazy; French society ladies, exquisite and brittle; Germans, brutal and efficient or vague and otherworldly; Italians, shining surfaces; and Englishwomen, chilly, selfish, proud, sometimes pathetic. "Venus Ascendant" is a little masterpiece: the gradual revelation of character in it could only have been managed by a sympathetic and talented writer.

Commercial Fiction

THE Literary Guild choice for December, *Lincoln McKeever*, by Eleazar Lipsky (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.50), turns out toward the end to be a pretty good story, but it takes so long to get going and it is so clumsily written that many readers will be discouraged. The fundamental conflict is a real one: between the Spanish-descended settlers of New Mexico and the incoming "Anglos," between hot-blooded violence and cold-blooded aggrandizement and the law which tries to deal fairly with both sides. The book begins with a suit and ends with a criminal trial: its resolution is sound and unexpected. However, it is amateurishly written: it would have benefited from a thorough editing and a careful rewriting.

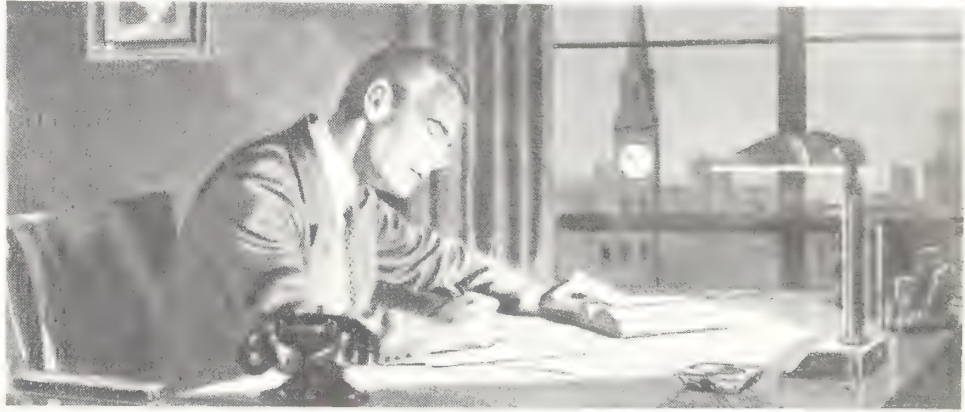
Wisdom

THE Bollingen Foundation is issuing the works of the Swiss psychologist Jung, well translated and (like all their books) printed and bound with real dignity. Several volumes of this series have already come in for review, and have been passed

The Price of Success

What is it that brings one man success in life, and mediocrity or failure to his brother? It can't be mental capacity. There is not the difference in our mentalities that is indicated by the difference in performance.

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over because they are forbidding in method (*Psychology and Alchemy*) or technical in vocabulary and approach (*Two Essays in Analytical Psychology*). But Jung's *Psychological Reflections*, edited by Jolande Jacobi (Bollingen Series 31, Pantheon, \$4.50), are for everyone interested in the development of personality, or the life of society, or religion. The extracts are taken from all over his work: some are only single sentences, others are long complex paragraphs. These selections show something of the universality of Jung's thinking:

The animal being cannot live too long in the infantile environment, that is, in the bosom of his family, without serious danger to his psychic health. Life demands from him independence.

Too much of the animal disfigures the civilized human being; too much culture makes a sick animal.

It would be ludicrous to maintain that man exists in order to breathe air. It is equally ludicrous to say that man exists for the sake of society.

A life lived entirely from the ego usually strikes not only the person himself, but observers also, as being dull.

Jung is not only a helper, but a creator.

More for the Child-Minded

THREE months ago I reviewed Albert Lynd's book criticizing the shallow and dangerous principles which are misleading many of those responsible for school education in the United States. The review evoked a shower of letters, some volubly upholding these principles and others bitterly opposed to them. Now three more books on the opposing side have appeared: R. M. Hutchins' *The Conflict in Education in a Democratic Society* (Harper, \$2), Paul Woodring's *Let's Talk Sense about our Schools* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50), and Arthur E. Bestor's *Educational Wastelands* (University of Illinois Press, \$3.50). These are all by experienced teachers. Mr. Hutchins' book suffers from that disdain which prevents him from taking the "educationists" seriously; it is witty

but will convince none but the convinced. The other two books document nearly everything they say. They quote and analyze the fantastically unrealistic pronouncements of the orthodox ("Life Situations are the Curriculum; Organized Bodies of Subject Matter are Resource Areas"); and they make sane and broadly acceptable recommendations for public action to keep our children from sinking into the morass of organized ignorance which is the reverse of true democracy. The teachers' colleges and the curriculum organizers really live in a sort of Laputa, a flying island. As Mr. Bestor says,

It is a curiously ostrich-like way of 'meeting life needs' to de-emphasize foreign languages during a period of . . . global tension, and to de-emphasize mathematics at precisely the time when the nation's security has come to depend on Einstein's equation: $E = mc^2$. We must face the facts.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

The Hill of Devi, by E. M. Forster. One reads this account of six months of 1921 which Mr. Forster spent as British secretary to the Rajah of the Indian Kingdom of Dewas Senior, with the pleasure of a child in some kingdom of Oz. One understands that the world he describes has vanished as completely as a dream: it was disintegrating even then. In his letters home which make up a large part of the book, he describes, for instance, the inside of the palace he was supposed to help administer:

I can't start now on the inside of the palace—two pianos (one a grand), a harmonium, and a dulciphone, all new and all unplayable, their notes sticking and their frames cracked by dryness. I look into a room—dozens of warped towel horses are stabled there, or a new suite of drawing-room chairs with their insides gushing out. I open a cupboard near the bath and find it full of teapots. . . .

Or again, an outdoor problem:

I could never describe the muddle in this place. It is wheel within wheel. Pipes have been laid (for

example) all down the flower border, and connected with an empty water tank, which stands on four legs and takes its share in spoiling our surroundings. It is connected—in its turn—with an almost empty well, and if there was any water in the well it would have to be raised into the tank by an electric pump of insufficient power to raise the water. You are not at the end of the chain yet, for the electric pump is connected with the Electric House which is only on at night, when all its energies are required for the Palace lighting. So there we are, and there are the flowers dying. I tried to raise the water from the well by bullocks, but only one pair could be found, and one of them was so ill that I sent it to Indore to the Hospital for Indisposed Cows.

One is amused at such passages but sees clearly throughout the book the depth of Mr. Forster's understanding of the Indian character and the Indian-British problems of the time, and why *A Passage to India*, written several years later, is the great book that it is. Harcourt, Brace, \$4

THERE is a sameness about prison books as there is about prison life, and after a day of reading two of them one begins to move around in "normal" life with real gratitude. But there are differences in them as the following books illustrate.

Next Time for Life, by Tom Runyon. When a man has served sixteen years in prison on a life sentence for bank robbery and second-degree murder; as pulled himself up by his own mental and spiritual bootstraps to a position of respect and semi-freedom within the prison; has written articles for nationally known magazines and made innumerable friends outside the prison (his son among them) through his writings, it must be hard for him to write a book about his life without self-pity in his voice. Mr. Runyon's book is remarkable on many counts, but especially so for his straightforward telling and facing of the facts. He hasn't abandoned hope for freedom but he does no special pleading. He started his career as a weak man, but not an evil one. He is now, on the evidence, a strong one. He has had dreadful times and dreadful experiences in prison—as what "inmate" has not—

but he has managed to turn his efforts to successful and unsentimental helping of others, rather than toward bitter contemplation of his own lot. Besides, he writes extremely well. An exciting and hopeful book. Norton, \$3.75

Next Time for Life, by Paul Warren. Here is the story of a man who is now free after twice serving prison terms for robbery. (A third sentence would mean life.) His experiences in prison were more terrible than Tom Runyon's partly because his were apparently worse prisons, but also, one feels, because he is a weaker man. His stories are more dramatic in one way, for he was always being tempted by the more unhappy and unsavory solaces of prison life—as he was tempted by the excitement of house-breaking—and sometimes succumbing (Tom Runyon did not), and some of his friendships, including that with Nathan Loeb, seem oversentimentalized. The book is not as well written nor as convincing on any level as Mr. Runyon's, but from both books one gets a real sense of horror at the punitive rather than curative measures taken (this was ten or fifteen years ago) against men already at war with society and themselves. This is a paperbound book, but not a reprint. Dell, 25¢

The Wild Place, by Kathryn Hulme. I would have thought that one's emotions had so often been stirred by books and stories about Europe's displaced persons that nothing but numbness could result from reading another. I couldn't be more wrong. This book about Wildflecken—a camp run by UNRRA and IRO, 1945-1951—for more than 20,000 displaced Poles, on the slopes of the pine-covered Bavarian mountains, is written by an American woman. She was deputy commander of the camp, and writes with such a sense of drama, such compassion, wit, and charm that for once one sees the thousands of homeless not as a mass, but as individuals with whom one is deeply identified. Will Ignatz' new baby live? Will the Army give back to the thousands of bewildered ones the extra Christmas rations (so painstakingly distributed on Christmas eve by weary UNRRA workers) which the poor Poles are suddenly—



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on Army inspection—accused of stealing? Will the sixty-year old Polish Contessa be barred from the United States because in her youth she received a degree from the University of Leningrad (while the Tsar was still on the throne)? It is a book for everyone—to enjoy, to be inspired by, and to learn from.

Atlantic Little, Brown, \$3.75

FORECAST

Man Hunts

It's undoubtedly because of the times we live in, but it does seem as if reader interest in men being hunted by their fellow men has suddenly blossomed into a tension-wire hysteria. Or so one would gather from the early 1954 offerings of publishers and book clubs—both fiction and non-fiction. For instance: Little, Brown offers two spy-and-adventure novels in January—*Dark Crusade* (Communist conspiracy unearthed in the capitols of Europe) by **James M. Fox**, and *Last Clear Chance* (undercover operations along the Potomac) by **Burke Wilkinson**. . . . The Book of the Month offers for February a true story of the "most successful Allied Intelligence ruse of World War II," *The Man Who Never Was* by **Ewen Montagu** (Lippincott), and for March the fabulous story of a man who escaped from an Indian internment camp in 1943 over the Himalaya into Tibet, *Seven Years in Tibet*, by **Heinrich Harrer**, to be published in February by Dutton. Also in February Viking will publish *The Murderer*, by **Jean Morris**, a highly involved death-of-a-spy story. And on March 1, Random House is bringing out *The Desperate Hours*, by **Joseph Hayes**—a first novel about three escaped and hunted convicts who take over a family in a private home and hold them as hostages—Literary Guild March selection.

A Doctor Works on It

Perhaps in view of the above and the crop of books on life in prison we should all look forward to a book to be published in the spring by Harcourt, Brace. It has already received the Isaac Ray Award presented by the American Psychiatric Association: *The Psychology of the Criminal Act and Punishment* by **Dr. Gregory Zilboorg**.

THE NEW RECORDINGS

Folk Music

Edward Tatnall Canby

A FEW minutes in a folk record store—I have one right around my corner will convince you that folk music today is anything that has a guitar in it. The collection at my local shop (the Record Loft, 189 West 10th St., N.Y. 14) is as huge on LP as my own sprawling classical one and just as various—except, of course, for the omnipresent guitars.

It's easy to be glibly inspired by the beauties of "the music of the people" (which people, what people?) without bothering to define it. All music is music of the people, some of them or a lot of them. Jerome Kern and Johann Strauss fit the category and so do Bartok, Copland, and, of course, Beethoven and Bach; also Lead Belly and Bessie Smith. Definitions don't sell folk records—the term as its own sales magic. What is folk music and, more important, what is good folk music?

The present rules were first laid down about 1900, though the music itself is as old as man. In the course

Darwinian thinking of that time, a few original minds had suddenly seen that the untutored, hand-me-down music of the uneducated people never committed to paper and free to evolve as it would—was art itself in evolution and beautiful in its own ageless terms, where before it had been contemptuously ignored. In England Cecil Sharp was the embattled pioneer; in Hungary, Bartok and Kodaly. The fight for this new attitude took time, but when it was won the "folk" suddenly found themselves being "collected" right and left and here was the greatest contradiction imaginable, for once a folk song is collected, written down, it is paralyzed and removed bodily from the very life stream that keeps it alive.

SHARP didn't know the phonograph and the tape recorder of day. His written notes are arbitrary in detail and preserve practically nothing of the style of performance—as important as the notes themselves. If the written folk

song loses its fluidity, then what of the recorded performance, which preserves so very much more of the original? The answer is evident: on records folk music is authentic enough to live again—that is, to transmit itself to new performers as a live tradition.

For Sharp, good folk music was necessarily very old. He assumed that folk art was dying, as it surely was in the small British villages where its carrier culture had been swept away by the new industrial civilization. He would gasp if he could hear what I have just heard, right here in New York. He was eternally right, however, in that folk music is still an art transmitted *aurally*, from person to person. That is amazingly evident now, in spite of so much recorded drivel. As one plays the new LPs it is remarkably easy to hear the aural and the written traditions, plainly at war and both of them as clearly alive.

The Aural Tradition

Hermes Nye: *Anglo-American Ballads*. Folkways FP 37. Bascom Lamar Lunsford: *Smoky Mountain Ballads*. Folkways FP 40.

Anybody can be a folk singer today. Profession, birth, upbringing, or racial origin have surprisingly little to do with the final results. Here are two practicing lawyers, folk singers and ardent collectors on the side, who represent a fundamental difference not at all apparent in their backgrounds.

Hermes Nye collects "Texas versions" of the old Anglo-American songs and does them to his own guitar accompaniment. In spite of his entirely honest methods of collecting—he picks them up by ear—his songs smack immediately of the written note. As he says, his Texas "John Peel" comes right out of a Girl Scout song book. He likes it and so do I—no excuses needed. But this is not folk transmission as much as it is the typical crystallization—codification, so to speak—that comes to folk music when it is reduced to the simplified, arbitrary categories of musical notation and then remade into song. Not bad music—just written music.

Mr. Lunsford, on the other hand,

is indubitably an aural man. One feels that his versions—slightly eccentric and mannered, not too musical—are nevertheless unlike any others in a hundred taken-for-granted subtleties of individual treatment. Even though some of his sources may be notes, you can count on a freedom in his reading of them which is the essence of the aural tradition, so strong in the South.

WRITTEN-down-style folk music is easy to find in the recorded field. Picked at random are **Bill Bender: Frontier Ballads and Cowboy Songs** (Stinson SLP 18), a conventional collection that to my ear is right out of somebody's book. In other words, the singer may learn by ear but he seems to take his notes and words literally, second-hand, as though print were law, not adding his own free, constructive authority as does the "real" folk artist.

Folk Stylings

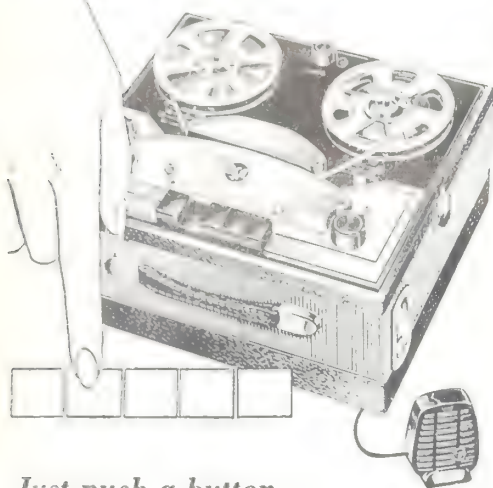
FOLK music in older times was intimately attached to a culture, a region, even a town; geography was all-important in maintaining styles and traditions. Now, on records, the older styles are set loose in both time and space, becoming, instead, a set of manners unattached to any permanent place. Thus it is not unusual to find a "Smoky Mountain style" singer or instrumentalist born and living in New York and able to compete with the best.

Shep Ginandes: *British Trad. Ballads in America* (Elektra EKL-4); *French Traditional Songs* (EKL-9). Here is a Boston psychiatrist with a good sense of musicianship and a happy imitative faculty who does excellent, if not great, folk song renditions, reproducing styles naturally and intuitively. The French songs are particularly well done.

Cynthia Gooding: *Queen of Heavens: Early English Folk Songs* (Elektra EKL-11); *Turkish and Spanish Folk Songs* (EKL-5); *American Folk Songs* (EKL-8). This lady with the baritone voice and a Turkish husband is somewhat too individualistic to record these divergent styles impartially, but she is musical and must listen with an enterprising ear. Diction is excellent in the several tongues.

Frank Warner Sings *Am. Folk Songs and Ballads* (EKL-3). Mr. and Mrs. Warner have spent years at a joint

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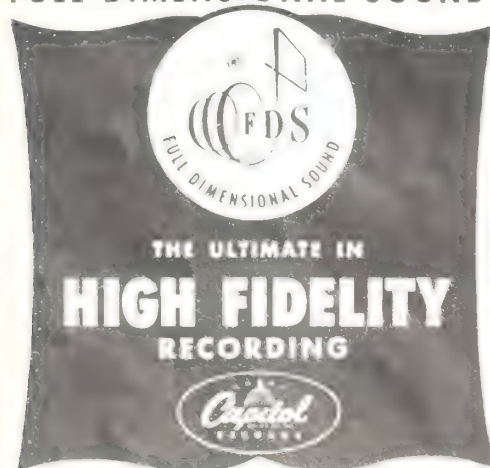
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

hobby, traveling to collect folk songs by ear and make friends in the process. Warner's big, simple voice imitates American ways with an obviously personal authority: he is a specialist in New York State folk music as well as the better known Southern and Negro varieties. A rough, hearty delivery, not particularly subtle as music but as friendly and honest as can be.

Oscar Brand: Back-Room Ballads. (Chesterfield CMS 101). The "Wandering Minstrel" of New York is the indefatigable producer of a weekly radio folk music program, with a sure professional sense of style, a good accompanying guitar hand, and a monotony in the singing that is due mainly to a simple lack of deeper musical insight.

Individualists

As in every other field, there are the individualists, on folk records, who defy classification and sing their own eccentric way, for better or worse.

John Jacob Niles (Boone-Tolliver). Though his fame is widespread and he is loved, my ear tells me that his present exaggerations of style not only go far outside of the basic restraints of the kind of music he sings but are unmusical and, in particular, unrhythmical.

Carl Sandburg's songs to his own guitar have ended his numerous lectures for years and years; his song books have been popular too. On LP (*The American Songbag*, Lyricord LI4) he sings as always, individually. Folk artists may dislike him, but the net result is a pleasant eccentricity that's decidedly musical.

Burl Ives, an old-time folk singer, is eccentric mainly in that he has broken into the biggest-time radio, records, films, and the rest, yet still manages to preserve a consistent folk style, even to the tune of a large orchestra. His records, on big labels, are innumerable, and he is a good musician, still. In a similar berth is **Josh White**, long a top Negro star but, in spite of a slick night-club manner, still a fine musician and able to do his own elaborating on the music he performs.

The Classical Approach

Cecil Sharp's own tradition still has wide applications and, given an understanding of the original sense and musical intent of a song, there is no reason why folk music cannot sustain arrangement or use in any "classical" manner—indeed, there is no more fruitful source for composition. Nevertheless, there is much misuse of folk melodies, without understanding, with mannerisms, harmonies, tempi that are senseless as far as the musical original is concerned.

The late **Kathleen Ferrier** of England has two LPs for London on which she sings British folk songs with superb vocal quality and pitch—but no understanding of the nature of folk song. As art songs, some of these come through beautifully.

Richard Dyer-Bennet ("Twentieth-Century Minstrel"), whose pleasantly nasal tenor has been around for years, though he plays guitar and sings with a hearty rhythm, strikes me still as essentially a concert-style, written-down-music artist; his sources are the song books—the best of them—rather than the people, recorded or alive. A good musician, which counts for a lot, he appears on LPs from numerous companies.

Andrew Rowan Summers, who comes from Virginia, has spent years searching out folk music in his own territory, plays a dulcimer of a sort left him by an old local singer but sings in a sweetly classical fashion, very much in the Sharp tradition, giving again the sense that his tunes have been written down, and very precisely, too. He has three LPs on the Folkways label.

The Great

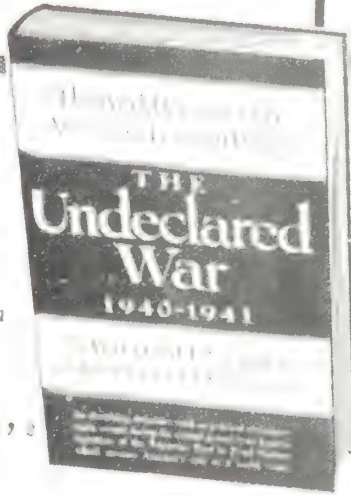
There are great artists in folk music. As in every other art, who through ages have kept the aural tradition alive, given the impetus to better music, launched the successful versions, the trickier and more beautiful twists and subtleties of style and technique.

Of all the old originals, the late **Lead Belly** was the most widely influential. A relatively great touring success, this strong-minded and tremendous musician could never be induced to change his original jail-bird Negro style in the slightest for commercial gain; his recordings were consistent to the end. Much LP Lead Belly is on the Stinson and Folkways labels, about half and half. But one outstanding disc should be known by all who know Lead Belly, Capitol's *Classics in Jazz* (it's hardly jazz), H 369, the only Lead Belly recording made with modern wide-range techniques. On this disc you'll find that Lead Belly can be understood after all, when you give him back his S sounds!

Don't be deceived by the apparent crudity of his music. This man was no less than a genius at rhythm; his singing styles, words, and music, are as sophisticated and subtle as any art on earth, classic or no, and his rich, dissonantly modal guitar harmonies were unmatched by any other performer's.

An interesting side light is the LP of **Blind Lemon Jefferson** (Riverside RLP 1014), an older singer who came too soon for the recording and concert boom that picked up Lead Belly. He was Lead Belly's teacher, informally, and the origins of the virile Lead Belly style are immediately evident.

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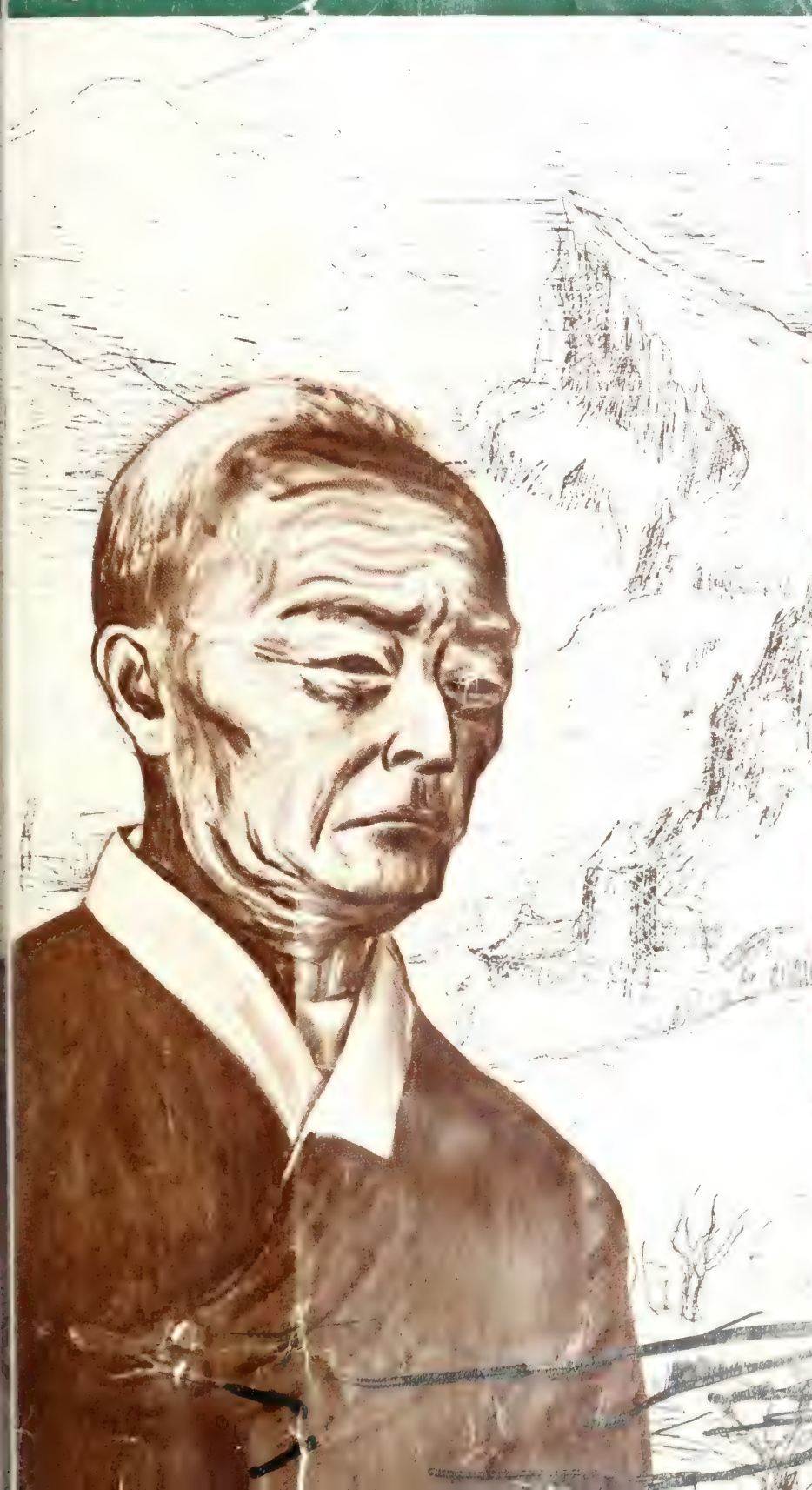
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Lyngman Rhee: The Free Man's Burden by Frank Gibney

A detailed pencil sketch of an elderly man with a deeply lined face, looking slightly to the right. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. The background features a sketch of a mountain range with a prominent peak.

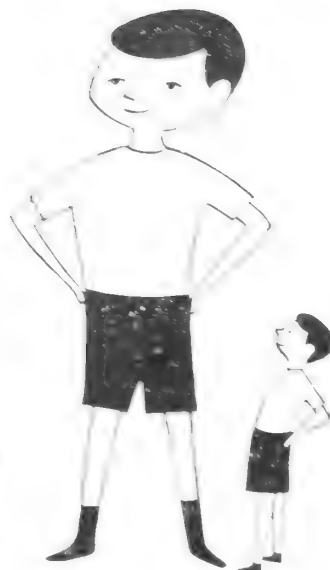
Unjustified Surgery
Greer Williams

Tennessee Preachers and
the Demon Rum
Marshall Morgan

The Berlitz Affair
Emily Kimbrough

What Foreign Trade Means
to Indiana
Carroll Kilpatrick

Giant boy



Scientists now foresee that the atomic furnace will all be flaring in this century, may already in its infancy.

The giant now appears to be a boy, with most of the old giving grounds left. What size is the giant? What size is the boy? — in this, the age, electronics, TV, radio, electrically powered ships, the size of the world, which is the world, and possibly go from here? What are some of the problems?

Take a personal thing first. Millions of homes will have heat pumps to heat and cool automatically.

You can expect to cook food someday by elec-

Energy from the atom will eventually be a major source of power, regardless of whether fossil fuels are seriously depleted. By century's end, most new plants generating electricity will operate with atomic fission fuel. Aircraft, battleships, and the like will measure fuel consumption in grams.

What would converting sea water to fresh, at low cost, be worth to drought-deviled seaboard cities? This is possible and will be worth billions to the public. Storing heat from the sun is another long-range project of scientists.

As simply as we can say it, the future is ending, an era of possibilities, comfort, welfare and defense.

The year 2000 looks big, is only 40 years away. By then, the predictions made today will have become the new. The years should be in-

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Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00 one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

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Current interest in the development of international trade has great significance for the American economy. It has been stimulated by the studies of the Randall Commission and the government's emphasis on replacing foreign loans and grants by private investment. The following statement on this theme was delivered as a speech by Eugene Holman, Board chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), at the dinner closing the 40th National Foreign Trade Conference in New York City, in November 1953.

Building Prosperity Through World Trade

by Eugene Holman

Chairman of the Board of Directors, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

Since we have had so much success in promoting world trade as has been

achieved in the past few years, it is not surprising that we are now faced with the problem of how to maintain this progress. The answer is to continue to work for the expansion of world trade, for it is the only way to maintain the high standards of living which we have achieved in this country. The expansion of world trade is essential to the life and health of our nation and to the well-being of the world.

It is the duty of every citizen to support the expansion of world trade, for it is the only way to maintain the high standards of living which we have achieved in this country. The expansion of world trade is essential to the life and health of our nation and to the well-being of the world.

tended large-scale aid to other free nations.

These aid programs were emergency measures, designed to hold the fort until other nations could lay the foundations for economic recovery. That purpose has been generally accomplished and, except for some help in the procurement of military items, it seems to me that these aid programs have largely served their purpose. I think most people agree that, in the long run, the best way for other nations to get dollars is through private trade and investment rather than through large loans and grants-in-aid on a government-to-government basis. It is better for other nations and better for us that they stand on their own feet.

There is another reason why foreign trade is important to us. Through a process of historic evolution—resulting partly from the gifts of Nature but more importantly from our form of government and the character of our business system—we are the most highly productive nation in the world. We have reached a point where we not only produce

great volumes of goods for our own consumption but, in many lines, can turn out large amounts beyond our own needs.

To dispose of such goods realistically entails a two-way process in which we send our goods and services abroad and, in return, receive different goods and services from overseas. There is great benefit to us in such exchanges. When we trade our products for those we do not have, or for those which other people can make more advantageously, we gain by having a wider variety of things to enjoy or by getting goods at lower prices.

Of course our country could maintain a high level of economic activity without a great deal of foreign trade. But just as our present high living standards have resulted from the free exchange of large volumes of goods within our own borders, so can our prosperity be enhanced still further by enlarging the area of our trade.

Clearing the Road

How can we reduce the roadblocks that now hinder the free world from moving toward an expanding international trade—toward an exchange of goods and services balanced at progressively higher levels?

Statements made both here and abroad sometimes give an impression that only one roadblock stands in the way of achieving this end—United States tariffs. All would be well, some contend, if our tariffs were reduced or eliminated. This is an unfortunate oversimplification. For tariffs are only a small, though important, part of the whole problem. Our government, other governments, and business here and abroad must develop more liberal policies in *several* fields before international trade and investment will make their potentially greater contributions to people's welfare.

I do not hold the view that we should abolish all tariffs, nor that our present volume of imports is so low that other nations can justly criticize us, nor that our tariffs—with certain exceptions—are outrageously high. But I do hold the view that we should move in the direction of reducing tariffs and quota restrictions and simplifying customs procedures.

High on the list of things which our own

government should do to foster foreign trade is to act *consistently*. A greater obstacle to foreign trade than any specific United States law or regulation is uncertainty as to how long our laws and regulations will remain on the books unchanged. For example, the uncertainty of our tariff policy, as distinct from the rate of our tariffs at any particular time, is a great deterrent to construction of a plant abroad to supply goods for the American market.

Encouragement of United States private investment abroad has long been regarded as a basic policy and government authorities readily agree to it in principle. Yet actions by our agencies and representatives on occasion have seemed inconsistent with this policy. They have also seemed inconsistent with actions and statements of other United States agencies and representatives affecting foreign trade and investment. The resulting confusion hampers constructive economic and business programs.

Another roadblock to foreign trade is the so-called "Escape Clause" in the Reciprocal Trade Act. Actually this clause has been so administered that, so far as I know, it has not caused any great hardships. But its existence is a deterrent to any foreign businessman who is thinking of conducting a campaign to sell his product in the United States. He may well feel that the more successful his efforts, the more likely they will be nullified through operation of the Escape Clause. Personally, I should like to see the Reciprocal Trade Act renewed, but certainly neither the Escape Clause nor its counterpart, the Peril Point provision, should be further tightened to protect the few at the expense of the many.

OUR government also should review United States tax laws respecting foreign business. These laws frequently handicap American companies operating abroad. Even if there is favorable tax treatment in the foreign country where the business is done, the result is often only an increase in United States taxes when the profits are brought home. Other governments quite understandably ask—why should they reduce taxes just so that the United States can increase its take?

Where United States companies star

Respect for the laws of our own and other countries needs to be clarified. Any responsible American company naturally wants to conduct its business, no matter where, in accordance with its own legal concepts. But companies must conduct their foreign activities in accordance also with the laws and customs of each country in which they operate. This presents serious problems in cases where observance of United States law or custom might require violating the law or custom of the foreign country, or the reverse. These problems have been intensified by the increasing tendency of United States courts and law enforcement agencies to apply the laws of the United States to operations beyond our borders, a tendency which is rightly resented by other nations.

Any course of action proposed for the United States government should be weighed in terms of the national interest as a whole. The full benefits of world trade can never be obtained if a policy which should be truly national in purpose is unduly influenced by domestic special interest groups. Further, a national interest approach is one which other nations can understand. There is nothing contradictory between working for a high level of foreign trade and maintaining the best interests of each participating country. We can and should be entirely frank in asserting our national interest and should welcome frankness in return.

What Others Nations Can Do

HAVING looked at conditions in our own house, it is proper to consider actions open to other nations. Naturally, each one must decide its own policies. We in this country must keep from even the appearance of dictating. But we can, as friends, indicate the areas in which we think other governments could take steps to our mutual

benefit. One of the biggest roadblocks to freer world trade erected by some of those governments consists of discriminations against outside industries and traders. Many nations that point to American tariffs as an excuse for inhibiting trade with us have put up much more formidable barriers against our goods. Systems of quotas, extensive trade prohibitions, bilateralism, and other discriminatory

trade practices are cases in point. The excesses that flow from misguided nationalism, such as confiscation of property and the repudiation of contracts honestly entered into and honestly observed, certainly do not encourage trade.

As a result of our own country's high productivity, we have not only large volumes of goods for export but also capital to send abroad. American investors are willing to assume normal risks in putting their capital to work overseas. But in many instances the risks go far beyond the normal and involve uncertainty respecting security of property, managerial rights, taxation, and repatriation of invested capital and profits. It is always encouraging to read pronouncements by officials of other governments regarding fair treatment of foreign capital; what is needed more is concrete action.

IN THIS age, all nations look to industrial development as an important means to national strength and better living standards for their peoples. But important as it is, industrial development should not be allowed to get out of balance with other elements of the economy. Pushing industrial development at too fast a pace can disrupt agriculture and foreign trade dependent on it.

Nations can promote economic stability by honest attempts to set their own financial houses in order. This calls for realistic tax systems and equitable distribution of the tax burden. It calls for the use of revenue for developments which will benefit the people generally instead of, for example, impressive but non-productive public improvements. Available foreign exchange should be used to buy necessities before spending for luxuries.

If measures such as those I have mentioned are followed wholeheartedly by many nations, the basis will be established for the removal of what is undoubtedly one of the biggest single roadblocks to expanded world trade—the non-convertibility of currencies. Once currencies become truly convertible, the abilities of all nations to export goods, services, and capital will be tremendously increased. But let us be clear that, desirable as convertibility is, the mechanism will not be really effective unless present regulations which limit rights to acquire and use currencies are revoked at the same time.

In discussing foreign trade it is inevitable that one should devote much time to the role of governments. As a result one may seem to underestimate the role of businessmen and unwittingly to encourage the trend toward the entry of government into areas which should be the responsibility of private enterprise. Actually, a most powerful force for international understanding and co-operation is the influence of thousands of individual businessmen working directly with the people of other countries.

Of course the mere fact that these innumerable daily relationships take place does not automatically assure that the results will be good. Yet it is encouraging to observe that for many years American businessmen living abroad have been learning the ways and attitudes necessary to bridge the natural gaps between peoples of different traditions and customs. The basis for our businessmen's growing capacity for co-operation has been the rather obvious one of honestly trying to find and emphasize the many things we have in common as opposed to our differences. We are learning to be part of the foreign community, both at the level of the corporation itself and at the level of personal relationships.

Better Mutual Understanding

POLICIES which contribute to this desirable state of affairs cover a wide range. They include the careful selection and training of employees who go abroad, the employment and training of nationals, fair employee relations policies, participation in local activities, keeping out of local politics, and knowledge of the language and customs of the country on the part of the expatriate employees.

American business organizations abroad should make continuing effort to inform government officials, employees, and the general public not only about company actions and purposes, but about the principles which govern the flow of private investment from the United States.

It is not difficult to find government officials in many countries who will agree with American investors that a given policy would be in their nation's interest. But they will point out that they cannot act accordingly

and remain in office because of the temper of public opinion. Government men can be very helpful here, by seeking to develop understanding and acceptance in other countries of actions essential to an increased flow of American private capital abroad.

Businessmen of other countries wanting to increase their sales in the United States must exert themselves intelligently to that end. We are today in what is essentially a buyers' market, and no businessman—American or foreign—is automatically guaranteed a place in it. The success which many foreign manufacturers have had in developing business in our country since the end of the war shows that our tariffs are not always insurmountable. Businessmen of other nationalities will do well to study the American mind and the American market, and to design their products and sales programs to attract the American consumer.

PUBLIC opinion in the United States is extremely important to the framing of policies here which will lead to expansion of foreign trade. It is not sufficient to limit discussion of what the policies should be to legislators and other government officials. Many of them are already well-informed about foreign trade problems. But under our representative form of government the decisions of individual lawmakers are rightly influenced by what they believe their constituents back home want to see done. It is necessary, therefore, that a broad program of information be directed to the general public so that a wider understanding and support for sound policies may be won from people throughout the United States.

Even more to the point, is where such informational work can lead. Improving the world economically is a vital job in itself. It is also an essential foundation of something far more important, political peace. The co-operative, mutually-sustaining framework of free nations which we have set before ourselves as a political ideal can only be built by prosperous countries. In the effort to bring about prosperity, therefore, we shall at the same time be making great contributions to international strength and to peace. These are not narrow goals. They are worthy of every bit of effort we can give.

Stamp Collectors—

Dealing with Russia—

Ernest I. Young, a tall, young man with a
refreshing, open enthusiasm in the

I regard Ernest T. Weir's article as one of the most important published in *Harvard* in recent years. It is high time we Americans got a good look at ourselves through the eyes of peoples abroad; our sense of proportion has been impaired by

Now, quite obviously, Mr. Weir's friends—and certainly Mr. Weir—are not consciously working for the Kremlin. They are merely reflecting the same sort of inverted logic induced by fear that caused the British and the French during 1938-39 to believe that they must refrain from "provoking" Adolf Hitler. . . .

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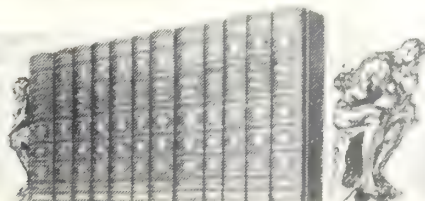
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EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
Washington, D. C.

You Sure Can —

To the Editors:

I, too, can write the casual style.

I have just finished what is in my high school orbit considered to be an editorial column for the biweekly of which I am editor, and I would like to utter a word of essentially unmodified praise to William H. Whyte, Jr. ["You, Too, Can Write the Casual Style," October].

It isn't the best column I have written. Any undue brevity, indeed, escapes detection; its charm would elude even Mr. Whyte, I feel reasonably confident; and as always the necessity for appeal to somewhat less than brilliant high school students was rather retarding.

But I did it in fifteen minutes.

Although the secrets of the casual style were sometimes more amusing than the effect they produced, I saw very little evidence of Mr. Whyte's being an entirely crisp writer. In his blurred, antic way, however, he revealed the beautifully drawn conclusions of a master statistician.

Mr. Whyte's disembodied recipe for boredom, as I choose to call it, is an arch example of the cheap crutches that are sending the somewhat contemptible contemporaries to Fifth Avenue penthouses and the altogether classic geniuses to early coffins. . . .

On the whole I found Mr. Whyte's plan altogether masterable and equally dull, and I shall promptly return to my obsolete but somewhat challenging old plays. . . .

JAN BURROWAY
Student Editor,
The Mustang Roundup
Phoenix, Ariz.

Second-Class Mail —

To the Editors:

Re the article "Who'll Pay the Postage?" in your January issue: the second-class postage paid by magazines and newspapers has been a very controversial subject within the over-all controversy . . . and since I have been active on behalf of the Smaller Magazines Postal Committee, I would like to make a few comments. . . .

The oft referred to \$240,000,000 second-class postal deficit is not a deficit at all. It is a bookkeeping figure based on a flat apportionment of costs across all the classes of postage on the basis of number of pieces, number of pounds, and other accounting indices. . . . If this accounting apportionment is to be used as a basis for setting second-class rates, then second-class mail should be of equal value with first-class and should be handled on the same basis and with the same speed, which it isn't.

The second important point about second class is that there is a vast disparity within second-class rates themselves. . . . In all cases the rate is on a pound basis with the result that a heavy publication pays much more per piece than a lighter publication, although each involves the same amount of sorting labor and there is a difference only in the transportation cost. . . . We have analyzed the postal expenditures within our Smaller Magazine Postal Committee and find that if all second-class entries paid on the same basis there would be no second-class deficit, even on a flat apportioned basis. . . .

A. C. KALMBACH
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Anti-Blurb —

To the Editors:

Please consider this one vote against the use of blurbs in *Harper's*. If an article appears in *Harper's*, it is worth reading. You don't have to sell each article as you go along.

ALAN LEVENSOHN
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

(The Editors are grateful for Mr. Levensohn's comment and would find it helpful to have other readers' opinions on this subject.)



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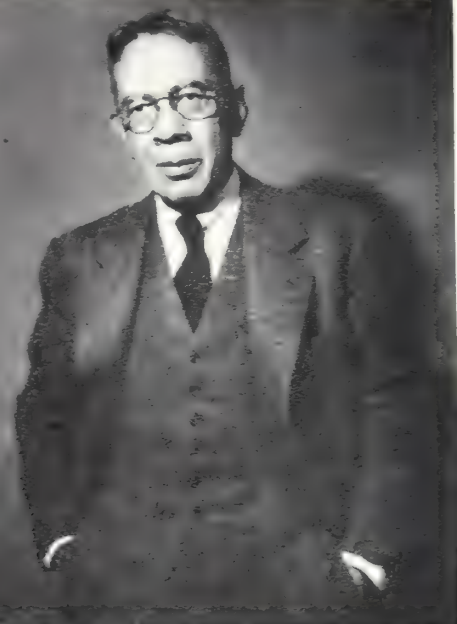
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Parks and Pictures

A lot of letters and editorials have assumed that the ills of the National Parks, which I described in the October issue, could be cured if the entrance fees were to be raised. This is a soothing idea but it is wrong. In the first place, the fees collected (actually for automobile permits) do not go to the National Park Service but to the U. S. Treasury. That is government practice and very sound: if a bureau could amass funds of its own it would be free of Congressional control. In the second place, the amount needed to rehabilitate the parks is much greater than any increase of fees could provide. (Can you imagine a fifty-dollar or even a twenty-five-dollar fee for Yellowstone?) The present crisis was produced by fourteen years of cumulative neglect. Congress did not provide money to repair the deterioration that went on unchecked in the parks during the war. It has not provided money to enable the parks to cope with the enormous postwar increase in tourist travel. To correct either error would require a big appropriation and unless both are corrected—soon—the parks can never be rehabilitated.

Does anyone suppose such appropriations will be provided? As I write this, the Bureau of the Budget has reduced the appropriation for the next fiscal year somewhat below this year's, though during the last travel season the number of visitors increased by more than three million and accelerated the breakdown of facilities that were already intolerably overstrained. When this issue of *The Easy Chair* appears, the House and Senate appropriations committees will be trying to see how much they can knock off the Bureau's figures. They customarily cut some items by an arbitrary percentage and others by arbitrary and

mysterious round numbers, arrived at in the inscrutable wisdom of statesmanship. This is known as economy in government or letting the plant go to hell, a kind of managerial stupidity that no corporation's stockholders would permit. A federal bureau which turns a lot of money into the Treasury can ask that some of the take be plowed back for maintenance, but the intangibles with which the Park Service deals cannot be capitalized and so have no show-me value for Congressmen.

Meanwhile, the principal job of the Advisory Board on National Parks, of which I have been a member for five years, is to say that it finds no national significance in various semi-scenic Lovers Leaps which Congressmen, urged on by local chambers of commerce, are eager to have added to the national park system—without appropriations to take care of them.

CONGRESSIONAL neglect could be ended if people who use the parks, or those who think that our grandchildren would like to use them too, understood that the problem exists. In the first ten months of 1953 forty-three million people had visited the parks. All except a handful of them seem to assume that a park ranger, a road, a comfort station, and a fire truck are just like the waterfalls, provided by nature at no expense.

One inequity of the fee system was corrected last year. There are now two kinds of entrance permits, one good for a short stay, the other for the whole season, so that people who live near a park and visit it repeatedly pay twice as much as the casual tourist. So what happens? Most tourists leave a park before their permits have expired. Just beyond the entrance station many give them to boys who sell them at half-price to

new arrivals; many others turn them over direct to the newcomers. Both donor and recipient get intense satisfaction from beating the United States out of a dollar, sometimes up to two dollars and seventy-five cents.

ALL the proposals made in the long letter which was run in the December issue were wildly impractical but one was horrifying: that we permit the development of business and amusement centers in the parks. The problem of the concessions, like several other NPS problems, is probably insoluble but the shortest way to destroy the parks completely would be to provide resort services. If it is Coney Island, the Midway, or even Danceland, it is not a national park. These are areas of climactic natural beauty and supreme scientific importance, and they are primitive areas. The national park idea is to maintain them in their natural condition. Decent comfort for visitors must be assured (though it isn't at present) but the parks are not vacation resorts. Some of the pressure on them would disappear, in fact, if it could be made clear to vacationists that they aren't, that there are no golf courses, roller coasters, or bathing beaches at Many Glaciers.

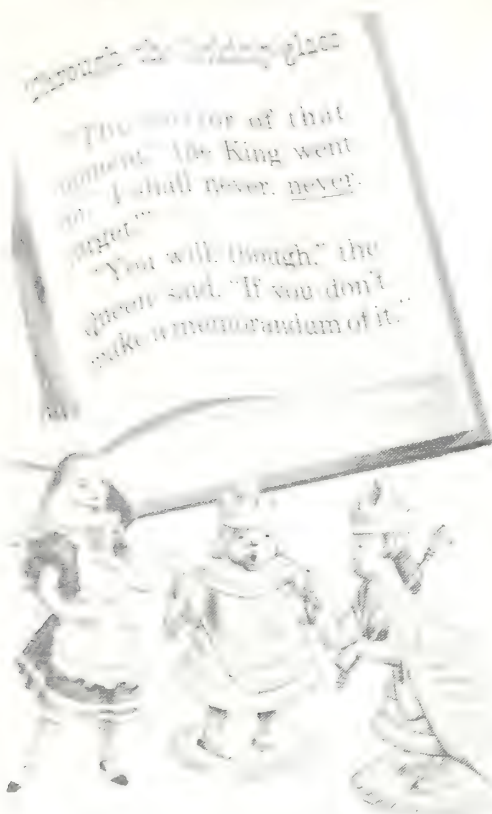
The purpose, I repeat, is to preserve our most majestic scenery intact and in its primitive condition. To this end Congressman Leroy Johnson of California has introduced a bill, HR 1037, which would change the status of Dinosaur National Monument, making it a national park, and a companion measure, HR 1038, which would further safeguard Dinosaur and all the parks. The idea is to close Dinosaur to builders of dams, the present law which forbids dam-building being apparently permeable by the Bureau of Reclamation. The Monument is in the high plateau country of Colorado and Utah. It contains tremendous canyons of the Green and Yampa Rivers and some of the wildest water in North America. Scenically it is the equal of any of the parks and it is sharply individual, unique, an overpowering spectacle in sculptured stone. It is also an untouched wilderness of almost ridiculously easy access. Bureau of Reclamation propaganda represents it as inaccessible, but any automobile can reach the edge of the Yampa canyons in half an hour from US 40 and there are places where the river itself can be reached at only a mild risk of getting stuck. The two dams which the Bureau of Reclamation proposes to build there, as part of the development of the Colorado River, would convert majestic canyons into mere creases, reduce vast cliffs to mere cutbanks, and subdue white water to mill-pond placidity. There are sites outside the Monument where equivalent dams could be built, one of them at less expense.

Keep an eye on Congressman Johnson's bills. The present Administration has not decided what to do about reclamation projects. But even if they should remain in abeyance, private power companies, which, like the government's dam-builders, have so far been kept out of the parks, could force their way in by the gate which the Bureau of Reclamation proposes to open—and which the bills would lock shut. Up to now the project to which the Dinosaur dams belong has been much too costly for private enterprise but it may not be hereafter. In the provision for tax amortization that was intended for armament plants, the Idaho Power Company has found a gimmick which could get its dams in Hell's Canyon built not only free of charge—that is paid for by the taxpayer—but with a sixty-million-dollar bonus for initiative.

Meanwhile the Sierra Club has completed a fine film, in color and with sound, of a river trip in Dinosaur. The photography, most of it by Charles Eggert, is superb. It runs just less than thirty minutes and, short of visiting Dinosaur, provides by far the best means we have ever had of comprehending what this magnificent and threatened area is like. Interested organizations can buy, rent, or borrow prints from the Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4.

BY now there is no news value in saying that my colleague John Kouwenhoven has produced a remarkable book as part of Columbia University's bicentennial celebration. Mr. Harper said two months ago that *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York* costs \$21 and is worth it. Even as mere bookmaking it is in fact worth more; Columbia or Doubleday, the publisher, must be taking a loss on every copy sold. Mr. Kouwenhoven had a freedom few authors have ever enjoyed; in effect Doubleday told him to disregard expense and consider only what would produce the book he wanted. That turned out to be nine hundred pictures and Columbia has gained a memorial which will still be doing its job at the tercentenary, a hundred years hence. So much the better. All I can remember of the Harvard tercentenary, only eighteen years ago, is the occasion when Dr. Jung was introduced to an audience as Dr. Freud.

In one aspect the *Portrait* is a picture book and let's say at once that it is surely one of the finest ever made—beautiful, exhilarating, with a fine sweep and bravura. Most people will read it—I suppose "read" is the word—because the language catches up with invention—as a picture book. But Mr. Kouwenhoven is making several experiments in historiography and from the point of view of the historians it must be approached a good deal more seriously. As history, it requires a reader to work tolerably hard. One needs



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at least three readings to establish a base from which to make use of it. It should be read once consecutively and without lingering, to comprehend the extent and variety of the visual record, to observe its tempo, to apprehend the sweep and fluctuation of change, and to take in Mr. Kouwenhoven's method.

Then comes the hard work, a second reading in the book's own terms, which are those of a major work of history that happens also to be a pioneering work. The second time through must be slow and painstaking, in minute detail, and in relation to as much American history as one knows—and the more one brings to it, the more will be returned. It must be scanned with constant cross-reference, which Mr. Kouwenhoven facilitates by frequently directing the reader to consult earlier and later pictures, though the reader must make the comparisons much oftener than he is told to. Also, this study had better be done with a reading glass at hand. It is needed not only for minute details but because it can separate the planes which gravure reproduction tends to telescope together. After such a study another reading like the first one will produce a far greater yield in historical knowledge than a casual reader would think possible. It also, I believe, will define the possibilities and limitations of the method.

SEVERAL difficulties have to be overcome. One of them is unavoidable: as a native of the city, a lover, and a scholar Mr. Kouwenhoven is oriented with the New York scene. One who lacks the three-fold qualification must strain to visualize the picture he is looking at against the lie of the land and the city's present appearance. Another one will become less arduous as graphic representation becomes a commoner tool of history: one has to learn *how* to look at a picture which is being used as a historical document. It is easy to apprehend casual illustrative detail, costumes, say. It is tolerably easy to read the architectural record—and necessarily such a book as this emphasizes architecture at almost every moment. But beyond this the historical content has to be sought for—diligently,

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All this is in an article by Blair Moody, who not only was and is a crack newspaperman, but who was and isn't a Senator. (A Washington correspondent appointed to fill out the term of the deceased Senator Vandenberg.)

It's the most enlightened and enlightening Senate piece we've ever seen, another in the HOLIDAY series on great American institutions, another example of HOLIDAY's knack of fitting writer to subject.

* * * * *

Also in the February issue are articles on: *New England Winter*, *Montego Bay*, *Nisei Returns*, *Warm Springs*, *The New Somerset Maugham*, *California Snow Boom*, *Sarasota*, *The Lost Americans* and *Baghdad*.



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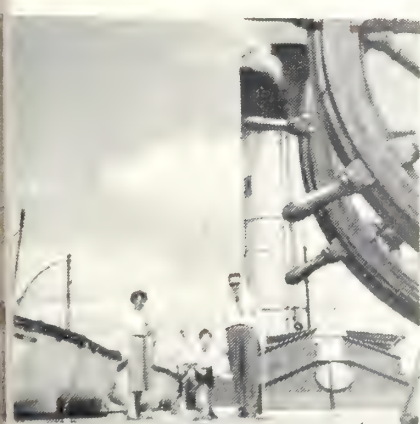


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studiously, and with historical imagination as well as historical knowledge. And a simple visual fact has to be constantly adjusted to, that in a book of heterogeneous pictures, especially one in which there are both drawings and photographs, the optical perspective is always changing.

Mr. Kouwenhoven stresses the subjective nature of his instrument, repeatedly pointing out that a picture is someone's way of looking at something. Basically, I assume him to mean the book tells you more about the people who have lived in the city than about the city they lived in. But people are the content of all history. This instrument is not often more subjective than any other with which historians must work, and what a reader must keep in mind is the special kind of subjectivity, not the degree. For a long time the men who make the pictures are on the one hand architects or draftsman or on the other pictorial artists or agents of closely allied special points of view. All have not only pictorial conventions but the particular value conventions of their trade and class. Not till the development of cheap newspapers and popular magazines do they become recorders of data, reporters. Mr. Kouwenhoven points out that only with the rise of the genre painters in the eighteenth century do the figures in a drawing become individuals rather than types. But it is also true that not until that time does anyone expect the artist to put into a scene the people who everyone knows are there. It is possible to regard this as a defect in the historical instrument, but also it remains the raw material of a serious culture which the historian must bear in mind. If he does not, he will compound it.

Thus, as Mr. Kouwenhoven records, for a long time the visual world of New York is dominated by the waterfront. It would be easy to say that all that the New Yorkers saw or were reminded by the city was the water, in its outlook to the harbor, and its transatlantic outlook. Even when the pictures turned on the eastward, it is only toward rural uptown landscapes that the eyes are directed, and the

for metropolitans, and we do not look as far as Croton till the water mains are built.

The suggestion might be that the city was unconcerned with its own corporate frontier, the interior of the colony, or the wasteland beyond. But this is a gap in the pictorial record. Other records fill the gap: to merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, and professional men the coastwise commerce was at least as important as that which crossed to the Indies or Europe. The site of the city was no more important as the terminus of the seaway than as the mouth of the Hudson, that is as the gateway to the interior. From the earliest years Albany and the Great Lakes sent wealth to the city; the business interests of the Livingstons and their circle extended to Buffalo, those of the Astors to the Pacific. Why, then, the concentration on the waterfront. Among many reasons, two: the pre-occupations of pictorial artists and the nature of the market in which they sold their wares.

Artists become reporters before the invention of photography, but then scope widens progressively after they get a camera to work with. Before that time there has been plenty of interest in commerce and trade and a naive awe before the symbols of commercial wealth. But before the camera little attention has been paid to the processes of commerce as distinguished from its symbols, less to its mechanisms, and almost none to its machines. The pictorialization of industry lags far behind industrial development, and until our own time industry is mostly treated as spectacle. There can have been no lack of a market from the middle of the nineteenth century on. We must suspect another subjective pitfall, and it is probably class-consciousness or aesthetic snobbery.

It is also a striking fact that with photography illustration suddenly becomes more convincing. Now not only can a camera be made to lie as much as the photographer may desire but a drawing can be made to tell some truths, or report some facts, more completely than a photograph. There may be some residual distrust of any visual statement, and some unconscious assumption that

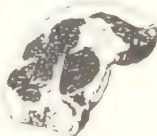

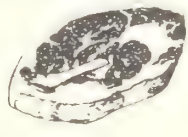

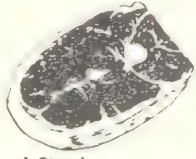
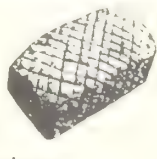


THE EASY CHAIR

e made by a lens is not corrupted human intervention. Is this hin Mr. Kouwenhoven's constant minder that a picture is someone's y of looking at something? Not ogether, I think. There also ers into it an awareness, formul- ed or not, that a picture cannot ord an event. It can look at an ested moment of an event, it can nment on an event and sometimes erpret one, but it cannot convey e for it must leave out too much— luding time, sequence, and de- opment. In Mr. Kouwenhoven's trait there is a great variety of s, wrecks, cave-ins, riots, assaults, letic contests, elections, and other ions in the course of occurring— to mention successive stages of ions which occur over long oods of time. But by themselves y must be called designs and etimes they have the quality of tract design, sometimes even of olute abstraction. They splen- ly illustrate history and they tribute to its course but they do record it by themselves.

WHAT, I think, is the fixed limita- tion of the graphic instrument hich history is now, and so very atedly, trying to make use of. It ls a visual dimension to the past, it does not of itself give the torian movement or even con- t. And without content it must ain—for the reader, not the his- ian—a kind of spectacle. No one ever worked harder than Mr. ouwenhoven, if anyone else has ked so hard, to fuse the picture l the text till they become in- arable. His text is never more n a few words, printed at the of the page—for the much longer tions of the pictures are foot- es and bibliography. But this text what transforms pictorial docu- ments, which differ only in the ure of the medium from such ditional documents as archives al personal papers, into the sub- tance of history. No doubt as his- ans develop greater skill in the of pictures, the instrument will ease in subtlety and sophistica- n, but it will still be static and, rt from the text, without content. e graphic instrument, then, is for historian; all the reader can se of it is a picture book.

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Personal & Otherwise

The Know-how We Haven't Got

THOSE people who keep worrying about "American imperialism" might as well relax.

There are millions of them, in Europe and Asia mostly honest non-Communists. They know we possess great power. They see that power spreading all over the world, from Morocco to Iceland, from Luzon to Norway. They encounter Americans with slide rules and bulldozers in all kinds of unlikely places, from the Andes to the Siamese jungle. They remember how the British oozed all over the globe, about a hundred years ago—and they suspect (naturally enough) that we are about to behave in much the same way.

If they knew a little more about the American character, they would stop worrying. Empire-building calls for a very special combination of talents. The Romans had it; the Russians have always had it, since they started spreading out from the little Duchy of Moscow some four centuries ago; the British had it, with two pair of pants. We don't.

Kipling described the empire-builder better than anybody else. The empire-builder was a romantic character, who *liked* to live in discomfort a long way from home. He gloried in minding other people's business. He had a wonderful instinct for moving in on simple natives, who hadn't heard about gunpowder and whose skin was too dark to show bruises. Above all, he had an unconscious but unshakable conviction that he was better than anybody else—and that it was his duty, therefore, to rule The Lesser Breeds Without the Law. (It never occurred to him to wonder whether the Lesser Breeds liked him; indeed, any such sentiments would smack of familiarity and disrespect. All he wanted from the LBs was reverence, obedience, and taxes.)

ANYBODY who has ever watched Americans stationed abroad realizes pretty quickly that we just don't have the knack.

To begin with, we don't enjoy the

proconsul business. Our government has constant trouble in finding people who are willing to serve overseas for more than six months; and once there, their chief ambition is to get back home. Because we are pathetically eager for the locals to love us, if anybody gets pushed around it is almost sure to be the Americans. Instead of collecting tribute, we hand *our* tax money to *them*, in large green wads. And we utterly lack that sense of Heaven-born superiority which is the true mark of the Sahib. Instead, when somebody whom we are trying to help—Pandit Nehru, for example, or Jean Paul Sartre—tells us that we are barbarians and dopes, we just blush and mumble: "Well, mebbe so."

No successful imperialist can ever doubt for a moment that he *Knows Best*. Happily for us—and for the world—Americans are full of such doubts. Judge Learned Hand (who may be the greatest living American) summed it up when he observed that "The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right."

A NEAT example of this spirit in operation is provided on page 27 in Frank Gibney's account of our dealings with Syngman Rhee. This rugged and wily old man *does* understand the American character; and he has used this knowledge so skillfully that the United States sometimes looks like a colony of South Korea.

He has been difficult enough, God knows; but we should be grateful to him. For he (and others like him in many countries) are forcing us to invent something entirely new in world history—something infinitely better, and more complicated, than the old-fashioned imperialism. Painfully and slowly, we are trying to discover some way to exercise worldwide responsibility, without colonies, without satellites, without Kipling, and without proconsuls. If we succeed, the result may be the greatest of all American contributions to the art of statecraft.

his is a problem which Mr. Gib-
knows a lot about. Most of his
for the past ten years has been
in intimate association with
Koreans and Japanese—as a
ld War II intelligence officer, a
ber of MacArthur's occupation
s, and head of the *Time* bureau
Tokyo. Gibney, and three others,
the first correspondents to get
Korea when war broke out there;
he became one of the earliest
merican casualties, when he was
nded in escaping from Seoul.
knows Syngman Rhee inti-
ely; and his recent book, *Five
tlemen of Japan*, has been de-
ed as the most brilliant analysis
he Oriental mind ever written by
American.

How to Pick a Surgeon

REER WILLIAMS, whose candid re-
port on unjustified surgery ap-
pears on page 35, has been working
closely with physicians as a medical
writer for the past sixteen years. As
consequence, he heartily agrees
with Robert Louis Stevenson's
famous estimate of the doctor: "He
is the flower (such as it is) of our
civilization." Mr. Williams now is
public-relations director for the
American College of Surgeons, with
headquarters in Chicago.

If you ever need an operation, you
may find it useful to remember these
words from Mr. Williams on how to
pick a good surgeon.

"I would have some doubt," he
says, "about the surgeon with the
reputation for being 'the busiest.' I
could fear him if he quickly ac-
cepted the referring physicians' diag-
nosis and recommended an immedi-
ate operation. Few operations are
genuine emergencies any more. . . .
I should want a surgeon who was
willing to discuss his fee in advance,
and shun one who wanted to collect
in advance. I would expect him to
charge me only for himself (including
his regularly employed assistant sur-
geon who is not my family doctor).
He said that his bill covered him-
self and my family doctor, I should
know he was splitting the fee (prob-
ably fifty-fifty) and I am sure I would
tell him so."

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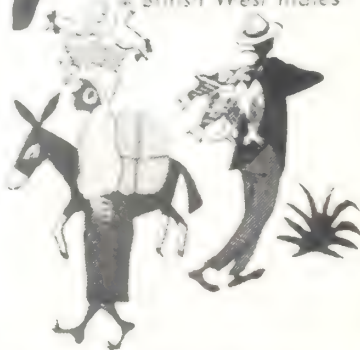


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the Shepherd, the Pot of Clay, and the Coach (p. 42) are an early herald of her complete translation of the *Fables* which the Viking Press will publish in April. Miss Moore has been at work on this delightful but thorny task since 1945, and she has observed that the French poet took but seven years to write the *Fables* in the first place.

One of the most distinguished and most modest of contemporary poets, Marianne Moore was born in St. Louis, received her A.B. from Bryn Mawr (where she returned to teach a course in contemporary poets last spring), and published her *Collected Poems* in 1951. She has received the Dail Award, the Harriet Monroe Award, the National Book Award, the Bollingen Prize, and the Carey Thomas Award.

...Legal prohibition of alcoholic beverages did not die as a political issue with the ratification of the 21st Amendment. Whether the new Democratic forces have the potential scope of the old-time crusaders is doubtful, but in some parts of the country they have already delivered some powerful oratorical blows. *Marshall Morgan* of Franklin, Tennessee, describes one of the hottest skirmishes to date in "Tennessee Preachers at the Demon Rum" (p. 44).

Mr. Morgan's kin, the Marsh family, have lived in Franklin, capital of Winchester County, since 1811, and Mr. Morgan has called this bustling town home since early childhood. He is a veteran of five European campaigns in World War I, having served both in a combat intelligence unit and as a combat correspondent for the *Stars and Stripes*.

He was a columnist for the *Nashville Banner* till 1951 and is now in the public-relations field. He has twice won the Pall Mall NBC "Best Story" award, in radio and TV.

...Max Steele's "The Wanting Troopers" (p. 52) may indicate a new and deeper mood among the postwar generation of American students and artists in Paris. At all rates, it appears in that light as compared with two earlier Paris stories by Mr. Steele: "Chief Rainbow at the Kid in Paris" and "Forget the Geraniums."

Mr. Steele, the author of a Harp

ze novel, *Debby*, is a native of Greenville, South Carolina and a veteran of World War II. He returned to the United States from Paris for a six weeks' vacation last fall, part of which he spent hiking the Appalachian Mountains trail. In Paris he is an advisory editor of an excellent little magazine put out for Americans, the *Paris Review*.

• **Carroll Kilpatrick**, who reports on "What Foreign Trade Means to America" (p. 61) is an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*. A graduate of the University of Alabama and a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard, Kilpatrick has worked in Washington as a newspaperman since 1940 and has edited a book published by the University of North Carolina Press, *Roosevelt and Daniels—A Friendship in Politics*.

• **H. A. Hartley**, who wrote "How I Sold to America" (p. 64), is one of those British business men who make a hobby of writing. (Nigel Elchin and Henry Green, for example, have become top-flight novelists; J. M. Keynes made a million dollars in the stock market and a reputation as an economist and layist at the same time.)

Mr. Hartley not only combines writing and manufacturing, but also is married to a literary agent and venerates John Buchan, a fellow Scot by birth, as the "finest example of a gentleman." He was a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I and a radar expert during the return engagement. He stubbornly holds to the curious notion that radar was invented by the British."

• An author's testimony on the significance of the so-called "symbols" in one of his own stories is a rare enough phenomenon. When that testimony—and disillusioning it is too—comes from a writer who has consistently marched in the advance guard of this symbol-spinning generation it is noteworthy literary news. **Mary McCarthy**, whose novels and stories have deeply influenced the intellectual vanguard, takes the pulp to her own interpreters in "Settling the Colonel's Hash" (p. 68). And in the process she gives her own views of the function of symbols in fiction.

Miss McCarthy attended convent

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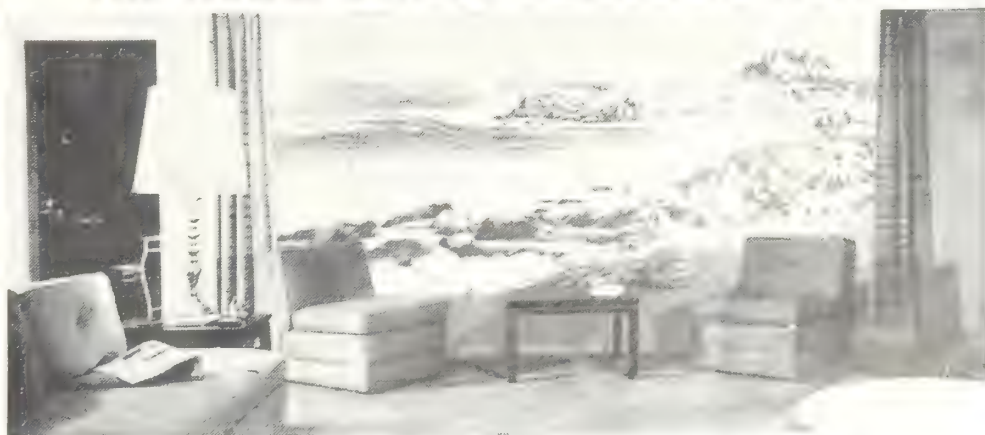
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schools, an Episcopal seminary, and was graduated from Vassar College. Her novels are: *The Company She Keeps*, *The Oasis*, and *The Grace of Academic*. On these, as well as on her short stories (collected in *Cast a Cold Eye*), the critical analysts have been busy for the past decade.

...Emily Kimbrough, who tells about her struggles with the Italian language on page 76 is becoming one of the country's favorite humorists on the air, the lecture platform, and the printed page. *Fifty Plus and Nancy Free*, scheduled for publication in late February, will give her six-and-a-half books to her credit. (Her first, *Old Hearts Were Young and Gay*, was written in collaboration with Cornelia Otis Skinner.)

... "The Uncalculated Risk" (p. 82) is what the Western world can take in Germany—or leave that atomic pile of humanity to work our destruction. So argues Milton Mayer in the third and final article of his series on "The Germans: Their Cause and Cure."

Mr. Mayer was formerly an official of the University of Chicago, and now lives in Carmel, California, writing and lecturing for the American Friends Service Committee.

Recently he and his family spent a year in Germany, where he served as a visiting faculty member of the Institute of Social Research of Frankfurt University. Living in a small town, he made friends with the ordinary Germans he met there, and from this experience he wrote these articles about the origins of Nazism, the effects of the war and the Occupation, and the prospects for the future of the German people.

...John Groth's cover study of Syngman Rhee and the Korean landscape is based on his firsthand experience as a war correspondent in the Far East. Hundreds of Mr. Groth's drawings of Korea and its people appear in his book *Studio Asia* (1952), a companion volume to his *Studio Europe*.

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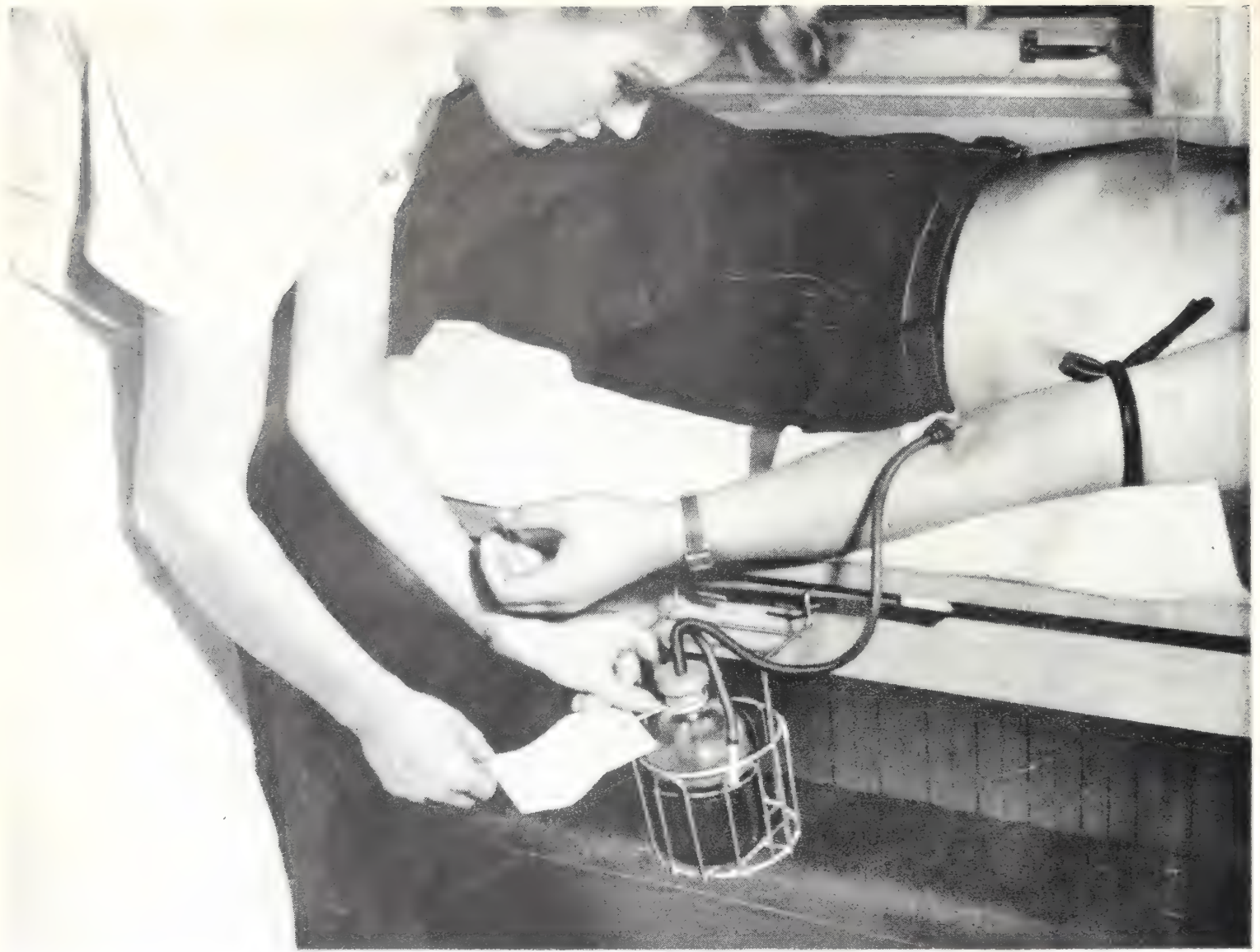
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Syngman Rhee: The Free Man's Burden

Frank Gibney

The tough old Korean has handed us a new problem. How can we deal with our little allies—who must not be treated as puppets, and who cannot be permitted to boss American policy? One of America's shrewdest experts on the Orient suggests some answers.

ONE day in the late thirties, a visitor to the Washington office of one of the newspaper wire services noticed a dumpy Oriental gentleman walking out to the elevator. He asked one of the reporters inside who the man was.

"Oh," the man replied, "that's Dr. Rhee. He's a Korean. A funny old guy—always trying to get somebody to talk to him. We used to buy him a lunch every once in a while, but he's a little nuts. A real fanatic."

The wire service man could hardly be blamed for dismissing Syngman Rhee so casually. There were other obscure foreigners no American reporter at that period would have wasted time interviewing—a man named Mohammed Mossadegh, quietly studying agricultural theory on a farm outside of Teheran; Soekarno of Indonesia, spending an obscure exile, under Dutch auspices, on an island in the Pacific; Alcide de Gasperi, working hard on the card index system in the Vatican Library; or Konrad Adenauer, puttering in his garden at the village of Honnef, to mention just a few.

Less than twenty years later, these men were to pose questions critical to the success of American diplomacy, if not to the safety of the American people. But no one of them has offered so striking a challenge to the makers

of United States foreign policy—or has produced such personal problems for the American conscience—as the President of the Republic of Korea.

Syngman Rhee is probably the most intense overseas supporter of the American struggle against communism. He is also one of the sharpest thorns in the fingers of the men who are trying to win that struggle on terms consistent with our national safety. He is a man of American education and some democratic instincts in the American sense of the term. His public statements sound like Fourth of July oratory, and at times his actions display an embarrassingly keen judgment of which forces can make American democracy act, and which restrain it.

Yet in his conduct of Korean domestic affairs he is, without question, a dictator, seldom reluctant to use police intimidation and force to suppress the political freedoms whose theory he defends. On the international level, he recklessly and systematically tries to undermine the foreign policy of his American ally, whenever it conflicts with his individual concept of his country's needs.

The Korean war has revealed both sides of Syngman Rhee very plainly. On the one hand, he has become an invaluable rallying point for his people. His uncomprom-

mising stand, and his courage in the war's darkest days, have made him what he could never make of himself in peacetime—the symbol of a hitherto frustrated nationalism. In making this stand, however, he has reduced his National Assembly to a rubber stamp; and he has used mob violence in support of his program as skillfully as any Communist. In 1952, while he was coercing the Assembly to re-elect him President, he unhesitatingly shut down all the United States Information Service broadcasts on the Korean radio, because they were giving Koreans the only true and uncensored reports about the political situation. When Communists accuse American representatives of supporting a “Fascist” dictator in Korea, they rub a sensitive nerve.

In his dealings with the American public Rhee is a man with two faces—and few Americans choose to look at more than one. In the American tradition of moralizing our international politics, our conservatives idealize Rhee as the great spokesman of the democracies against communism in Asia, the courageous “little man” who never gives up, the old-fashioned Oriental patriarch happily outfitted with Christian as well as “Confucian” virtues. Liberals in their turn make Rhee the incarnation of this country's failure to insure “real democracy” throughout the non-Communist world, the man who mocks the honest peace-making of the United Nations, whose “authoritarian” tactics do more damage to the cause of the United States than reinforcements to the Russian air force.

THE truth about Syngman Rhee does not lie between these two extremes. It incorporates both. They, in turn, must be triangulated with a very important third factor—the history and traditions of Rhee and Korea. Backed by the implicit certainties of the Magna Carta, Protestant Christianity, and the Gettysburg Address, Americans have a tendency to judge the world's politics and politicians by sharp Anglo-Saxon standards. Unfortunately the classic Anglo-American labels of “radical,” “conservative,” and “middle-of-the-roader” are imprecise yardsticks for judging Asia's politics. Rhee and his country can no more easily be shoehorned into a set of Western-style definitions than a rice-eating Buddhist can be transformed into a Christian who likes bread.

Speaking more broadly, Syngman Rhee and the zigzags of his political career represent a phenomenon of our time—a phenomenon partially expressed, in recent years, by that other Oriental champion of the *idée fixe*, Mohammed Mossadeq. Rhee is shrewd and wise. He is logical. But he is not “reasonable.” He is the man who feels he has little to lose from all-out catastrophe, and, perhaps, everything to gain. He personifies the small nation with a grenade at its breast, threatening to blow itself—and anyone else within range—into eternity, if its demands are not met; and at the same time not fully realizing the grenade's potential for destruction.

The United States is desperately concerned with this phenomenon. There are no American satellites. But there must be American allies. And if communism is to be defeated, a large number of these allies must be Asians. The small but essential ally is now as much a part of United States foreign policy as the tributary kingdom was part of Roman foreign policy, or the dependency a part of nineteenth-century British.

But the relationship between the United States and this sort of ally, in a world stormed by the aggressive pseudo-morality of the Communists, cannot be the simple tributary one of the Romans or the British. Nor would American ideals and inclinations comfortably permit such a relationship. This poses a problem: how far can the United States indulge the independence and assertiveness of small allies when they thereby threaten the policy of the United States, its safety, and that of the world it leads? It is Syngman Rhee's backhanded accomplishment to have exposed the horns of this dilemma to perfect view.

The Making of a Revolutionary

SYNGMAN RHEE is a simple man who has been made to seem complicated by fast-changing circumstances. Like other old men who jumped suddenly from obscurity into postwar politics, he is rooted in a past age, and consequently is harder for this age to understand.

Rhee came from an upper-class Korean family and received a good education, including a significant term at a Christian mission college. Like most students of his day, the more he learned the more disgusted he grew

at his country's predicament. In that period, in the eighteen-eighties and -nineties, Korea was ruled by the weak survivors of a once-powerful dynasty. In past centuries, Koreans had kept their independence partly through the strength of their own armies, partly because of the balance of power between their two great neighbors, China and Japan. At the time of Rhee's youth, the strength of the armies had ebbed with the corruption of the ruling classes. With China also weakened, Korea became a strategic prize in the rivalry between Russia and Japan in Northeast Asia.

In 1905 the custody of the prize was settled. Japanese domination was confirmed at the Portsmouth Peace Treaty, and none of the interested powers in Asia, including the United States, made much of a protest when Japan formally annexed Korea in 1910. Rhee never forgot this. It is what he referred to, for example, in his 1948 Inaugural Speech, when he spoke of "the fateful Korean nation, which was the first to be sacrificed in the cynical abandonment of the nineteenth-century system of security through national agreements."

As early as 1897 Rhee was a leader of student agitation against the decadent Korean government. He was thrown into jail, where he spent seven years, repeatedly tortured and beaten. When released in 1904, he fled to the United States. Six years later, he returned to Korea as a YMCA representative. This did not prevent him from plunging into political hot water again. He left shortly afterward, just one step ahead of the Japanese police.

In March 1919, the Korean people, led by their students and intelligentsia, started a national passive revolution against the Japanese. As unarmed crowds demonstrated in the streets of Seoul, their leaders, full of the high ideals then echoing from Woodrow Wilson's statements at Versailles, drew up their Korean Declaration of Independence. "Lo!" it concluded, "a new world unfolds before our eyes. The age of force is past and the age of justice has come."

THE young Korean idealists were deceived. No one in the new "age of justice" did anything to help them, while the Japanese stamped out the rebellion with efficient ruthlessness. Thousands were killed, beaten, or imprisoned. What leadership was left was driven into exile. Rhee, already over-

seas, had been acclaimed first President of the Provisional Government of Korea. In Shanghai, he made contact with the survivors of the Passive Revolution, and exchanged bitter reflections. The Korean government in exile was born.

Although few people ever heard of it, this odd combination of bomb-throwers and shoe-string diplomats kept its identity until 1945. Kim Koo, the leader of the actively resistant forces, began a program of assassination and intrigue against the Japanese from his base in Shanghai. Rhee became the "outside man" who operated in Washington, Hawaii, and Europe. He was more comfortable in his office on Colorado Avenue than Kim was in Shanghai, perhaps, but also more frustrated. He lacked even the concrete satisfaction of planning political sabotage. He was the fruitless negotiator, the little man from a place no one had heard of, who paced outside the doors of State Departments, Embassies, and newspaper offices, talking to anyone who would listen about the wrongs of Korea.

Not many heard him, or even bothered to give him the time of day. He made some American friends, and got some valuable financial help this way. But, even during World War II, he found no official encouragement. Korean "self-determination," said the State Department—looking fishy-eyed at Rhee's movement—would follow the peace.

ON OCTOBER 20, 1945, U. S. General John Hodge, addressing a mass-meeting in Seoul, led a man out from behind a screen. It was Syngman Rhee. He was introduced, recognized, and cheered. He had been flown back to Korea by the U. S. Army, in the hope that he could help found a stable political situation. The exile was deeply grateful for his return, and anxious to get to work. But he was not, as the Military Government advisers may have hoped, an ordinary modern politician, somewhat democratic and pro-American, who could be counted on to participate in a group effort at "self-determination."

Events had long since made of Rhee a man whose life was dominated by a single idea, whose goal in 1945 was no different from his goal in 1919 or 1897: a free, unified, militant Korea. The frustrations and plottings of thirty-five years had left no room in him for any compromise except tactical compromises

of expediency, at which he proved adept.

Through the years he had learned a good deal about political democracy and its American application (his doctoral thesis at Princeton, interestingly, was on "The concept of neutrality as influenced by the United States"). He appreciated the significance of World War II and the tensions after it. He was not such an anachronistic nationalist as Mossadegh, who could dismiss the struggle of communism and the democracies as just another phase of the nineteenth-century Anglo-Russian imperialist rivalry over Iran. But he was still primarily an Asian nationalist who put complete independence from foreigners first, and ideologies, parliaments, and public education systems afterward. He had a cynicism for foreign promises, which Korea's history and his own well justified.

George Washington with a Blackjack

SYNGMAN RHEE, once back in Korea, behaved like Ulysses returned to Ithaca, sure of his rightful title and determined to square things for all time with the wicked interlopers who had been ravaging his country. The Japanese, luckily for them, were beyond his vengeance. It was the Russians and his old friends the Americans who took over the villain's role, with their postwar proposal of a ten-year Russo-American trusteeship for Korea. Rhee found considerable conservative Korean backing and put himself at the head of a large but loosely formed political bloc, the Society for the Rapid Realization of Independence. It was the lineal descendent—with an unchanged objective—of the Independence Club which he and other nationalist students had joined in 1894.

American Military Government officers soon found Rhee and his movement embarrassing. Their orders, in the postwar Era of Good Feeling, were to negotiate with the Russians for the establishment of a unified trusteeship government, made up of Korean leaders from both sides of the 38th parallel. The Russians acted with consistency. They established a virtual Soviet state north of the parallel, while with the help of their official Korean Labor (i.e. Communist) party, they set out to stall negotiations for a union.

While the Russians made their frontal diplomatic assaults on the American position,

U. S. Military Government advisers were smarting from a flank attack by their old friend Rhee. By various means Rhee and his old-time allies like Kim Koo had made themselves the most powerful political group in the country. Faced with trusteeship, Rhee loudly cried that he would have no part in a "chop-suey" government. His own solution was simple: Korea for the Koreans—all foreign military governors leave at the nearest exit.

For a while Military Government tried to find some trustworthy Korean "leftists" to balance the preponderance of Rhee and his "rightists." Unhappily most of the "leftists" or "middle-of-the-roaders" (a near-fatal path in Korean politics) were more decorative than effective. Some became prisoners or converts of the Communists. Rhee was left holding the field by default. In 1948 the Americans gave up their one-sided efforts to unite Korea by negotiation. Three years after the Russians, the United States set out to build up its half of Korea as a temporarily separate country. In 1948, by vote of a hastily elected Assembly, Rhee became the first President of the Republic of Korea.

IT is still uncertain how much of a test of popular representation this election actually was. The ruthless colonialism of Japan had left Korea the most exploited country in Asia. Two generations of Koreans had been scrupulously kept away from positions of responsibility, or opportunities for higher education. The citizens of the new republic were at first easy targets for pressure from wealthy landlords, or intimidation from underground pro-Communist groups.

Leadership was almost hopelessly deficient. Corruption and mismanagement were foredestined in any independent Korean state, simply from the dearth of competent men to prevent them. There were a few good officials at the top, but the difference of their backgrounds did not make them comfortable harness-mates, and their long exile had left them with little more than a historical acquaintance with the people they had to govern.

In this democracy of form without content, Syngman Rhee was typical. His 1948 Inaugural Speech was packed with fine Jeffersonian phrases. Immediately after making it he began a pattern of government that has been consistently dictatorial. Few men in Korea

have ever been safe from the coercion of Rhee's large police force. Opposition candidates for the Assembly have been arrested on the eve of elections, as in 1950. Assemblymen themselves have been arrested, or beaten by gangs of pro-Rhee strong-arm boys, as in the crisis of 1952. Men whose names have been mentioned as opposition leaders have found one of three courses advisable: (1) prompt disavowal of their supporters; (2) a hasty trip to the United States; (3) convenient illness demanding care in a safe hospital.

The explanation of contrast between form and content is that Rhee believes himself to be Korea's only real democrat—"the George Washington of Korea," as he likes to be called. Very sensitive to Korea's political immaturity, he feels that he alone can bring the "will of the people" to fruition, since other Korean leaders are hopelessly incompetent for the job (and they are in truth not very competent). Through years of exile, Rhee came to identify Korea's interest with his own. Once in power, he saw any attack on him as obviously unpatriotic. Characteristically, he always refused to form a political party (Washington was not a party man); and he resents others who do.

"Why should we create anything," he said to me once, "between the President and the people?"*

NEITHER Rhee nor Korea advanced much under his "nonpartisan" rule. The fight for an independent Korea turned into a series of involved, niggling political intrigues within a small, struggling republic. Fighting his factional political battles, Rhee's courage and consistency were transformed into arbitrariness and brute stubbornness. The old exile was swamped by desperate economic crises (as were most of his American advisers), and serious political unrest, most of it Communist-inspired.

At the same time, younger Koreans were showing an appetite for more real freedom. An exuberant nationalism was developing, and a new generation of students talked secretly of getting rid of Rhee and giving Korea its independence—quite the way Rhee had

talked when he was a student plotting against the corrupt Korean emperor.

The Assembly elections of May 1950 were a defeat for Rhee. Despite the efforts of his police chiefs to control the opposition candidates, most of them were elected. (The elections, held under UN supervision, were fair ones.) The new Assembly was more anti-Rhee than ever. South Korea, helped by drastic economic reforms which the Americans had finally pushed through, began to edge out of crises in an approach, at least, to some kind of political stability. The people of the Republic, as the elections showed, were beginning to get a feel for democracy. Rhee's autocratic powers suffered, and it was clear that he would not be re-elected in 1952. Then the war came.

The Making of a Hero

ON JUNE 25, 1950, the Republic of Korea changed from a postulant democracy, bruised by past mistakes but gradually prospering, into a battlefield that killed many hopes of its early youth. The American position in Asia changed from hesitant diplomatic and economic involvement to resolute commitment, military, economic, and political. The Communists changed from a long-distance propaganda enemy into a direct military antagonist. Only Rhee did not change.

As the shady complications of Korean politics fused into wartime monochromes, the simple revolutionary took a new lease on life. Since 1945 Rhee had behaved like a man at war. Now the war had caught up with him. His early demands for a definition of joint Soviet-American trusteeship "democracy," his appeals for military aid, his reiterations that communism was not only a political threat but a military danger, all burned themselves on consciences which had argued "self-determination" and troubled little about Korean aid bills, or whether Korea was inside any defense "perimeter."

At home, Rhee set the clock back on popular democracy. The debaters and the middle-of-the-roaders were swept away in the first shock of battle; the contentious students died on the approaches to Seoul or Taejon. And the tough guys returned. Rhee's old associate Lee Bum Suk, the former Chinese Nationalist general, had been pressured out of

* Taking charge of the Society for the Rapid Realization of Independence in 1946, Rhee said: "I shall take over the society and run it on a purely democratic basis. I shall appoint all the other officials."

public office by the Americans for the excesses of his bully-boy private police force, the Taehan Youth Corps. With the war, back came Lee, the Youth Corps, and other unsavory groups. (Lee has since, due to personal ambition, fallen out of favor with his chief and been expelled from his party.) Until June 1950, it was possible for public opposition to Rhee to exist in Korea. Since then, opposition is dead, and personal liberty has existed almost wholly on Rhee's sufferance.

It would be unjust, however, to place the entire blame on Rhee for what happened to the Korean republic. Korea's political polarization in a civil war for survival was partly inevitable. The tough guys were also fighters, and most of the good-willed democrats were not—some deserted to the Communists to save their lives. In war, the "stubborn, arbitrary" man of peacetime can become, again, "courageous" and "comforting." Rhee is a fighter, and he became an inspiration to many of his people.

His international stature changed similarly, especially in America. The "courageous patriot" of 1945 had become the "extreme rightist" or "reactionary Korean statesman" in 1947 when he started opposing our trusteeship efforts. In 1951 Rhee was a "patriot" again, a "courageous, anti-Communist leader," and a figure of warning to "left-wingers" that no one can compromise with communism.

At a time when Americans reproach themselves excessively—or, rather, reproach a few of their leaders—for having misjudged the menace of communism, they tend also to admire excessively someone who has a record of consistent opposition to this menace. Rhee's solution of the Communist problem has no complications, and has never swerved. "The cold war and all that," he has said, "is a waste of time. Finally, force is the only argument."

As the truce talks in Korea progressed, the irreparable split between Rhee's views and American policy came into full view. Rhee sees Korea as the linchpin of the international struggle, and warns sincerely that a prolonged truce there will only be the "Munich" leading to World War III. American diplomacy sees Korea as only one part of a fluid world-wide engagement against Communist aggressors—a

struggle that may parallel the centuries-long conflict, punctuated by wars and truces, between the Christian West and Islam.

One reason, for instance, that the Eighth Army lacked enough men and arms to assure a successful major offensive in Korea in 1951 was General Eisenhower's insistence that the NATO forces desperately needed reinforcements. Reinforcements were therefore diverted from a fighting force in Asia to supply an "army in being," as Mahan might have put it, in Europe. Considering the American stake in Europe this paradoxical decision was justified.

BEHIND the American position on Korea are two important premises. First, the heavy moral obligation of the United States—shared neither by the Russians nor by Syngman Rhee—to avoid another world war. Beyond this is an even more fundamental fact of American policy, recognized by two Administrations: since 1951 it has been clear that the American people, whatever newspaper editorials say, has not been prepared to go into a world war over Korea. This is hardly to be wondered at. Americans have the most to lose and least to gain from such a war. It is, in fact, evidence of great political maturity that a people who were isolationist in the nineteen-thirties backed as resolutely as they did the limited, bloody, and wasteful war in Korea, recognizing the stake involved.

Nevertheless they felt the frustrations of such a war, and some toyed with a stronger alternative. So through the frustrating months of Korea, many gave Rhee's views at least their vocal support. There is, after all, a ruthless logic in what he says, a logic apparently confirmed by recent history. Rhee, like the Communists, insists that a straight line is not only the shortest, but the most sensible distance between two given points in statecraft.

This is an argument new to our immediate diplomatic tradition, although it has recurred in the acts of different historical figures, such as Napoleon, Savonarola, and the leaders of the Irish Republican Army. It is an argument horrifying to modern diplomats, who still honor the traditions of Castlereagh and Metternich. It is a canon of their diplomacy that the fabric of international society must be preserved at all costs and that the straight line approach is dangerous, because it strains,

tears, and may ruin the fabric altogether.

The straight line approach is of course better suited to geometry than to politics. It overlooks the fact that human beings—and their affairs—are complex, frequently crooked, and equipped with unpredictable free wills. But in times of political and moral confusion, that noble complication of humanity seems most depressing and most at fault. And it is then that a straight-liner like Syngman Rhee finds himself with a powerful argument, capable of influencing many.

The Search for a Technique

DEALING with a man like Syngman Rhee is a new problem for Americans—a problem that will doubtless be aggravated in the diplomacy of the United States for years to come.

The Republic of Korea is not a satellite. It is an independent country, allied to the United States and dependent on it for economic, political, and moral support. It is not a sister democracy of the United States, nor in any sense an equal bargainer. Yet its single-minded leader does not hesitate to throw his homemade monkey wrench into the gears of American policy, without fear or scruple.

How does the United States lay down its policy lines to Korea? By force? Force is undemocratic, and there are enemies to point out the inconsistency. By persuasion? Sweet reason is wasted on a man like Syngman Rhee.

In practice, American treatment of Rhee and Korea has oscillated between these extremes. When some of the truce negotiation terms were shown to the Communist enemies before they were shown to Syngman Rhee, the Americans were treating Korea the way the Imperial British used to treat tributary sultans. At the other pole was the spectacle of John Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State, rushing out to Seoul, hat in hand, in an only semi-successful effort to persuade Rhee to sanction American and United Nations policy, after Rhee had archly refused to commit himself to Dulles' subordinates.

American diplomacy has yet to find the tricky combination of toughness and respect that must be used in dealing with Syngman Rhee and the kind of country he represents. Certainly Rhee must be faced with a firm stand, unyielding where necessary. The

American electorate can justly wonder how tough their government got with this man over the recent armistice plans, when the Assistant Secretary of State, back from his mission to make a tough attitude plain, gave the impression that he had been rarely privileged to have had an audience with the world's greatest living patriot.

But toughness, if it can be achieved, need not imply lack of respect. No one is more sensitive of his national dignity than an old Korean revolutionary. Yet at many times in the past, Rhee's dignity as head of a state has been slighted or ignored.

Washington has not shown much of a feeling for developing policy and counter-policy in Korea on a continuing basis. The Truman Administration seemed surprised in 1950 to find that Korea's economy had become an object of international concern, although its decay had long been apparent. The Eisenhower Administration seemed painfully surprised in 1953 when Rhee would not accept an armistice, although everything he had done and said since 1947 suggested that he would take this stand.

ON THE tactical level, our representatives in Korea have seldom had the stature or the freedom of movement to negotiate on anything like equal terms. Instead, a succession of plenipotentiaries has been used for moments of crisis. An extraordinary example of the failings of this system was given in the summer of 1953. To press Rhee's acceptance of an armistice, General Mark Clark—previously the highest United States bargaining agency in Korea—was bypassed, and Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson was sent out from Washington. Robertson had scarcely begun to talk with Rhee, when Washington newspaper bureaus began (correctly) to speculate on the coming arrival of Secretary Dulles. Question: how could Rhee be expected to deal with Clark and Robertson?

Rhee's own clever appraisals of American public opinion are an additional cross for the State Department, for he constantly tries to turn the diplomats' flank by direct appeals to the American public, or to some American leaders. In his statements, he capitalizes on our sympathy for the underdog, and our traditional hankering after the blunt kind

of "shirt sleeve diplomacy" which he practices.

There have been some significant responses. Possibly the most egregious was the letter from Representative Alvin O'Konski, Wisconsin Republican, to Rhee praising his illegal release of 27,000 North Korean war prisoners and suggesting that he might release the rest—in direct opposition to the stated policy of O'Konski's country.

THE shaky record of American dealings with Rhee's Korea—the hasty compromises, the harried reproaches, the overgenerous praise—reflect the search for a new kind of relationship between a big power and a small ally. The Imperial British approach of the nineteenth century is the only available comparison—and it gives little help now. The British formula was the old White Man's Burden: initiate and keep order; make the country reasonably decent by raising some basic standards; with great gradualness, instruct it; and, also, profit from it. Such a system, in this revolutionary age, is scarcely realistic.

The American error, if such it is, is the opposite of the nineteenth-century British. Where they did too little for a colony or dependency, the Americans try to do too much, and the American Free Man's Burden weighs heavily on all parties to the bargain. Where the British tried to remake the superstructure of a country in their own image, the American tendency is to start doing over the base. The drive to introduce democracy everywhere may be the only answer to the drive to impose communism everywhere; but there is nothing more risky than introducing the forms of a democracy to a people without its experience or traditions.

The urge to introduce democracy is almost a moral compulsion for Americans; and where it has been introduced, Americans are quick to observe and make their moral judgments. This is the great difficulty in our relationship with Syngman Rhee. Helped by his mastery of American slogans, he has become virtually an American to many people in the United States, and his acts are judged almost the way we would judge those of a contemporary American politician.

In handling Rhee as an international problem, the State Department was handicapped by the corollary popular tendency to de-

scribe him in moral rather than political terms. American aspirations for Korea were at once too low and too high, and where some liberals wrote off Rhee in disgust, some conservatives prematurely canonized him. Because the war fought in his country shed American blood and touched the American conscience, it became progressively harder to judge this man by anything like objective standards.

Through these same circumstances, Rhee was able to push the foreign policy of his big ally harder and heavier than would have ordinarily been possible. He thereby brought into sharp relief the underlying difficulties of the big power-small ally relationship. It is to the credit of the United States, at least, that this relationship has not been resolved over-hastily, and has been honestly pondered. An interesting testimony to its puzzling character is the contradictory criticism coming from some of America's European allies in the United Nations. On Monday they will contemptuously accuse the Americans of developing submissive satellites in Korea and elsewhere, and on Tuesday will impatiently demand that the Americans tell Rhee what to do.

Unfortunately there is no easy formula for carrying the Free Man's Burden; it is a new relationship, and one which must be worked out by experience. It is obviously crucial to the world's future—especially in Asia.

IN SYNGMAN RHEE's case, we must recognize that this believing democrat who rules as an autocrat is a passing—and possibly a necessary—phenomenon in the history of new modern states. He may be succeeded by despotism; or he may give way to a progressively more relaxed and democratic government. He is sensitive to American pressure, and the United States without trying to sterilize the moral climate of his country, can powerfully though quietly influence the tactics of his government and the character of his successors. At the best, the United States can recreate a climate in which forces for good government can grow—the only abiding solution to a stable Korean-American relationship. The maddening thing for Americans is that the good and the stable in any country must do their own growing—and the growth is never swift.

Thousands of unnecessary operations will be performed this year—by doctors who are improperly trained or just plain greedy. An official of the American College of Surgeons tells how you can be protected from such risks.

Unjustified Surgery

Greer Williams

AN ESTIMATED ten million Americans undergo major surgery every year. To the considerable proportion of these people who would otherwise die or become disabled, the operations are a great blessing. To the rest, who did not need them or who did not have them done well, they are the precise opposite.

Ironically, the forward march of science has made surgery so safe that today even lay imposters can get away with ordinary operations, if the patient is in good condition. But this is no argument for letting anyone at all tinker with your viscera. All surgery is costly and includes the initial risk of death from anesthetic alone (available evidence suggests the odds are about one in 2,500). Poor surgery means the additional expense of continued illness and repair surgery by another doctor; unnecessary surgery, unnecessary danger, discomfort, and expense.

But how, you will ask, can the patient tell whether or not his operation is necessary and his surgeon the best qualified to perform it? Unfortunately, there is no simple answer to this question.

It is easy to say that no patient can hope for the maximum advantage and minimum disadvantage of an operation unless the work is done by a physician thoroughly grounded in the diagnosis and treatment of the specific disease involved. And such qualifications mean not simply knowing how to operate—skill with a knife is easily acquired—but when to operate, what operation to do, and when *not* to operate. But it is not easy to make sure that a doctor has these qualifications.

There are today some 25,000 surgical specialists in this country. But at least one-third of our major surgery—some say one-half—is done by MDs who fall short of the accepted standards of training set up by organizations of specialists. However the problem is complicated by the fact that some of these unqualified surgeons are honest, reliable men, and some highly qualified ones are not.

The situation has become so serious that some of surgery's best exponents have broken their profession's traditional silence about its sins. They are openly telling the public that a lot of commercial surgery is being done, mainly to enrich doctors who split the fees and build up big practices by this unethical method.

The new message is an alarming one, and in the course of grasping it many people have become confused as to just what unnecessary surgery really is. An impression—aided by certain sensational magazine articles—has arisen that it is a straight racket, one step removed from grave-robbing. Happily it is not quite as bad as that. Unjustified rather than unnecessary surgery would probably be a more accurate term. This would exclude much surgery that proves of no value in the end—those operations that were a matter of sound judgment at the time they were done but appear unnecessary in retrospect either because of inescapable human error, or because more recent methods of treatment have outmoded the operation, or because the basic theory behind the operation has not withstood the test of time and more experience.

A host of operations have come, and many

have gone. Some are advocated, used, abused, and eventually discredited. Others, perfectly good for some purposes, flare up into great popularity—and then sink back to a rational level, when it becomes apparent that they are no panaceas after all. The wholesale removal of tonsils as a means of preventing arthritis, nephritis, and heart disease gained much impetus from Dr. Frank Billings' theory of focal infection which originated forty years ago. Early evidence seemed to back up his premise that pockets of bacteria in such places as tonsils and teeth were responsible for much systematic infection. The high incidence of head colds, sore throats, and ear infections in children was likewise related to the tonsils and adenoids, with some (but not entire) justification. Thus began the forced march of little folks through the operating rooms at the beginning of every summer vacation to have their t & a. (tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy). The focal-infection theory now has fallen into general disrepute; so has the prophylactic t & a. Certainly these operations still have their proper uses, where there is infection or obstruction, but more recent evidence has indicated that a tonsillectomy at the beginning of a polio season increases the child's risk of infection.

Commercial vs. Conservative Surgeons

UNJUSTIFIED surgery—or unnecessary surgery, as the term is used here—may be defined as an operation which is not supported by careful clinical reasoning and judgment, and not confirmed in diagnosis by any disease actually found. This view, which is followed by the field representatives of the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals in their inspections, gives the surgeon credit for his good guesses. Recognizing that there are limits to diagnostic accuracy, as well as to medical knowledge itself, the definition even excuses him for his misses if sound judgment favored the risk of operating as opposed to the risk of waiting.

We have heard a lot about the unnecessary removal of normal tissue, determined by the hospital pathologist's examination of what the surgeon cuts out and drops in the specimen pan. The amount of normal tissue charged to a surgeon is an index of suspicion of unjustified surgery, if it is high compared to that of

other surgeons doing the same operation. But it is only an index, not an indictment. The hospital's tissue committee—made up of other doctors who are supposed to sit in review on these matters—does not criticize the surgeon for the amount of normal tissue he removes without considering his diagnosis and his reasons for arriving at it. Investigators from the JCAH and the American College of Surgeons follow the same course when hospitals having trouble with staff members call them in to do medical audits.

Usually an investigation shows that two or three doctors on a staff of from ten to fifty are doing a great deal of inexcusable surgery. Unjustified surgery is perhaps not as prevalent as fee-splitting (which in some areas of the Middle West is practiced by the great majority of general practitioners and general surgeons, including the technically competent), but it is a far more serious problem because the patient's body is at stake.

THE doctor who does unjustified surgery is usually a good salesman. He sells patients—and himself—on something they "ought to have out," builds up "feeder" doctors by splitting fees with them on the operations they bring him, and becomes the busiest operator in town. The commercial surgeon will do 1,200, 1,500, or 1,800 major operations a year, often spreading them over several hospitals. A conservative surgeon will do 300 to 500 or, in some instances of an unusually large practice, 750 major operations a year. Beyond the question of whether or not all the commercial surgeon's operations were necessary, the more cases he takes beyond a reasonable limit, the less time he has to examine and observe the patient before the operation and to follow up and determine the results. There are surgeons who never see their patients before or after an operation.

The great danger in such a hit-and-run approach is made plain in the statement of Drs. Elliott C. Cutler and Robert M. Zollinger in their *Atlas of Surgical Operations*:

The surgeon must assume the responsibility for all untoward events occurring in the postoperative period. . . . Only as the surgeon recognizes that the sequelae of surgery, good and bad, are the direct results of preoperative preparation, the perform-

ance of the operative procedure, or the post-operative care will he improve his care of the patient and prevent the avoidable complications.

Had Your Appendix Out Yet?

THE unjustified surgery story can be pretty well outlined in terms of one operation. Without doubt, the appendectomy is more often done and more often abused than any other piece of major surgery.

About seventy years ago, acute appendicitis, then known as inflammation of the bowel or peritonitis, was a major cause of death. Surgery's subsequent triumph over this disease—a bacterial infection of the appendix wall—brought about a dramatic reduction in the death rate. In the nineteen-twenties, however, there was a brief but alarming upswing in appendicitis deaths, resulting from the great American compulsion to take a physic for a pain in the belly, an effective way of rupturing a bad appendix. This folly gave doctors an even greater sense of urgency in having the appendix out at the first opportunity, before the patient could find the medicine cabinet and the latest laxative.

This, in general, was the source of the dictum publicized last year by a spokesman for the American Academy of General Practice, who said it was better to remove twelve normal appendixes than to miss one bad one. Taken literally, this allows a better than 90 per cent margin of error in diagnosis. No self-respecting surgeon these days would entertain such a notion. Rather, he would hope to be right about nine times out of ten, even though this might require him at times to overrule the family doctor's diagnosis of acute appendicitis.

As one surgeon of wide experience explained it to me, a conscientious man may expect to remove as many as 20 to 30 per cent essentially normal appendixes in a year's time—but not under an operating diagnosis of acute appendicitis. Some will be removed *en passant* during an abdominal operation for something else, at no extra cost to the patient; some will be removed in a quiet interval following a series of attacks; infrequently, there may be good reason to do a prophylactic appendectomy on an explorer going up the Amazon, into the Arctic, or to

some other medically inaccessible place. (General Eisenhower, it may be remembered, decided to have his appendix out just before he left for Europe in World War II, to command the Allied armies.) But in an operating diagnosis of acute appendicitis, the error is likely to be no more than 10 per cent. This includes cases in which the symptoms and history are typical of acute appendicitis but no disease can be found, plus those cases which were thought to be appendicitis but were actually something else.

FOR example, I once watched a surgeon friend do an operation for acute appendicitis on a twenty-eight-year-old woman. As he exposed the appendix, we saw a strange thing saddling the base of the worthless little organ—a button-like reddish-brown disk. As the surgeon moved the colon with his gloved hands to get a better look at this strange object, which might have been a blood tumor of some kind, it suddenly fell free, revealing a clean, pink surface beneath it.

Now the surgeon explored the region below the appendix—and quickly found the source of the lady's abdominal pain, on the surface of the right ovary. "Ruptured graafian follicle," he said. He displayed a tiny rent in the surface of the ovary where a small sac, receptacle of an ovum, had burst and hemorrhaged. The strange object was simply a geometrically-formed blood clot that had adhered to the appendix.

These bursting "ovarian cysts" are common, and no great cause for concern, but on the right side they simulate acute appendicitis to a point where differential diagnosis may be impossible. Other red herrings in this region are Meckel's diverticulum, terminal ileitis, and regional adenitis. There is no need to define them here. Still other conditions sometimes, but less excusably, mistaken for acute appendicitis are acute stomach or bowel upsets, kidney infection, pneumonia, hernia, muscle strain, gall-bladder infection, and perforated peptic ulcer. An appendectomy is not recommended treatment for a bleeding ulcer in the stomach.

Our surgeon repaired the rent in the ovary with one stitch and removed the normal appendix because it was there. A diagnostic mistake, yes. An unjustified operation, no. Had the patient been the two-year-

old child who died on the operating table in a Middle Western hospital, however, the story would have been different. In that case, the diagnosis was acute appendicitis but the autopsy showed the disease was pneumonia, a condition contra-indicating the lung anesthetic the child was given. The clinical findings did not justify either the snap diagnosis or the rushing of the child in for an emergency operation.

Do many such catastrophes occur? No. Surgery, as we have stressed, is pretty safe. On the other hand, a 1953 investigation in a small Southeastern hospital revealed a surgeon who was obsessed with removing the appendixes of small children. In a fourteen-month series of eighteen appendectomies on children under four, thirteen—that's 72 per cent—were definitely unjustified. Seven of these children were between the ages of ten months and two years, when acute appendicitis is quite a rarity.

I did not see the pathologist's report on the appendix which my friend removed from the woman with the ruptured graafian follicle, but it should have said "normal." It is the custom in many hospitals, nonetheless, for the pathologist to describe this sort as "chronic," "chronic catarrhal," or by some other euphemism which shades the scientific truth. I have heard both surgeons and pathologists admit this deception. Going over tissue reports with a surgeon in one hospital, I noted that the findings in about half the cases were "chronic appendicitis." "That means normal," the surgeon assured me.

A diagnosis of chronic appendicitis coincides, as it happens, not only with the play-it-safe-and-have-it-out-right-now school of thought but with that ancient bit of medical humor—"chronic remunerative appendicitis." This is quite a different story from acute appendicitis, where an operation is life-saving.

AS EARLY as 1926, the grand old man of family doctors, Arthur E. Hertzler of Halstead, Kansas, author of *Horse and Buggy Doctor*, said that "a pathologic basis for chronic appendicitis does not exist." The fibrous thickening of the appendix wall called chronic appendicitis, said Dr. Hertzler—on the basis of more evidence than goes into many scientific conclusions—is a normal process of life present in many people who

never complain of chronic appendicitis symptoms. Explaining the fact that some persons with chronic appendicitis felt better after surgery, Hertzler pointed out that "almost any sort of operation will relieve anything for a time. . . . Groin pains in lovers of either sex are relieved by appendectomy if followed soon by marriage." The patients, he concluded, are usually neurotic. "Otherwise, they would not have chronic appendicitis."

No one ever has been able to disprove Hertzler's contention, and authoritative opinion has piled up on his side. Many years later, Dr. Walter Alvarez of Chicago, then of the Mayo Clinic, did a study in which he found that surgery had relieved only 4 per cent of those whose appendixes had been removed for chronic appendicitis.

The Rape of the Pelvis

THE chief victims of unjustified surgery in the United States are neurotic women. As a refugee gynecologist once observed, in Europe it is all the doctor can do to persuade a woman to have a needed operation; in America it is difficult to dissuade her from having an unnecessary one. The generally accepted reasons for surgery are to save life, cure disease, relieve pain, improve physical health, and restore the ability to work. The surgeon who operates to improve mental health needs some good arguments, for he is now practicing psychiatry, which is not exactly his line.

The greatest failures of all surgery are probably the women who have had six, nine, or sixteen major operations in search of relief from their anxiety, malaise, and all-around misery of emotional immaturity. This misery, authorities tell us, can move from psyche to body and focus on any available organ. Alvarez, commenting on the 24 per cent who were the worse for chronic appendicitis operations, mentioned a "frail, constitutionally inadequate girl" who had four laparotomies before she was twenty. Her appendix went in the first of these exploratory operations; adhesions from the first operation were broken up in the second; she gave up her ovaries and Fallopian tubes in the third; in the fourth, nothing was removed.

The uterus and adjacent female organs rank next to the appendix as the most popular

targets for surgeons who operate on the weakest of all reasons—the patient's wish. As Dr. I. S. Ravdin of Philadelphia put it in 1951: "It is time we were frank about the 'rape of the pelvis,'" by which he meant the removal of the uterus, ovaries, and Fallopian tubes, for such complaints as vaginal discharge, backache, headache, dizziness, palpitation, and nervousness.

One operation which better surgeons have largely discarded is the uterine suspension, originally conceived of as a method for correcting a tipping or falling of the womb associated with backache and a dragged-down feeling. This is a major operation, at major operation fees, performed through a midline abdominal incision: the surgeon takes several tucks in the ligaments supporting the uterus. The trouble is, while the operation may be justified in cases where it is first proved that raising the womb will relieve the symptoms, it gives only temporary relief because the ligaments are elastic and eventually stretch again—in the same way as the jowls of a woman who has had her face lifted.

However, as Ravdin further observed, operations for "fallen womb" are still being done by the hundreds for backache, and later, when the backache returns, there is another operation and the uterus is removed. Not long ago I saw a report from a private hospital on several surgeons who were doing this operation with enthusiasm and profit. In a nearby municipal hospital, where all the patients were charity, these same surgeons did not do a single uterine suspension!

CONSCIENTIOUS surgeons insist on good medical reasons for any operation. Others cheerfully adopt the motto, "Give the lady what she wants," and encourage the fad of Caesarian sections to avoid labor pains, hysterectomies after the second child, or tubal ligations, when convenient, to avoid the nuisance of contraception and any future worry of pregnancy. Unfortunately, operations leave scar tissue, which is second-class tissue: removal of the ovaries induces premature menopause. Women, furthermore, change their minds. Some, having overlooked the possibility of a second husband who might want children, have actually asked to have their tubes put back. Unhappily, this isn't possible.

In recent years the commonest reason for hysterectomy

there are fibroid tumors. Gynecologists have emphasized that many women, possibly more than half, develop such growths in their uteri as they grow older and pass the child-bearing years. Only a tiny fraction of one per cent become cancerous. Yet some doctors use the threat of cancer as an argument for hysterectomy. Surveys show they also do two other things, all too often. They omit curettage—a scraping of the wall of the uterus—which would enable them to rule out uterine cancer, that might require a more extensive operation, and to detect a benign overgrowth of the lining, which the scraping itself might cure. And they do the easier partial hysterectomy, in preference to a total hysterectomy. This means that they remove the uterus but not the cervix, or neck of the uterus—which leaves the risk of cancer of the cervix just where it was, and the doctor just where he was—operating for profit and doing things he shouldn't.

Setting Surgical Standards

IN SOME cases the surgery itself may be justified, but not the doctor who does the operation. In surgical literature, you can read a great deal about how to repair damage to the common duct resulting from cholecystectomy, an operation to remove a diseased gall bladder. The common duct is part of the T-shaped bile duct which rises in the liver and empties into the duodenum, just below the stomach: the T is formed by a side-road leading into the gall bladder, where bile is stored. If the common duct is for any reason cut off—blocking the flow of bile—jaundice, chills, infection, abscess, and serious illness may result.

What you do not read in the literature is the bald statement that the surgeon who inadvertently cuts or ligates the duct is—as one authority in this field assured me—in most instances a man not sufficiently skilled in this common but highly technical piece of surgery. Accidents can happen, but a first-class surgeon rarely gets into this kind of trouble. When a would-be surgeon in such a case has done all he can for a patient, often financially draining him in the process, he sends him off to a master surgeon, who may

... operations again one or more times, sometimes on a charity basis. These bungled cases accumulate in the big teaching hospitals for repair work. One professor of surgery I know has seen perhaps a hundred in the past ten years—not many, you might say, too many, too, on multiple times by day or one hundred other professors of surgery.

It is too many, too, if you have seen a friend go through an "accident" to his common duct, as I have. A sociable, tennis-playing chap, he went back from the city in which he worked to his home town to have an old doctor friend remove his gall bladder. The next time I saw him, after a long absence, he looked like a temporary fugitive from his death bed. Two or three operations and many months later, he began to look more like his old self, but I never saw him play tennis again.

THIS country suffers from no lack of trained, qualified surgeons. Surgery, because it is dramatic, decisive, appealing to the extrovert, and financially rewarding, is the most popular medical specialty. However, many communities and hospitals do not welcome the young doctor who has finished the four to five years of postgraduate training and experience required for certification by the American Board of Surgery or for fellowship in the American College of Surgeons. The general-practitioner surgeons already in the community, who learned their operating techniques from watching and working with other homemade surgeons, regard him coldly as undesirable competition.

A good number of these GPs are the kind described by one great surgeon as: "self-taught men with an unlimited admiration for their teacher. . . . they know all the answers but none of the questions." They are short on anatomy, physiology, pathology, and knowledge of what has worked and what has failed for other surgeons. They have an intense local medical pride and a sort of squatter's-rights morality. Insofar as they know, they are honest.

The qualified surgeon furthermore is not always popular with GPs who do not themselves assume full responsibility for the patient on whom he operates—to see that the preoperative work-up is thorough and the postoperative care is

correct. And he wants a good surgical team, including a trained anesthetist, a trained surgical nurse, and a regular first assistant who is capable of working along with him and, if need be, of taking over and doing the prescribed operation himself.

Too often the young doctor finds himself acceptable to the older doctors in the community—and it is some time before any young surgeon gets patients, except as other doctors send them to him—*only* if he cuts them in on his fees. Frequently, this means bringing the GP who refers the patient in on the operation as an assistant—thus the surgeon has a continual change of assistants and a pick-up team. The patient gets a combined bill for GP and surgeon, and second-class surgery.

The Four R's

TO PUT the situation in its proper historical perspective, at one time it was far worse than it is now. When the AMA first declared fee-splitting unethical, in 1903, a few big-city surgeons were going so far as to pay porters and hack drivers to steer patients their way as they got off trains coming in from the country. At about the same time the North Dakota legislature passed a law requiring all surgeons to notify the clerk of the county court and get the approval of two other doctors before every operation, and afterward to deposit with the clerk as a matter of record whatever was removed from the patient. Unwilling to see county courthouses become museums of either normal or pathological tissue, the governor vetoed the measure. It would not have been too effective, at any rate, in the case of the particularly dastardly surgeons who faked operations, by making an incision and then sewing it up without removing anything.

It was the decent surgeons themselves who finally brought about the regulation of surgery. For thirty-five years, the American College of Surgeons, founded in 1913, conducted a hospital-inspection program under which hospitals voluntarily undertook to meet its standards for the protection of their patients. On January 1, 1953, when the newly formed Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals assumed the responsibility, the ACS was joined by the American College of Physicians, American Hospital Association,

American Medical Association, and the Canadian Medical Association. Today, approximately three thousand of the nation's six thousand eligible hospitals (twenty-five beds or more) enjoy this group's approval.

HOSPITALS which live up to JCAH requirements are the public's best assurance that surgery will be dependable, although rascals pop up even in accredited hospitals. The essence of their requirements as they apply to surgical care of the patient may be summarized in four Rs—responsibility, rules, records, and review.

The broad responsibility (first R) rests with the governing body which, in nonprofit association hospitals, depends on the medical staff for the actual provision of medical care. This does not mean, as some doctors interpret it, that the board has nothing to say about medical care. The doctors attend their patients in the hospital under privileges granted by the board of trustees.

What is granted can be taken away, under rules (second R) which the medical staff is required to establish for its own conduct—in other words, through self-government. This is the crux of the matter in unjustified surgery, for among the rules is one that requires the staff, through a committee, to determine what surgical privileges, if any, a doctor shall have.

It is customary to give a doctor full surgical privileges in his chosen field if he has a diploma from the American Board of Surgery or any other American specialty board,* if he is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, or if he is eligible for either of these distinctions. The ACS also holds that a credentials committee may, at its own discretion, extend surgical privileges to a doctor lacking these requirements who has had some approved postgraduate training in surgery plus an acceptable practice in the community, or satisfactory preceptorship under a surgeon acceptable to the committee.

These requirements do not guarantee a sur-

geon's competency, any more than lack of them means he is necessarily incompetent. They are, however, the public's only handy yardsticks.

In scientific medicine, on which the public is thoroughly sold, it can be categorically stated that a good doctor keeps good records (third R). This seems too elementary for discussion, but there are doctors, throwbacks to the nineteenth century, when medicine often offered little more than a purge and a prayer, who still sneer at "paper work." A good medical record is the sign of an alert, orderly mind. A complete record is necessary so that not only the doctor but everyone concerned in the present or future may know what was done and what was found. It is always a fair question to ask whether the doctor delinquent in his records is afraid to put anything in writing.

The fourth and sometimes fatal R is review. It is hard, of course, for the tissue committee or the medical staff to review a bad result or a death and to determine whether the outcome can be avoided in the future unless the doctor has made a complete record of the case. But good doctors are quick to discipline themselves and each other against error. It is challenging, stimulating stuff and builds professional pride in doing one's best. Anyone who has seen this friendly competition at work, as I have, has seen the essential glory of being a doctor. Anyone who has looked for it and not found it has been looking at inferior medicine.

I HAVE known hundreds of doctors, of all kinds, but I never have known one of any great shakes who was not a bear on mistakes and a fiend for doing things right. They are not broadly educated men, many of them; the effort of obtaining a scientific education is a consuming thing; there is hardly time in one life to learn medicine well, let alone become versed in the liberal arts. Still, they have a liberal education in that sense: they know structure, function, and life itself. Compassion, conscience, and curiosity compel them to pursue medical knowledge and perfect their skills.

Only doctors of this sort can say, as did the great Dr. Osler, "I have made mistakes but they have not entered into the house of the heart."

*American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology, American Board of Urology, American Board of Orthopaedic Surgery, American Board of Neurological Surgery, American Board of Thoracic Surgery, American Board of Ophthalmology, American Board of Otolaryngology, American Board of Plastic Surgery, and American Board of Proctology.

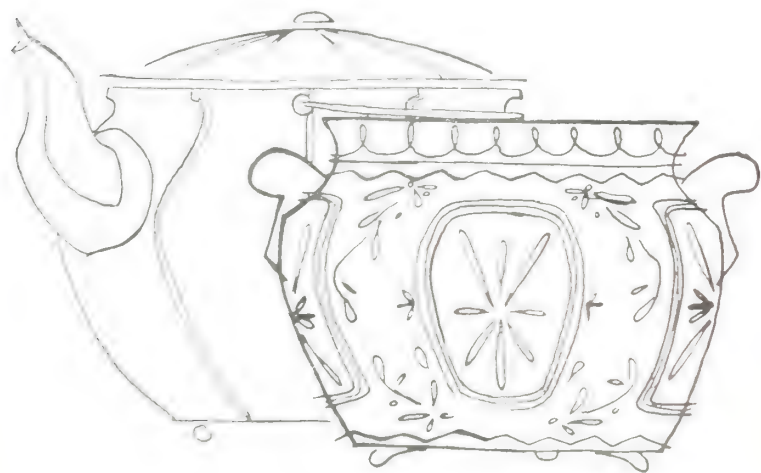
THREE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE

translated by *Marianne Moore*

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SEA

AS CAREFREE as his flock, it seems there was a man
Who lived by the sea and life was a delight.
At shearing-time his gains were slight
But at least there would be gain.
Then, sad: he saw a trader's gorgeousness displayed,
Was thus lured to part with his one and only flock
And invest what he'd earned, in a ship: but ah the shock—
Wrecked in return for all he'd paid.
He was hired to tend sheep that had been his property—
As merely a herd of course with no authority,
Since he had financed the sea with his cavalcade,
Thyrsis or Corydon as he had been formerly,
Was now Hodge whom none but sheep obeyed.
But he had saved money presently,
Bought back a few sheep of his own
And then one morning when the wind had died down
And boats crept in so gently they did not even rock,
He said, "Ladies of the sea, find someone else to mock,
Might I suggest? since it's money you expect!
Bless me! no more ships of mine to be wrecked."

This is not whimsy it has amused me to expand.
It should help us to understand
What one learns by experience—
That you've more with a single sou in hand
Than with promise of five some days hence.
That we be content with our situation has been shown:
To temptations which ambition and the sea intone,
We must be deaf—our ears, citadels.
For one who gains from the sea, she makes ten thousand groan—
Promising mountains and miracles,
Providing storms and piracy. Stand stiff if you'd not be undone.



THE POT OF CLAY AND THE POT OF IRON

A pot of iron's proposal
That a clay pot fare afield,
Met with a prompt refusal:
"Any joy that journeys yield
Is afforded by our warm hearth;
Brittle pots of breakable earth
Are inured to sacrifice,
Since jostles are far from wise:
I might be crushed by a blow;
But don't feel that you should not go.
Since iron is accustomed to strain,
No reason why you should remain."

Then the other turned arguer,
 And said,—“As for shocks you'd incur,
 Or objects you saw to fear,
 If you felt that you'd come too near,
 I'd expose myself instead
 And you'd not be buffeted.”
 The clay pot was satisfied
 So they fared forth side by side—
 The iron, and the clay one protected.
 Each on three legs as pots are constructed.
 Clipper-clap-clip they tried their luck
 And then at each jolt conflicted
 If even pebbles were struck.

The clay pot suffered—in less than fifty paces the worst that could befall—
 Left by the iron pot in fragments so minute you could not count them all
 And with only himself to blame.

Take as an equal, a person who is not.
 And your fate may be the same
 As that of the earthen pot.

THE COACH AND THE FLY

CLIMBING a hill through sand, as though the load were lead,
 Scorched by burning sun directly overhead,
 Six horses dragged a coach with a lurch.
 Women, a monk, as well as old folk were walking.
 Yet the sweating, blowing horses were balking
 When a fly buzzed toward them determined to perch:
 Convinced that noisiness could goad the horses on,
 Stung one, stung all, sure that what she had done
 Could move the weight at a bound.
 She rode on the coach-pole: soon the driver's nose smarted,
 As the wheels were turning round
 And the vehicle started.

Then insisting that credit be laid at her door,
 She would rush to and fro like a sergeant till spent,
 Who must urge his men forward wherever they went,
 While claiming the honor of winning the war.

The fly complained that what she had done,
 Was a task for them all and not for her alone.
 Heavy work each should do, had been left to her.

The monk had let matins be his share;
 They took a long time. A light heart overflowed,
 But song can't move coaches along the road!
 Pestering each ear, Dame Fly must incommode,
 Buzzing in foolhardihood!

At the top of the hill, the tired horses delayed.
 “Better stop for a time! Take a breath,” the fly said.
 “Since I've guided you up to the level again.
 My good horses, admit that I've been under strain.”
 So consummate bores, too brash to be lessoned,

Making disturbance everywhere,
 Worry themselves with a world of care—
 As pests whose departure one longs to have hastened.



*Marianne Moore's version of the famous French fables
 will be published by the Viking Press this spring.*

Fred Goetz

Prohibition is again becoming a burning issue in many states. Here is what happened in one community, when a number of clergymen tried to dry it up—and a group of less doctrinaire citizens decided to fight back.

Tennessee Preachers and the Demon Rum

Marshall Morgan

AS soon as we're sitting here," said Captain Tom Henderson, "the Prohibition people are going to make a grab for the county." The seventy-one-year-old lawyer, putting a match to his stub pipe, leaned back in his perilous swivel chair. "If it goes dry, that means we'll go back to the old bootlegging days with their violence, hypocrisy, and lawlessness. Lined up in favor of it will be the preachers, the bootleggers, and God knows how many good citizens we happen to differ with. The question is—do we want to make a fight of it?"

We looked at one another.

"I'm in favor of it," said Bob Richardson. "We're citizens of Williamson County, too, aren't we?"

"I'll go along," said John Henderson; to which I added, "You can count me in."

That was almost a year ago, on a thawing afternoon in February. The four of us were stretching our legs in the law office of Thomas P. Henderson in Franklin, Tennessee—a squat little edifice of brick that seems out of place amid the neon of Main Street, its walls weathered to a warm pink by a century's sleet and sunshine. One block to the west, atop a granite-gray shaft in Franklin's public square, a Confederate soldier stands at eternal parade

Little though we then suspected, this peaceful community of six thousand souls, eighteen miles south of Nashville, was to experience soul-shaking convulsions in the months that followed.

When America tossed out the Eighteenth

Amendment, back in 1933, Tennessee stubbornly remained dry—legally, at least—except for a watery film of 3.2 beer. It was not until March 1939 that the Tennessee legislature grudgingly granted to the state's ninety-five counties the right of local option.

A good many reverted to legal liquor at once: Williamson, by a quiet referendum in September. However, most of the venture-some communities were soon put to the hatchet by local Dry forces, backed and usually master-minded by a state-wide organization called the United Tennessee League Against Beverage Alcohol.

WHEN our own struggle began, eighty-eight of the Volunteer State's counties were dry, theoretically. Seven sold whisky legally, Williamson and its sister county of Davidson, in which Nashville is located, were twin oases in a legal desert that stretched almost without a break from the Smoky Mountains westward to the Mississippi. Worse still, the Prohibition army had marched on us—to have the question put to a vote again—after storming six wet counties in a row.

The Dry movement had stirred to life early in January, when the local Methodist congregation was treated to a home-talent dramatization of the horrors of drink, script by the United League. Then, perhaps a week later, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sponsored an elementary school declamation contest. The youngsters who competed in this event were spared the necessity of choosing

their orations against drink. The WCTU ladies were thoughtful enough to provide them with neatly mimeographed speeches.

Now the Prohibition varsity had trotted onto the field, spearheaded by the Williamson Chapter of the United League. The head of their twenty-two-man board of directors was widely respected throughout the community: Claude Yates, teacher of vocational agriculture at the local high school. The remaining twenty-one officials numbered, among others, the high-school principal, a sprinkling of farmers and small business men, a wealthy manufacturer, and—most significantly of all, as later became obvious—four ministers.

BEFORE we left Captain Henderson's office that day, we elected ourselves officers of an as-yet-unorganized opposition. Captain Henderson, who had called us together, agreed to serve as chairman. Successful and widely known throughout Tennessee, he was a battery commander in France in World War I. His brother John H. Henderson is his junior by two decades and his law partner of long standing. Robert L. Richardson, Jr., a fiery son of Kentucky and an attorney too, took the title of secretary-treasurer. My experience as a newspaperman cast me in the role of publicity chairman.

At the start, our tiny group had no name; furthermore, it had no funds. The Henderson brothers and I wrote personal checks and turned them over to Bob, who added one of his own. Obviously, it would be necessary to increase our membership, and our financial stability, as quickly as possible.

I remember that some one suggested the name. The Anti-Bootleg League. This we rejected, after debate, on the grounds that it would be better to be *for* something than *against* anything. Our final choice seemed sturdy enough. It was: Citizens For Enforceable Law.

By early March, we had buckled down to the details of organizational work. We had a supply of membership cards printed and drew up a manifesto. The latter we published as a paid advertisement in the local weekly, the *Review-Appeal*. We were rather proud of it. It pointed out the civic evils of Prohibition, as we saw them; it appealed for membership; and it set forth what seemed to us unmistakable evidence of our willingness to play fair.

It is not necessary to question the good faith of those who favor Prohibition in order to disagree with their conclusions.

Four weeks later, in its own formal "Statement of Policy," the Prohibition board responded with protestations equally high-minded:

It shall also be our policy to discuss this question on the basis of the principles involved, and not on the basis of personalities. We do recognize that in a democracy every person is entitled to his own opinion.

We had called each other little gentlemen. So began, as it had with Penrod Schofield and Georgie Bassett, the Great Tar Fight.

The Lines Are Drawn

WHILE the battle was still in its first, or genteel, phase, the editor of the *Review-Appeal* made clear his own position in relation to the opposing camps:

EDITOR'S NOTE: One of the more stressing problems now confronting Williamson County is the whether or no of legal alcoholic beverage sales to Franklin. Though the *Review-Appeal* is supporting neither faction, we are, as a public service, publishing the following statements as written by a supporter of each respective group.

We sniffed a new scent, however, in this second statement by the Drys:

Review that revolting catalogue of crimes which are connected with the use of alcohol, and remember that a vote for the legalized sale of liquor is a vote for all these: murder, criminal assault, disorderly conduct, mendicancy, vagrancy, etc. Is the dollar so dear that we should permit the legal sale of liquor at the price of our children's life-blood, character, decency, health, honor, and morality? "Forbid it, Almighty God!"

In the face of this storm warning, we moved quickly to expand the membership of Citizens For Enforceable Law and so began to encounter a political phenomenon new to all of us. While we were able to obtain signatures with relative ease (our membership cards pledged only "moral support"), we noticed

around, many of our prospects an air of uneasy reluctance.

"You know I'm for you a hundred per cent, and I'll certainly vote your way, but after all, I'm in business here, and . . ."

"Sure, I'll sign; but for Pete's sake, don't let my wife know about it!"

"You aren't going to publish these names, are you? I just can't afford to come out openly. . . . I know you'll understand."

The Prohibition board, meanwhile, moved with all the maddening deliberation of Grant at Cold Harbor. It supervised the distribution of thousands of straw ballots; churches, missionary societies, and sewing circles happily joined in the pulse-taking, in addition to scores of zealous individual canvassers.

By early April, nonetheless, thanks to intensive personal canvassing, published appeals, and a comprehensive letter campaign, our card index file had tucked away in it the signed membership cards of four hundred Citizens For Enforceable Law. Now, too, we were getting financial support from numerous individuals—a great part of it, we noticed, in the prudently anonymous form of cash. But we didn't quibble about that.

The financial problem remained a thorny one throughout our campaign. While our main reliance lay in the generosity of disinterested citizen supporters, the owners of the four legal-package whisky stores (there are no other legal outlets), looking to their business interests, made individual contributions ranging into the hundreds of dollars. We accepted these relatively big-sum donations, but ran our own campaign, in our own way.

But now an astonishing gladiator—a member of the Prohibition board—strode to the center of the arena, hurled defiance in our teeth, and set about his work.

KENNETH L. FIELDER, the spiritual mentor of a small but passionately loyal suburban Church of Christ, is a slender young man of thirty. He is, he says, "simply an evangelist, a gospel preacher." His hair is crisply wavy; his eyes, which are set deep, show the searching glance of a man whose mission on earth is undeviating.

When Williamson County's tug-of-war began, Mr. Fielder had just launched a daily fifteen-minute radio program. It was entitled, "What Is Written in the Law? How Readest

Thou?" Immediately it became apparent that what Mr. Fielder read in the Law, writ largest of all, was God's eternal enmity toward whisky: its drinkers, its purveyors, and in particular (I quote him) the "evil and dishonest" leaders of Citizens For Enforceable Law.

That he did not call us by name hardly mattered, for our identities were well known. We marveled, and managed to keep our tempers, but we were stung enough to begin systematic tape recordings of Mr. Fielder's onslaughts.

Captain Henderson expressed confidence in the Prohibition group's basic inner stability. "There are some good men on that committee, and I don't believe they'll tolerate this sort of stuff very long," he said. "Sooner or later, they'll have to repudiate him."

To our genuine surprise, the governing body of the Dry organization did nothing of the sort. Nor did it ever repudiate him; Mr. Fielder remained a basic cog in the Prohibition machine—indeed, as we learned later, he was a member of both its speakers' and veterans' committees.

Perhaps our opponents were too busy tabulating the results of their straw vote to give much thought to the matter, for their next statement indicated gratifying results. They had "adequate reason," they announced, to anticipate victory at the polls. In this statement, Mr. Fielder's contributions to the cause were not evaluated.

BILL ORMES, a former Nashville newspaperman and the owner of the local radio station, WAGG, was having his own share of tribulations. "I have premonitions about this damned liquor fight," Ormes said, gloomily.

By now the radio station was putting political disclaimers on all broadcasts in which the liquor issue was so much as mentioned. This decision resulted in strangely hybrid introductions to many of Mr. Fielder's theological exhortations. Announcer Bob Holland handled these slippery assignments with the suavity of a good MC.

"The views which may be expressed on the following program," he would say, "do not necessarily represent those of this radio station. And now—What Is Written in the Law? How Readest Thou? This is a fifteen-minute

daily program, designed to increase your knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures"

Our quest for speakers brought us several hearty promises of oratorical support, but few prospects who, in the last resort, were able to find time to uphold our cause publicly. Once, when I met him on the street, one young lawyer who had made a speech for us smiled wryly.

"Have you heard about the coincidence?" he asked me. "I'm now an ex-Sunday-School teacher. My minister has decided that maybe the old teacher should take the class back, after all."

Coincidence or no coincidence, the happening foreshadowed our novel position in the community. We became marked men. The belief with which we had begun the campaign seems, in retrospect, almost touchingly naïve. We had believed that while inevitably certain clashes of opinion would occur, no element of personal dignity need be, or would be, sacrificed. Our innocence had been unclouded indeed. Here was to be a grappling to the death between Satan and Saint Volstead.

While Captain Henderson and I had our share of pious, angry telephone calls, Bob Richardson was a far more vulnerable target, since he was a member of a downtown Church of Christ. The telephone calls usually opened with a standard inquiry: "Are you a Christian?" Someone even got confused and called Bill Ormes, at the radio station. The call came at a moment when he was having transmission trouble; and the answer he gave did not lessen the caller's confusion, I'm sure.

"No, madam!" he exploded. "I embraced Buddhism at the age of seven, and have never deviated from that faith!"

The Fight Gets Rough

THE Prohibitionists opened their June offensive with the Reverend Hugh L. Myers, pastor of the downtown Baptist church and one of the Dry elect. Chairman Yates presided at the microphone.

"In the statement of our policy which was made public some time ago," he said, "it was declared that in a democracy every person is entitled to his own opinion. That declaration we fully respect. However, we must keep

in mind that a person's opinion is based upon his knowledge, his experience, and his interpretation of that knowledge and experience."

If this comment held no particular significance for the ears of most listeners, its meaning was clear enough to us. A week earlier, Mr. Yates, along with his fellow board members, had received from us a personal letter on precisely this issue:

Dear Mr. Yates:

We are writing as chairman and secretary respectively of Citizens For Enforceable Law. . . .

We, and the citizens of the county generally, were naturally pleased at the Statement of Policy set out in your advertisement in the *Review-Appeal*, which was signed by you and the other members of your board. . . .

We were naturally surprised that notwithstanding this statement, Mr. Kenneth L. Fielder, who signed it with you, apparently did not read or understand its meaning, or intentionally ignored it. Following are verbatim quotations from this gentleman's speech over Radio Station WAGG on May twenty-first:

"I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE LIQUOR CROWD. THE PEOPLE WHO ARE OPPOSING THIS MOVEMENT TO TRY TO GET LEGALIZED LIQUOR OUT OF TOWN HAVE Banded TOGETHER AND GOTTEN THEM A MOUTHPIECE, AS THEY ALWAYS DO, AND HAVE CALLED THEMSELVES CITIZENS FOR ENFORCEABLE LAW. . . .

"THE TRUTH IS THAT THESE PEOPLE WHO ARE Banded TOGETHER . . . ARE NOT INTERESTED IN ENFORCING THE LAW. THEY ARE INTERESTED IN SELLING YOU AS MUCH WHISKY AS THEY CAN SELL YOU, TO GET YOUR MONEY.

"HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT THERE ARE NO DEEPLY SPIRITUAL PEOPLE IN THIS ORGANIZATION? THAT CHURCH PEOPLE, PREACHERS, AND PEOPLE WHO WOULD NATURALLY BE EXPECTED TO BE STANDING FOR THE RIGHT HAVE NOT Banded THEMSELVES TOGETHER IN THIS ORGANIZATION—BUT IT'S MEN WHO DRINK, AND MEN WHO MAKE THEIR MONEY BY DRINKING, AND LAWYERS WHO'LL SELL THEIR SOULS FOR A FEW DOLLAR. ~~AND~~ THE MOUTHPIECES FOR THIS TRAFFIC, THIS NEFARIOUS TRADE. . . . THEY OUGHT TO BE CALLED CITIZENS FOR LEGALIZED SIN."

This letter is to ask whether you and your board have decided to change the policy of your campaign on the high plane stated in your advertisement, or whether you approve the kind of campaign being con-

ducted by this speaker over the radio. Don't you think we and the people of the county generally are entitled to know?

Yours very truly,

THOMAS P. HENDERSON

ROBERT L. RICHARDSON, JR.

Even as the Reverend Mr. Myers—a man of rich and varied vocal talents—measured his distance from the WAGG microphone, we knew that we were not going to get the answers we had asked for.

"In our protest against the present legalized sale of whisky and wine," he said, "we refuse to allow our voice to be stymied and stopped short in the public mind, either by the furor of the manufacturers, distributors, and advertisers, or by the blustering, demagogic cries of their allies. . . .

"Every person who votes for liquor in any form is automatically placing himself under the pronounced curse of Almighty God. He is inviting the wrath of God upon himself and his nation.

"If you knew that you would be hurled into eternity five minutes after you cast your vote in this coming election, would you vote for liquor? If you knew you would face the Judge of all the earth in five minutes after you vote for liquor, would you vote for it?"

WE WAITED two weeks after mailing our formal protests to the Prohibition leaders; then we published the whole story, letter included. Our political and personal blood pressures were rising fast; our counterattack was launched in a glaring full-page advertisement:

"WE'LL BE FAIR," SAY PROHIBITIONISTS—
THEN SPONSOR VICIOUS MUD-SLINGING

We want the citizens of Williamson County to know exactly what kind of campaign is being conducted by the Prohibition forces. We want these citizens to know what was promised, solemnly and officially, and what is actually taking place.

The indictment listed the names of the letter's twenty-two recipients, reproduced the letter itself, and ended with a declaration which would henceforward mean no quarter.

For our part, we refuse to dirty our hands with such weapons. We refuse to sponsor any speaker whose tongue drips venom,

malicious falsehood, and outrageous personal vilification. We refuse to stoop from the plane of reason to the pigsty of slander. We refuse to base our campaign on the attempted character-assassination of our fellow Williamson Countians.

MR. FIELDER, rallying, loosed at us a double-barreled reply. His third-of-a-page rejoinder, "Answer to the Liquor Crowd," confronted us with new challenges, both personal and typographical:

In an effort to lessen the force of my efforts on the liquor issue, the liquor crowd, with its usual disregard for truth and facts, has represented me as violating the principles of the dry forces and charged me of [*sic*] *deliberately misrepresenting the liquor crowd. . . .*

With as many lawyers as are connected with "Citizens For Enforceable Law," one of them should know that they are guilty of STEALING as they take my speech and quote from it, without so much as asking my permission!! . . .

They have "assassinated" the "character" of yours truly; have "appropriated" his property . . . and have announced me as "official spokesman," our plain statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

God said, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also. . . ."

Mr. Fielder went on the air while the presses were still rolling. This time he went even further. "That speech belonged to me, and any lawyer who is acquainted with the law at all ought to know that you cannot take the property of another without being a thief."

Captain Henderson, Bob, and I were unanimous in our decision. We worked fast, and on the last day of June we handed to an astonished Circuit Court clerk a set of individual libel suits. They claimed that as the result of Mr. Fielder's assertions we had suffered actual damages in the amount of one dollar each, and asked \$5,000 each as punitive damages—the latter sums earmarked, as "any money recovered," for a local charity.

The Associated Press and the United Press bureaus in Nashville filed the story, reporters and photographers moved in, and radio newsmen spread the tidings quickly. The *Review-Appeal* hit Main Street with a streamer:

MINISTER FACES CHARGES IN 3 SUITS FILED BY ANTI-PROHIBITION OFFICIALS

Its editor was ready, again, with a heavily italicized foreword:

EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Review-Appeal* is taking no sides in the current county-wide dispute over the continued legal sale of alcoholic beverages in Franklin. However, it is the policy of this newspaper, as is admitted by the leaders of both the Prohibition and anti-Prohibition groups, to impartially publish the news as it occurs. . . .

And shortly the other twenty-one members of the Prohibition flock, rallying round their wounded colleague, issued a ringing rebuke.

We thank God that this is still America and not the "Communist reign of terror," and that honored citizens may still exercise the "blood-bought right" to speak their sentiments on questions that concern the general welfare of our people. WE STRONGLY PROTEST AGAINST ANY METHOD TO STIFLE THE VOICE OF ANY MEMBER OF OUR BOARD OR ANY CITIZEN WHO EXERCISES HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO PUBLICLY EXPRESS HIS CONVICTIONS.

It was incredible, but there it was. The late George Orwell, we felt, would have liked that one.

The Clergy Split Up

THE Reverend E. U. Robinson, our principal Methodist antagonist, enlisted the help of an extraordinary ally when he went on the air ten days later. His address bore the title, "God's Answer to the Citizens For Enforceable Law." The Reverend Mr. Robinson, despite the overwhelming support at his elbow, confessed to certain qualms.

"Now, my friends, I'm giving you this message in great fear and trembling—in great fear that I wouldn't make it strong enough, in trembling because I know that the evil forces of this country will not stop with their slimy hands nor their foul tongues to destroy any one who ventures to stand forth for the cause of righteousness I could name names of those Saints of God whom they are seeking to destroy, today, in every foul and vicious way."

This uneasy speaker, a member of the upper Dry coterie, was one of twenty-two ministers

throughout the county who had pledged their support to Miss Nation's quack-kiss cause. Nevertheless, there were lonely islands of clerical independence.

The Reverend Alex B. Hanson, pastor of the local Episcopal church, and Father J. W. Cunningham, the Catholic priest, failed to enlist in the crusade: apparently they were content to abide by the traditional hands-off policies of their churches in Prohibition fights. The Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Edward C. Hay, took the view that the issue was political, not moral: he issued no public pronouncements.

The quartet of clerical non-enthusiasts was rounded out by a stout-hearted young pastor in a rural Methodist church, the Reverend Sterling Whitley. A theological student at nearby Vanderbilt University in Nashville, he told his congregation that his personal sentiments were Dry: but he expressed himself, openly, as being unable to stomach the tactics of the Prohibition group. The Reverend Mr. Whitley refused to serve as a speaker for the Dry cause, despite the personal pressures and displeasures of several of his Methodist colleagues.

A VETERAN antagonist now entered the fray, rested and unruffled after a rear-echelon tour of duty with the United League. James C. Furman of Nashville, its executive secretary, took to the local air with a series of lectures, "The Dope on Dope." Alcohol, he said, is "a deadly narcotic drug, exactly like cocaine, morphine, and hashish." Mr. Furman's black brief case, his hatless, leonine sweep of iron-gray hair, and his velvet-trimmed voice, became familiar in town.

We countered with John Henderson: as District Attorney over a span of twenty-one years, he had handled the living dregs of Prohibition. John Henderson is a scholarly, mild-mannered man: but now the fever of battle was hot in his bones, too. "I can't believe that it was a part of his prepared speech," he said into a WAGG microphone, "but one of our opponents in his enthusiasm, in his self-hypnosis, declared: 'Every person who votes for liquor in any form is automatically placing himself under the pronounced curse of Almighty God.'"

"Ladies and gentleman, this is the man who calls us demagogic! Has any more re-

markable threat ever been uttered, in any political campaign? It is nothing new, of course, to proclaim God your ally. . . . [But] when a mortal man makes a statement like the one I have quoted, I demand to know his authority!"

LONG before this phase of the struggle began, the management of the *Review-Appeal* and WAGG had begun to ponder the desirability of libel and slander insurance. "It was no use," Bill Ormes said. "Apparently the insurance companies have gotten wind of the uproar, and won't touch it. Now I'm trying Lloyd's of London."

The struggle for air supremacy resulted in both sides' attracting highly partisan following throughout Middle Tennessee, and even in the fringe areas of Alabama and Kentucky. Letters of protest and applause poured in, many of them postmarked in areas far beyond our concern. A Franklin salesman, calling on a customer in a town seventy miles away, noticed that his prospect kept glancing at his wrist watch. Finally he rose.

"You'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he said. "I'm following that Prohibition cat-and-dog fight over in Williamson County. A speaker is coming on the air in ten minutes, and I've got to get home to my radio."

The area of interest was widened when a Church of Christ minister in an adjacent county, Rutherford, made a series of broadcasts over a Murfreesboro radio station. This new champion, Mr. George DeHoff, shelacked us with a brush dipped in a familiar pot. Five days after we had filed our libel suits, the Murfreesboro divine put into print, in a church publication, the first of his many subsequent essays.

BOOZE CROWD SUES GOSPEL PREACHER

. . . Caring for neither the law of God nor principles of truth and fairness, they are dragging a gospel preacher to court. It is a fight to silence Fielder's fight against liquor. . . . Decent people throughout Middle Tennessee should rise up in righteous indignation to see that Brother Fielder is supplied with money and attorneys to defend himself and the cause he represents.

Mr. DeHoff followed up this philippic with a personal letter to Captain Henderson. "In

my judgment," he wrote, "your dragging Kenneth Fielder to court is comparable to Peter, Paul, and Jesus Christ being taken to court for daring to speak what they believed to be true. . . . Your action in this matter is going to stir up anomosity [*sic*], hatred, and ill-will that will not die down for generations. . . . The whisky election is a minor matter compared with this law suit."

Last Appeals to Reason

WE DROPPED our libel suits nine days before election. Mediators had been at work for several days; and we felt that our moral position was vindicated when Mr. Fielder saw fit to put his signature to a joint document which stated, in part: "We agree that on both sides of opinion in this campaign there are good, honorable, Christian men and women, who, in good faith, have conflicting opinions as to the proper method of control of alcoholic beverages. . . ."

The paper was signed by Mr. Fielder, Captain Henderson, and Bob Richardson. Although I agreed to withdraw my own suit, I refused to sign the joint statement. One of its clauses specified that "an unpleasant spirit has been shown on occasion by both sides," and in my opinion this clause, while certainly true, did not properly fix the blame.

I think my skepticism was justified the next day. Mr. Fielder, in his broadcast, made an offhand remark: "As you know, an attempt to silence me was made, and it failed."

Mr. DeHoff and a fellow spirit in Murfreesboro, J. Leonard Jackson, a Church of Christ colleague, now contributed an eloquent pre-election appeal, coupled with a spirited double defense of Mr. Fielder, as guest speakers on "What is Written in the Law?" Simultaneously, Mr. DeHoff asked readers of the *Review-Appeal*, in an eye-arresting display: SHALL WE LEGALIZE SIN? This advertisement appeared on the day Mr. Fielder signed the joint statement, and warned: "Do not be deceived by any last-minute false reports."

A twenty-year-old theological student went on the air to describe, with considerable emotion, how girls of tender years were being "ogled and leered at," on Franklin's Main Street, by drunken beasts. "Do you want your sister insulted like that?" he demanded. In a radio speech, I ridiculed this vaudeville act.

My telephone was ringing when I got home. The boy's sister, a very angry young woman, was on the line. I had to hold the ear-piece several inches away. "The very idea of your taking advantage of him!" she stormed. "Why, he's just a kid, and you darn well knew it!"

The principals in our organization (it now numbered twelve hundred) were kept busy, unprofitably, trying to decipher packets of remonstrative letters. These last-minute blows for the cause of embattled righteousness were largely of local origin.

"I feel it my Christian duty to write you this letter," began one typical communication. "I would like to have you explain Hab. 2-15. Woe to him that giveth his neighbor to drink. Could you stand in the presence of Jesus and uphold legalized sales of beverage alcohol. Are you ready to face your Christ, the greater blood dona [sic] the world has ever known or will you be ashamed in His presence. Please consider the evil you are doing, go to your knees beg God's forgiveness and vote a dry ticket on Sat. Aug. 15."

I hope we can be forgiven for not going to our knees about the whisky situation. All four of the county's whisky stores are located in Franklin, their business operations visible to any passerby. Their owners are men about as desperate as the average Rotarian. The community's state of sobriety is well summed up by a thirty-year veteran of the Franklin police force, Oscar Garner. "In the old boot-leg days, we didn't have cells enough for the drunks on Saturday nights," he said. "Now it's one or two arrests, maybe every week or so."

THE *Review-Appeal's* pre-election issue was a publisher's paradise of paid (in advance) pro-and-con advertisements. During the last five days of the campaign, the Dry forces battered at our ramparts with ten different radio speakers a day. In addition, they offered doubtful voters a "School Men's Panel," a "Young Adult Panel," a "Layman's Panel," and a last, pre-battle briefing by Mr. Yates.

During the same feverish week we used every speaker we could drag into a studio: a grand total of six. Of these, five were old familiars. The one new voice was that of a

former U. S. District Attorney ("I Saw Prohibition Fail"), Ward Hudgins, who makes his home in Franklin.

In my own last broadcast ("A Citizen Talks Back") I told the story of the libel suits. We had withdrawn them, I said, "to help preserve in our community some element of Christian charity, so notably rare in this campaign." Mr. Fielder, striking back, told his listeners: "This man is deliberately trying to destroy my influence in this community."

The hour of decision arrived under a wilting, stifling blanket of heat. Our political hopes wilted, too, when we saw the early lines at the polls. Every other voter, it seemed to us, was a little old lady, grim-faced, patient, her head shielded by some resurrected parasol. Swarms of children tugged at every passing sleeve, gaily handing out Prohibition booster cards. The cards appealed: "Vote dry for my sake!"

At 8:10 that night a sweating projectionist, his shaft of light aimed at a buttermilk-white sheet hung on a downtown building, flipped a freshly-inked slide into his machine.

WETS WIN IN A WALK!

IT WAS hardly a walk. The county had seen it our way by a modest, but at least argument-proof majority of 420 votes; twenty-one out of thirty-one precincts were on record—some by microscopic margins—as approving the continued legalized sale of whisky and wine. The people of Williamson had turned out to be less than easily swayed by the Prohibitionists' appeal. If the issue was one—as the Drys seemed often to picture it—of whether or not their own doctrinal views should prevail with the voters, in the settling of a social and political issue, then the answer was a forceful negative.

The next day—Sunday, August 16—a guest speaker rose to grip the pulpit of a local Baptist church. Give-away fans fluttered in the sticky air of late summer as the visiting dignitary, Dr. H. B. Cross of the United Tennessee League Against Beverage Alcohol, hesitated briefly on the threshold of his long-scheduled address.

"My friends," he said, "I regret that today, for an obvious reason, I will be unable to bring you the exact message I had planned."



The Wanton Troopers

A Story by Max Steele

Drawings by Johannes Troyer

*The wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn and it will die.*

—Andrew Marvell

BETWEEN the Café Mona and Saint-Germain-des-Prés, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, the Académie André is hidden away in a mossy courtyard behind huge and peeling dark green doors which open onto a tiny crippled street, which itself is almost hidden from the stranger who passes on the big boulevard or on the rue de Rennes.

Here in the Académie, half the students are American, half are French. The Americans for the most part are veterans who report to class as though to work, put in their hours, and at the end of the month draw their subsistence and supply checks. The French are not so regimentalized and industrious. They wander in and out and the only ones who appear regularly and stay the entire day are the young girls who are inscribed here by their bourgeois parents in an effort to keep them out of the existentialist bars and cafés on Saint Germain.

Sitting in the vestibule, peeling potatoes for her *pot-au-feu* or making innumerable checked aprons for her little grandson who plays all day in the cold courtyard or upstairs where some heat drifts through from the ateliers, Madame Hélène watches these girls with rational, penetrating eyes, just as she watches everything that transpires in the three huge studios of the Académie. She is a short, rather pudgy-looking woman of about fifty, and it is only when one sees her tiptoeing into a still-life class hugging a heavy granite bust of Victor Hugo that one realizes her quiet and powerful strength. There is a rumor that fifteen years ago she dragged a male model, a

well-known Olympic athlete, out of the atelier, through the vestibule, and wrestled him across the courtyard before pushing him naked into the street. Madame Hélène herself is always exasperated when asked about the incident. She throws her short arms toward heaven and explains in rapid French that indeed it did not happen thus. The man was posing in an old studio where the office now is and after an argument about his fees she merely pushed him down the stairs, after which it was an easy matter to kick him into the courtyard, where he was allowed to dress. For certainly she had more respect and sentiment for the dignity of the Académie than to throw such a man into the street. After all, she concludes, is it not she who preserves the decorum of the school? Is it not she who is the guardian of respectability? Is it not she (and then she goes off into a terrible argot which the Americans cannot understand but which the French students explain with wicked delight) who prevents orgies, of such total degradation that even Chicago would be shocked, from taking place in the ateliers and here in the vestibule and there on the stairs? She grows voluble and specific and points to the courtyard and to various shrieking, protesting students while describing the horrible, intense debauchery which she alone, she, Madame Hélène, for twenty-two years has prevented from being enacted here in this sacred Académie where Claude Félix Cambronne studied and painted.

Listening to her without understanding her words, it is impossible to know whether Madame Hélène believes them or whether she merely raves for the entertainment of the French students and the bewilderment of the American. In any case, it is true that she

can, without seeming to glance up from her potatoes, detect a flirtation and she often recognizes the delicate tendrils of love long before the persons concerned are aware of their own involvement.

FOR several months last winter she regarded with attentive, impartial eye the coy behavior of Anna Barkova toward Nebraska Long. Nebraska was actually born in Iowa and his strong Midwestern accent had a slight Swedish lilt which rendered it less painful, even amusing to Madame Hélène. But then Nebraska had early and accidentally rendered himself sweet to that woman by appearing impressed to learn that Claude Félix Cambronne had studied and painted in this very Académie. (At that time Nebraska, seated always mentally at the far end of the table from his august and chauvinistic landlady, was morbidly ashamed of his education, so that he dared not ask deferentially as the Americans usually did, or boldly as the French, just who exactly was this Claude Félix Cambronne.) Later, after Christmas, when Madame Hélène took him upstairs to her one-room living quarter and showed him a little oil study, 12 x 18, that Cambronne had done of her, some thirty years before when she was a young girl with a plain but truly rapturous and innocent visage, he had had the presence to say that it was certainly a nice thing; and then he had had the gallantry to say that he found her face more interesting now. That was, she said, indeed too charming of him. He had gazed closely at the portrait again and when he looked up at her aging face in the slanted light, they both had turned suddenly, unexpectedly red. She had opened the door and apologized for having taken up so much of his two-hour lunch time.

Nebraska had gone quietly down the steps, across the courtyard and up the narrow street to Saint-Germain where he boarded with an old family of women which had lived there when Saint-Germain was the fashionable *faubourg* described by Proust. Now two wars, a dead husband, and three dead sons and two dead grandsons later, Madame had taken in this young man who wished so much, she explained his presence to visitors, to have the opportunity to live like a Frenchman, if only for a year. At the long mahogany table, where he often remembered the scrubbed-board

kitchen table in Iowa and the muslin curtains, they talked lightly of politics, literature, and the ballet. That is to say, they talked of de Gaulle, Gide (Sartre did not yet exist for them), and of Serge Lilar. When Nebraska mentioned Melville or any American writer or artist, Madame la Générale would lift her white eyebrows and demand whom with such a brilliant and icy smile that Nebraska was never sure whether it was his pronunciation or his taste which was being questioned. At such moments, by narrowing his eyes imperceptibly, he could make the candlelight seem to hesitate, and in the gloom at the far end of the table the black velvet choker-band about her neck would blend into the dark draperies behind her and Madame would be sitting with her head apparently severed completely from her body, guillotined by her own elegance.

He sometimes dreaded these lunches but he remained here, he told himself, because he liked his tremendous room with the heavy dark red velvet hangings, the massive walnut furniture reflected in enormous, gilt-framed mirrors, and the lustrous parquet floor which squeaked so much like a well-chain. Here he stayed alone as much as possible and read American magazines and newspapers bought at Brentano's on his book allowance. Each night he ate out, went afterward to the nearest concert, and stopped at the Calé Mona to drink a cup of hot milk while listening without speaking to the difficult and often disagreeable Americans who drank there every night. A little after midnight he returned home to wash out his nylon shirt and shorts and once a week his blue jeans.

It was a solitary life but one toward which all during the Army he had planned and saved. "The Solitary Swede," they had called him in the army and again in the university, for he was by nature self-sufficient, happier when not having to think about other people.

THE fact that his notebook and pads were full of sketches of Anna Barkova did not, therefore, mean that he had been thinking about her that winter. It was simply that he liked her odd assortment of features and found them so easy to reproduce that, left free, his hand was apt to trace automatically the dramatic sweep of her hair caught up in back, her querulous brows and short tilted nose, or her vulnerable, pouting baby mouth

with its even row of white baby teeth. In all it was the soft, round face of a pampered baby—except for the eyes which were tremendously large and dark and, even when she laughed, capable of sorrow. It was these startling, haunting eyes that confronted one from every page of Nebraska's sketchbook. Madame Hélène had, of course, become alert when she first, accidentally, saw these sketches, and when Anna heard of them she became immediately fascinated.

When she finally confirmed, by the plain tactic of snatching his notebook from him, that it was true that the bony, balding Midwesterner was using her as a constant model, little Anna approached him each morning after that with a fondness and directness usually put aside for more subtle means by little girls after the age of four. She had absolutely none of the chic and poise one has been taught to expect of young ladies in Paris, and at almost twenty she was still involved in the baby fat that most young people have resolved at ten or twelve.

Even when not interested in attracting anyone's attention her actions were likely to be awkward with the outgrown spontaneity and enthusiasm of a child. During the fall term

she had hung like a puppy at the heels of Bernard Lévy and Suzanne as though it never occurred to her that that couple would want sometime to be alone. She never seemed to notice that they were never as overjoyed as she when she had sixty francs with which to buy the *thré* of them coffee. Nebraska could not understand why she should want to buy coffee for a person as physically dirty, uncombed, and rude as Bernard Lévy who shouted continually at the models and at anyone who even accidentally touched him. He never shouted at Anna though and seemed to tolerate her and her extravagant emotions better than anyone else.

WHEN suddenly Anna turned this childish attentiveness on him, Nebraska was abashed, for at thirty he was still shy and wary of women, even the most gentle. He hurried through the vestibule now and took up each day a place between the model and the stove so that Anna could not sit beside him as she had done for several days after snatching his notebook. When he heard her from time to time tiptoeing playfully up behind him and peeping over his shoulder, he held his notebook unintentionally closer to himself.

During the breaks between poses he rushed out into the narrow street where he smoked, and read and reread the stone plaque attached to the building across from the Académie:

*Ici Est Tombé
Mort Pour La France
Gaston Raoult
Etudiant Age 20 ans*



At this distance he could not read the engraved date on which the young student had died, and, even though he intended to, he never crossed over to see if the student had fallen, as most of them had according to the plaques scattered all over the city, during the fighting the August of the Liberation.

Soon Anna, watched by Madame Hélène, began following him here to the street before the green doors. Becoming bold, ap-

parently in the belief that he had come here to be followed, she playfully asked him for cigarettes (which later he saw her giving to Suzanne and to the filthy Bernard Lévy). Or she teased him by asking why he did not chew chewing gum like all Americans. He had told her it was because he was fifty-two years old and had false teeth. Even though he had said this to impress upon her the difference in their ages, this was just the sort of nonsense Anna loved and so each day she would try to provoke him out of his silence. One day she said, more seriously: "Do you have a car?"

"Here in Paris?" he asked.

"Anywhere," she said gravely.

"At home," he said.

"A big car?"

"A Plymouth." He was amused by her seriousness on the subject.

"Is that a big car?"

He shrugged his shoulders in the new way. "Medium."

The next day she said: "Do you have a picture of it?"

"What?" he asked.

"Your car, stupid," she said.

"I don't think so." He grinned. "Why?"

She was embarrassed but persisted, now as though it were a joke: "Search for one."

HE HAD laughed at her but that night he got out his footlocker and looked through his photographs. There was one of the farm taken from the silo, one of the clapboard frame house, one of his father standing awkwardly in his Sunday suit down at the dusty road by the heat-blistered, peeling mailbox, one taken during the war of his mother in overalls and his Aunt Hilda in an apron, plucking chickens for the Saturday market in Watertown, one of himself on the new tractor, and several of the family and the new tractor, but none of the car.

"Well then," Anna said when he told her, "you must draw me a picture of it."

Nebraska's first drawings had been of cars and planes and his first solution to the problem of foreshortening had been made one Sunday afternoon sitting by the mailbox trying to draw a car rounding the curve from Watertown. Somewhat ashamed, but secretly delighted, and more for his own pleasure than for hers, he began designing ridiculously

elongated, low, streamlined automobiles. When he, as though by chance, let her see the folio which held them, he was disappointed in her reaction.

"What is it?" she asked as though greatly annoyed by the first one.

"My car."

"Stupid," she said. "Nobody has a car that looks like that." She flipped the pages and looked at the fantastic cars. "No."

"You don't like them."

"No, no, no. I want you to do a real car. Like you have at home." But she would keep these sketches until he did a sensible one.

That evening, using a big sheet of paper, he drew a caricature of a decrepit T-Model bouncing down a bumpy road, the rubbery wheels and axles buckling under it and throwing the driver, in a duster and goggles, a foot off the seat where the springs were crashing through the split cushions. She had laughed when he showed it to her but again she had protested and asked for a picture of his car, the Plymouth, a real picture. In the meantime she would keep the caricature if she might.

THE next morning the first truly spring sun was shining, so instead of going to the Académie, Nebraska went down to sketch-in a water color of the little green grocery shop at the corner by Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre. After lunch he went over to the Académie earlier than usual and while taking off his raincoat in the vestibule he could see Anna, Suzanne, and Bernard Lévy sitting on the edge of the model-stand regarding his automobile sketches which were spread out on the floor. Several other French students were standing nearby looking and laughing.

Feeling rather proud that they were amused by his drawings, Nebraska stood at the threshold of the open door ready to enter when he realized they were not laughing at the humor in his designs but rather at Bernard Lévy who was delivering a lecture: "... voilà l'art américain."

It was too late for Nebraska to turn back. He entered the studio and walked along the side, back of the model-stand, to his shell. The laughter ebbed away but Bernard, whether he had seen Nebraska or no, continued his mock lecture. "You will note the texture of the paper. Only the finest Italian paper for

such artists. Naturally. And the pencil strokes. You will note that they were made with the finest pencils from Philadelphia. All bought by a government which can purchase anything, produce anything, including art."

Pretending that he did not understand the words—and all the students assumed that the Americans could understand only simple sentences spoken to them slowly and directly—Nebraska took down a set of water colors and some brushes and went quietly through the still-life room and back out into the courtyard. There his calmness left him and he began shaking all over. He should go back in and smash the boy in the face and kick the living hell out of him. Tear up the drawings. Confront Anna with her deceit.

ALL afternoon he was too furious to work. He walked along the Seine hating the sight even of it and of the bridges he usually loved to look at. He would never understand the French. Not if he lived here forever. Santayana had said that he had not a single friendship with a Frenchman which he did not feel was marred by insincerity. Nebraska felt that they were probably sincere at any given moment but that they were completely the victims of their varying impulses. They had developed their elaborate rituals of politeness to hide this weakness. Anyway, one could not accuse Bernard Lévy of being insincere, polished, politic. He was openly hostile to the Americans. He never spoke to them. Within their hearing, though, he accused them of being the new Germans, the new fascists, the new supermen, the lovers and rebuilders of a Germany that would again run riot over Europe. Usually, however, when he glared at them from his corner of the room or at their work, he was either silent or spoke in argot to the amusement of the other French. His chief argument against them seemed to be always that they had the best of supplies, five thousand francs' worth a month, paid for by their government, while he, though he did not mention it, often drew with a black crayon on flattened pages of *Le Monde* which, unlike the other newspapers, had few photographs to interfere with his compositions.

But it's not fair," Nebraska thought. "There's not an American there who wouldn't give him papers and pencils and brushes. If he weren't too damned proud to accept them."

It was true: almost any one of the veterans was pleased when he could find a tactful way to let one of the more talented of the French students have supplies on his bill, if not as an outright gift then in trade for a small composition.

All of the Americans wanted especially to own at least one of the journals on which, using a bamboo stick dipped in India ink, Bernard drew literally hundreds of hollow-eyed, skull faces with gaunt bodies. Sometimes these strange birdlike figures were naked and their ribs and hipbones and thighs were depicted with the terrible accuracy of an anatomical chart. Sometimes they wore hanging, gauzelike clothes and carried shovels that seemed to be as heavy for them as railroad ties. Whether clothed or naked, the stooped bodies were charged with hunger and despair and hopelessness. He worked with a maddening intensity and for weeks he would never look at the model, at whom he nevertheless shouted abuse, but would stand in the back of the room working as though he had a hundred years of work to do in one, drawing and redrawing these haunted, nightmare, wraithlike creatures. At other times but with the same furious intensity, he would draw on gray paper quite marvelous gulls in graceful, lyrical flight. As much as Nebraska, at the moment, despised the boy, he would have given without hesitation his next month's supply allowance for one page of one of the decorated newspapers.

"But it's not fair what he says," Nebraska said again. He thought of Benito Marino from New York who had had three excellent shows and whose work was as good as anyone's at the school, including perhaps Bernard's. And Silvers who had even a better eye, yet with not as much taste. But then look at what some of the French students were doing: those who were caught up in the resurgent Lautrec vogue to the extent of actually putting long black gloves on their paintings of the nude models! Even as his fury subsided he knew he could not go back to work at the Académie for a great many days.

FORTUNATELY the next week was warm for early April, bright and without rain. Nebraska finished his water color of the green grocery and the following week had begun another, near Buci, when the weather

broke gray and wet and cold as winter. Reluctantly he returned to the Académie which he had not been able to force himself to think about. He arrived during the eleven o'clock break, just as a few of the students were coming across the courtyard. He glanced quickly to see if Anna were among them. He had decided it was not deceit but childishness, perhaps even pride, which had prompted her to show her friends the automobiles. In any case, he would continue as far as possible not to have any serious words with her.

THE moment he opened the door, Madame Hélène seized upon him with a false gaiety that made him want to leave. Had she heard about the mock lecture? She, however, was so full of enthusiasm over his appearance (the sun had tanned his bald brow) and over his work outside that he could not discern the direction of her thoughts. She led him away from the ateliers to the foot of the stairs, still talking volubly and louder than usual. Suddenly she stopped, turned and faced him directly and said in a low voice, almost a whisper: "The little Anna, she should not be alone. Ask her to take a cup of coffee with you. That would be very nice of you."

Again he wanted to escape. Were the two women conspiring to force him out of his solitude?

"You know, of course, about her friends, Suzanne and Bernard?"

"No," he said.

"Bernard killed himself. It has been eight days now, Suzanne has gone back to Grenoble to be with her family. Little Anna is alone and naturally quite sad!" Madame Hélène dug into the square pocket of her black smock and asked: "Do you have money for two coffees?" She pulled out a handkerchief and wiped her nose.

He said without moving that he did and that it would be nice if Madame Hélène would join them but she protested that she must finish dinner and find a way of digging out a twenty-franc piece for the little grandson who had stuck it into the window sill. He would find Anna in the still-life room.

Without taking off his rain coat, Nebraska walked through and put away his water colors and brushes on the shelf from which two weeks before he had taken them. The atelier

was empty now and without sound. He walked through to the still-life room. In the center, her back toward him, the plump curve of her cheeks showing beyond the small ears, Anna sat gazing at a squash and two eggs. She turned when she heard his steps and smiled pleasantly when she saw who it was. "Look," she said, holding out her sketch pad. "It's lurid no matter what angle you draw from." They regarded the studies and laughed. He was surprised, after Madame Hélène's speech, to find her so cheerful and apparently unchanged. Certainly she would love a cup of coffee—if he had any money, she didn't. They pretended to fight over who should open the door and once across the courtyard who should open the big green doors to the street. Finally, because she had opened the first, she consented to his opening the second.

In the street she said: "You must let me walk on the outside. Next the street." He explained that in America young ladies walk on the inside toward the buildings.

"America, bah!" she said but in a good humor. "Besides it's silly to have such a rule."

"It's because the Elizabethan houses hung over the street and the person walking on the outside was liable to be hit with refuse thrown from above," he explained. "Then too, because the horses splashed mud."

"And here the man gives the woman his left arm, to have her near his heart and to leave his sword hand free to draw and protect her."

"In any case," he said, "you're on the wrong side."

"Do you mind?" she asked gravely. She was walking on the curb stones like a child, balancing, and stepping down occasionally when she could not maintain her balance. "I don't like for people to get between me and the curb."

No, he didn't mind. He was delighted that the conversation was so trivial. During the coffee and the walk back they did not mention Bernard Lévy and the fact that he had killed himself.

For the weeks that followed, everything went on as before, and if many of the students knew about the incident, it was not mentioned. On sunny days the Académie was almost empty but in rainy weather or on cold days the ateliers were full again. Now in the spring

no one could take the work seriously and even the models seemed restless and more bored than usual. Nebraska no longer tried to avoid Anna, who still followed him about like a shy child following a department-store Santa Claus. Whether from fear of her or of himself he did not know, but he did not want to be alone with her. For that reason he never stood now, during the breaks, at the door of the Académie from which he could see the plaque with the engraved legend of the fallen student. Anna, though, seemed quite satisfied merely to sit next to him and draw from the same model and to tease him when his perspective was off.

They were sitting thus, side by side, one cold morning in late May. The fire was popping in the potbelly stove and rain was dropping heavily on the skylight. The model before them was a handsome lad with strong nose and cheekbones, a Hamlet haircut, and a square beard that outlined his prominent jawbone and chin. It was a good face to draw, easy to catch a likeness of, and excellent for oils. Students had crowded in from the next room where the fat Negro woman they had drawn all winter was stretched out in a comfortable but impossible pose. Everyone was working and there was only the sound of the fire, the rain, and of the charcoal scraping on paper and canvas. Suddenly the model, who had not twitched a muscle, deliberately turned his head.

"*Ich habe keine Uhr,*" he said in a deep German voice. "*Um welche Zeit gehen Sie fort?*"

FOR a moment the room was silent. Then regaining his pose he asked in good Swiss French what time it was, that he was probably the only Swiss person in the world who did not have at least one watch.

Several people told him the time and the pencils again sounded on the tightly stretched canvases. Nebraska himself was measuring the distance from the model's nose to his bearded chin when he saw out of the corner of his eye Anna lean forward as though with a stomach cramp. He watched her hide her face in her hands to try to conceal that she was shuddering.

"Anna!" he said softly.

She shook her head.

He waited a moment, his fingertips still

poised against his canvas. Anna without standing completely up made her way between the stools and easels. When he reached her in the still-life room she was still shaking and the tears in her eyes were held back only by the long lashes.

"What is it?" he asked in English, then in French.

She shook her head from side to side. "*Rien. Rien.* Nothing." She tried to move away.

He pocketed his pencil. "Let's go get some coffee."

She nodded and walked ahead of him to the vestibule where they put on their coats. Madame Hélène seemed to be not at all aware of their presence or departure, but when Nebraska turned to shut the door he caught her bright eyes regarding him, if not with encouragement or approval, then certainly with understanding.

He did not ask Anna again what the matter was. She walked ahead of him, on the curbstones, and when she had to step down into the street she turned and tried to smile. "I am so silly," she said as though talking about her lack of physical balance. But she continued, first in English which suddenly deserted her and then in French: "If I know the person is a German or I know he is going to speak German, then I'm all right and it doesn't bother me. It's when someone speaks it suddenly, when I do not expect it, that is what makes me tremble all over."

"What are you talking about?" He honestly didn't know.

"The model."

Nebraska realized then that the model had asked a question in German. "But he's Swiss!"

Anna shook her head. "It's silly," she said apologetically. "But I can't help it. I had been sitting there so close to him, studying him so carefully. Not even suspecting that he was sitting there thinking in German!"

IN THE dark little café they sat quietly for a long while, until finally she was no longer trembling and could look at him again without embarrassment. "It always makes me think of the night in 1942 when they were rounding up all the Jews. My father had already been sent away and my mother was working in the hospital. In the middle of the night a neighbor from downstairs who had a key to our door woke my little sister

and me. 'Hurry,' she said, 'they are here.' My sister and I climbed out onto a roof through a toilet window and when they went upstairs to get us, the woman's husband helped us climb down into the alley."

Nebraska drew designs in the spilled coffee on the table and asked without looking up: "How old were you?"

She had been nine and her sister five. It was July, but it was a cold night. They had been afraid to be out in the dark streets and they were afraid to go to any of their friends' houses because they had been told not ever to say where they lived or where any of their friends lived if the Germans ever asked. They had run by back streets down to the Seine and all night they had walked along the embankments below the street on which the Nazi patrols were cruising. When the cars passed, they hid under bridges and for a while they had slept under Pont Alexandre III. At dawn they were on the Ile Saint-Louis and there was a man in a white trench coat looking down the steps to the river. They were almost to the top of the steps, intending to ask his help, when he suddenly spoke, evidently to another man, in a *urinoir* set into the quai. He had used almost those same words the model had: "*Um welche Zeit gehen Sie fort?*"

SHE and her sister had run past him and down the rue Saint-Louis. When they looked back the man was coming toward them, fast. She had not cried and her sister had not but they knew they were caught. Then suddenly an old, old woman with two huge baskets, who must have been watching them, stepped out of a doorway and screamed: "Ah there you are, you lazy idiots. What do you mean hiding from me? Here take this basket." And as though they were going over to buy some coal they had, the three of them, walked away from the confused German.

"Thirty thousand Jews were caught that week and packed into the Palais de Sport on Grenelle. That was when Bernard and his family were taken."

"Ah, you knew Bernard before the war?"

"He was the only one who was left. Out of all my schoolmates, he was the only one still alive." She spoke quite matter of factly. "You knew he killed himself?"

"Someone mentioned it." Nebraska did not look up. "I was sorry to hear."

She was evidently not convinced or concerned. "Nobody cared. Nobody understood him. Not even me or Suzanne. Suzanne least of all."

"Does anybody know why?"

"He had a cake of soap, you know."

With a real effort Nebraska prevented himself from saying: "But he didn't use it." Instead he raised his eyebrows to question.

"His entire family was taken the same night we got away. They were shipped from the Palais de Sport to concentration camps. His two sisters were sent out in one group, Bernard and the rest of his family in another. He and his mother and father were shipped to the same concentration camp. Bernard was working there in the soap factory and he knew the day his parents were killed so he saved a bar of the soap they were in. We tried to make him throw it away but he wouldn't. He kept it with him all time. He had it in his hand when Suzanne found him dead."

DURING the long silence, when the only sound was from distant taxi horns, Nebraska absently traced with the coffee a little two-wheeled toy car on the table. Anna twisted her head to see it better. "That's for children!" she complained. "The kind you pedal."

"Yes," he said, still not looking at her. When he did look up she was laughing. "Do you know why I like to walk on the curb?" she asked.

Her moods seemed to him to change as fast as those of a child and certainly her mind darted childlike from subject to subject.

"Before they carried my father away, my little sister and I used sometimes to be very frightened. We were so silly. We didn't know what of, but we would cry. Then he would take us in his arms and the three of us would sit together in a big chair and he would tell us that someday we would be walking down the street and a great big car would stop and we would get in and we would travel and then we would be in America and there would be plenty of everything and plenty of coal to burn to keep warm. So after that my little sister and I always walked on the curb one behind the other so we could jump into the car when it stopped."

Nebraska considered for a long time before he spoke and when he did his heart stopped

beating and choked in his throat. "Would you like to go to America?"

It was a simple question, but from the solemnity of his tone and the sudden agitation of his entire body, they both knew what he was asking and the commitment he was making.

FOR a moment she looked frightened and uncertain whether to speak or not. Finally, deliberately casual, she asked: "What will you do there?"

"I'll probably teach art in some small Mid-western college."

"But you don't know anything about art." She was deeply preoccupied and did not seem to know what she was saying. If Nebraska had looked closely he might have recognized that her lips were trying to say yes she would like to go to America but that her sad eyes and querulous brow were asking: "Me? Anna? Grown? Going to America? Married?" She had had to dream, as a child dreams, too long to grow up suddenly into a real world where love and food and warmth were possible. Her face turned furious in the effort to speak but she could say nothing.

"That's true. I know nothing about art." He was breathing now, momentarily relieved that she had not answered his proposal immediately and without contemplation. Until this hour he had not admitted, even to himself, how close he felt toward her, and it would take time to give up entirely all his fears and suspicions of women. He hoped she would give him a few days before saying definitely that she would like to go with him to America. He concentrated studiously on his words: "Perhaps though I can teach them one thing I've learned here and that's a sensible attitude toward art. And maybe I can create, even in just one room, a place where one needn't be embarrassed by talking about painting and by taking it—as, for instance, Bernard did—as a serious part of living. It would have meant a great deal to me when I was growing up to have had such a place."

"Bernard did take it seriously," Anna said. "He used to sit in here by the hour reading newspapers. Whenever he found anything about rebuilding Germany or about what he called fascist-tactics in America, he would put it aside and plan for weeks the faces he was going to draw on it."

"I thought he drew on newspapers because

he didn't have money enough for paper."

"Money!" Anna said the word evidently louder than she had intended, for she leaned over and her voice was an intense whisper. "Money. You think that's what produces art. You can't separate money from art, and money from morality, and money from politics. That's what's wrong with all of you Americans. But you can separate morality from politics and art from both. Art in one isolated room, indeed!"

The words, which were obviously Bernard Lévy's, sounded ridiculous in Anna's childish voice, but the reference to the isolated room which Nebraska had mentioned in a moment of sentimentality was her own, and the sarcastic tone was her own, and to these Nebraska listened with his old wariness of women. Then had she been playing with him merely to laugh at him? Defeat froze slowly over his eyes which stared without blinking. "Let her laugh," he thought and seemed surprised when she did not.

THE silence which separated them now was deep and for five minutes they sat without speaking, each in his own inalterable world.

Finally, quite abruptly, Anna stood up. "It's dark in here," she said, tightening the raincoat belt and making her waist as small and chic and ladylike as possible. But when she walked across the cafe it was in the heavy tread of a woman already old and weighing two hundred pounds.

"It's strange to realize," she said outside, "that the war is truly over and that I don't really want to go to America." She was holding her head tilted and rather proudly, as women do when they have defeated themselves. She did not need to call his attention to the fact that she was no longer compelled to walk on the curbstone, and, unless that was what accounted for the slight trace of smile on her face, she herself did not seem to be aware that she had chosen to walk on the inside near the buildings, like a young lady.

Whatever it was about them that Madame Hélène observed as they came through the huge green doors and across the mossy courtyard, she did not say directly. For a moment she sat in the oblique sunlight, sad as a toad, and waited for the heavy doors to click shut against the outside noise.

Two case histories—one British, the other Midwestern—provide surprising facts about the great tariff controversy.

Unexpected Evidence on Foreign Trade

I. What Foreign Trade Means to Indiana

Carroll Kilpatrick

A Midwestern Representative made a unique investigation, to find out whether high tariffs would help or hurt his voters. The results will startle a lot of business executives, labor leaders, and Congressmen.

A FEW months ago a freshman Republican Congressman from Indiana decided to try to find out what, if any, effect foreign trade has on his District. From the day he arrived in Washington for the opening of the 83rd Congress, D. Bailey Merrill of Evansville had been buffeted by pleas of free traders on one hand and high-tariff advocates on the other. Lobbyists representing every point of view had begun knocking on his door almost before he could take his oath of office.

After some weeks of this, and after listening to the impassioned debate on extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, Merrill appealed to the Library of Congress. Two staff men from the Library's Legislative Reference Service—Howard S. Piquet and Harold T. Lamar—were assigned to his project.

As a result, we now have a detailed case study showing exactly what foreign trade means in one fairly typical Midwestern constituency. It is the *only* comprehensive study of its kind and it will be invaluable when the great national debate on trade policy erupts again after the Randall Commission makes its recommendations for a new foreign economic policy.

The seventeen-man Randall Commission

has been wrestling with trade and currency issues since last fall and has already held debates throughout the country. But these have been mostly between people speaking either purely theoretically or on the basis of only their own personal business experience. The Merrill study is something else.

The Eighth Indiana, the subject of the study, is an eleven-county district of 393,000 people in the southernmost part of the state. It has 225,000 city dwellers and a rural population of 168,000. Like almost any other area in the country, it has among these people determined free traders and stubborn protectionists. A leading furniture manufacturer in the district, for example, recently argued for a high tariff wall against all countries except those "that are founded on a true and absolute democracy." Another furniture maker from the same area, arguing for low tariffs, replied that trade with all nations should be on an equal basis. "When one nation is out of balance in relation to the others," he said, "the people suffer."

Both Indiana's Senators—Republicans Homer E. Capehart and William E. Jenner—are conservative protectionists of the old school. But Congressman Merrill's study

shows clearly that if they were successful in erecting a high tariff wall around the United States, there would be immediate unemployment on the farms and in the factories of the Eighth District of Indiana. In fact, a severe depression could easily follow.

The Farmer's Stake

TAKE agriculture first. Almost one-fifth of the District's population lives on farms, and 12 per cent of the labor force works on them. The farmers produced corn, soybeans, tobacco, and other field crops that were worth \$15,169,000 in 1949, the last year for which detailed statistics are available. Livestock production the same year brought them \$31,420,000.

"Most of the major agricultural commodities produced in the Eighth District are important export commodities," the Library of Congress report said. "Such products as corn, small grains (including wheat, oats, barley, and rye), soybeans, tobacco, milk and cream, eggs, and hogs not only account for the major portion of the District's agricultural production, but are among the most important agricultural commodities exported by the United States."

The District's wheat crop in 1949 brought \$2,780,000—and 33.5 per cent of all United States wheat produced in 1949 was exported. Soybean production brought District farmers \$3,013,000 in 1949—and 25.1 per cent of the nation's soybean production was sold overseas. Eighth District farmers produced \$954,000 worth of tobacco in 1949—and 25.1 per cent of the United States tobacco production was exported. The corn crop in the District was worth \$5,272,000—and 3.5 per cent of the nation's corn was exported. (Actually, a much larger percentage of the corn found its way abroad in the form of meat products, for most corn is fed to livestock.)

It is not possible to give exact figures on dairy exports because of inadequate statistics. While most of the District's dairy products were undoubtedly sold locally, in 1949-51 more than half the dried whole milk produced in this country was exported, as were 13.5 per cent of the condensed milk, 7.1 per cent of the evaporated milk, and 6.3 per cent of the cheese. So it is clear that District dairy-men too have a stake in foreign trade. So

do the hog producers, who took in \$10,680,000 in 1949. Their precise stake is also uncertain because of inadequate statistics, but one per cent of the pork and 22 per cent of the lard produced by American farmers are sold abroad. Egg production brought Eighth District farmers \$3,526,000 in 1949—and 2.7 per cent of domestic egg production was exported.

The effect of foreign trade on District minerals is not so clear as it is on agriculture. About 3,300 men in the District (2 per cent of the labor force) are employed in the production of minerals; two-thirds of them in coal mining. They have been producing 5.5 million tons of bituminous annually at a time when 10 per cent of America's soft coal has been exported.

Petroleum production brings about \$15,000,000 annually to the District. Coal and oil producers elsewhere in the country have complained bitterly that they are subjected to severe competition from imports of crude and fuel oil. The Library of Congress study found, however, that the Eighth District is not materially affected either by exports or imports of coal and oil, and it concluded that on balance producers seem to share to a greater extent in coal exports than in the competitive impact of fuel oil.

Jobs for Factory Workers

MANUFACTURING is the most important economic activity in the Eighth District. The value of manufactures in 1947, when the last Census of Manufactures was taken, was about \$250,000,000. The following table shows the 1950 breakdown of employment:

<i>Industry</i>	<i>Number of employees</i>
Machinery	15,896
Furniture and lumber.....	8,955
Foods and related products....	5,277
Motor vehicles	2,073
Chemicals	2,473
Fabricated metals	2,179
Apparel and related products..	2,105
<hr/>	
Total	39,959

Evansville, the largest city in the District, is the world's largest refrigeration center. The significant fact for this industry is that

13 per cent of all refrigerators produced in the United States in 1952 were exported. Ser-vel, Inc., of Evansville, which employs more than 10,000 refrigerator workers, reported that every type of refrigeration equipment it manufactures is exported.

FURNITURE and lumber producers export some of their products, but of the four District companies that expressed concern over imports, three were in this field. (The fourth, a small cement manufacturer, said he had had trouble from import competition before World War II but none since.) The three lumber and furniture men said that competition is not serious now, but they were worried about the future. One of them, a manufacturer of single-ply face veneers, said imports "will eventually become serious." Another, a manufacturer of fancy veneer, said he faced the possibility of competition from imported mahogany veneers; and the third, a plywood manufacturer, said imports of thin plywood, while not directly competitive with his product, had forced some other thin plywood manufacturers "to go after our customers for relief."

In the food products field, the Mead Johnson Company, which employs 1,100 workers to make baby-formula products, vitamins, and nutritious foods, reported that at least 10 per cent of its sales are for export.

The 3,073 auto workers, chiefly in assembly plants of Chrysler, Briggs Manufacturing Company, and the Hercules Body Corporation, know that about 5 per cent of American passenger cars are exported. Also in this group are farm-machinery manufacturers, 12 per cent of whose output is exported. The Bucyrus-Erie Company of Evansville, manufacturers of road-building and heavy construction equipment, reported that between 40 and 50 per cent of its production is for export.

In chemicals, the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company plant in Clarksville reported that they counted little on exports, but depended heavily on the import of such items as coconut oil, palm oil, olive oil, talcum, and crude glycerine.

A leading wholesale druggist in the District explained that though he does not import directly, he sells imported merchandise. "We feel quite strongly," he added, "on the free trade side of the question."

"Among the products manufactured in the District," the researchers concluded, "there are no conspicuous instances where imports are injurious to domestic producers." Or, if there are, the Library team was unable to find them.

On the contrary, it found "other manufacturers in the District who, while not producing directly for export markets, are vitally affected by exports. For example, the expansion of the refrigeration industry has influenced the growth of a number of metal-working industries in Evansville, including metal stamping and fabricating plants, furnishing parts and fittings for refrigerator cabinets, along with a variety of other metal parts and supplies for other kinds of manufacturing and assembly plants. . . .

"Such establishments as railway companies, motor transport concerns, warehouses, banks, and insurance companies all profit from foreign trade. Several hundred in nonmanufacturing enterprises are directly dependent upon foreign trade for their livelihood. These include railroad engineers, brakemen, switchmen, and mechanics, truck drivers, office workers, and warehouse employees."

Facts vs. Prejudice

EXPANSION of foreign trade would inevitably mean "increased development and economic growth for the Eighth District," the Library of Congress researchers concluded. By the same token, contraction of foreign trade would mean the reverse. It would not only injure those industries that depend upon exports, it would fail to give substantial aid to the few producers who want protection—for some of these are high-cost manufacturers who suffer as much from more efficient domestic industries in related fields as they do from foreign competition.

Moreover, more workers in the Eighth District are employed in the manufacture of refrigeration products alone than in all the industries that might benefit from tariff protection together.* If there were layoffs in the refrigerator, automobile, and construction-machinery industries, and lower farm prices, as a result of the loss of export markets, the

*There are 13,000 refrigerator workers and 12,000 workers in the auto, machine, oil fields, and furniture and lumber industries.

consumption of coal, oil, and gas would be cut.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the Eighth District study is its substantial refutation of the popular argument that only the mammoth corporations of the country benefit from foreign trade. Clearly, most of the industries in the Eighth District that are dependent upon exports for their margin of profit are small companies.

The consumer's interest was not considered in the study, but he is the one who should benefit most from competitive international trade. Neither was the security interest of the United States. But the expansion of the market for American industry means a consequent increase in the economic and military strength of the nation. The interests of our allies were not considered, but the development of the widest possible area of economic freedom clearly would strengthen the nations on whom we must rely in any future conflict.

Another study somewhat similar to this one but on a less intensive scale was completed a short time ago in the Eighteenth District of Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania study, conducted by the United

States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, was an attempt to find out whether Representative Richard M. Simpson (R), the Eighteenth District Congressman, actually was representing the best interests of his constituents in his crusade for protectionism. It found that he was not; that if he had his way, he would do his District more harm than good.

MANY detailed studies like these are needed to fortify Senators and Representatives against the special pleas of producers who want protection without regard to the effect on the community as a whole. During the recent Congressional recess Representative Merrill continued his study, interviewing scores of persons and double-checking the experts' findings. Now he is convinced that a "mutually profitable world commerce is essential for world peace" and for the welfare of the Eighth District. Unlike many of his fellow Congressmen, he is able to speak on the basis of knowledge rather than from prejudice or what might have been true half a century ago.

II. How I Sell to America

H. A. Hartley

*An English manufacturer tells why our tariffs are not a serious obstacle
—if business men overseas offer the right product at the right price.*

I AM a British manufacturer of high-fidelity equipment. For several years I have been marketing it quite successfully in the United States—and I think I have learned something about the important art of selling things to Americans. This task is not so mysterious and difficult as many Europeans assume it is.

Ever since the postwar sellers' market disappeared, British exports have been falling—particularly the sale of consumer goods to the United States. Because it is difficult for anyone to recognize, admit, and rectify his own shortcomings, we British have been seeking eagerly for some other explanation. Our favorite excuse is the American tariff.

When Sir Winston Churchill argued for

"trade not aid," he said that such a goal would be almost impossible to reach, if U. S. import duties made the sale of British goods very difficult. This plea for a reduction in American tariffs has been taken up enthusiastically by British newspapers, industrial magnates, and others who are trying to find some outside reason for Britain's difficulties.

I cannot align myself with this point of view. Indeed, I am opposed to it. I believe that the real cause for the export decline is to be found inside Britain. Unless this cause is removed, reduction of U. S. tariffs can only subsidize an unhealthy state of affairs, postpone the application of the correct remedial measures, and hinder Britain's return to sanity, efficiency, and progressiveness.

The United States cannot restore British prosperity; it can only help by being reasonable, and American tariffs are not unreasonable—indeed I find them much more favorable to me, a manufacturer, than those of any other country with which I trade.

What Americans Want

THE whole problem can be summed up in a few words: the British products which sell in the United States sell because they are the sort of thing Americans want; those that don't sell are those which Americans don't want.

There are, of course, qualifying factors. For example, a certain high-quality British raincoat, reasonably priced, could not be sold in America because of a defect in the description submitted to the customs authorities. On the specification submitted, duties were applied which made sales impossible, and the coats were shipped back to England—simply because, through inadvertence and the wrong use of language, the description was inaccurate by American usage. Other raincoat manufacturers took the trouble to determine the conditions beforehand, had their goods assessed at the correct rate, and now sell satisfactorily throughout the country.

When all is said and done, no country is under any obligation to make the way easier for foreigners. Yet my own experience has been that the American Embassy in London will go out of its way to explain to British manufacturers the best way of exporting to the United States. It is a common failing of manufacturers to assume that their product is such a wonderful job of work it *must* sell on its merits. They do not put themselves in the position of the buyer. I have been told many times that basically Americans like British products, but often there is something wrong with the price, the service, or the suitability, which makes them a poor buy.

Many British products sell well in America because they meet the needs of the market. Scotch whisky sells because it is Scotch—a distinctive product unlike any other. British tweeds and woollens sell because they are of exceptional quality; British bicycles, because they give a performance quite different from that of their American counterparts—they take you along the road with less effort. My

own products sell because the people who buy them maintain that they give the best results for the price.

It would be impossible to sell America some British products, even if there were *no* import duties. British radios and TV sets, for example, are designed for a completely different set of market conditions. By the same token American TV sets are unsalable in Britain. But there are other important British industries which have lost the United States market they once had, and it is when these substantial dollar returns to Britain disappear that the politicians begin to get worried.

NO BETTER illustration could be picked than the British automobile industry. It has been said that if the U. S. import duty on cars were reduced by only 5 per cent all the lost ground could be regained. Yet in Canada, where the duty on British cars is only half that on American, the price is still too high for the market. To complete the superficial picture, the president of the Austin Motor Company said some time ago that he had never made any profit out of selling his cars in the United States. How easy, then, for the politician not skilled in industrial economics to assume that if this important British industry is content to forgo profits for the sake of earning dollars, and still cannot sell in America because the price is too high, the reason *must* be that tariffs make sales impossible.

This assumption is false. The British automobile industry was a good dollar earner in the immediate postwar period. It is highly mechanized, has many millions of invested capital, employs large numbers of skilled workers, has world-wide sales organizations and a background of good will earned by making a satisfactory article at a reasonable price. Nevertheless it is losing not only its American market but other overseas markets as well—because its merchandise does not compare favorably with that made in Detroit, Germany, France, and Italy. There is a very good reason for this, and it is not entirely the fault of the manufacturers; but it is clearly impossible to blame U. S. tariffs for the loss of the Swiss market, and Switzerland does not even make automobiles.

In the first place British production is

to be found that of the United States. In part this is due to exhaustion after fighting a very tough war. More particularly it is due to the arrival of the so-called welfare state. It is not my purpose to criticize the system chosen by the majority of the people in Britain—but having chosen it they are now suffering from its consequences. With more pay for less work, the working man may now be enjoying a fuller life than he used to, and he has every right to a fuller life; but if he is not prepared to produce more, by greater working efficiency than in the old days, the cost of production is bound to rise. Every “working party” sent to the United States to examine production has returned to report that Britain is outstripped in production efficiency.

When Any Old Thing Would Sell

MOREOVER, one of the greatest setbacks to the British automobile industry was the government decree that production must be reserved for export only, since Britain's prime need was foreign currency. No manufacturer can exist on export trade alone. His greatest natural market is his home market, and the more sales he makes at home, the better can he compete overseas, for big production means efficient production. The car manufacturer was therefore working in an artificial and uneconomical atmosphere. So ridiculous did conditions become that potential domestic customers were quoted waits up to fifteen years for delivery of a new car.

A sellers' market like this is liable to create arrogance in the supplier, and result in lack of attention to design and quality. Any old thing can sell; any old thing did sell, so long as demand outstripped supply. But when Detroit returned to normal production the British car was caught out on a limb. It not only was inferior in quality; it was not the sort of car the American road user wanted.

In more normal times, the manufacturer designed primarily for the home market. The outcome was the characteristic small-powered, small-bodied, reasonably efficient, but fussy British automobile. “Fussiness” was not of serious importance, for the British road system is a genuine antique, developed from an ancient system of tracks, on which high speed is almost impossible. The average British family motorist was content to drift along at

about 35 miles per hour, and this economical car suited him well enough.

Apart, therefore, from the handicap of lower production efficiency, the British car manufacturer was producing a piece of merchandise designed for a type of road that didn't exist elsewhere. Certainly much money was spent advertising the small-car idea, but it was quite obvious that the American buyer was not seriously impressed.

The only exception appears to be the miniature sports car, much sought after by the younger generation as a rather amusing toy. The ordinary American, however, wants something that is fast, has good acceleration, is comfortable over long distances, requires little servicing (and when it does, can be serviced anywhere), and doesn't cost too much. If the British automobile manufacturer can offer this at a competitive price, then his market is assured. If he can't, then abolition of import duties will not help him, for he has the wrong product.

The Right Product

MY OWN experience indicates what can be done with the right product. My customers are people who like music and want to recreate it in their homes. Music is one of those precious things that transcend nationality and frontiers, so what I make for the British market is suitable for any market—provided that I can offer something as good as what is available elsewhere.

In the British market I found that expansion was becoming impossible—and my sales were in fact contracting—because the type of customer who came to me was being strangled by excessive taxation. (The more intellectual professional classes in a welfare state don't have much welfare, for they do not have the bargaining power of trade unions nor the toughness of financial tycoons.) I felt the time had come to expand my export program and I selected the United States as the subject of an experiment. It was an experiment because this sort of merchandise had never been exported to America before.

Now the mere fact that a manufacturer has sold his products successfully at home is no guarantee he will do the same abroad. The good will he may have built up has no value in another country, which hasn't

heard of him or the things he makes. The product stands or falls on performance and suitability. I felt that my products were well designed and well made, and did what was expected of them in a better way than my competitors', but for all I knew American music-lovers might have other ideas. Before I spent a single dollar on advertising, I took a year to find out just what the American high-fidelity enthusiast wanted.

MY SUCCESS had been founded on the principle that the best reproducing equipment required something more than technical skill. After the best speaker has been designed mathematically, it still may not sound musical, for music cannot be broken down into mathematical equations. The speaker must be craftsman-built and then assessed by a trained musical ear. This approach seemed to me the sort of sales argument that might have a chance in the U. S.

My company was a small craftsman type of outfit with limited production, but that production was conscientiously carried out in a very careful way. Being a small organization, I could not compete in advertising space; the cost would be far beyond my means. I had no agents in America, no distribution, no servicing facilities, and I knew nothing about the mechanics of exporting to the United States. I also had no desire to leave my welfare in the hands of one importing agent.

Four months of discreet and careful advertising produced the first order. Within eighteen months I had found nearly two thousand customers who sent their money to London, taking a chance that what I said in my ads was true. All but three of them wrote later that they were well pleased with what I had sent them.

The American Embassy in London told me about the routine of importing, what the import duties were, and how to keep these as low as possible. As they explained, the United States wants other countries to be self-supporting, and also wants to buy the sort of goods it wants, and anything they can do to further these objectives is available to me or to anyone else who seeks it.

My success did not go unnoticed by other British manufacturers, and I was asked how I did it. I explained there was no difficulty:

the only questions were, did the product meet the needs of the American buyer, and was the price right? If the answers were "Yes," success was certain.

What about import duties? I replied that as British wages were lower than American, it didn't seem to matter. In my case, the rate was 13¾ per cent, whereas the British preferential rate into Canada was 15 per cent and then a manufacturer's tax was applied not only to the cost of the article but to the import duty as well. From experience of what it cost to ship my speakers to the United States, and after allowing for import duties, the price was fixed at \$57.50. Equivalent prices in other countries varied according to the import duties and local taxes applied to the product. Typical figures were: Great Britain \$58.50, Canada \$62.50, South Africa \$67.20, Switzerland \$69.00, Australia and New Zealand well over \$70.00, when it was possible to get an import license, which wasn't often.

Where New Ideas Come From

IT IS the activities of large corporations that make news; what the small manufacturer does arouses little interest and has no political implications. Yet small manufacturers contribute 70 per cent of Britain's industrial output.

British original thought and design are still second to none, but only the small manufacturer can get a new idea on the market quickly; the large corporations move too slowly, and only move at all when substantial quantities are involved. If large plants cannot compete with their American counterparts, it is plain common sense to give every encouragement to small firms who can. The tragedy is that this is not being done. Until it is, Britain will never be able to make her peculiar contribution to international economy.

Recently I myself have been almost forced out of business because I can no longer get steel for my speakers. It has all been taken by big industries. Yet while steel was rationed, and I got my fair share, I was bringing in a dollar return fifteen times as great as automobiles for every ton of steel used. The possible loss of my American market—and of dollars to Britain—has nothing whatever to do with the American tariff.

A sharp-witted novelist and critic has a happy time exploring the use and abuse of symbols by our post-Freudian authors, readers, and critics. Just how many levels must a good story have, anyway?

Settling the Colonel's Hash

Mary McCarthy

SEVEN years ago, when I taught in a progressive college, I had a pretty girl student in one of my classes who wanted to be a short-story writer. She was not studying writing with me, but she knew that I sometimes wrote short stories, and one day, breathless and glowing, she came up to me in the hall, to tell me that she had just written a story that her writing teacher, a Mr. Converse, was terribly excited about.

"He thinks it's wonderful," she said, "and he's going to help me fix it up for publication."

I asked what the story was about; the girl was a rather simple being who loved clothes and dates. Her answer had a deprecating tone. It was just about a girl (herself) and some sailors she had met on the train. But then her face, which had looked perturbed for a moment, gladdened.

"Mr. Converse is going over it with me and we're going to put in the symbols."

Another girl in the same college, when asked by us in her sophomore orals why she read novels (one of the pseudo-profound questions that ought never to be put) answered in a defensive flurry: "Well, of course, I don't read them to find out what happens to the hero."

At the time, I thought these notions were peculiar to progressive education: it was old-fashioned or regressive to read a novel to find out what happens to the hero or to have a mere experience empty of symbolic pointers. But I now discover that this attitude is quite

general, and that readers and students all over the country are in a state of apprehension, lest they read a book or story literally and miss the presence of a symbol. And like everything in America, this search for meanings has become a socially competitive enterprise; the best reader is the one who detects the most symbols in a given stretch of prose. And the benighted reader who fails to find any symbols humbly assents when they are pointed out to him; he accepts his mortification.

I HAD no idea how far this process had gone until last spring, when I began to get responses to a story I had published in *Harper's*. I say "story" because that was what it was called by *Harper's*. I myself would not know quite what to call it; it was a fragment of autobiography—an account of my meeting with an anti-Semitic army Colonel. It began in the club car of a train going to St. Louis; I was wearing an apple-green shirtwaist and a dark-green skirt and pink earrings; we got into an argument about the Jews. The Colonel was a rather dapper, flashy kind of Irish-American with a worldly blue eye; he took me, he said, for a sculptress, which made me feel, to my horror, that I looked Bohemian and therefore rather suspect. He was full of the usual profound clichés that anti-Semites air, like original epigrams, about the Jews: that he could tell a Jew, that they were different from other people, that you couldn't trust them in business, that some of his best friends were Jews, that he distinguished be-

tween a Jew and a kike, and finally that, of course, he didn't agree with Hitler: Hitler went too far; the Jews were human beings.

All the time we talked, and I defended the Jews, he was trying to get my angle, as he called it: he thought it was abnormal for any body who wasn't Jewish not to feel as he did. As a matter of fact, I have a Jewish grandmother, but I decided to keep this news to myself: I did not want the Colonel to think that I had any interested reason for speaking on behalf of the Jews, that is, that I was prejudiced. In the end, though, I got my come-uppance. Just as we were parting, the Colonel asked me my married name, which is Broadwater, and the whole mystery was cleared up for him, instantly; he supposed I was married to a Jew and that the name was spelled B-r-o-dwater. I did not try to enlighten him; I let him think what he wanted; in a certain sense, he was right; he had unearthed my Jewish grandmother or her equivalent. There were a few details that I must mention to make the next part clear: in my car, there were two nuns, whom I talked to as a distraction from the Colonel and the moral problems he raised. He and I finally had lunch together in the St. Louis railroad station, where we continued the discussion. It was a very hot day. I had a sandwich; he had roast-beef hash. We both had an old-fashioned.

Where Are the Symbols?

THE whole point of this "story" was that it really happened; it is written in the first person; I speak of myself in my own name, McCarthy; at the end, I mention my husband's name, Broadwater. When I was thinking about writing the story, I decided not to treat it fictionally; the chief interest, I felt, lay in the fact that it happened, in real life, last summer, to the writer herself, who was a good deal at fault in the incident. I wanted to embarrass myself and, if possible, the reader too.

Yet, strangely enough, many of my readers preferred to think of this account as fiction. I still meet people who ask me, confidentially, "That story of yours about the colonel—was it really true?" It seemed to them perfectly natural that I would write a fabrication, in which I figured under my own name, and sign it, though in

my eyes this would be like perjuring yourself in court or forging checks. Shortly after the story was published, I got a kindly letter from a man in Mexico, in which he criticized the menu from an artistic point of view: he thought salads would be better for hot weather and it would be more in character for the narrator-heroine to have a martini. I did not answer the letter, though I was moved to, because I had the sense that he would not understand the distinction between what *ought* to have happened and what *did* happen.

Then in April I got another letter, from an English teacher in a small college in the Middle West, that reduced me to despair. I am going to cite it at length. "My students in freshmen English chose to analyze your story, 'Artists in Uniform,' from the March issue of *Harper's*. For a week I heard oral discussions on it and then the students wrote critical analyses. In so far as it is possible, I stayed out of their discussions, encouraging them to read the story closely with your intentions as a guide to their understanding. Although some of them insisted that the story has no other level than the realistic one, most of them decided it has symbolic overtones.

"The question is: how closely do you want the symbols labeled? They wrestled with the nuns, the author's two shades of green with pink accents, with the 'materialistic godlessness' of the Colonel. . . . A surprising number wanted exact symbols; for example, they searched for the significance of the Colonel's eating hash and the author eating a sandwich. . . . From my standpoint, the story was an entirely satisfactory springboard for understanding the various shades of prejudice, for seeing how much of the artist goes into his painting. If it is any satisfaction to you, our campus was alive with discussion about 'Artists in Uniform.' We liked the story and we thought it amazing that an author could succeed in making readers dislike the author—for a purpose, of course!"

I PROBABLY should have answered this letter, but I did not. The gulf seemed to me too wide. I could not applaud the backward students who insisted that the story has no other level than the realistic one without giving offense to their teacher, who was evidently a well-meaning person. But I shall

not to address a reply, not to this teacher and her unfortunate class, but to a whole room of misunderstanding. There were no symbols in this story; there was no deeper level. The nuns were in the story because they were on the train; the contrasting greens were the dress I happened to be wearing; the Colonel had hash because he had hash; materialistic godlessness meant just what it means when a priest thunders it from the pulpit—the phrase, for the first time, had meaning for me as I watched and listened to the Colonel.

But to clarify the misunderstanding, one must go a little further and try to see what a literary symbol is. Now in one sense, the Colonel's hash and my sandwich can be regarded as symbols; that is, they typify the Colonel's food tastes and mine. (The man in Mexico had different food tastes which he wished to interpose into our reality.) The hash and the sandwich might even be said to show something very obvious about our characters and bringing-up, or about our sexes: I was a woman, he was a man. And though on another day I might have ordered hash myself, that day I did not, because the Colonel and I, in our disagreement, were polarizing each other.

THE hash and the sandwich, then, could be regarded as symbols of our disagreement, almost conscious symbols. And underneath our discussion of the Jews, there was a thin sexual current running, as there always is in such random encounters or pick-ups (for they have a strong suggestion of the illicit). The fact that I ordered something conventionally feminine and he ordered something conventionally masculine represented, no doubt, our awareness of a sexual possibility; even though I was not attracted to the Colonel, nor he to me, the circumstances of our meeting made us define ourselves as a woman and a man.

The sandwich and the hash were our provisional, *ad hoc* symbols of ourselves. But in this sense all human actions are symbolic because they represent the person who does them. If the Colonel had ordered a fruit salad with whipped cream, this too would have represented him in some way; given his other traits, it would have pointed to a complexity in his character that the hash did not suggest.

In the same way, the contrasting greens of

my dress were a symbol of my taste in clothes and hence representative of me—all too representative, I suddenly saw, in the club car, when I got an "artistic" image of myself flashed back at me from the men's eyes. I had no wish to stylize myself as an artist, that is, to parade about as a symbol of flamboyant unconventionality, but apparently I had done so unwittingly when I picked those colors off a rack, under the impression that they suited me or "expressed my personality" as salesladies say.

My Clothes and the Two Nuns

MY DRESS, then, was a symbol of the perplexity I found myself in with the Colonel; I did not want to be categorized as a member of a peculiar minority—an artist or a Jew; but brute fate and the Colonel kept resolutely cramming me into both those uncomfortable pigeonholes. I wished to be regarded as ordinary or rather as universal, to be anybody and therefore everybody (that is, in one sense, I wanted to be on the Colonel's side, majestically above minorities); but every time the Colonel looked at my dress and me in it with my pink earrings I shrank to minority status, and felt the dress in the heat shriveling me, like the shirt of Nessus, the centaur, that consumed Hercules.

But this is not what the students meant when they wanted the symbols "labeled." They were searching for a more recondite significance than that afforded by the trite symbolism of ordinary life, in which a dress is a social badge. They supposed that I was engaging in literary or artificial symbolism, which would lead the reader out of the confines of reality into the vast fairy tale of myth, in which the color green would have an emblematic meaning (or did the two greens signify for them what the teacher calls "shades" of prejudice), and the Colonel's hash, I imagine, would be some sort of Eucharistic mincemeat.

Apparently, the presence of the nuns assured them there were overtones of theology; it did not occur to them (a) that the nuns were there because pairs of nuns are a standardized feature of summer Pullman travel, like crying babies, and perspiring business men in the club car, and (b) that if I thought the nuns worth mentioning, it was also be-

cause of something very simple and directly relevant: the nuns and the Colonel and I all had something in common—we had all at one time been Catholics—and I was seeking common ground with the Colonel, from which to turn and attack his position.

IN ANY account of reality, even a televised one, which comes closest to being a literal transcript or replay, some details are left out as irrelevant (though nothing is really irrelevant). The details that are not eliminated have to stand as symbols of the whole, like stenographic signs, and of course there is an art of selection, even in a newspaper account: the writer, if he has any ability, is looking for the revealing detail that will sum up the picture for the reader in a flash of recognition.

But the art of abridgment and condensation, which is familiar to anybody who tries to relate an anecdote or give a direction—the art of natural symbolism, which is at the basis of speech and all representation—has at bottom a centripetal intention. It hovers over an object, an event, or series of events and tries to declare what it is. Analogy (that is, comparison to other objects) is inevitably one of its methods. "The weather was soupy," *i.e.*, like soup. "He wedged his way in," *i.e.*, he had to enter, thin edge first, as a wedge enters, and so on. All this is obvious. But these metaphorical aids to communication are a far cry from literary symbolism, as taught in the schools and practiced by certain fashionable writers. Literary symbolism is centrifugal and flees from the object, the event, into the incorporeal distance, where concepts are taken for substance and floating ideas and archetypes assume a hieratic authority.

In this dream-forest, symbols become arbitrary; all counters are interchangeable; anything can stand for anything else. The Colonel's hash can be a Eucharist or a cannibal feast or the banquet of Atreus, or all three, so long as the actual dish set before the actual man is disparaged. What is depressing about this insistent symbolization is the fact that while it claims to lead to the infinite, it quickly reaches very finite limits—there are only so many myths on record, and once you have got through Bulfinch, the Scandinavian, and the Indian, there is not much left. And if all stories reduce themselves to myth and

symbol, qualitative differences vanish, and there is only a single, monotonous story.

American fiction of the symbolist school demonstrates this mournful truth, without precisely intending to. A few years ago, when the mode was at its height, chic novels and stories fell into three classes: those which had a Greek myth for their framework, which the reader was supposed to detect, like finding the faces in the clouds in old newspaper puzzle contests; those which had symbolic modern figures, dwarfs, hermaphrodites, and cripples, illustrating maiming and loneliness; and those which contained symbolic animals, cougars, wild cats, and monkeys. One young novelist, a product of the Princeton school of symbolism, had all three elements going at once, like the ringmaster of a three-ring circus, with the freaks, the animals, and the statues.

The Mystery of Mr. Bloom

THE quest for symbolic referents had, as its object, of course the deepening of the writer's subject and the reader's awareness. But the result was paradoxical. At the very moment when American writing was penetrated by the symbolic urge, it ceased to be able to create symbols of its own. Babbitt, I suppose, was the last important symbol to be created by an American writer; he gave his name to a type that henceforth would be recognizable to everybody. He passed into the language. The same thing could be said, perhaps, though to a lesser degree, of Caldwell's Tobacco Road, Eliot's Prufrock, and possibly of Faulkner's Snopeses. The discovery of new symbols is not the only function of a writer, but the writer who cares about this must be fascinated by reality itself, as a butterfly collector is fascinated by the glimpse of a new specimen. Such a specimen was Mme. Bovary or M. Homais or M. de Charlus or Jupien; these specimens were precious to their discoverers, not because they repeated an age-old pattern but because their markings were new. Once the specimen has been described, the public instantly spots other examples of the kind, and the world seems suddenly full of Babbitts and Charlus, where none had been noted before.

A different matter was Joyce's Mr. Bloom. Mr. Bloom can be called a symbol of eternal recurrence—the wandering Jew, Ulysses the

voyager—but he is a symbol thickly incarnate, fleshed out in a Dublin advertising canvasser. He is not *like* Ulysses or vaguely suggestive of Ulysses; he is Ulysses, circa 1905. Joyce evidently believed in a cyclical theory of history, in which everything repeated itself; he also subscribed in youth to the doctrine of the Incarnation, which declares that the Host, a piece of bread, is also God's body and blood. How it can be both things at the same time, consubstantially, is a mystery, and Mr. Bloom is just such a mystery: Ulysses in the visible appearance of a Dublin advertising-canvasser.

Mr. Bloom is not a symbol of Ulysses, but Ulysses-Bloom together, one and indivisible, symbolize or rather demonstrate eternal recurrence. I hope I make myself clear. The point is consubstantiation: Bloom and Ulysses are transfused into each other and neither reality is diminished. Both realities are locked together, like the protons and neutrons of an atom. *Finnegans Wake* is a still more ambitious attempt to create a fusion, this time a myriad fusion, and to exemplify the mystery of how a thing can be itself and at the same time be something else. The world is many and it is also one.

But the clarity and tension of Joyce's thought brought him closer in a way to the strictness of allegory than to the diffuse practices of latter-day symbolists. In Joyce, the equivalences and analogies are very sharp and distinct and the real world is almost querulously audible, like the voices of the washerwomen on the Liffey that come into Earwicker's dream. But this not true of Joyce's imitators or of the imitators of his imitators, for whom reality is only a shadowy pretext for the introduction of a whole *corps de ballet* of dancing symbols in mythic draperies and animal skins.

LET me make a distinction. There are some great writers, like Joyce or Melville, who have consciously introduced symbolic elements into their work; and there are great writers who have written fables or allegories. In both cases, the writer makes it quite clear to the reader how he is to be read; only an idiot would take *Pilgrim's Progress* for a realistic story, and even a young boy, reading *Moby Dick*, realizes that there is something more than whale-fishing here, though he cannot be sure what it is. But the

great body of fiction contains only what I have called natural symbolism, in which selected events represent or typify a problem, a kind of society or psychology, a philosophical theory, in the same way they do in real life. What happens to the hero becomes of the highest importance. This symbolism needs no abstruse interpretation and abstruse interpretation will only lead the reader away from the reality that the writer is trying to press on his attention.

I will give an example or two of what I mean by natural symbolism and I will begin with a rather florid one: Henry James's *The Golden Bowl*. This is the story of a rich American girl who collects European objects. One of these objects is a husband, a Prince Amerigo, who proves to be unfaithful. Early in the story, there is a visit to an antique shop in which the Prince picks out a gold bowl for his fiancée and finds, to his annoyance, that it is cracked. It is not hard to see that the cracked bowl is a symbol, both of the Prince himself, who is a valuable antique but a little flawed, morally, and also of the marriage, which represents an act of acquisition or purchase on the part of the heroine and her father. If the reader should fail to notice the analogy, James himself helps him out in the title.

I MYSELF would not regard the introduction of this symbol as necessary to this particular history; it seems to me, rather, an ornament of the kind that was fashionable in the architecture and interior decoration of the period, like stylized sheaves of corn or wreaths on the façade of a house. Nevertheless, it is handsome and has an obvious appropriateness to the theme. It leads the reader into the gilded matter of the novel, rather than away from it. I think there is also a scriptural echo in the title that conveys the idea of punishment. But having seen and felt the weight of meaning that James put in this symbol, one must not be tempted to go further and look at the bowl as a female sex symbol, a chalice, the Holy Grail, and so on; a book is not a pious excuse for reciting a litany of associations.

My second example is from Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. At the beginning of the novel, Anna meets the man who will be her lover, Vronsky, on the Moscow-St. Petersburg

express; as they meet, there has been an accident; a workman has been killed by the train coming in to the station. This is the beginning of Anna's doom, which is completed when she throws herself under a train and is killed; and the last we see of Vronsky is in a train, with a toothache; he is being seen off by a friend to the wars. The train is necessary to the plot of the novel, and I believe it is also symbolic, both of the iron forces of material progress that Tolstoy hated so and that played a part in Anna's moral destruction, and also of those iron laws of necessity and consequence that govern human action when it remains on the sensual level.

One can read the whole novel, however, without being aware that the train is a symbol; we do not have to "interpret" to feel the import of doom and loneliness conveyed by the train's whistle—the same import we ourselves can feel when we hear a train go by in the country, even today. Tolstoy was a greater artist than James, and one cannot be certain that the train was a conscious device with him. The appropriateness to Anna's history may have been only a *felt* appropriateness; everything in Tolstoy has such a supreme naturalness that one shrinks from attributing contrivance to him, as if it were a sort of fraud. Yet he worked very hard on his novels—I forget how many times the Countess Tolstoy copied out *War and Peace* by hand.

The Right Tone

THE impression one gets from his diaries is that he wrote by ear; he speaks repeatedly, even as an old man, of having to start a story over again because he has the wrong tone, and I suspect that he did not think of the train as a symbol but that it sounded "right" to him, because it was, in that day, an almost fearsome emblem of ruthless and impersonal force, not only to a writer of genius but to the poorest peasant who watched it pass through the fields. And in Tolstoy's case, I think it would be impossible, even for the most fanciful critic, to extricate the train from the novel and try to make it bear a meaning that the novel itself does not proclaim, explicitly and tacitly, on every page. Every detail in Tolstoy has an almost cruel and vise-like meaningfulness and truth to itself that makes it tautological to talk

of symbolism; he was a moralist and to him the tiniest action, even the curiosities of physical appearance, Vronsky's bald spot, the small white hands of Prince Andrei, told a moral tale.

IT is now considered very old-fashioned and tasteless to speak of an author's "philosophy of life" as something that can be harvested from his work. Actually, most of the great authors did have a "philosophy of life" which they were eager to communicate to the public; this was one of their motives for writing. And to disentangle a moral philosophy from a work that evidently contains one is far less damaging to the author's purpose and the integrity of his art than to violate his imagery by symbol-hunting, as though reading a novel were a sort of paper chase.

The images of a novel or a story belong, as it were, to a family, very closely knit and inseparable from each other; the parent "idea" of a story or a novel generates events and images all bearing a strong family resemblance. And to understand a story or a novel, you must look for the parent "idea," which is usually in plain view, if you read quite carefully and literally what the author says.

I will go back, for a moment, to my own story, to show how this can be done. Clearly, it is about the Jewish question, for that is what the people are talking about. It also seems to be about artists, since the title is "Artists in Uniform." Then there must be some relation between artists and Jews. What is it? They are both minorities that other people claim to be able to recognize by their appearance. But artists and Jews do not care for this categorization; they want to be universal, that is, like everybody else. But this aim is really hopeless, for life has formed them as Jews or artists, in a way that immediately betrays them to the majority they are trying to melt into. In my conversation with the Colonel, I was endeavoring to play a double game. I was trying to force him into minority by treating anti-Semitism as a universal variation which, in fact, it is not. On the other side, the Colonel resisted this attempt and tried to show that anti-Semitism was normal, and he was normal, while I was the queer one. He declined to be categorized as an anti-Semite; he regarded himself as an independent

thinker, who by a happy chance thought the
nobody else

I imagined I had a card up my sleeve; I had guessed that the colonel was Irish (*i.e.*, that he belonged to a minority) and presumed that he was a Catholic. I did not see how he could possibly guess that I, with my Irish name and Irish appearance, had a Jewish grandmother in the background. Therefore when I found I had not convinced him by reasoning, I played my last card; I told him that the Church, his Church, forbade anti-Semitism. I went even further; I implied that God forbade it, though I had no right to do this, since I did not believe in God, but was only using Him as a whip to crack over the Colonel, to make him feel humble and inferior, a raw Irish Catholic lad under discipline. But the Colonel, it turned out, did not believe in God, either, and I lost. And since, in a sense, I had been cheating all along in this game we were playing, I had to concede the Colonel a sort of moral victory in the end; I let him think that my husband was Jewish and that that "explained" everything satisfactorily.

Better Than a Human Being

Now there are a number of morals or meanings in this little tale, starting with the simple one: don't talk to strangers on a train. The chief moral or meaning (what I learned, in other words, from this experience) was this: you cannot be a universal unless you accept the fact that you are a singular, that is, a Jew or an artist or what-have-you. What the Colonel and I were discussing, and at the same time illustrating and enacting, was the definition of a human being. I was trying to be something better than a human being; I was trying to be the voice of pure reason; and pride went before a fall. The Colonel, without trying, was being something worse than a human being, and somehow we found ourselves on the same plane—facing each other, like mutually repellent twins. Or, put it another way: it is dangerous to be drawn into discussions of the Jews with anti-Semites: you delude yourself that you are spreading light, but you are really sinking into muck; if you endeavor to be dispassionate, you are really claiming for yourself a privileged position, a little mountain top,

from which you look down, impartially, on both the Jews and the Colonel.

Anti-Semitism is a horrible disease from which nobody is immune, and it has a kind of evil fascination that makes an enlightened person draw near the source of infection, supposedly in a scientific spirit, but really to sniff the vapors and dally with the possibility. The enlightened person who lunches with the Colonel in order, as she tells herself, to improve him, is cheating herself, having her cake and eating it. This attempted cheat, on my part, was related to the question of the artist and the green dress; I wanted to be an artist but not to pay the price of looking like one, just as I was willing to have Jewish blood but not willing to show it, where it would cost me something—the loss of superiority in an argument.

These meanings are all there, quite patent, to anyone who consents to look *into* the story. They were *in* the experience itself, waiting to be found and considered. I did not perceive them all at the time the experience was happening; otherwise, it would not have taken place, in all probability—I should have given the Colonel a wide berth. But when I went back over the experience, in order to write it, I came upon these meanings, protruding at me, as it were, from the details of the occasion. I put in the green dress and my mortification over it because they were part of the truth, just as it had occurred, but I did not see how they were related to the general question of anti-Semitism and my grandmother until they *showed* me their relation in the course of writing.

EVERY short story, at least for me, is a little act of discovery. A cluster of details presents itself to my scrutiny, like a mystery that I will understand in the course of writing or sometimes not fully until afterward, when, if I have been honest and listened to these details carefully, I will find that they are connected and that there is a coherent pattern. This pattern is *in* experience itself; you do not impose it from the outside and if you try to, you will find that the story is taking the wrong tack, dribbling away from you into artificiality or inconsequence. A story that you do not learn something from while you are writing it, that does not illuminate something for you, is dead, finished before you

started it. The "idea" of a story is implicit in it, on the one hand; on the other hand, it is always ahead of the writer, like a form dimly discerned in the distance: he is working toward the "idea."

It can sometimes happen that you begin a story thinking that you know the "idea" of it and find, when you are finished, that you have said something quite different and utterly unexpected to you. Most writers have been haunted all their lives by the "idea" of a story or a novel that they think they want to write and see very clearly: Tolstoy always wanted to write a novel about the Decembrists and instead, almost against his will, wrote *War and Peace*; Henry James thought he wanted to write a novel about Napoleon. Probably these ideas for novels were too set in their creators' minds to inspire creative discovery.

IN ANY work that is truly creative, I believe, the writer cannot be omniscient in advance about the effects that he proposes to produce. The suspense in a novel is not only in the reader, but in the novelist himself, who is intensely curious too about what will happen to the hero. Jane Austen may know in a general way that Emma will marry Mr. Knightley in the end (the reader knows this too, as a matter of fact); the suspense for the

author lies in the how, in the twists and turns that the story will take. Symbols may have a certain usefulness as a device set for some kinds of minds, but in the end they will have to be scrapped. If the story does not contradict the outline, overrun the pattern, break the symbols, like an insurrection, against authority, it is surely a still birth. The natural symbolism of reality has more messages to communicate than the dry Morse code of the disengaged mind.

The tree of life, said Hegel, is greener than the tree of thought: I have quoted this before but I cannot forbear from citing it again in this context. This is not an incitement to mindlessness or an endorsement of realism in the short story (there are several kinds of reality, including interior reality): it means only that the writer must be, first of all, a listener and observer, who can pay attention to reality, like an obedient pupil, and who is willing, always, to be surprised by the messages reality is sending through to him. And if he gets the messages correctly he will not have to go back and put in the symbols: he will find that the symbols are there, staring at him significantly from the commonplace.

No Stars Fell on Georgia

JANUARY 1 was Emancipation Day. This January 1, for the first time since Reconstruction, a Negro took office in Atlanta, Georgia. He is Dr. Rufus Clement, President of Atlanta University, who won an overwhelming majority in nearly every precinct in last May's city schoolboard election. And while certain sections of Atlanta shook as the votes were being counted, there have been no explosions whatever since the final score was in.

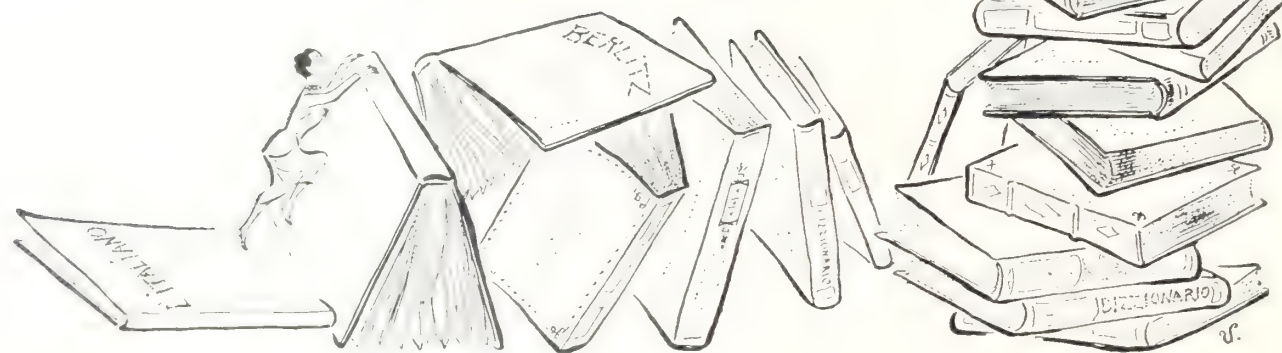
Dr. Clement waged a distinguished campaign against a white opponent, defeated a last-minute attempt to have his name scratched from the ballot on the false ground that he was a Communist, and wound up with a total of 22,259 votes to 13,936—carrying forty out of fifty-eight precincts, including most of the white wards.

In the excitement over his election, the fact that two other Negroes were elected to the City Executive Committee, on a ward basis, went almost unnoticed.

The Berlitz Affair

Emily Kimbrough

Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu



"I CAN'T go to Italy," I said aloud to myself one morning last March, "without knowing something of the language." And at that instant I knew I was going to Italy.

An hour earlier I had listened to considerable promotional talk on the subject from my friend, Sophy, who lives in Haverford, but shares my apartment when she is in New York. Sophy is a very busy woman. She is Vice President of the National Urban League and an active participant in several other organizations. She is a vigorous campaigner and a great one for planning. Her hair is curly and has been gray since she was thirty-five. When she brings it on end by running her hands through it and says, "Now darling . . .," you know you're involved in a campaign and a plan, and it's a ninety to one bet that as of that minute, you're a goner.

Shortly after I made my decision, I announced it impressively to Sophy. "I'm signing up at the Berlitz School," I said, "for Italian lessons. You can't go to Italy without knowing something of the language."

Sophy pondered this. "I'll join you," she said at last. "I won't be so good as you, be-

cause you've got a much better musical ear than I have, though I know more about music than you do. However, I'll try not to hold you back."

I was magnanimous. She wouldn't hold me back at all, I promised, and I'd be glad of her company.

The following morning, Sophy and I, around nine-thirty, enrolled in the Berlitz School. The address is Rockefeller Center, that part of it with an entrance on Fifth Avenue. Immediately inside this entrance, we confronted a double flight of escalators, one going up and, directly beside it, the descending flight. Sophy was all for boarding the up-going one. When I asked for what purpose, her answer was there didn't seem to be anything at the bottom.

With all the bustle we had just left on Fifth Avenue, there was, curiously, not a soul in this large, dark foyer. I released my grip on Sophy's arm in order to look for someone, and she immediately started up the steps.

I walked to the right of the stairway and almost at once came upon a large show window containing a display of the workings of the Berlitz School. A cardboard figure of a

stylish gentleman dwarf dominated the scene. He wore a morning coat, gray trousers, his collar was exceptionally high. I thought he was a dwarf because the size of his head made the rest of him seem of diminutive proportions. But perhaps this was intended only to convey an outsize intellect, further indicated by an extra large pair of black, horn-rimmed spectacles and total lack of hair on his head. The figure carried a long pointer of the sort teachers use at a blackboard. This was directed to a cardboard sign listing a series of languages headed by French. Another cardboard sign nearby read, "Enroll Today." It was only after I had studied at some length the awesome prospect behind this invitation that I came upon, in small type, the information that the School itself was on the fifth floor.

There was no possibility of sharing with Sophy this discovery. She had long since passed beyond my view.

I DID not know how to reach the fifth floor, since the escalator in the center seemed to end within sight directly above me. Several people came in from the street. I asked one of these if he knew where the elevators were. He directed me to their hiding place behind the escalator.

When I left the conveyance at the fifth floor, I saw almost at once a metal sign, labeled "Berlitz," pointing in the direction of the School. The first person I saw as I came through the indicated door was Sophy, standing at a long counter, her back to me, talking to a young woman on the other side of the counter. I joined them.

"We're together," I told the young woman.

Sophy turned. "Oh, I'm glad you got here," she said. "Find someone to tell you the way?"

I continued talking to the young woman, explaining a brilliant idea that had occurred to me the evening before. "My daughter, B," I said, speaking each word slowly and distinctly in order not to confuse her with rapid English, "took a course in French from your school, but she didn't finish it. We lived in Philadelphia then, and this was five years ago. Do you think the credit could be transferred—unless there is a time limit on it? Perhaps you don't understand what I'm saying, but if you will let me speak to the manager here, I'm sure I could—"

Miss Berlitz interrupted me. "There will

be no trouble about the credit," she said briskly, and her accent was as Middle Western as mine, "as long as you get permission from your daughter."

I stared at her. Sophy made a disagreeable sound, much like a snicker.

"Why," I said incredulously. "I don't believe you do understand. I paid for the course. I'm her mother."

My vis-à-vis was patient.

"It was your daughter **who** went to the classes. *She* registered. Therefore, it's for her to say whether at some time she wishes to continue the lessons and complete the course, or transfer to you those remaining. If you will give me her name and address, I'll have our office write to her asking for a release to you."

"She's gone to California with her baby on a month's visit to my parents," I reported. "She's been married since she took that course."

Sophy broke in. "I don't believe the Berlitz School is getting up a dossier on B," she told me. "Just your family's address will do."

I delivered the address and the young woman wrote it down. She then took my registration; Sophy's. I found, had already been taken care of. We were to have a lesson every morning, sharing a teacher, but with no one else in the class.

"You may start now, if you wish," our registrar said, and gathered up the papers we had signed, "Classroom L."

AS WE walked down the hall in the direction she had indicated, I admitted my irritation. "It's silly," I said, "but I'm irked by such nonsense. What on earth has B got to do with *my* Italian? I paid for her lessons and she was too lazy to finish them. Now *she* gives *me* permission to take Italian. What I really mind is that she's going to think it very, very funny. It's almost put me off the whole idea."

Sophy asked if I'd feel better just dropping for my lessons and forget the credit. Obviously this was nonsense; I said nothing more.

There was considerable traffic up and down the corridor, men and women, young girls and boys, most of them carrying notebooks, textbooks, pencils. I had a sudden wistful fantasy that I was back at college again, and wondered how it would be if I stopped some of these

people to ask if they had seen the dean to arrange their courses and what were the professors like. But such snatches of conversation were all I could get. I found that two of them were the same and not one of them English. I felt suddenly shy and scuttled after Sophy, who, as usual, was ahead of me. She turned into a room on the left, stopping to look at the letter on the door. I followed her across the threshold and there I was, in a classroom like classrooms the world over, except that this was smaller than most. Three rows of chairs, each with a wide right arm on which to put books and notebook for writing, a desk by the door where the professor would sit. The room, at the moment, was empty. Sophy was standing still, looking around her, like me.

"It takes me back thirty years," I said. "I feel kind of queer."

Sophy nodded.

We took off our coats and gloves, and piled them on chairs in the back row. We selected places on the front row and sat down side by side, though there was plenty of space in which to spread ourselves more comfortably. Neither of us seemed to find anything more to say to the other.

On the threshold I had noticed vaguely that the walls were hung with pictures. I took more careful note of them while we waited for the professor. And of all the story-telling pictures I have ever seen, these held the record for content.

The one on the wall directly in front of me included, looking from left down around the border and up to the right-hand corner: a ferry boat on a blue ocean; a group of people on a beach; the ladies dressed in suits of the Annette Kellerman period; a hooded wicker bath-chair. Next, the skyline of New York, a dirigible floating overhead, a four-masted schooner in the harbor, an ocean liner with a tug pulling it and a hydroplane settling down just alongside. A bathroom came next, with tub and basin, soap, sponge, comb, pair of scissors, tube of toothpaste.

BY THIS time I realized the purpose of these pictures was to teach the names of the objects in whatever language we were studying. It occurred to me that if this were the objective, it was a badly timed sense of delicacy that excluded the one object

in a bathroom for which one undoubtedly would have the most urgent need in the language of the country one was visiting.

A bedroom scene balanced the bathroom: very quaint, with a ruffled canopy over the bed and around the dressing table. I made a mental note I would not tax my intellectual capacity with the Italian for ruffles.

I had not yet come to the borders. When I reached my scrutiny of these I knew at once Mr. Berlitz was going to ask more of me than I would be able to give him. Down the left border in order were a squirrel, a peacock, a frog, a duck, a beetle, and a pair of duelists matching swords. Across the bottom, a bee, a boiled egg in a cup, a pig, a cheese under glass, a glass of beer—that was all to the good—two roosters, a patch of mushrooms, an artist sitting at an easel; next, a roll of sausage, a loaf of bread, and, cantering up the opposite side, an ostrich followed by a swan, a caterpillar, a butterfly, an owl, a typewriter, a telephone, a stork, a parrot, an eagle, three fish, of to me unknown species, and a large wolf in a snow-drift.

I TURNED to Sophy to tell her I intended to take a stand on how wide an area I wished my Italian to cover, when a voice from the doorway said, "*Buon giorno.*"

I swung around with a start to see, bowing gracefully at us from the doorway, a handsome young man, obviously Italian, with black hair in a waving pompadour and large brown eyes.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Sophy, rather red in the face, give a stiff little nod. I heard her mutter, but I doubt that it reached the young man. "*Buon giorno.*"

I tried to make my acknowledgment somewhere between Sophy's nod and the young man's bow. I found myself unable, because I felt silly, to produce a "*Buon giorno,*" but I gave out something in the nature of a whinny with a smile.

The young man seated himself at the desk by the door. He was carrying a book and two large white cards. He pushed these on top of the desk, bent over, looked at the cards, picked up one of them, and looking from it to each of us in turn said inquiringly, "*Signora Kimbrough?*"

"*Moi,*" I answered loudly as if faulty hearing on his part were the stumbling block between us, and I pointed to my chest. With

the instant realization, however, that my remark did not sound Italian. I added stiffly, "I am Mrs. Kimbrough."

The young man shook his head and pointed to me. "*Lei e Signora Kimbrough.*" He put the palm of his hand against his chest. "*Io sono Signor Grammatico.*" He repeated this back and forth several times, then turned to Sophy.

"*Signora Jacobs?*" he inquired.

"*Io sono Signora Jacobs.*" Sophy replied.

"*Brava, brava.*" said Signor Grammatico, and they smiled at each other.

I had a deplorable impulse to give her a kick in the ankle.

Signor Grammatico picked up his book. "*Il libro.*" he said, pointing to it. "*Il lapis,*" he picked up the pencil; "*la tavola,*" he patted the table; "*la penna,*" he showed us his fountain pen; "*la sedia,*" and he bounced to indicate what he was sitting on; "*il muro,*" he indicated the wall; "*il soffitto,*" and pointed to the ceiling.

HE LIFTED the book and looked inquiringly at me. "*Que e?*" he said with a rounding inflection and I gathered he wanted me to tell him what it was.

"*Le libro,*" I answered, and tried not to sound smug.

He shook his head. "*Il libro,*" he corrected me.

We went on to the other objects. I gave these back to him in Italian with no hesitancy. I made only one other error. I confused "chair" with "ceiling." "*La soffitto,*" I said, and bounced in my concentration on doing exactly what he had done.

"*Il soffitto,*" he corrected, and pointed upward. "*La sedia,*" and indicated where I had bounced.

I had already regretted the bouncing and was doubly mortified it had taken place on "the ceiling."

He turned to Sophy.

Sophy rattled off the objects with the rapidity of a chattering squirrel, and ending up with, "*il libro,*" drew out the vowel and gave the "r" the kind of roll Caruso used to send out into the auditorium from the stage of the Metropolitan. My delivery had been uncompromisingly Muncie, Indiana.

I slewed around in my chair at right angles to my previous position and stared at my



companion. She was leaning forward, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling and fixed on Signor Grammatico.

"*Bravissimo.*" I heard Signor Grammatico murmur, and I resumed my former position facing him. Not that he was aware which way I was facing. He and Sophy were exchanging staccato nods of mutual congratulation.

There is an old hymn that begins, "I am a stranger here." The second line continues,

"Heaven is my home." This latter I waved aside as not applicable. But for the first line, spiritually speaking, the writer of that hymn and I were in precisely the same spot.

The lingual tour of the room continued. Signora Jacobs and Signor Grammatico leading the way, the rolling r's cascading behind them. I tagged along like an unsanctified spectator. From time to time, several times the Signor tossed an inquiry at me, and Sophy would repeat the word to me. "Nose," much in the way a Mrs. Jones might say, "Nose, didn't you say 'Nose'?" and the other echoes, "Nose, didn't you say 'Nose'?"

By this time too addled to respond. In the

end Signor Grammatico and Sophy evidently decided it was kinder to leave me alone. And so while I sat muttering to myself the two or three words I had managed to capture early in the hour, they trilled their r's and glided their vowels, from pocketbook to handkerchief to dress, suit, hat, shoes, and so on.

A bell ringing was the first familiar sound I had heard in sixty minutes. I knew what it meant, too, and that in itself was a comfort. The bell was a surprise to Sophy and Signor Grammatico. They stopped the rondo on which they were engaged and shook their heads in a spontaneous expression of disappointment that such a pleasant hour had sped away. I was already at the chair in the back of the room where I had placed my coat and gloves. For fifty-five minutes I had been far, far in the rear. But sixty minutes and thirty seconds from the time I had entered that room found me going out of it, coated and gloved.

"*Arrivederci*," or some such nonsense Signor Grammatico called after me. But I was safely across the threshold.

"Good-by," I said.

PASSING the main desk in the hall, I was hailed by the girl who had taken my registration, the one who was going to ask my daughter's permission for me to be taught Italian on credit. I was in no mood for any further trafficking with that young woman and would have gone on my way but she called after me. "I think you will want to buy a book. They're on sale here."

I approached her and her book cautiously. I was not prepared to say whether or not I wanted a book, because I was not sure my brief association with the Berlitzes and their doings was going to continue. The young woman, however, held out invitingly to me a slim volume and I took it. Sophy joined me while I was examining it and immediately asked for one for herself.

On the way to the elevator she prattled about how exhilarating the hour had been, how her rusty old brain had come alive again, making her realize how much she had always loved languages. Once we were out on Fifth Avenue, I parted from her and her exhilaration. I did not see her again until evening.

By that time, however, I had made up my mind to go on with Mr. Berlitz and Signor

Grammatico and all the rest of them, because I had said that one shouldn't go to Italy without knowing something of the language. This was what had really started me on the trip and I had better keep going, if one could call what I had accomplished to date "going" anywhere.

SOPHY was spending weekdays in New York at my apartment, returning to her own house in Haverford for weekends. She had volunteered to plan with the travel agency our itinerary in Italy and see about renting a car.

She was very busy planning the trip and I did not see her during the daytime. The evening following my stumble into Italian, however, she was at the apartment poring over her map. I wanted to pore over the Italian book that had been put into my hand by the registration clerk but I was embarrassed. I waited until she had gone to her room and I was safely in my bed before I turned its pages. My dogged purpose, if it took me all night, was to catch up to where Sophy and Signor Grammatico had rested at the ringing of the bell.

At intervals during the day I had looked forward to this catching up. It would be like cramming for an exam. Many was the night, I reminded myself, I had put a wet towel around my head and studied right through until the dawn, pausing only for an occasional cup of strong, black coffee. I drink Sanka now, and that, I thought, would be the only difference. I leaned back happily against my pillow and opened to page one.

I had no need of a wet towel to help me. I had no need of the book itself, certainly no use from it, because it contained not one single word of English; just a listing of the words I had supposedly learned in my *lezione primo*. I could read the words, but of what good was that to me when I had no means of telling a *scapola* from a *denaro*?

Before I went to sleep, however, I could say every word on the list of the *lezione primo* like a parrot. The only ones I could pick out at random were *porta*, *finestra*, and *libro*, because they were the only ones to which I could attach a meaning. But I had the complete list down pat so long as it remained in sequence.

I tried them over the next morning the minute I awakened, and was pleased to find I

still could rattle them off, though I was not yet up to drawn-out vowels and rolling r's.

On our way to the school I said nothing to Sophy about my last night's accomplishment. I intended it to be a surprise.

We had a new teacher that morning, a gentleman, but not so dashing as Signor Grammatico; his was a steam-roller model. We moved slowly but inexorably into counting and numbers. There was no foolish skittering around over the ground we had covered the day before. Not once was I given opportunity to recite my word poem made up from the *lezione primo*. Counting from one to one hundred was our route for the day, and I was fine up to five. Five in Italian is spelled *cinque* and pronounced "*chin-que*." Since five in French is spelled *cinq* and pronounced "*sank*," I gave that pronunciation to *cinque*. I was corrected. The next time round I said "*sank-que*." I was corrected. The following time I gave "*chank-que*."

THIS evidence of imbecility was doubly exasperating to me because, for a long time I have thought and even said to anyone who might be interested that I get a far greater number of impressions by ear than I do by sight. I pick up music fairly easily. I even play by ear. The execution is bad but I render the tune accurately.

All these things I said to myself with fury while Sophy flashed up and down from one to five, and five to one.

After that we moved on, starting with six, and I was what I please to call a humdinger until we reached fifteen. Fifteen is spelled *quindici* and pronounced as in "*quince*." I accepted that and returned it with no difficulty, and we moved on to twenty. But at twenty we stopped and went back to one, and at five I was at the old standstill again; "*sank*," "*sank-que*," "*chank-que*," and now added to it a possible "*quin-que*," et cetera.

The professor was kindness and patience itself. Sophy was kind and patient, too. I would have given anything to return to the spirit of indifference to me that had prevailed the preceding day. The most soothing sound of the entire hour was of Sophy's getting stuck the second time around and on succeeding ones, at seventeen.

When the bell rang I was in the eighties, but still wobbly at any number with a five in

it. I stopped at the sound of the bell. The professor put up his hand arresting my motion of getting up to leave. He rose from his desk, walked over to my chair, and bent over me, first giving a furtive look over his shoulder toward the door. "You're going to Italy, aren't you?" he asked in a little more than a whisper.

The sound of my own tongue delivered in this conspiratorial fashion so startled me I drew back and could only nod in reply.

"Well, then," and his voice strengthened a little with urgency, "get those fives. You don't want to be gyped, do you?"

I thanked him in a whisper for his concern.

Each day following brought a new teacher, except for a repeat with Signor Grammatico. Sophy gave him a dazzling performance, to which he responded with enough *bravos* to fill a page. They even embarked on little sallies of witty repartee. I suppose that is what they were because of the mutual happy laughter each sentence brought. I would not have been surprised to see the Signor and the Signora push back the chairs and treat themselves to a little waltz turn.

ON THE last day of the course we had a lady teacher. She was somewhat elderly, rather frail, and was catching a cold. She wore a shawl around her shoulders and in addition to the inevitable book and cards, carried a box of Kleenex. Evidently the cards produced on the first day were handed to each succeeding teacher, because I could see them gradually being filled, the professor of each day adding to the contents left by his predecessors. Some wrote more than others. Signor Grammatico's notes, I had noticed, were brief, but the Signora of our last day wrote fully after each recitation. Between times she used a Kleenex apologetically.

We were into sentences now, she posing a question to each and eliciting a fully phrased response. At least that was her intention and it was fulfilled by one of us. She worked hard and earnestly; she was an excellent teacher. When the bell rang she was writing on one of the cards. At the sound she looked up. "*Molte bene*," she said to Sophy, "*molte, molte bene*."

She took a fresh Kleenex from the box, held it to her nose, and turned to me. "*Coraggio, Signora*," she said, "*coraggio e avanti*."

"That means 'courage,'" Sophy said, "courage and keep going."

leader of the German Opposition in November 1951, "if the world democracies will defend Germany offensively to the East."

Wilhelm's plea for "a place in the sun" is identical with Hitler's for "living space." The problem had something, but only something, to do with population density and economics. Germany's need was every place in the sun, all the living space. The man who dreams that he can't breathe in a telephone booth can't breathe in a circus tent. Bismarck's nightmare—"I wake up screaming when I dream that our Russian alliance has failed"—is the perennial nightmare of Germany.

External pressures—real or imaginary, it doesn't matter which—produced the counterpressures of German rigidity and German outbreak, the ordered, explosive propensity of the pressure-cooker. How total will the rigidity be, how big the outbreak? The answer is: How great is the pressure? Ask the carrot in the cooker how far out it wants to go, or the German ruler to set a limit to his requirements domestic or foreign.

INSIDE the pressure-cooker we find the perfect pattern of organization, be it Prussian authoritarianism or the romantic universalism which, in Kant and Lessing, was so much further advanced in German thinking than it was anywhere else in the eighteenth century.—Who has ever reached for the stars like the Germans, breaking asunder the bindings of reality that constrict the human heart and restrain that teetering creature, the reasonable man? Reality's ambivalence makes Hamlets—cowards, says Hitler, who burned *Hamlet*—of us all. Hitler cut the knots that free men fumble with. He did not resolve the problems that immobilized his people: he smashed them. He was the grand romantic. I asked my Nazi friend, the ballroomer in the town where I spent a year not long ago, what he liked best about Hitler. "Ah," he said at once, "his 'So—oder so,' his 'Either this—or that.'"

Romanticism is the stuff of which men's dreams—dreamed under pressure they can not bear—are made of. National Socialism was a piece of this stuff, cut not from immanent villainy, "congenital criminality," but from the dream of freedom from the human condition itself.

The German, said the German philosopher, is very easily oppressed.

Out of my ten Nazi friends, six of them below middle height, seven of them brunettes, and only one of

"German spirit," manifest in the whole unbroken history of suffering and sacrifice of the whole German people, would, tomorrow at latest, breed yesterday's German, "blond, blue-eyed, huge," as he appeared to the Divine Julius, who happened to be dark and squat. Men under pressure can—and not only can; they must—dream such dreams.

GERMANY has often had a counter-revolution, never a revolution. What the Germans call a revolution the Americans would call a *Putsch*.

"The German revolutionaries," said Lenin, "could not seize the railways because they did not have a *Bahnsteigkarte*"—the ten-pennig ticket admitting visitors to the train shed. The "peasant" rising of Luther ended with Luther's tract *Against the Murderous and Rapacious Hordes of the Peasants*, and the Reformed Church was born, not of bread and wine, but of blood and iron. The German War of Liberation against Napoleon saddled Germany with peacetime conscription, and the "revolutionary" unification of the Reich was achieved by the reactionary *Junker* of Prussia.

This pressure-ridden personality—the German's—is just as excessively submissive as it is arrogant. Its essence is excess. The uniform witness of peoples invaded by the Germans attests to the nonhumanity of the conqueror, his push-button transition from ice-cold to red-hot and back again, depending on whether he is under orders or out from under orders. His incapacity for insubordination is as much his hallmark as his appetite for dominion. "He will do"—these words are a German's—"whatever you tell him to, and whatever you don't tell him not to."

One Saturday afternoon three house painters, who were off at noon, got hold of some brandy at our house, and, when we returned from a visit, we found them howling drunk. *Tante Käthe*, our five-toothed housemaid, was with us. She handed them mops and brooms and said, "Clean up and get out." In instant, silent sobriety they cleaned up and got out. They were back Monday morning

for work, without a word of apology, a blush of shame, or a man-to-man wink.

Men who learn under pressure, to live this way get used to it, and even get to like it. It is workable, too: good discipline produces (at least in limited areas) the same performance as good self-discipline. The only objection to the scheme is that men who always do as they're told do not know what to do when they're not.

The Non-Responsible Man

WHEN the German is told not to cut down a tree, he doesn't cut down a tree; when he isn't told not to cut down a man, he may cut down a man. Emotionally starved and glutted in turn, he displays a tragic lack of serenity and a still more tragic lack of sympathy. It is as if there were, in the human heart, just so much human concern—and pressure, requiring all of it in the form of duty, leaves none for volition.

Thus the non-responsible German to whom human freedom is unattractive because human freedom is the habit of choice. Choice, among men, is remarkably wide. Each day begins with the choice of tying one's left or right shoelace first, and ends with the choice of observing or ignoring the providence of God. Pressure narrows choice because the ultimate factor in choosing is common sense, and it is common sense that men under pressure lose fastest. The harder they are pressed, the harder they reason, but they tend to become unreasonable men. The embattled intellect operates furiously; the general intelligence atrophies.

This intellect rears exquisitely fabricated towers upon the shakiest—even non-existent—foundations. The fabrication is wonderful: the German is matchless in little things, reckless only in big ones, in the fundamental, fateful matters which, as a non-responsible man, he has not had to encounter. Who is this Einstein, who concocted the atomic bomb and now, in his old age, sees what he has done and weeps? He is the German specialist, who had always "minded his"—high—"business" and was no more proof against romanticism than his tailor, who had always minded his low business.

He is the finished product of pressure. The roster of German specialists includes the

postal clerk whose infallible method of moistening stamps on the ball of his hand is magnificent to behold. The German mind, encircled, and, under pressure of encirclement, stratified, devours itself in the production of lifeless theories of morality, deathless methods of licking postage stamps, and murderous machinery. For the rest—which is living—the German has to depend upon his ideals.

It is the Germans' ideals which are dangerous; their practices, when their ideals do not have hold of them, are not a bit better or worse than other men's. Where do they get their ideals? "The 'passions,'" says Santayana, "is the old and fit name for what the Germans call ideals." This idealist slave of his own or another man's passions was twice sundered, in A.D. 9 and in 1555, from the dogma of personal responsibility which the Age of the Mediterranean fused from the Greco-Hebraic break with Syria and Egypt. Cut off from this dogma—from the first fact of our civilization—German thinking, "idealized," i.e., subjectivized, shot unencumbered up to the clouds. Balloons ascended everywhere. Which basket one boarded was a matter of predilection; once they were off the ground they were all equally impervious to puncture by reality down below.

Down below were the German people, the tens of millions who were some day to be Nazis, the *kleine Männer*, the *kleine Leute* who, as Balzac put it, seemed to have been sent into the world to swell the crowd. When I asked a German theologian to help me find one of these "little men," one whom Nazism had confronted with *innerlicher Konflikt*, moral struggle, the fool replied: "Moral struggle?—They had none. They are all little sausages. *Würstchen*."

Why the Best Germans Left

THE "new boy" in the neighborhood, ringed round by the neighborhood gang, has to fight for his survival. Germany is the new boy in the neighborhood of the Western world. The one durable consequence of the first world war was the creation of Germany, some of whose states, up until then, still had their own ambassadors and postal systems. When nationhood was nominally forced upon the dozens of "sov-

foreign German states" by Prussia in 1871. Germany was composed *entirely* of foreigners, ethnically and historically so hodge-podged that only by his language (and not always then) could a German be distinguished.

A *Mischmasch*, as Leibniz called it, the very language reflected the German miscegenation, the "disgrace" which the elite passed on to the populace. "I have never read a German book," the greatest of all German heroes boasted at the end of the eighteenth century, and his friend Voltaire wrote home from the Prussian court, "We all talk French. German is left for soldiers and horses." A century later Bismarck, the nationalist, bragged of having got rid of French as the language of German diplomacy.

Just as racism in Germany was, at bottom, the struggle to create a race, so nationalism was the struggle to create a nation, and, for that reason, necessarily fanatical. Like all parvenus, the German nation had, and still has, a compulsion to display its wealth, its nationhood, and a desperate terror of losing it, of falling apart from within no less than of being broken apart from without. The democracy—such as it was—of the Weimar Republic decomposed the Germany that was still a *mischlung*. Nothing mattered to my friends, the future Nazis, as much as the identification of a Germany to which one might belong and, belonging, identify himself.

Englishmen and Frenchmen know that they are Englishmen and Frenchmen; when I asked a Danish Communist whether, in his heart, he was a Dane or a Communist, he said, "What a silly question; every Dane is a Dane." But the German had to be reassured that he was a German. The German pressure-cooker required, and, under continued pressure, still requires, a fierce fusing fire of fanaticism under it.

THOUGH there were intervals in which the subject was actually allowed to speak of matters of the state, the pattern of German life was such, over the centuries, that free spirits either had to give up or get out. From Goethe, who, he said, preferred "injustice to disorder," to Mann, who gloried in being an *Unpolitischer*, German literati contrived to live "above it all," in the land, as Mme. de Staël described the Germany of 1810, "of poets and thinkers."

Those who contrived to live *in* it all fared badly.

Other nations sent their worst people away. Germany sent—drove, rather—its best. Between Metternich's Mainz Commission of 1819 (the Un-German Activities Committee of its day) and the last renewal of Bismarck's anti-Socialist laws in 1888, some four and a half million Germans came to America alone. Left behind were those who conformed, willingly or unwillingly. Left behind, too, was the dream. National Socialism brought dream and conformism together, into something satanic. Whose fault was it?—History's.

Can They Be Civilized?

WHY should America have undertaken, in 1945, to export freedom, above all to a people who had habitually squandered their own and eaten up other people's? The question may or may not have had merit—I think not, myself—but it was too late, in 1945, to ask it. America had added something new to the history of occupations: idealism. It had undertaken to do something more than punish, collect, and control: it had undertaken to civilize the Germans.

Now, what makes civilizing so hard is that, even if the primitives recognize their own condition as primitive (which I don't know that they do), they do not always recognize that of the civilized as superior. The Germans, for example, had thought themselves, and not other people, superior. And, in addition, the impeccability of the civilizing intention is always clouded by suspicion fortified by events of recent memory. Being beaten is not the best immediate preliminary to being civilized, or re-educated, or reoriented.

Still, as the American Occupation learned that what was done in ten centuries can not be undone in ten days, some small progress may have been made. No West German would have said, in 1948, that his government was free, much less democratic, but words like "democracy" and "freedom" were everywhere heard, especially among the young generation. By 1948 the young generation of free books, free movies, and free lectures in praise of freedom and free enterprise, in praise, above all, of peace. And the pupils were memorizing the blessings of democracy as assiduously as their older brothers had

memorized the blessings of National Social-

No American official would have said in 1948—outside an official report—that a transformation had been wrought, or even wedged, in the German national character except on one point, and that was militarism. “The war-making power of Germany should be eliminated,” General Eisenhower of SHAEF told Henry Morgenthau and Harry Dexter White in 1944, and everybody present and absent agreed with him. After 1945 the Americans had interrogated some 13,000,000 individual Germans—and indicted some 3,500,000—under a statute “for the denazification and demilitarization of Germany.” Everywhere the bloodied and bewildered German turned, he was told that he was to be freed forever from the curse of militarism.

A Dollar's Worth of Fight

It is hard to exaggerate the impression which this new ideal, supported, of course, by their own experience of the Second Thirty Years' War, made upon the Germans. “The German people display no eagerness for military service,” said U. S. High Commissioner McCloy. “The distaste for military service as such [is] something new in German life.”

Then, suddenly, in 1948, the American ideal was, not modified, but reversed. The Russians had begun the Cold War. The first modest American proposal—to re-arm the West German police, like the East German Communist *Bereitschaften*—soon gave way to the call for twelve West German divisions. “The Germans are great fighters,” said Senator Thomas of Oklahoma in 1949. “If the United States gets into a war we shall need fighters.” “It should be enough,” said General Collins of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1950, “if we send arms.” Shortly thereafter, the *New York Times* put it in plain American: “America has the right to demand a dollar's worth of fight for every dollar it spends.”

But the phoenix refused to rise from its ashes. The Germans were tired, dead tired, of war for a while, and General Eisenhower of NATO was moved to say, as late as 1951, that he wanted “no reluctant divisions in an army under my command.” He was, however, going

missioner announced that Germany would conscript 300,000 to 400,000 men. (It was conscription which Woodrow Wilson characterized as “the root evil of Prussianism.”)

There would be, when the Germans could be brought to accept the American “contractual agreement,” in addition to peacetime conscription, nine new *Panzer* divisions, and “the German contingent will dispose directly of its own air force of 75,000 men and 1,500 fighters and fighter-bombers.” This German contingent (the Security Commissioner did not add) would be as strong as the forces with which Hitler attacked the West in 1940, and (the Security Commissioner did not add, but the Plevin Plan did) the national units of the European Army would be, “in the beginning,” under national, not Allied, control. In 1953 Krupp of Essen displayed its new line of vehicles, complete with turret emplacements.

Everything was changed in the “Coca-Cola Zone” of Germany. All the engines of American re-education and reorientation were thrown into the new campaign for a German *Wehrmacht*. The still-wet picture of the Curse of Militarism was turned to every wall, and the not-yet-dusty old masterpiece of the Defense of the Fatherland was rehung. Much could still be said, and done, against communism, although the last German Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment had said and done a great deal. But not much could be done, any more, about the re-education of the Germans. Their re-education had been based too heavily on the theme that militarism had been the cornerstone of totalitarianism, war, and ruin in Germany.

Only a Hitch

THERE were hitches here and there. At a fracas in Frankfurt in 1952, the German police picked up a squad of *Bund Deutscher Jugend*, whose specialty was breaking up Communist, Social Democratic, and neutralist meetings. A few weeks later Minister President Zinn of Hesse announced that the *BDJ* had been “created and financed by the United States” and that, on U. S. orders, it had set up a “technical service” to go into action in case of Communist invasion.

This “technical service” was composed of one to two thousand former German officers,

all of them over thirty-five years of age. (*Bund Deutscher Jugend* means German Youth League.) Some of them were former Nazi SS men. (Mere membership in the black-uniformed *Stutzstaffel* had been condemned at Nuremberg as criminal.) The "technical service" was being trained, with all kinds of light weapons, in a disguised lumber camp maintained by the United States in the Odenwald. (The penalty, under the Allied Control Law, for arming Germans is death.)

What most exercised President Zinn—a Socialist Democrat—was one of 100,000 soldiers' list of West German "unreliables" to be "removed." The list included fifteen Communists—and eighty Social Democrats, including the entire national leadership of the latter party. It included, in addition, the only Jewish member of the German Parliament. The "technical service," said President Zinn, cost the United States taxpayers \$11,000 a month.

HICOG—the U. S. High Commission for the Occupation of Germany—knew nothing of it. Neither did General Eisenhower or President Truman or, of course, Chancellor Adenauer. But everybody else knew something about it. The "technical service" was maintained by the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency, created by the National Security Council with a rumored budget of \$500,000,000 concealed in the departmental appropriations of Congress. "One would like to assume," said the pro-West *Frankfurter Rundschau*, "that the secret American sponsors knew nothing of the assassination plans. However, their support of a fascist underground movement is bound to produce distrust of American officials. We refuse to fight Stalinism with the help of fascism."

IT WAS only a hitch, of course. But such hitches—and there were several such—are mortal to mewling idealism. There were even a few Germans with long, long memories who remembered the name of a former German captain who persuaded the Allies to let him have a few rusty old guns to repulse the Communists in Bavaria. The name was Röhm, Ernst Röhm, and the date was 1919. Could it have been the same Captain Ernst Röhm who founded the Nazi party?

The American "exchange programs" for German students, professors, journalists, and statesmen had been screened from the start

Now—

I said I was for it. I didn't

program, but I assumed that the American offi-

"Why," I said, "did you guess that the list had never been sent?"

"Because everybody tells his superior what his superior wants to hear. Look, Professor, we are used to this in Germany."

Between Two Dogs

CYNICISM, the deepest cynicism, in Germany again, among a people who, rather than believe in nothing, will turn to the most fantastic of faiths. The resistance to remilitarization was led by German churchmen, Protestant and Catholic, especially to the "Commission of Pastors for Peace within the Church" which, under men like Wurm, Niemöller, Dibelius, and Asmussen, had defied Hitler's "German Christians" and was now the most vigorous and numerous branch of German Protestantism.

Notices of meetings of the Niemöller-Heinemann-Wessel group of Protestants and Catholics opposing militarization were torn down by culprits unknown. But in the town I was living in, late in 1952, huge posters appeared on the kiosks showing a hairy red hand, tattooed with the hammer-and-sickle, seizing the thin white arm of a woman, over the caption, "*Deine Frau, Herr Ohne Mich!*", "Your Wife, Mr. I-Won't-Fight-in-the-Next-War!" The source of the posters being unknown, they were confiscated by the police. But they were not. We are used to this, too. So I changed student. "It may be that this poster was left over in Dr. Goebbels' storeroom."

The new German joke was "How do the Germans feel about the situation?" "Well, how does a bone feel between two

dogs?" Pressure, once more, new pressure mounting on top of all the old pressures unrelieved by war and defeat. In time the Germans would yield to the new pressure. It would certainly be easier to re-educate Germans to militarism than to re-educate them away from it. ("I wish," said a German pastor who is trying to bring a group of ex-Nazis back to Christ, "that they didn't believe so easily.")

INTERNAL pressure to reunify their country is stronger, infinitely, than in the twenties. West—and East—Germans had no relatives in German West Africa, but they have in East—and in West—Germany. And there are in West Germany ten million or so "expellees" (nobody has ever bothered to count them). "German ethnics" forced, with President Roosevelt's sanction, out of lands taken primarily (but not exclusively) by our glorious Soviet allies, to constitute an indigestible lump in the aching German body and an ever-growing force for war as their only hope of getting back home. A new Hitlerism, if it arose in Germany today, would need only one plank in its platform: reunification.

These Germans recently re-elected a Chancellor who told them, "We talk a lot about unification. Let us talk of liberation." But when any speaker, in Germany today, uses the word *Einheit*, unity, no matter how he uses it, he is interrupted by wild, *Sports-Palast*-like cheering. Unfortunately, *Einheit* is an old Nazi term.

Still more unfortunately, *Einheit*, along with *Friede*, peace, is the slogan the hated Communists have painted on walls and billboards all over East Germany—and facing the West. The Germans, East and West, want the Americans out of Germany—five minutes after the Russians are out. The Russians, who lost 17,000,000 people in the last war with Germany, won't get out, and neither will the Americans, who do not want to lose 17,000,000 in the next one with Russia. The Occupation—West as well as East now—is a matter of might. Might is something the Germans understand.

The Germans hate communism—under that name—but they do not love individual liberty enough to die for it. If they did, they would have died for it against Hitler. Americans who see the love of liberty in the East-West

refugee traffic and the East German uprisings should remember that these same East Germans lived under totalitarian slavery for twelve years, 1933-45, and loved it. Those of them who hated it (and there were, of course, many) could have emigrated in much better style than those who now arrive from the East, but emigration during those twelve years, except for those whom the totalitarians drove away, was almost nil.

Relieving the Pressure

THE way to relieve the pressure is to relieve the pressure. To relieve the pressure, the test of policy must be the one urged by the present Prime Minister of India: "Does it add to tension or not?" The Occidental who deplores the renunciation of both right *and* might implied here must narrow his eyes to an Oriental squint and keep them on the ball. Relieving the pressure on Germany would mean more than losing face—itself a prospect ordinarily obnoxious to wide-eyed Occidentals. It would mean the abandonment of the whole combined nutcracker-tug-of-war policy in Germany.

But this is utopian, requiring something like the prior reconstruction of the world.

To initiate—even to contemplate—such a program, there would have to be the kind of world that did not react to its proposal by asking, rhetorically, if the Germans are to be coddled for their crimes and paid off for losing the wars that they started. It would have to be a world that could see beyond the end of its nose and turn that nose—together with the rest of its face—from the past to the future. It would have to be a world with—a *Weltanschauung*.

To say that this is not the kind of world we live in, or are soon likely to, would be to supererogate. A world which was disposed to relieve the Germans of pressure would have to be a world that itself was not under pressure, a world that breathed freely. So far are we from living in such a world that the two powers that now divide the world that there is are both falling victim to the paranoid panic which brought Germany to its present pass, both of them sacrificing other objectives to encircle their encirclers. In this one respect, at least, has Goebbels' perverse prediction been validated: "Even if we lose

we shall win, for our ideals will have penetrated the hearts of our enemies."

There is no evidence that *Europa Union* is any further advanced in Europe than World Federalism is here. The Western European nations are at least as disunited, internationally, as they were five years ago; internally, more so. And the American "free world" alliance—an alliance that embraces Communist Yugoslavia and Fascist Spain, but not Republican Switzerland or Democratic Sweden—is not understood by some hitherto intelligent Europeans.

Still, our leaders tell us that we must "hold" Europe against communism whether or not every last European comprehends the purity of our position. But the prospect of having to depend upon the Germans to "hold" it can not be attractive. The Germans have not been—and are not going to be, in the next six months or six years—transformed from first-class totalitarians to first-class free men. When we remember what they so recently and habitually were, or at least did, it seems hardly worth the trouble, if the Germans must save us, to be saved from communism.

A Third Rappallo?

TO THE assertion that we have to do whatever will save us from communism, the reply is that we must not, on any account, do what the Germans did. When the anti-Communist *Münchener Merkur* nominates Senator McCarthy for honorary membership in the Communist party and the anti-Communist *Weser-Kurier* says that Goebbels would have appreciated the Senator from Wisconsin, we may be sure that we are in some slight danger, and not only from Russia.

There may be a possibility that the relief of the Germans, and the consequent improvement of German behavior, would interest the Russians, who, after all, invented Russian roulette. As the Germans now are, the Russians are afraid of them, and with good reason. Given the world we live in, it may be that the U.S.A., by seizing the initiative and proposing to the U.S.S.R. to end the occupation on other than non-negotiable terms, would restore its own status as the world's great idealist and satisfy the Russians that their own long-term interests would be served (or at least not disserved) by the agreement.

The Russians might, if they are looking for war, attack Germany anyway. They would certainly try to win the Germans to communism, and with some ultimate chance of success. Given the common elements of the two national characters, the proclivities of the two peoples for benevolent dictatorship, the tardy advent of industrialism in the two countries, and, above all, the intermittent (but persistent) decline of the German bourgeois to a level of proletarianism, a "third Rappallo," or a "second Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact," is not ultimately impossible. The hatred of Russia and Bolshevism will live for a while in Germany, but Frederick the Great and Bismarck, who found an accommodation with Russia indispensable to German policy, will live still longer.

The cure of the Germans will not be free in any case, nor is it guaranteed by any prescription. If Germany is thought of—as it seems to be now, and mistakenly—as somebody's satellite, nobody will bother to do anything about it except to prepare it for war, including civil war. And war is not good for the German character. Only if the great powers see that they have sufficient self-interest—as they see it in Switzerland, which is no menace to anybody—to relieve the Germans of pressure will the undertaking have any prospect of being undertaken. It is too late now to have neutrals sit on the bench at Nuremberg—Mr. McCloy, among others, has reached the conclusion that it might have been helpful if they had—but it is not too late to have neutrals sit on the border in Berlin.

"Let 'im Talk"

IF WE want to be practical *and* stop communism *and* help the Germans, we might try winning the Germans to democracy. Democracy is not promises, but performance. From the beginning, the American Occupation, benign as it was, was an operating model of non-democracy. In my year in a German town in 1946, the American Information Center, or *Amerika-Haus*, there was not one open discussion or debate of any sort under American sponsorship or control.

But what the Germans needed was to see what democracy was, not to hear it touted. In East Germany, a few miles away, the Communists were beating the drum for commun-

...and the Americans were blowing up the Americanism and in both cases not so long since the Nazis had been burning the torch for nazism. But the Germans had—in their own polite phrase—had a mis-venture in blowing and burning.

What the Germans needed was free inquiry on a free platform, the only practice that distinguishes a free from a slave society. What they needed was the town meeting, the cracker barrel, the Sunday afternoon forum in Bug-house Square, and the thunderous cry of American authority: "Let 'im talk, let 'im TALK." What they needed was to learn how to talk and talk back, and not to listen to lectures on Goethe's Debt to Edgar A. Guest. Everything else they needed they had genius enough, and more, to produce for themselves.

The Boy in the Puddle

THERE were—and are—other things we could do to palliate German pressure without being utopian. But baiting West Berlin with free food packages for a few thousand of the twenty million East Germans isn't one of them. If the United States actually has food to feed the East Germans—and why not?—that food should not be used to torment and indignify hungry people who have to break the law to go get it. CARE—an American institution—and the Christian churches of Germany are interested in the Germans; they might be willing to administer the Christian charity of the United States. They might at least be asked.

We might, too, without being utopian, reconstitute our representation in Germany. It is a little late now, but the American government does not help the Germans much by compelling American Jews, either native- or German-born, to take posts in Germany; or non-Jews who don't like Germans; or non-Jews who like the black market.

It is persons who will plant the American ideal in the German heart. One Fulbright Fellowship would maintain ten—or twenty—young Americans living and working in Germany as the Germans live and work. Compassion sometimes relieves pressure on com-
pulsive people. St. Francis' words, "I come to you in little things," may be a clue to the cure of the Germans.

Relieving the pressure that produced the

German national character will take some figuring out. The story is told—apocryphal, we may hope—that a friend of John Dewey's encountered him on the street one day long ago in wet windy weather, with his little boy. The boy was standing, rubberless, in a puddle of water, and Dewey was watching him from the shore. "You'd better get that child out of that puddle," said the friend, "or he'll catch pneumonia." "I know," said the philosopher. "I'm doing it as fast as I can. I'm trying to figure out a way to get him to *want* to get out."

IT DOES not seem likely that the U. S. will, at this time, take a chance on the Germans' catching pneumonia. We have their health, not to say our own, to consider. If our government can not, for reasons of state, demonstrate democracy to the Germans, in the hope that the Germans will take to it some day, private agencies may still try. There is no law, German or American, to prevent the construction of, say, a *Vereinigte-Staaten-Haus* across the street from every *Amerika-Haus* in Germany. There are plenty of vacant lots. *Amerika-Haus* would advertise, FREE LECTURE, and *Vereinigte-Staaten-Haus* would advertise, FREE DEBATE.

Take the pressure off the Germans—that is all anyone can do for them—and they might become insufferable. But they became insufferable with the pressure on them. They might claim that they won the last war. But that would be better than their claiming they will win the next war. They might rearm. But they always have anyway. They might go Communist. But they did go Nazi.

The proposition that anybody can do anything about anybody else is absolutely indemonstrable. Doctors of the body abound, but there are no doctors of the soul, or *psyche*. A great psychoanalyst once pointed proudly to an ex-patient and said: "He used to be the unhappiest rotter in town. Now he's the happiest." It is probably impossible for one whole people, except by their example, to help another whole people transform their character; and that may be why, until 1945, it had never been attempted. But a one-tenth of one per cent chance is one-tenth of one per cent better than no chance at all. There is no chance at all in the present policy. The cure of the Germans calls for an uncalculated risk.

After Hours

Out of the Ashes

NEW YORK is experimenting with a non-art repertory theater again, and it looks as though this one might succeed where others have failed. T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton have rented the Stuyvesant on Second avenue at 12th Street (a long way from Broadway) and have renamed it the Phoenix. Their first production, Sidney Howard's "Madam, Will You Walk" with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, opened in a journalistic vacuum during the New York newspaper strike. Considering that the powerful voices of Brooks Atkinson and other eminent critics were momentarily stilled and that the only reviews of the play were in papers like *Women's Wear Daily* and the *Wall Street Journal*, the word got around with gratifying speed that here was inexpensive theater worth bothering about by people who like to be entertained.

Mr. Hambleton has told me that the Phoenix hopes to demonstrate that Broadway has no corner on theatrical success in New York and that it is possible to put on good professional performances of good plays and to sell tickets at a \$3.00 top. This means economical production. It means getting first-rate performers between other engagements and having a theater with a large number of seats and a low rent so that a lot of people paying a little will foot the bills. The Phoenix has a capacity of 1,180 or a good many more than most Broadway houses (it was built for the famous Jewish actor Maurice Schwartz for Yiddish performances in 1928). The leads, Miss Tandy and Mr. Cronyn, were paid a flat \$100 each per week.

The play that the Phoenix has scheduled for February is "Coriolanus," and Robert Ryan who, according to Mr. Hambleton, gets as much as \$70,000 for playing in a movie, is

to get \$100 a week from the Phoenix. John Houseman, the movie and play director (he recently did the movie of "Julius Caesar") directs the "Coriolanus." The plays run for six weeks, and the third one, Mr. Hambleton hopes, will be "a musical."

Opera

IF YOU are under the impression that white-tie-and-tails is a quaint costume that nobody wears any more unless he is a head waiter at the Pump Room in Chicago, I recommend that you go to the Metropolitan Opera on a Monday night. Not only tails, but silk hats. It looks like the twenties, an earlier Republican era. The opera was "La Forza del Destino" (Verdi), newly and handsomely set and costumed by Eugene Berman. It lasts, roughly, forever—or over three hours.

Zinka Milanov sang Leonora, and the most perfect single note I have ever heard come out of a singer was the long high sustained *pianissimo* swelling to *piano* with which she opened the last scene—so pure, clean, controlled, and rich as to be almost inhuman. Hers is as beautiful a voice as I have listened to, roughly, forever—since the last Republican era.

Hands Across

AN old friend of mine recently returned from the United States from a fall vacation in England—including a tour of Scotland—with a report which I confessed surprised me somewhat at first.

"I spent five weeks in the British Isles," he told me. "My wife and I had no business to transact; mercifully we were free to enjoy ourselves, sight-seeing, catching up with old friends, and generally soaking up British impressions. Most of the time we spent in Lon-

...and a couple of visits out of town, and for eight days we toured the English countryside in a drive-yourself car, stopping at country inns and friends' houses. Before we set out we'd heard a lot about anti-American feeling in England, and so we were on the watch for it. Well, during those five weeks we encountered the single instance of hostility or even discourtesy, and there were plenty of instances of friendliness beyond the call of duty—friendliness which followed our disclosure (if any was needed) that we were American. Taxi-drivers, hotel employees, bartenders, salespeople in stores, filling-station attendants, fellow guests at hotels, people we met at our friends' houses and at cocktail parties, people we met by chance on trains—everybody seemed kindly disposed.

I WILL ADMIT, my friend continued, "that we didn't run into any student groups or Bevanites, among whom, I've been told, hostility to the United States is supposed to be especially widespread. And I'll grant, too, that some of the comments on Washington that I read in some of the English papers were less laudatory than those we'd find in most Republican papers over here, and that an occasional letter to the editor sounded sore. Which, of course, did not surprise me in the least. For if a country loses its position of pre-eminence in the world to another country, I'd expect to find among its citizens some uneasiness over the competence of the new leader, some criticisms of the course it was taking, and some grouching at some of its politicians' less tactful outbursts. But in view of all we've heard about frictions, doesn't it seem odd that a fellow could travel about for five weeks, seeing a wide variety of people, and have no sense of friction at all?

Naturally I've tried to explain away the phenomenon. I've reminded myself that we didn't invite arguments. I've told myself that English employees are polite by ingrained training; that my wife and I, as Americans, were likely to meet at parties guests who had been hand-picked for their American connections of one sort or another; and that in our casual encounters we were just lucky. I've explained to myself that a friendly word may mean merely, 'I despise your country's policy but I want you to understand there's nothing personal about it,' or even, 'I dislike Ameri-

cans but I'm willing to make an exception, for the moment, for two who seem to be behaving all right.' But I wonder if that isn't explaining away too much.

"I'm honestly more inclined to the view of an English friend who told me that despite all the talk to the contrary he thought the American troops had on the whole been well liked in England, and in general most English people thought the Americans were trying to do a good job in the world today, though they had a low opinion of certain American phenomena such as our television (which they know only by repute, chiefly from American sources), our immigration and tariff policies (on which many Americans share their reservations, at least to some extent), and Senator McCarthy (no comment). Maybe friction makes news and good relations do not. Anyhow, there the friendliness was. I didn't invent it. It happened to me."

I got to thinking about this report and it set me to wondering about anti-English feeling in the United States, also allegedly formidable. There have been plenty of hot speeches by our politicians about British socialism and British policy on China, but take the Coronation last June: as an occasion for an English visit and as a newspaper, radio, television, and motion-picture feature, it wasn't exactly boycotted by an indifferent or indignant American people, was it?

TV for Tomorrow

EVERYONE knows what's wrong with television: it's poor quality—bad programming and vulgar content. But I wish some one would complain for a change about the quality of the picture. In all the continuing astonishment of discovering that TV exists at all, we've seemed to be content with what we get, assuming that the image on the TV tube was bound to improve, just as radio and phonograph records and movies and color printing improved, as time went by. During this period of patient waiting, it would be impolite and irrelevant to emphasize the self-evident fact that—on most people's sets—the picture is lousy. And don't get me wrong, as Sidney Skolsky would say, I love television.

This, you might suppose, is a technical problem. The violently competitive inter-course between the big companies suggests

that anyone who had anything better would be quick to get it on the market; and who should know best what can and can't be done than these monolithic giants with their lawyers, laboratories, and half a dozen reasons to cut one another's throats? Since only their monstrous machinery for turning out millions of sets has made future improvement worth anyone's while, they can claim the benefit of a substantial doubt.

And yet, and yet. Having attended no more than my share of the press parties at which one marvel after another has been unveiled, in a reverential hush induced by soporific speeches and free liquor, my skepticism has gradually been increasing. It now amounts to cold and undiluted disbelief.

MY PRESENT, if wholly untechnical, conviction is that TV is technically not as good as it should be, and shows no signs of getting technically better. It isn't even as good as it could be now. TV stations are broadcasting, and most sets are picking up, a far sharper and clearer picture than anyone outside of a laboratory gets to see. The loss of quality is in the picture tube.

As my co-columnist Mr. Canby has often remarked, the critical component of a radio-phonograph is the loudspeaker; and the tube is the loudspeaker of television. Miraculous as the achievements of manufacturers have been, the tube remains the limiting factor it was at the start. It is expensive, inflexible, and limited in size—which is why projection television (casting the picture on a screen, like a motion picture) has always seemed in theory so much more attractive.

So far, unhappily, the course of projection TV has led from one disappointed hope and discarded gimmick to the next. As each chorus of delighted discovery has died away, enthusiasm for another try has been that much the less—and the stream of TV sets with tubes has gone on unabated, the investment in existing equipment has increased, and the consumers' ways of thinking about TV have frozen into a harder mold. Few challenges would today be made to the claim that projection TV is not for general use, that it requires bulky and complicated equipment, and that it doesn't make the picture better, anyhow, but only bigger. I would believe this myself if I hadn't seen different and weren't so cer-

tain, from simple experience, that anyone who has watched good projection TV will never be satisfied with anything else.

THE screen hung against the wall of a cluttered and dingy room, in a dark airshaft, on the third floor of a Union Square loft building in New York. It was a big one, made of the same material as the CinemaScope screen, but the picture now at the moment was only about three by five feet (I'd seen it up to eight by twelve, however, and it's been tried up to sixteen by twenty). The time was mid-morning, or Arthur Godfrey time, to judge by the program in progress.

The set in use, in a state of some disarray, sat on top of a plain board table—an inexpensive commercial receiver, a power unit (selenium rectifiers, if you care), and the tube designed and built by the man who was showing it to me. Except for the latter two parts—the pair their inventor calls his "slave unit"—this was no special show but an ordinary program coming through an ordinary set; only the effect was out of the ordinary, but it was a long way out.

In the first place, the definition lines were gone—those horizontal stripes the picture seems to be made of when you see it on the end of a tube. Second, there were subtler gradations from light to dark, though the darks were good and dark, and much contrast remained even when the lights were on in the room. Third, there was none of the grainy, boiling light-effect in areas of even tone, as there is with a tube, and long periods of watching were much less tiring to the eye. Fourth, last, and hardest to believe—as the picture had become larger, instead of losing fine details it had gained them. For quality, it was easily the equal of 16-mm movies. When there was a close-up of a face, in fact, you could see individual hairs on the head of the performer. Time allowing, we could have counted Arthur Godfrey's freckles.

This projection system is the property, fully patented, so don't worry—of an American inventor of the old school named John M. Cage. He is cut to a pattern often thought to be obsolete—independent, devoted to a dozen unorthodoxies, and completely alien to a smooth, public-relations *persona*. (Heresy seems to run in the family, incidentally; his

... experimental modern composer (John Cage.) Mr. Cage Sr. is an electrical engineer by profession, with work in high voltages and some classified gadgets for the military to his credit, but he works for himself—paying the penalty in less elaborate facilities, less sophisticated theoretical background, and less protection from the perils of patent law. How to make a way in the world for his “little black box” without being swallowed by the giants is the embittering exercise he shares with all inventive American individualists.

How nice it would be, just for a change, for the giants to give credit to the small fry instead of snowing them under in a flurry of last minute research and self-congratulatory press releases. When the big labs take over, you may know them by their operational phrase: “developed by”—not invented, developed. You’d think they would have a better sense of news copy, if nothing else, than to disregard the magnetic property of names—like the ones they’ve already made famous: Zworykin, Langmuir, Goldmark, Armstrong, and the rest. You’d think they’d have pride enough in the honest accomplishments of standardization and marketing than to have to claim—like the character in the cartoons of Dahl, that Russian genius Reg U. S. Patoff—that they thought of everything first. You’d think there was nothing to be ashamed of in admitting that the longshot chances can only be taken by the lonely dreamers.

LIKE Mr. Cage—though he is anything but lonely for company, since word of his tubeless speech and existing technicians have steadily found their way to his door. He is ruefully apologetic for the unpretentious clutter of his offices and the string-and-sealing-wax construction of his demonstration model.

“The people on the money side,” as he says, “think that something worth investing in ought to *look* expensive, so I guess I’m going to have to make a fancy one. But the engineers”—he indicated the jumble of tubes and wires and boxes on the table—“like this better: they can see what is going on.”

Your correspondent, as a non-engineer, cannot; but he could see enough on Mr. Cage’s screen to know that this is the way that television ought to be—is going to be, inevitably, as soon as a large enough number of the paying customers discover what they’re missing.

Heads will roll, sooner or later, and some enterprising parties will turn a dollar or two from the work that last-ditch iconoclasts like Mr. Cage have been doing to maintain American inventiveness in a state of productive chaos. I wish I thought for sure that a patent were worth the paper it’s printed on, or that the race were to the swift, or that Mr. Cage would be among the survivors when the smoke has cleared away.

—Mr. Harper

Communication

Dear Mr. Harper:

Acting on your pretty warm recommendation given in the November issue, I went to see “The Robe” in sumptuous CinemaScope. It was well acted and produced, but the one thing you didn’t mention is that the historical parts of it were full of mistakes.

The first thing that met my astonished eyes was Julia, wife of the emperor Tiberius. At the time of the film she had been dead for nearly twenty years. You may say that she was a minor character and doesn’t really matter. True; but think of the waste of money and labor involved in hiring an actress and designing a costume and writing some special dialogue and arranging one scene in order to show somebody who was not only irrelevant but impossible.

After this it was no surprise to see a unit of the regular Roman army marching to the drum and using the bow and arrow, which is about as ridiculous as showing the U. S. Marines marching to the ukulele and using blowguns.

There may have been reasons for the drastic alterations in the story of the trial and execution of Jesus as told in the Gospels (somebody had changed Matthew xxvii, 24-25 into a weak reminiscence of Shakespeare’s “Macbeth,” Act V, scene 1); but when the producers spent all that money on equipment, costumes, and actors, you might expect they would have hired somebody to catch the most obvious boners. Not an expert: some student who could find his way about the *Cambridge Ancient History* and a couple of reference books. In fact, somebody who could read, and remember simple facts.

Yours, &c.,
GILBERT HIGHET



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Darkness and Light Divide the Course of Time

A LONG and vigorous documentary novel about the doctor's profession and problems is the Literary Guild choice for January: *Not as a Stranger*, by the late Morton Thompson (Scribner, \$4.75, 948 pages). It begins with a little boy of seven following the local doctor and admiring him; it ends with the same individual discovering himself as a mature physician, after painful struggles to free himself from his family, to conquer poverty, to settle down with a wife whom he married only because she was a skilled nurse with some money of her own, and to accept the inevitable second-bests which stain the ideals of every profession.

The struggles are the story. They are well told, in a blunt, sometimes breathless way, and punctuated by almost every crisis which can invade a doctor's life: the child that mutilates itself with a razor, the old man who is left to die by careless or malignant hospital officials, the pregnant girl who has no friends and no future, and the numberless ills that man and woman are heirs to—the extraction of gall stones (punctuated by anxious telephone calls), prostate enlargement, leucorrhea, ovarian cysts, a typhoid epidemic.

There are even worse crises. Medical problems every doctor has learnt. But how can he determine what to do when he finds one of his own colleagues cheating, and another bungling? Should he expose them, and if so, to whom? Can he be sure that he himself will never make a mistake? How far must he compromise, in order to keep his profession alive and to maintain the public's trust in it?

This novel is a good solid piece of work. It is

too long. There is a lot of talk about the doctor's father and mother which is needless, because it does not greatly affect his character or mold his career. There are too many grisly operations and medical emergencies: one is almost afraid to turn a page in case pus starts to drain off, or a shrill voice cries, "Hemostat! Quick! Hemostat here!" And, more seriously, the concentration on the medical profession as the world-savior is exaggerated. The impression is that all we as sheep have gone astray, so that nobody can redeem us but the good, kind, overworked, selfless doctor; although there are other professions, some of them equally selfless. But the book is full of plain decent idealism. The style . . . well, we can't have everything; never mind the style: it cuts and probes, even if it occasionally slips.

THE hero, Lucas Marsh, comes from Milletta, a little town in a Midwestern state, begins by trying to help the local doctors, graduates with difficulty from a Midwestern university, where his strongest influence comes from a Jewish doctor who is rather an outcast; then he starts general practice in Greenville, a small town in a wooded northern state.

Martin Arrowsmith, the hero of Sinclair Lewis' medical novel published in 1921, comes from a little town in the state of Winnemac (bordering on Indiana and Michigan), begins by being "unpaid unofficial assistant to Doc. Vickerson," graduates with difficulty from a Midwestern university, where his strongest influence comes from a Jewish doctor who is somehow an oddity ("the son of a German prince"); then he starts gen-

eral practice in Wheatsylvania, North Dakota.

It looks as though *Not as a Stranger* had been suggested by *Arrowsmith*. But it is a far better book. It is adult, and *Arrowsmith* is juvenile. It is serious, and *Arrowsmith* is romantic and corny. It really explains the troubles and trials of the medical profession, while *Arrowsmith* is simply youthful late-romantic idealism gushing through a particular slot marked Doctor. It is hard to say how long *Not as a Stranger* will survive, but it ought to live a long time as an honest and remorselessly detailed documentary. On the other hand, when I reread *Arrowsmith*, with its cheap motivation and vulgar dialogue ("But, thunder, I'm not just a lab-cat. Battle o' life. Smashing your way through."), I thought, not for the first time, that Lewis was really a careless, unreal, and shoddy writer, and that his best function was to prepare the way for others, writers more honest and more determined to tell the whole truth.

Prepare for the Absurd

STRIP off your gown and throw your blood-stained gloves in the bin. Make ready to face something worse, a crisis which baffles the doctors and destroys the whole fabric of society. This is an epidemic of cholera in the hot dry land of southern France: deadly in summer, with burning skies and roasting ground and writhing trees. Don't drink that water. Don't touch that fruit. Don't enter that inn: observe the crows which fly in and out of its windows, and the fat cats which sit on the threshold, cleaning their paws. The body that lies on the roadside, still writhing, dare you approach it? It is already surrounded by the liquid degeneration of its own illness, can you help? and, if you can, will you be infected and die just as horribly in six hours more?

This is the problem of Jean Giono's *The Horseman on the Roof* (Knopf, \$4, fairly well translated by Jonathan Griffin). It is part of an adventure tale set in 1838. A young Piedmontese nobleman, in flight after a successful attack on one of the oppressors, crosses into southern France, makes his way with enormous danger and difficulty through the cholera-stricken townships and countryside of Provence, picks up a handsome girl, delivers her safely at her home, and rides off to continue his fight for liberty. The story is romantic: the hero, with his saber and his boots, might have been conceived by Stendhal, except that he thinks, and succeeds, and keeps his good humor and common sense.

But the surroundings are hideously realistic. They contrast brutally with the youth and gaiety of the hero, heroine, and plot. We are spared none of the horrors of cholera, neither the ghastly effect on individual sufferers nor the collapse of organized society nor the perversions

of animal and avian life (there is a hideously attractive woman-eating crow), nor the smells and gestures and contortions of the dying.

This absorbing though repulsive book appears to mark Giono's debut as an existentialist. Existentialism is the belief that life is, or may at any moment become, totally unreasonable and meaningless, a structure collapsing under unforeseeable and unparriable blows, but that within this heap of ruins the individual can and must assert his own will to survive and execute his own plans. It is like the philosophy of Descartes carried further. Descartes was sure of one thing at least: that he was there, thinking. The existentialists are sure that they exist, and that they have wills, unconquerable by any external force.

So the young colonel of horse who is the hero of Giono's novel is ready, by his training as a cavalryman and his commitment as a combative liberal, to be a perfect existentialist hero; he meets a perfect existentialist heroine; and the reader has the delight of following them toward Utopia, and, with them, fighting off the assaults of the meaningless, the infected, the "absurd" reality which is an epidemic. Cholera is caused by a little organism called a vibrio: it lives in the intestines and is transmitted chiefly through water: it is invisible to the eye: it is endemic in lower Bengal; in 1838 it came from India through Persia to Europe and America, and killed several hundred thousand people who were living just as their fathers had always lived. The young colonel survived, although he handled, nursed, washed, and buried the patients. Life is meaningless, *unless* it is interpreted through the active human will.

MR. PHILIP WYLIE's vision of the possible atomic war is equally vivid: a brief and horrific blast followed by flames and fire-storms and shrieks and looting. He himself has been much concerned with civil defense. To some extent his new novel, *Tomorrow!* (Rinehart, \$3), is propaganda for more active communal interest in our defense against a future attack on our undefended or defenseless cities. But he has not solved the problem of making a convincing and interesting novel out of the contrast between war and peace: calm commonplace families changing into shattered maddened families, tame or stereotyped individuals forced to accommodate themselves to a new nightmare existence.

The people he has chosen as typical are so shallow as to be almost unreal. Can you believe that a rich selfish old lady who owns a newspaper—*now*, in the nineteen-fifties—would order her editor to campaign against civil defense because her car was held up in an air-raid drill? *Now?* The whole book, until the bombs actually burst, has an embarrassing coyness, with memories of Sinclair Lewis ("Aw, gee, Mom!") and

ven Edgar Guest. This is a pity, because Mr. Wylie sounds sincere, and is genuinely anxious to awaken his country, our country, to the dangers of an atom war. But his book is terribly naïve, and will convince very few of us who are not convinced already. A pity.

In the Margin

THERE is never enough space to describe all the interesting books that come in to *Harper's*. Some of these have been on the reviewer's table for many weeks, have been read and admired, will be part of the permanent library; but there has been no room to criticize them as they deserved. Nevertheless, they are recommended.

The New Partisan Reader (edited by W. Phillips and P. Rahv, Harcourt, Brace, \$6), filled with strong ideas and vivid observations; don't miss Kazin on Italy and Arendt on concentration camps.

The One-Track Mind, by Deems Taylor (Library Publishers, \$2.95), naughty and witty translations of French poems on the humors of sex: *live la petite différence!*

G. E. Hutchinson, **The Itinerant Ivory Tower** (Yale, \$4), brilliant essays on science and literature and life by a broad-minded scientist.

Ralph Kirkpatrick, **Domenico Scarlatti** (Princeton, \$10), the biography by the interpreter of Scarlatti. Full of acute observations: Scarlatti is a dancer!

C. M. Doughty, **Travels in Arabia Deserta**, illustrated by E. Legrand (Heritage Press, \$6), a sumptuous edition, tactfully abridged, with somber and memorable illustrations.

The Antioch Review Anthology (edited by Paul Bixler, World, \$6), valuable for its long thoughtful essays.

H. W. Wells, **1001 Poems of Man-kind** (Tupper and Love, \$5), enchanting short poems from many different ages and cultures.

Baltasar Gracián, **The Oracle**, translated by L. B. Walton (Salloch, \$3.25), practical advice on the conduct of life by a seventeenth-century Spanish Jesuit, one of the wisest books ever written.

and I enjoyed **The Esquire Treasury**, edited by Arnold Gingrich (Simon and Schuster, \$6), be-

cause it contained so many good things I remembered. It was Stephen's "The Fifty Yard Run," Stephen's "Exercises," and the Arts and a simple but sensible article on Wall Street by Martin Mayer.

Laugh and Grow Thin

DEGENERATION and folly in a tiny Mississippi town are described in a weird story called **The Ponder Heart** by Eudora Welty (Harcourt, Brace, \$3). It is told as an uninterrupted monologue by one of the participants, a spinster with a lively tongue apparently hung in the middle and lithe at both ends. The tale itself, with its revelations of wildly unexpected eccentricities, is comic. The perception of social distinctions in a small community is acute: you know those little towns where every street has its own character, every family name has a special meaning and history: "of course, her mother was a Beanpacket!"; "What did you expect from a Beanpacket?"

The only difficulty is that the book is virtually a tale told by an idiot, and many may think it signifies nothing. George Lloyd, a talented monologist who appeared in New York night clubs before the war, would sometimes do brilliant impressions of nervous chatty Southern women whose manias gradually betrayed themselves through the compulsive flow of their totally-recalled reminiscences: those were brief, not over ten minutes at most; but for 160 pages they may not be everyone's choice of reading matter. Frankly, Edna Earle (the narrator) is a ferocious bore. Her breathless, endless "Now let me tell you about the next morning" would send many of us screaming out of her hotel in real life, and it is hard to endure in cold print. But this is part of the satirical occasion. Mrs. Welty is satirizing the ladies of the South, who (it would seem) believe that it is better to talk than to remain silent, because any silence is a social blunder, all the right people must talk in order to understand one another, and "if you read, you'll put your eyes out." Once you accept that satiric purpose, the book is delightful. First bride I ever heard of who was tickled to death. *Bless her heart.*



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SOMETIMES it is a little disconcerting to read a group of mixed pieces by a humorist. Homogeneous articles or stories are all right, because they are all devoted to laughter and the mood is varied but not broken. Yet occasionally a writer whom we regard as consistently jolly takes off the mask with its cheerful grin, and confronts us with a face which is perplexed, even tragic. This may be good for us, but it is upsetting. Ogden Nash is fine at light laughable lyrics; he usually conceals his tender heart; but it is a shock to read his poem on the little dog confronting death, and his Housman-like quatrain on birth, maturity, and death, toward the end of his *Family Reunion*. James Thurber is nearly always terribly funny; but there is poisonous acid in his "Interview" in *Thurber Country* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75). Worse than that, read through his *Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*. It is uproariously funny most of the time, but it ends with a painful story about a lonely man drinking too much ("One is a Wanderer") and with the symbolic, almost Kafka, epitaph, "A Box to Hide In."

THE same impression comes out of *The Second Tree from the Corner* by E. B. White (Harper, \$3). Of course it is beautifully written, for Mr. White will not let a shoddy sentence leave his typewriter. It is full of delightful and crazy things that very few other people would have noticed, and still fewer could have analyzed with such wit. Many of the pieces in it are sunlit with smiles. There are reprints of some of Mr. White's fine parodies: his Whitman on the Classics Club ("A Classic waits for me, it contains all, nothing is lacking . . .") with a splendidly unexpected parodividend ("In to an armchair endlessly rocking . . ."), and his Hemingway, "Across the Street and Into the Grill." There are some deft poems: please note the lyric on the crow, who always says no, and even when shot cries, "Oh no!" There are some pleasant though rather antiquated little paragraphs from the *New Yorker*: Mr. White is one of the few journalists who cling to the ideal of Addison, and try to write nothing that is not worth reprinting.

But there is also a painful and unfunny story about two American soldiers destroying the United States with space-missiles, after being sent up to man a satellite outpost (this story harmonizes with many agonized references to the danger of atomic war throughout the book), and there are two sad tales of threatened mental collapse caused by what psychologists call "free-floating anxiety." One of these is the title story. *The Second Tree from the Corner* is an attractive book; but it would have been more enjoyable if Mr. White had kept his realistic humor separate from his foreboding melancholy. Remember what the poor girl said when she was "importunate, indeed distract: 'Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be.'" And an anonymous observer remarked, "Her mood will needs be pitied." Pity is for weakness.

Fashion and Charm

ONE of the most entertaining books I have ever read is Jean Cocteau's *Portraits-Souvenirs*, a set of reminiscences from the late nineties and the nineteen-hundreds, less intense and complex than the memories of Proust, but gayer and wittier, illustrated delightfully by the author. There has been nothing like it in English until recently. Now Mr. Cecil Beaton has brought out a pleasantly written set of reflections and reminiscences called *The Glass of Fashion* (Doubleday, \$7.50), filled with deft and stylish pen drawings.

Mr. Beaton has been a fashion photographer for a long time, and we did not know he could draw so skillfully: even although he acknowledges that some of the sketches are derived from paintings and photographs, they are all stamped with his own sense of style. High fashion sometimes becomes so extreme as to invite caricature: so Mr. Beaton's drawings of Cécile Sorel, Gaby Deslys, and the other ladies from Maxim's, are both elegant and witty, without being as cruel as those of Toulouse-Lautrec. So also his character-sketches of lovely ladies with impossible names and careers—Forzane, Emerald, CloClo—are interesting in themselves, and they are reminders that style in social life is

almost, like so many flowers, a end in itself.

AN ELEGANT picture-and-story book of a similar type is *James Reynolds' Ireland* (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$10), a long rambling collection of reminiscences told with great charm and occasional inaccuracy. It is illustrated with Mr. Reynolds' own bold black pen drawings, which sometimes are a little too vigorous for the soft shades and gentle manners of the green island, and occasionally with his water colors which are delicate and apt. Like all Irishmen, he is a great storyteller and something of a poet.

Compared with What?

THE *University of Utopia* by R. M. Hutchins (Chicago University, \$2.50) is a group of four chilly and witty lectures, mocking the American college and university system, by comparison not with another system of higher education but with the curriculum of Utopia. Utopia "is not Heaven. It is inhabited by people much like ourselves. It is a country in the Western world. Its climate resembles that of southern California, though there is no other resemblance. It is a scientific, industrial democracy. It is rich and powerful. It is surrounded by enemy states. It is committed to the doctrine of education for all." And so on. All this is so crisp and bright that one goes on reading; but one must ask how Utopia differs from the United States. Mr. Hutchins answers that the difference is simple: "the Utopians have common sense," which "is no longer very common elsewhere," and that "the Utopians know what they are talking about."

Does this annoy you as much as it annoys me? Does it seem to you a clumsy way of saying that most Americans are fools? Most Americans already suspect that Mr. Hutchins thinks they are fools. This kind of thing therefore will not convert anybody who needs converting, and will probably repel some who might have been converted. Once more Mr. Hutchins has shown that he does not understand the difference between thinking and teaching; he wastes his sharp mind and his incisive style, by refusing to conceal his contempt for his fellow men.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Love Is a Place, by Margaret Bridgman.

This first novel is extraordinary because it makes the ordinary so rewarding, so amusing, and so full of the combined joy and frustration of everyday things. It is the story of a housewife bringing up her family in a San Francisco suburb with summers in primitive ranch country a couple of hundred miles away. The wife and mother, through whose eyes the story is told, is charming, gay, quick-tempered, contrite, unpretentious, and a thoroughly lovable character who makes the trip through these pages a memorable one. The conversations between husband and wife and mother and children are alone worth the price of admission. There is plenty of tension and plenty of story—some episodes more credible than others—but one feels that the humor and warmth of people like these could make the world go round. Her point, as I see it, is that married love is something that must be earned, and that whatever else it may be, it is not a commonplace.

Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.50

Cress Delchanty, by Jessamyn West. The four years between twelve and sixteen can be momentous in a girl's life. We've had a lot of sensitive young things between covers of books lately. But anyone who has read one Cress Delchanty episode knows that she and her fallible, affectionate family constitute a special genre of the teen-age story. In sections under headings of her age—"Twelve," "Thirteen," "Fourteen," "Fifteen," "Sixteen"—and sub-readings of the seasons, the stories over the meteoric moods of adolescence. The author sees it all with compassion and humor, whether it's young love, a school play, popularity at school, or whatever. And the final chapter on the death of a grandfather, as full of youth's selfishness as of life's sudden revelation, is beautiful and moving.

Harcourt, \$3.75

The Little Ark, by Jan de Hartog. Mr. de Hartog is first of all a dramatist and teller of tales. He sets his scene, gets his characters in motion, and from what happens on stage makes the reader guess what has happened before and what will happen later. He is not the kind of novelist to tell you what goes on in the heads of his characters or who shows you how they grow from youth to old age or from ignorance to wisdom except by piling episode on episode. His characters are actors who show by a gesture, an echoed phrase, the connection between past, present, and future. This novel about the rescue of two children and four animals from a Dutch belfry in last year's devastating floods has in its few rich chapters the charm of a Nordic fairy tale mixed with the whole panoramic story of the flood and what life on the rescue boats must have been like. By the author of *The Lost Sea* and *The Fourposter*.

Harper, \$2.75

Piccoli, by Philippe Halsman.

This department doesn't often mention juveniles. But this tale, written by a *Life* photographer for his children and charmingly illustrated by Paul Julian, holds us with all the fascination that *Pinocchio* did years ago. The basic story is of a little boy who (because he has smiled at a beggar) finds a tiny box with a tiny doll inside—and the doll, like *Pinocchio* in the older story, comes to life. Lots of adventures and gaiety and tenderness, and all the proper moral overtones woven unobtrusively into the fabric. Very satisfying.

Simon & Schuster, \$3

The Cuckoo Line Affair, by Andrew Garve.

An assault in an English country train, a pretty girl, a murder in the marshes, a delightful engaged couple as amateur sleuths, a most attractive elderly murder suspect, a fine sea-going background, and a salty style make this a cheery Whodunit for the start of the year.

Harper, \$2.50

The Blow at the Heart, by Bernard Gleason.

John Gilhooley, renegade Irishman, young commercial artist, devoted

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Osbert Sitwell, author of many novels, short stories, and travel books.

J. B. Boothroyd, one of England's most hilarious humorists.

husband and father, dweller in Wavetrees Apartments in suburban Long Island, is a thoroughly credible character. So are his wife and eleven-year-old daughter. Gilhooley, who longs for the New York life they have given up for the sake of the child, is exasperated with his suburban neighbors (and the author manages the difficult feat of showing the reader how boring they are without boring the reader) until an unexpected and violent turn of events puts everything in a different perspective. Things happen perhaps a little too fast to make the heights and depths of emotion entirely convincing but it makes for absorbing reading, and Mr. Glemser has created a hero so lovable and human in his frailties, humor, and guilt that this reader is quite persuaded. It is a story about many people one knows, all the more remarkable because it is an English man's first book about America.

Appleton, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

A Treasury of Hymns, edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon. Decorations by Frank Lieberman. This is a book to delight the eye, the ear, and the mind—to look at; to sing over; and to read every line of the historical footnotes by Wallace Brockman. (Which one of us who has loved and sung "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" had any idea that "the hymn is composed of fragments of a larger poem. 'The Brewing of Soma,' which describes the drinking of the intoxicating soma as a way of reaching God.") It is a large book, with notes and verses in clear, pleasant type—the verses in lines below the well-pitched music they are meant to be sung with—and with enchanting decorations in color on every page. In some cases where there are two well-known tunes for a hymn, both tunes are given, and as an enthusiastic hymn singer I have yet to find an old favorite left out. There is a final section of Gospel Hymns and Sunday School Songs ("Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," "Hear the Pennies Dropping") that have a foot-thumping, tamborine-tinkling nostalgia hard to find elsewhere. A very valuable and altogether satisfying collection. Simon & Schuster, \$6

FORECAST

Hollywood, Gypsies, War-Time Detroit.

News of the publishers' "spring" lists is beginning to trickle out and some memorable novelists are to present new books. *Speed Lamkin*, the very young man with the unlikely name whose *Tiger in the Garden* made quite a stir a year or so ago, has a Hollywood novel called *The Easter Egg Hunt* coming on February 25 from Houghton Mifflin. On April 15 comes *Margery Sharp's The Gypsy in the Parlor*, an event which the Literary Guild has endorsed by making it the April choice for its readers. From Little, Brown, . . . Macmillan announces for April 20 a new novel by *Henriette Arnow*, whose *Hunter's Horn* was a best seller in 1949. The new one, about a Kentucky hill woman who had to move her family to Detroit during the war and struggle with the problems of an industrial city, is called *The Dollmaker*.

Delightful Miscellany.

On February 16 from Houghton Mifflin is coming a book which Air Marshall Tedder in England calls "A story packed with far more real-life thrills than any novelist has packed into a best-selling thrill. I could not put it down and shall not forget it." Its title: *Boldness Be My Friend*, a wartime escape story by a new author, *Richard Pape*. . . . On March 5 Harcourt, Brace plans to publish *T. S. Eliot's The Confidential Clerk*, the play which has been having such a success in England, now about to open in New York.

Not to be Confused.

Two somewhat similar titles for two utterly different books are soon to appear in the advertisements to confuse us. On February 8 the World Publishing Company is bringing out *MacKinlay Kantor's* new novel about a remarkable scoutmaster in an Iowa town, *God and My Country*. . . . On March 15 Little, Brown is publishing *God's Country and Mine*, by *Jacques Barzun*, who needs no introduction to *Harper's* readers. He subtitles it "A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words," and an article on an allied theme, will appear in our March issue.

Harper Highspots



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—ALAN VILLIERS

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E. B. WHITE



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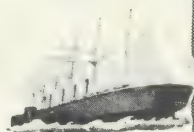
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Your Own Portable Recording

Edward Tatnall Canby

AMATEUR photographers have been taking pictures anywhere that daylight (and now flash light) permits ever since Eastman managed to separate the roving camera from the roving dark-room—which previously had to go wherever the camera went. The amateur art and pastime of sound recording on tape isn't quite so advanced yet. We are just coming to a practical, wireless, go-anywhere portable tape recorder, for general use both amateur and professional. The Amplifier Corp. of America's Magnemite line, originally developed for special uses such as broadcast street interviews, convention coverage, and the like, seems to me to have potentialities far beyond those which its designers may have envisioned at first.

The presently advertised model of the Magnemite, I should say hastily, is no amateur's dream recorder. It costs too much for that—and rightly, since its primary use is still as a highly professional instrument. Even though its size is hardly greater than a biggish lady's handbag and its weight is only a few pounds, it can produce tapes to official hi-fi broadcast standards.

THE relatively high power needed for the movement of the tape itself is done in the Magnemite by a simple wind-up phonograph motor which runs a good five minutes without attention—but you can wind it during recording, to give a much longer unbroken playing time, limited only by the necessarily small reels. (Some similar machines use rechargeable storage batteries, but the running down and charging up of these are annoyances that to my mind make the simple wind-up much the preferable system.) At 7½-inch speed you can record an unbroken fifteen minutes, and at the slow (3¾-inch) speed a full half-hour, if your cranking arm can take it. The electrical parts of the Magnemite work for a hundred hours from easily replaceable flashlight batteries plus one small "B" battery.

A portable tape recorder is bound to involve compromises of a sort even with the maximum of ingenuity. The house wall socket, after all, represents an inexhaustible supply of power which cannot be duplicated in portable form.

THE present Magnemite, for instance, has no power rewind and the tape must be rolled back by hand, a clumsy and exasperating operation. (You can take it home and rewind it on a larger recorder.) It cannot erase, since the enclosed batteries are not sufficient to power the necessary electrical equipment. Most important, it cannot play out loud by itself, though it plays beautifully through earphones. (The tapes will play on any other recorder; or you may plug the Magnemite into any amplifier or phonograph system.) It does not yet have any way to indicate the recording volume except by the sound in the two headphones. And, finally, there is a detachable flywheel, for steadiness, that gets in the way of the controls and must be removed between recordings.

And yet, to give Magnemite the credit it deserves, these are mainly interim compromises on nonessentials: the important thing about the Magnemite is that it makes no compromise on the absolutes. Above all, and by my own trial, it is steady enough to record good music. In this vital matter it compares with the best home-type recorders and all but the fancier professional models. (One other portable I tried was dismally unsatisfactory on this score.) Moreover, the basic Magnemite sound quality is good enough for all sorts of serious work.

Coming Improvements

TO BE sure, I recommend the present (detachable flywheel) model mainly to those with very special recording problems. It is not yet a general-purpose machine. But—and this piece would not have been written otherwise—there are

THE NEW RECORDINGS

developments under way which will remove many of the present limitations. The newest Magnemite, now almost ready for production, has a built-in flywheel and a neat, fast motor-powered rewind, removing two major inconveniences at one blow. For those who must be professionally exact, Magnemite now offers a tiny plug-in meter, self-powered by its own batteries, which will open up new professional possibilities. The present optional permanent-magnet erase leaves a hiss on the tape and is unsatisfactory; partly at my suggestion, there may be later a battery plug-in erase unit that will do this job right and lead to further usefulness.

Maybe you can't use a Magnemite now, but keep the portable wireless recorder in your mind for future reference: it may well become worth your while in the future, for work or even for play.

Latter Eighteenth Century

Mozart: Symphony \sharp 40. Haydn: Symphony #93 ("Oxford"). London Symphony, Krips. London LL-780.

Haydn: Symphonies #44 ("Trauer Symphonie"); #49 ("La Passione"). Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WL 5206.

NO MATTER how many dozen recordings there may be of the Mozart G minor number 40, a new one that is warm, sympathetic, and accurately played is always acceptable—and this to those who may already own the symphony in more than one version; for this work in particular, like the Fifth of Beethoven, offers both an unusually difficult interpretation problem and a wealth of possibilities for exploitation and emphasis. Krips G minor is both warm and modest, without the dreaded rejection of conductorial "personality" that mars so many recordings of celebrated music. It stresses the lyric, leaves the dramatic violence implied in the score somewhat in abeyance, which does no harm at all, as one way of portrayal. Lovely soft, warm recording. The Oxford of Haydn gets similar treatment, without a trace of the paralyzing "Papa Haydn" attitude we've had so often.

The splendid revival of the earlier Haydn symphonies is further documented in these two latest from Scherchen—who does his very best work in Haydn. Both are from the celebrated "Sturm und Drang" middle period, from which our only earlier repre-

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...the superb "Prague" is to take Haydn unreservedly as a serious symphonist in both early and later symphonies a depth of expression that rings startlingly true after so many years of the cute and jolly approach. The price is a certain roughness and an occasional exaggeration of drama that are not completely in style, but it is a slight cost for such tremendous symphonies as these.

Mozart: Symphonies #38 ("Prague"); #54. Chicago Symphony, Kubelik. Mercury 8015 8016.

Mozart: Two Piano Concerto #10; Piano Concerto #20 in D Minor. Amparo and José Iturbi; RCA Victor Symphony 1717.

THERE'S so much to choose from on records that, paradoxically, sometimes it's a good idea to point out the less-than-ideal items, of which the above two are examples. The Kubelik Mozart is hard and cold to my ears, with that superficially brilliant accuracy and exaggerated intensity that seem popular in this country; not by any means a bad performance, but not the kind that implies the respect for Mozart's greatness that a lot of us feel. An interesting comparison with the Krips, above.

The Iturbi have recorded the Two-Piano Concerto before and the newer version has the same indelible hardness as the old. José Iturbi conducts the orchestra in addition to playing and so the unfeeling, unmusical orchestral parts must be debited to him as well as the pianism. These performances to my ear are, according to professional musical standards, just plain poor; almost any listener sensitive to Mozart will find them hurtful.

The Musical Background

Italian Classical Symphonists. Italian Chamber Orch. and soloists, Newell Jenkins. Haydn Society HSL-C (HSL 74-79).

HERE is one of those enormous projects that leave one wondering where LP enterprise will extend next. Six LPs in a set, a couple of dozen compositions not one of which any of us is likely to have heard before, and the interest of a number of them is surprisingly great—almost all make enjoyable listening. The set has a major distinction: the playing throughout is musical, thoughtful, earnest, in excellent taste, and done with understanding.

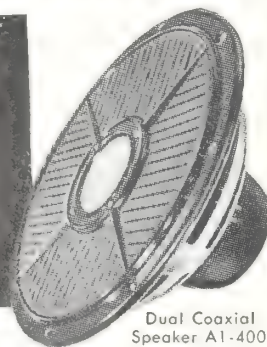
I haven't yet heard all of the music: outstanding are two symphonies of the

Mozart-Haydn period by Brunetti which show him clearly to have been in unusually sensitive composer if no top genius. A Horn Concerto by Rosetti and one for piano and violin by Viotti, one for oboe by Valentini and for piano by Giordani are competent, skillful music of the utmost grace and expressiveness but of no great content. Vocal works by Pergolesi ("Orfeo") and Cambini are not as easy listening, since Mr. Jenkins' soloists are musical but not vocally of very high calibre.

These are not unusual works of the period—far from it. We must remember that in the late eighteenth century there were countless thousands of well-made concerti, symphonies, quartets composed in every quarter of Europe, many for but a single performance. Musical output was enormous and the standards for composing technique were incredibly high, the permissible irregularities in the name of "artistic freedom" very small. It is only now, on records, that we can begin as here to get an idea in actual sound of the musical situation that was the background for the more familiar and great works of the known masters. The Jenkins type of recording—when the performances are good as here—is invaluable for any musical listener, scholar or no.

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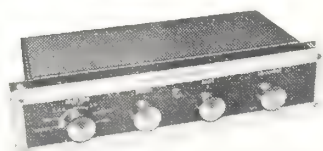


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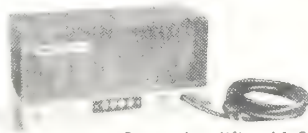


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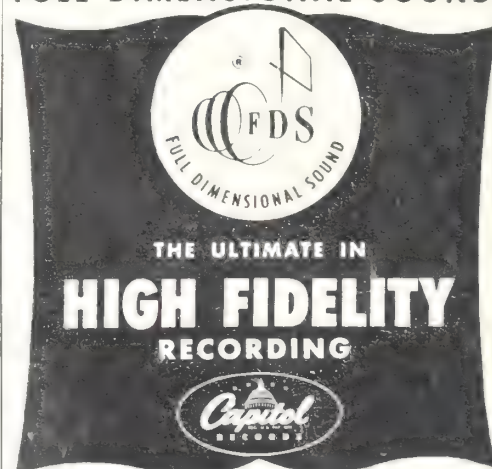
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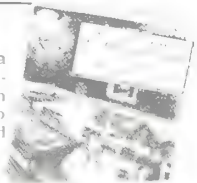
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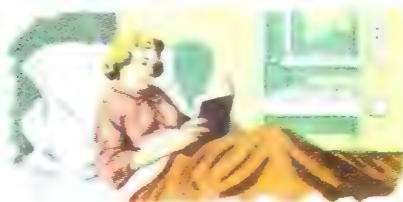
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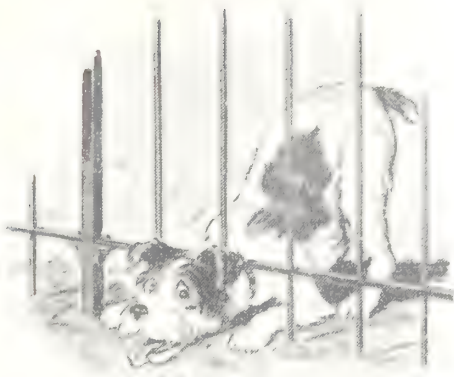
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Harper's

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VOL. 208

MARCH 1954

No. 1246

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ATLANTIC SALES, INC., 49 East 33d Street,
New York 16, N. Y. Telephone: MUrtin
Hill 3 5225.

Harper's Magazine issue for March
1954. Vol. 208. Serial No. 1246. Copyright
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Published monthly by Harper & Brothers,
49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Com-
posed and printed in the U.S.A. by uni-
on labor at the Williams Press, 99-12
North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. En-
tered as second-class matter at the post-
office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00
one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three
years. Foreign postage—except Canada and
Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

Change of Address: Eight weeks' ad-
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LETTERS

Why We Fought—

To the Editors:

While reading your December issue *Letters* column I couldn't help getting a little peeved at the letter from Mr. Hollis J. Wyman, Jr., asking how many of us in Korea volunteered for service. I'd like to know what difference that makes. When the war was going on no one went up to the next guy and said, "Hey, Mac, did you join or not?"

I enlisted when I turned seventeen and since then have met very few people that didn't enlist. I'm nineteen now and have been here for eleven months. Almost all of the guys around here not only joined but volunteered to come out here, some two or three times.

All we infantrymen ask is that people who don't know what they are talking about quit trying to question us or break up a great fighting machine. . . .

We are proud to wear the uniform of the U. S. Marine Corps, and prouder still to fight for our country. We are only glad that you people back home don't all have the attitude that Mr. Wyman does. People who question such things as how many of us enlisted of our own accord are the ones that didn't even bother to listen to the war news. . . .

For an example of how many of us volunteered, here are the names and ages of the Marines in my tent. All these men saw combat and volunteered to come to Korea:

Pfc. Robert P. Brown, age 18

Cpl. Thomas J. Simmons, age 19

Pfc. Charles L. Tidwell, age 19

Pfc. Margarito C. Vasquez, age 18

Pfc. Roger A. Walsingham, age 18

Pfc. Henry D. Valero, age 19

CPL. EDUARD F. SNYDER
Korea

The Other Side—

To the Editors:

Usually your championing of the "unpopular" position is tempered

by a reasonable argument, or at least by *Harper's* traditionally well written English. In the case of Robert Berkowitz's "The Easy Way Out" [January], however, it appears that you have been sold a really unpalatable concoction. . . .

Mr. Berkowitz's hero is saying:

(1) Contracts can be made and then kept, but only so long as it benefits me to do so. Particularly if the contract involves the U.S. government or U.S. Army, which owe me a living anyway, it is to be dishonored at will.

(2) The reserve system, a critical factor to the U.S. in every recent war of emergency and a very considerable factor in any reasonable plan of defense, is a lot of bunk.

(3) The tens of thousands of World War II reservists who went to Korea . . . were all fools who overlooked the small amount of treachery, fraud, dishonor, or even treason which would have kept them at home. . . .

PATRICK J. NICHOLSON III
Houston, Tex.

(The Editors certainly did not intend to "champion" the point of view expressed in Mr. Berkowitz's article. On the contrary, they consider it shocking. But the very fact that some Americans hold such views—apparently with smug satisfaction—is significant enough to warrant public attention. So is the situation which such people can misuse to escape their obligation.)

Russian Aims—

To the Editors:

Having lived in Berlin for over three years as a member of the staff of the U.S. High Commission, I would like to make the following comments on the fine article by Ernest T. Weir ["Why Not Negotiate with Russia?" December].

Mr. Weir seems to accept the idea, allegedly embraced by a majority of Europeans, that Russia is sincerely

anxious for peace. He bases this on the assumption that "the rank and file of the people East of the Iron Curtain are as deeply averse to war as the peoples in the West," that Russia's military policy is historically defensive rather than offensive . . . , and that there has been a "significant change" since Stalin's death.

These generalizations, while containing a core of truth, are oversimplifications. The wishes and feelings of the "people" have not been the predominant force in the shaping of governmental policies behind the Iron Curtain. . . . To equate "people," institutions, attitudes, virtues, and vices East and West of the curtain is an impossibility. To speak of a "sincere" wish on each side to "solve the world problem by peaceful means" is to attribute attitudes and behavior to the other parties with whom we are to negotiate that are not to be found in totalitarian leaders. . . .

The real issue today is not whether to negotiate, but how. Certainly not by being overanxious to make concessions or unduly concerned with Russia's need for security. For what, after all, led to the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, NATO, and EDC? The late Ernst Reuter, who knew the Soviets well, urged the West to be firm and bold and negotiate with the Communists from the position of moral and physical strength which it possesses. This attitude has proved effective, and it would be the proper attitude with which to deal with them in the future.

CARL ANTHON

Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation
Philadelphia, Pa.

GOP Puzzle—

To the Editors:

Your January articles, "Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression" and "Who'll Pay the Postage?", leave me very much perplexed. For the past twenty



EDISON and STEINMETZ exchange ideas on a research problem.
Schenectady, N. Y., 1922.

“I start where the last man left off”

—Thomas A. Edison

Edison, to explain his incessant and tireless reading of scientific journals, technical papers, patents and books, said that he read to avoid useless repetition of old experiments. “I start where the last man left off.”

What Edison knew, and perhaps said in an unquoted moment, is that thousands of men would be needed to “start where *he* left off.”


“Just wait a little while,” prophesied Edison, “and we’ll make electric light so cheap that only the wealthy can afford to burn candles.” Edison lived to see lamps that gave four times as much light and cost one-fifth as much to buy. And electric lighting has progressed far beyond that.

He recognized that an invention does not *end* a search. It *begins* a search.

The lamp was a beginning in forcing not only its own evolution but the evolution of meters, fuses, sockets, wiring, power distribution systems, transformers and generating stations.

He lived to see the company that was formed to carry on development of electric light and power evolve into one of the world’s most important industrial research centers. Today General Electric laboratories employ several thousand men and women who are seeking new things on widely different fronts.

It is seventy-five years since Edison lit the first successful carbon lamp. He will be remembered for inventions that changed the world. But let him be remembered, too, for inspiring so many men to start where he left off.

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"But How Can EDUCATED People Be Catholics?"

Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man — not God. Some of them acknowledge that he was a great teacher and rank him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

"The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion — but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people . . . and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists . . . have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

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The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking



this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era . . . and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.

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years I've been told by persons and organizations too numerous to mention that if only American business could once shake off the shackles of the New and Fair Deals and the creeping socialism that was strangling free enterprise, industry would immediately bound to new and unheard-of heights. . . . McKay says business men are running the country and now the mountain is laboring and, lo, a very new-dealish mouse is coming into view. . . .

PETER KEOGH
Everett, Wash.

To the Editors:

In Helen Hill Miller's informative article on "Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression," we learn (p. 25, first column, line 12 from the bottom) that government may help "restrain the displaced labor." If this misprint occurs in Miss Miller's manuscript, the Freudian possibilities are intriguing.

PAUL E. MEEHL
Minneapolis, Minn.

(The author caught this error, so did the copy editor on the galley proof. The printer missed it on the page proof, and so did the copy editor.)

German Guilt—

To the Editors:

I have been reading with interest Milton Mayer's "The Germans: Their Cause and Cure." Mr. Mayer has tried, I am sure, to make an honest appraisal of his ten Germans, or ten Nazis, and it is left to the reader to multiply these ten by millions to apply to the Germans as a whole.

I left Germany in May 1939 . . . and thus had the doubtful benefit of six years' experience as a Jew living in Nazi Germany. I cannot accept some of the opinions expressed by Mr. Mayer. I was one of the 120,000 Jews of Polish extraction who were shipped to the Polish border in October 1938. I was one of the "Fortunates" who were allowed to return to their homes in Frankfurt, only to live through "Black Thursday," November 10, 1938, and the horrible months ensuing. I was fifteen at the time, but I remember those two occasions very vividly. The brutalities perpetrated by Frankfurt

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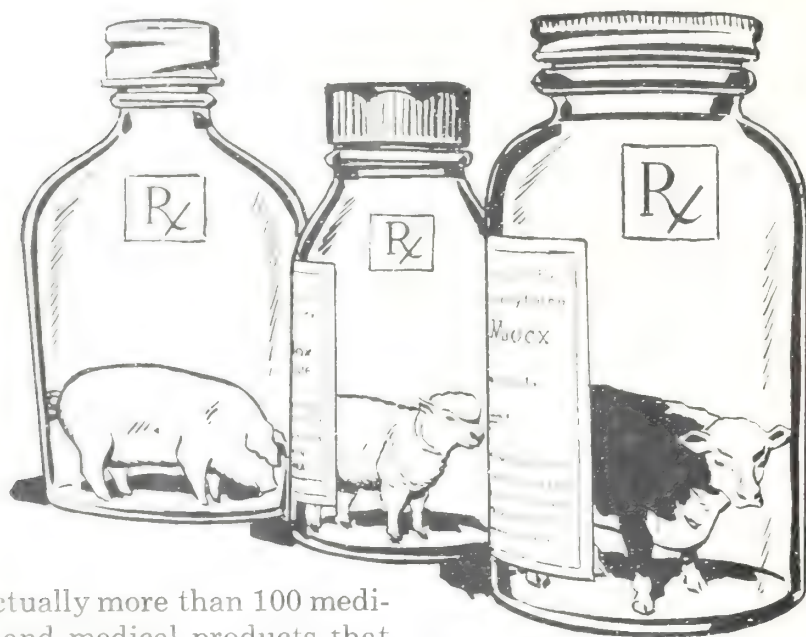
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LETTERS

citizens on the first occasion (those who did not participate looked on) were a picnic compared with the tenth of November when I saw an old woman beaten to death while her sons were held to watch . . . [with] thousands of Frankfurt citizens jeering and applauding while this occurred. . . . I cannot therefore accept Mr. Mayer's statement that "none of my ten friends knew either first or second hand of these crimes against humanity." We knew about these things, we knew about Concentration Camps, we knew about the signs on all the stores: "Jews are not wanted here." And so did the ten Nazis or eighty million Nazis in Germany.

I was back in Germany as an Interrogator of Political Prisoners during the war. I was there when a new myth, the myth of "We did not know," was born. . . .

No, I do not believe your ten Nazi "friends," Mr. Mayer; even if they themselves believe in what they are saying.

It is not important how you or I would have acted in their places, it is not even important that individual guilt or punishment or forgiveness should be established. It is important, however, to all of "us" that the world and the Germans know that "they" knew.

BERNHARD HORN, M.D.
Oakland, Calif.

Albuquerque Split—

To the Editors:

A note of congratulation to Al Rosenfeld for "New Mexico Cashes In" [January]. It's about time someone wrote a piece about this place without sounding as if either the Chamber of Commerce or the Art League were breathing down his neck. . . . A fine job of interpretive reporting.

JOHN D. MCKEE
Albuquerque, N. M.

To the Editors:

I have read three times Al Rosenfeld's "New Mexico Cashes In." A much more appropriate title would be what appears on certain trucks on our New Mexican highways: "Hit Me Easy, I'm Full of Baloney."

G. B. DRUMMOND
Albuquerque, N. M.

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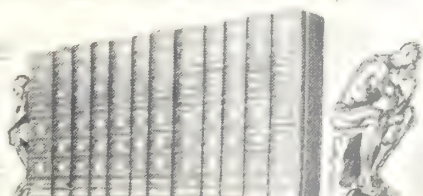
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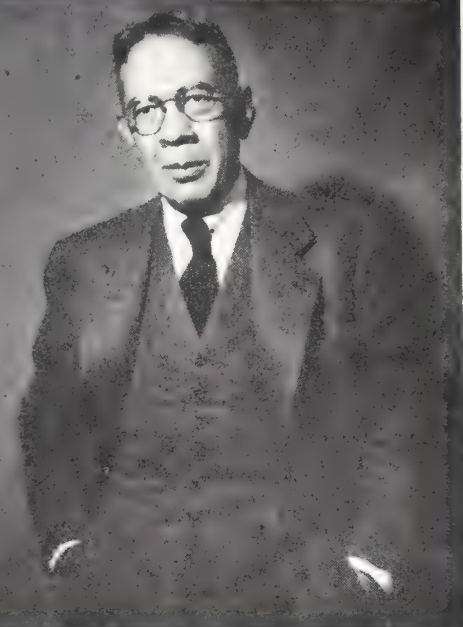
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Intramural Giveaway

WHEN I included in last month's Easy Chair some notes on Dinosaur National Monument, I did not intend to discuss the subject again. Though I mentioned the fact that the Monument had been threatened by a proposal of the Bureau of Reclamation to build two dams in it, I assumed that the proposal was dead or at least would be quiescent for a long time. Shortly after *Harper's* went to press, however, the Secretary of the Interior recommended the construction of one of them, the one called Echo Park Dam. Bills authorizing it have already been introduced in Congress. If one is passed, we need not worry any more about getting appropriations to rehabilitate and maintain the national parks. For it will be the beginning of the end and presently there won't be national parks worth worrying about.

The passage of the bill would in effect repeal the provisions of the Federal Power Act which prohibit dams in the national parks and the clause in the proclamation establishing Dinosaur Monument which forbids them there. It would breach the principle which has protected the parks from exploitation ever since the creation of the National Park Service in 1916, indeed since the first park, Yellowstone, was established in 1872. Thereafter no determined effort to get hold of the natural resources which the parks contain could be stopped. Mr. McKay's approval of Echo Park Dam precipitates a crisis. If Congress should follow his recommendation, the national park system as we know it, as it was intended to be, will be open to destruction.

All this because of a dam which probably need not be built. The purpose which it is intended to serve, together with the other dam (Split Mountain) which the Bureau of Reclama-

tion has also proposed to build in the Monument, could probably be served as well or better by alternative dams outside the Monument. I have to say "probably" for no one really knows, including the Bureau of Reclamation and the Secretary of the Interior. No detailed study of the alternatives has been made. When the Bureau tried to get the dams authorized in 1950, General Ulysses S. Grant III, formerly of the Corps of Engineers, made a survey of alternative sites. He found that the alternatives would do just as well and that at one of them a dam could be built at considerably less expense than the Bureau's plan called for. (The present estimate for Echo Park Dam is \$176,000,000; eventual costs always exceed the Bureau's estimates.) General Grant's criticism has never been answered. So far as anyone knows, the Bureau has not studied the alternatives he proposed. So far as anyone knows, in fact, it has made only a field reconnaissance of any sites except its chosen ones. In December 1952 Mr. McKay's predecessor, Secretary Chapman, recommended that the whole project be reopened and that a thorough study of possible alternatives be made. The Bureau's attitude, however, has always been that it intends to build those dams, regardless. Apparently Mr. McKay concurs.

IN THE October-December issue of the *National Parks Magazine*, Mr. McKay undertook to state the Administration's policy about the national parks. He announced that he would defend them to the utmost. But also he became the first Secretary of the Interior to put himself on record as conceding that something other than a dire national emergency might some day justify invading them. He went on to say, "I intend to permit no encroachment upon the national park system without

careful and thorough study. If there is to be any encroachment upon the parks, it must be proven unmistakably that it will produce for the nation values that outweigh greatly those which are to be changed or destroyed."

The Secretary has always had the authority to order a "careful and thorough study" of Echo Park Dam in relation to the suggested alternatives. One would think that his predecessor's recommendations required him to order it. But the study has not been made; instead Mr. McKay has now authorized the destruction of the values of Dinosaur Monument, without specifying the values for the nation that outweigh them. But the Utah delegation in Congress gets its fences nicely repaired, the pleasant town of Vernal will get several years of boom spending, and the local speculators in real estate will cash in on the flier they took when the dams were first proposed.

LAST month I mentioned two bills that have been introduced by Congressman Leroy Johnson of California. They would make Dinosaur National Monument a national park and would change its name, which is much to be desired. For the name has kept the public from understanding what is at stake. In 1915 the famous quarry in Utah from which so many fossil skeletons of dinosaurs have been taken was made a national monument, so that it could be preserved and protected. Properly enough, this eighty-acre reservation was called Dinosaur National Monument. It was a mistake, however, to retain that name when two hundred thousand acres were added to the reservation in 1938, to preserve and protect some of the most majestic scenery in the United States. That scenery, the canyons of the Green and Yampa Rivers, is what the dams would ruin.

The Yampa flows into the Green at the foot of a spectacular cliff called Steamboat Rock. Echo Park is just below the junction; the name was given to this area by John Wesley Powell, on his original descent of the Green and the Colorado. On its way to the junction, the Yampa flows through one of the most beautiful canyons in the West, the Green, through an even more spectacular canyon which Powell named Lodore. These are characteristic sunken canyons of the high-plateau country, like the Grand Canyon. Below them the augmented Green River flows through two more magnificent chasms, Whirlpool Canyon and Split Mountain Canyon (where the Bureau proposes to build its second dam.) Dinosaur National Monument consists of these four canyons. It was enlarged to its present size for the sole purpose of preserving them in their primitive state.

Since I have mentioned the Grand Canyon, I must make clear that Dinosaur Monument is not a lesser copy of it. They are not comparable

except that each is unique. Dinosaur is the supreme example of one particular kind of natural spectacle. The pyramids and setbacks of the eroded rock desert come to climax here, and in Lodore Canyon rapids of the Green River create some of the wildest water in the Colorado River system. The Green is less turbulent below the junction and so is the Yampa as it flows through its long, looping canyon, but they are sufficiently exhilarating when run. Skilled boatmen run them quite safely, however, and that under their guidance the trip is feasible for tourists Mr. Eggert's documentary film, which I mentioned last month, fully demonstrates. No comparable boat trip is possible anywhere else, in or out of the national park system. The Monument is beautiful when seen from the rim or the bottom of its canyons, but by far the best way to see it is from a boat.

There is nothing to replace Dinosaur Monument if it is ruined, and the proposed dams would ruin it. Echo Park Dam, whose construction the Secretary has now recommended, would make placid mill ponds of Lodore Canyon and Yampa Canyon. Split Mountain Dam, which belongs to a later phase of the project, would reduce Whirlpool and Split Mountain Canyons to the same mediocrity. At Steamboat Rock there would be five hundred feet of water; the vertical cliffs of the Green and the Egyptian setbacks of Yampa Canyon would be reduced to nonentity. As a spectacle the Monument would cease to exist. The Bureau of Reclamation points out quite truly, however, that the reservoirs would be fine places to go sailing, and therefore the usual percentage of the cost is to be written off for "recreation" and hence non-reimbursable, charged to the public.

THE two proposed dams, Echo Park and Split Mountain, are units in the grandiose plans to develop the water resources of the Colorado River system. Specifically, they are part of the Colorado River Storage Project. Now development of the Colorado is absolutely necessary to the growth and prosperity of the West, whose future depends on the most effective utilization of every water source it has. The vast engineering works which the Bureau of Reclamation has planned for the Colorado kindle the imagination. It is certain that they or other works planned to the same end will eventually be constructed—or rather it is certain that as much Colorado water as is possible will be made available to the states of the upper and lower basins. It is also true that some of the Bureau's plans are pure engineering mysticism, that they have not been subjected to impersonal and authoritative criticism, and that the United States at large does not realize what a tremendous expenditure of money they will require.

(Continued on page 12)

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THE EASY CHAIR

Those plans urgently need criticism. The public and the government have no way of knowing whether or not they are the best solution of the problem involved. The Bureau has changed them so often and so capriciously as to suggest that the engineering necessities of the Colorado depend on whatever the Bureau can get away with. The civilian branch of the Corps of Engineers has expressed pointed distrust of the Bureau's plans. Perhaps this could be dismissed as the tactics of a rival organization, since the Bureau and the Engineers fight each other (at public expense) everywhere except on the upper Missouri, where they co-operate in the Pick-Sloan Plan—but the distrust is on record nevertheless and it should be aired and investigated. And that the states can have violently different opinions about the development of the Colorado is evident in the blood feud between California and Arizona over the Central Arizona Project.

It is certain that the federal government is going to spend vast sums of money to develop the Colorado. No matter how economy-minded the Administration may be, and no matter how devoted to its still undefined principles of "partnership" and "local control," it will not risk losing the West—and failure to support reclamation development on an enormous scale would lose the West. As regards dams there are no party lines. One might perhaps guess that the problem of a Republican Administration is to find a formula which allots to private business the profitable activities associated with reclamation and makes the government responsible for the unprofitable ones. (One way would be to let private companies generate electric power at a multiple-purpose project and have the public pick up the check for flood control, recreation, navigation, the interest component of irrigation systems, and the firming of power at downstream dams.) If so, then possibly Secretary McKay's recommendation of Echo Park Dam (together with two other dams farther down the Colorado authorized at the same time) is intended to assure the West that the Administration is orthodox and will

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THE EASY CHAIR

stand on the gospel. The Idaho Power Company sees a profit at Hell's Canyon, so the Administration will abandon the plan to use the site for a federal project. Nobody sees a profit in construction in this long stretch of the Colorado, so the government will build the dams.

THIS suggestion, of course, may be doing Mr. McKay a hideous injustice. It may be simply that he is backing the most powerful bureau in his Department against one too weak to make itself felt, and that the happy political timing is inadvertent. It nevertheless remains true that the whole plan for the development of the Colorado River should be subjected to searching review and criticism by a board of qualified engineers who are not connected with the Bureau of Reclamation. Such an inquiry would seem a natural for an Administration that has spent a year reviewing practically everything. It would cost money and it would take time. But it might prevent mistakes that could be catastrophic to the West. Every conservationist in the country, and I dare say every engineer and hydrologist outside the Bureau, would greet the appointment of such a commission with relief and enthusiasm.

Quite apart from such an inquiry, however, possible alternatives to Echo Park and Split Mountain Dams should be fully and minutely investigated. Congress should demand such a study as a preliminary to taking up Mr. McKay's recommendation of Echo Park. Certain facts are open to everyone's view. The Federal Power Act and the basic law of the national parks forbid the construction of dams inside the Monument. The Proclamation which enlarged the Monument forbids it. Congress is asked to amend these laws and reverse a policy which has never been violated—and a qualified engineer who has studied the alternatives says that the dam is not necessary for the purpose intended, that dams which will not violate the policy can be built outside the Monument. It is hard to see how Congress can ignore facts of such gravity. It ought also to be deterred by the nationwide opposition that was expressed when the dams were proposed in 1950.

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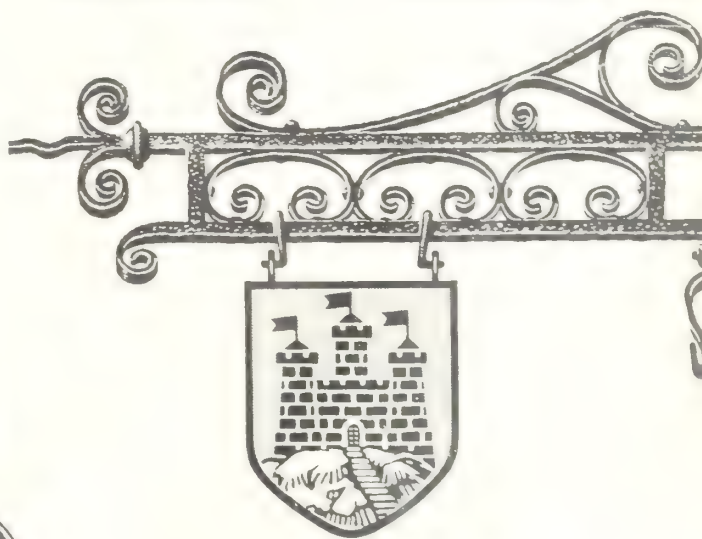
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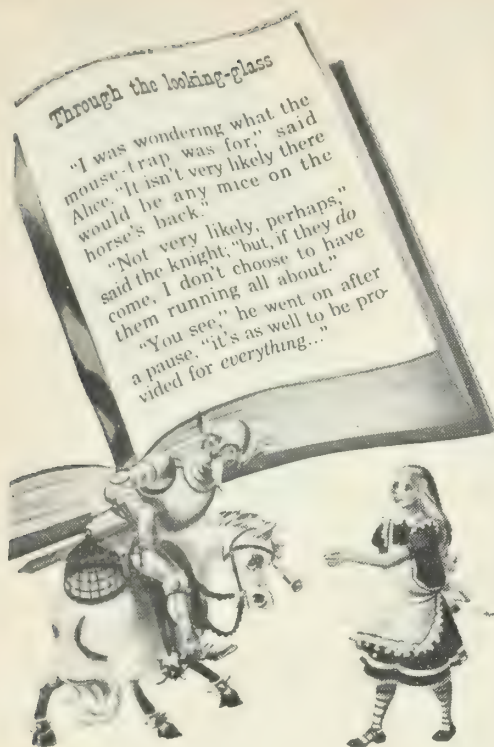
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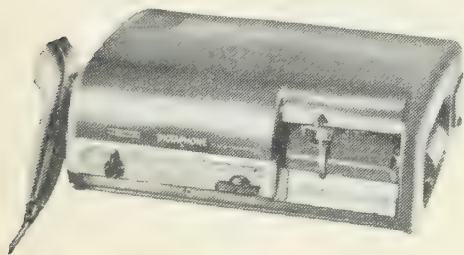
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It has never been clear why the two dams were suddenly brought forward at that time. Apparently the Department of Defense was considering some hush-hush development, perhaps atomic, in the West and wanted assurance that plenty of power would be available. Apparently too the Bureau of Reclamation, in spite of the fact that Echo Park Dam is primarily for water storage, not power, promptly dusted off its plans and undertook to guarantee the power. The combined pressure, plus perhaps some desire at a higher level to assist Senator Elbert Thomas' campaign for re-election, was so great that Secretary Chapman instructed the Bureau to draft a recommendation for Echo Park and Split Mountain Dams. That, however, was as far as it got. Whatever the Department of Defense was contemplating, it changed its mind—or changed the location of its project. And public opinion opposed the invasion of the Monument with remarkable vehemence and unanimity. Mr. Chapman never did recommend the dams. Instead, he pigeonholed the project and eventually, as I have said, he proposed a study of alternatives. "Careful and thorough study" was Mr. McKay's phrase.

MEANWHILE, however, the state of Utah rejoiced in the belief that construction of these dams would mean the early completion of its great Central Utah Project. Like every Western state, Utah desperately needs water, and two interstate compacts guarantee it a stated percentage of the only important source left, the Colorado River. Those facts, however, have no bearing on the present question, since the alternative dams would serve the Project quite as well as Echo Park and Split Mountain. What is even more striking, the water which the state is actually to get for the Central Utah Project is to come not from the Echo Park Dam but from another unit, Flaming Gorge Dam, which is to be built farther up the Green River and well outside the Monument. Mr. McKay's recent recommendations did not include Flaming Gorge Dam, and since that is the key to the entire project his recommending Echo Park Dam at

this time makes no visible sense on any ground. Except, of course, that for some years construction payrolls will gladden the town of Vernal, where an oil boom is tapering off and where people who bought land in 1950 can now take their profit. Pork appears to be an acceptable substitute for water.

IT is customary for people who have irons in the fire to dismiss as "sentimental" reminders that some beautiful scenery, some untouched nature, some wilderness areas have to be preserved intact for future generations, in a nation whose steadily increasing population cuts down the available areas every year. To oppose a dam whose need has not been demonstrated is hardly sentimental, however, and it remains true that once a natural area has been despoiled it can never be restored. In this case not only the canyons of the Yampa and the Green are at stake: breaking the prohibition that up to now has never been broken would put all the national parks in peril. The basic principle of the national park system is that the areas contained in it are to be maintained inviolate, which means exactly what it says. So far they have been protected from exploitation, by private parties, of the natural resources they contain; many raids of them have been attempted but all have been turned back. It remains exploitation when a federal bureau does the exploiting; it has merely become Administration policy. Suppose that the Maine Power Company of Idaho now proposes to file on any possible power site in any national park, asserting that as national values kilowatts outrank vistas. On what ground can the Secretary of the Interior, the supposed protector of the parks, oppose the raid? By his own act he has endangered all the parks that contain power sites, usable water, timber, or minerals.

Presumably even the National Park Service cannot try to defend its holdings. Formerly a career service, it has had its "policy-making" officials—director, assistant directors, chief law officer, director's secretary—classified under Schedule C and so denied Civil Service status. One wonders why. Or does one?



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Personal & Otherwise

J. Edgar Hoover and the Politicians

J. EDGAR HOOVER is probably as good a boss for the secret police as we could hope to get. A decent and honorable man, he has shown remarkable restraint in using the power—a peculiarly dangerous kind of power—which has been thrust into his hands.

As secret police organizations go, the FBI is surprisingly well-behaved. Over a period of nearly twenty years, this department has known a good many FBI men, and has had a chance to watch them work at fairly close range—while they were chasing Machine Gun Kelly, Pretty Boy Floyd, Frank Nash, Matt Kimes, and similar gaudy felons; solving the Urschel kidnapping case; doing war-time counter-espionage work; and conducting countless routine personnel investigations. Without exception, those we have known were courteous, intelligent, and fair-minded. In comparison with the secret police of most free nations—not to mention the Gestapo or MVD—our G-men are exemplary.

This does not mean, however, that Mr. Hoover is either Galahad or St. George; and his boys are not reincarnations of the Knights of the Round Table.

There is considerable confusion on this point, because the FBI Legend has now become enshrined in the American Credo, along with George Washington's cherry tree and Paul Revere's horse. For many years it has been skillfully built up by one of the most sustained publicity operations on record. Millions of words annually—in TV and radio, comic books, suspense novels, films and news stories—are still being devoted to the creation of a highly idealized stereotype of the G-man. They portray him as a hero in stainless steel armor, dedicating his sleepless nights to the slaying of dragons and the rescue of distressed maidens.

Mostly this legend was cultivated in a spirit of good, clean, commercial fun. The cops-and-robbers theme has always been sure-fire; so has St. George. When a TV script writer, movie producer, or publisher

can combine the two in one package, he has a highly salable commodity. Such profitable enterprises have not been exactly discouraged, however, by the FBI's own publicity outfit, which is widely regarded as one of the best in Washington—second, indeed, only to that of the Marine Corps.

(On the formal organization chart, the FBI has no Public Information Officer; but there always seem to be a few men around Mr. Hoover's office who are eager to be endlessly helpful to representatives of the press, radio, and other publicity media. Which is fair enough. No bureaucrat can survive for six months in Washington, unless he takes suitable care of his public relations—and, fortunately for all of us, Mr. Hoover's survival-sense is well developed.)

THE FBI Legend can become dangerous, however, for two reasons: (1) It is unhealthy for us taxpayers to lapse into an unquestioning, starry-eyed reverence of our policemen—or of any other bureaucrats. Public servants work best under skeptical and wary scrutiny. If the Boss's eye is blinded by indifference—or hero worship—they are likely to get a little smug and careless. Sometimes they take liberties with the laws they are supposed to uphold; sometimes they even forget that they are servants.

Unfortunately, the very real need for secrecy in these times makes it impossible for the public to keep a close eye on certain government agencies. One of them is the Atomic Energy Commission; and its virtual immunity from criticism has resulted in a shocking waste of tax money, as George McMillan pointed out in his article, "Big Botch at Savannah River," in our October issue. (The AEC was sent an advance copy of the article, with a request for comment; it has never replied.) Another veiled agency is the FBI. Its work is almost entirely exempt from public scrutiny—partly for reasons of security, and partly because the

Legend has made any criticism sound almost like blasphemy.

Some of the consequences are noted by **Alan Barth** in "How Good is an FBI Report?" on page 25. He is an editorial writer for one of the country's leading Republican newspapers, the *Washington Post*, and he has had many years of experience as newspaper reporter in Washington and in Beaumont, Texas. In 1948 he was awarded a Nieman Fellowship; and he is the author of *The Loyalty of Free Men*, an examination of the security problem in government, published in 1951.

(2) Another consequence of the FBI Legend, which Mr. Barth does not mention, may prove even more dangerous. That is the temptation for ambitious politicians to use the agency's great prestige for their own partisan purposes.

Attorney General Herbert Brownell already has yielded once to this temptation, when he sent Mr. Hoover to the witness stand in the Harry Dexter White hearings. Mr. Brownell's purpose was solely political—to discredit the Truman Administration, and to demonstrate that Eisenhower, Brownell & Co. were just as zealous in spy-chasing as Senator Joe McCarthy. It is difficult to see any other purpose, because White was long since dead, and the hearings threw no light on any spies that might be operating today.

Now it was natural enough for Mr. Brownell to try to knock over two political opponents at one lick—but when he decided to use the FBI as his weapon, he damaged the country, his own party, and the FBI itself. For when a secret police agency gets dragged into politics, it is in immediate danger of becoming a political police. Such tactics threaten not only American liberties and the American system of government; they also threaten the good name of Mr. Hoover and of every man in his service.

Maybe the initial mistake was made earlier—on the day when President Eisenhower put his chief political operator at the head of the Justice Department. This was a radical break with American tradition. In the past, the political generalissimo for any administration normally was placed in charge of the

Post Office Department, because most of the patronage jobs were there. This arrangement was far from ideal—but at least no great harm could result from playing politics with postmasterships.

Very great harm, however, can result from playing politics with justice. We are reasonably confident that Mr. Brownell—who has an excellent reputation for public service—will not again be tempted to dabble in this kind of un-American activity.

•••In "The Case for Light Verse" (p. 32), which will introduce **Morris Bishop's** forthcoming volume, *A Bowl of Bishop* (Dial), a master defends his craft and fellow craftsmen. Mr. Bishop is professor of Romance languages and literature at Cornell.

•••**Nadine Gordimer**, who wrote "The Scar" (p. 35), is a South African of the generation under thirty, born in a mining town near Johannesburg and educated at the University of Witwatersrand. Miss Gordimer is the author of a novel, *The Lying Days*.

•••**Jacques Barzun's** analysis of "America's Passion for Culture" (p. 40) appears appropriately this month at a time of full steam ahead for the author. Three new books come out under his name during the first three months of 1954.

In January the Columbia University Bicentennial Series brought out his edition and translation of some hundred new letters of the composer Berlioz, whose 150th anniversary falls this year. Then in February New Directions published Mr. Barzun's translation of the satiric and amusing *Dictionary of Accepted Ideas* by Flaubert. And finally, this month, his regular publishers, Atlantic-Little Brown, are issuing *God's Country and Mine*, a study of contemporary American civilization.

"America's Passion for Culture" is a by-product, though not a part of the newest of these books, having been delivered as a lecture at the Aspen Institute last July.

•••**Harold W. Smith's** "To a New Icon" (p. 47) was written to celebrate the birth of his third child.



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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

•••*Eric Hoffer*, a former migratory worker and miner and now a long-shoreman on the West Coast, takes a hard look at management on page 18. His first book, *The True Believer*, was published in 1951.

•••*Norman Dyrhenfurth*, whose close-up study of the climber who "made" Mount Everest appears on page 50, is an expert camera man and mountain climber; he was formerly head of the motion picture department at the University of California at Los Angeles and is now abroad on a Fulbright scholarship.

When Mr. Dyrhenfurth returned to California after the Swiss Everest climb, on which he was the official photographer, he showed his material to his friend and fellow motion-picture enthusiast, *Richard G. Hubler*. Together they decided to do a sober estimate of Tensing—based on firsthand knowledge gathered from many friends of Tensing.

Richard Hubler is a novelist, magazine writer, and occasional movie script writer. Later this year Coward McCann will bring out *In Darkest Childhood*, his ninth book.

•••The "Spanish Journey" of *Homer White* (p. 57) is new minted from recent travel by a long-time lover of Spain. Mr. White was in Spain for the first time during the Christmas vacation of Cambridge in 1923; he went back for his honeymoon in 1932, intending to stay for two months, and happily remained for two years. During the late war, he was posted at the American Embassy in Madrid as attaché, and last year he and his wife spent six weeks on the Peninsula.

•••*Sir Osbert Sitwell's* essay on "Towers" (p. 66) is more for the arm-chair traveler than for the rough-

rider, the flier, or the sea-voyager. Sir Osbert's books have established his reputation in many genres—biography, fiction, essays, drama. His most recent publication was his *Collected Stories* (1953), and his next will be *Four Continents*.

•••So far as we can discover, *Edward Streeter* is the only banker who ever became a best-selling humorist. He is the vice president of a unique institution—the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank—which bears a remarkable resemblance to the bank described by John P. Marquand in *Point of No Return*.

His "Scandinavia on Wheels" (p. 68) is an offspring of Mr. Streeter's notorious love affair with northern Europe, which he reported at length in his recent book, *Skoal Scandinavia*. His other best sellers are *Father of the Bride* and *Dere Mable*; his latest venture in humor is *Mr. Hobbs' Vacation*, which will be published later this spring.

•••*Edmond Taylor*, whose notes on eating, sleeping, and shopping in Europe appear on page 72, is a foreign correspondent now making his headquarters in Switzerland. He has been covering international affairs since 1928, for American newspapers, magazines, and CBS, except for time out during World War II. His military assignments ended with a tour of duty as commanding officer for OSS in Southeast Asia. He is the author of *The Strategy of Terror* and *Richer by Asia*.

•••A staff lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City and a specialist in classical art, *Blanche R. Brown* knows that to explain "The Eternal Pull of Rome" is an impossibility. So she just presents the city and some of its won-

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ders, in her article on page 78, with accuracy and warmth. Mrs. Brown first visited Rome in 1937 when she was a graduate student at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University. On her two more recent trips she went with her husband, Milton Brown, who teaches art history in Brooklyn College.

•••*Elaine W. Senigallia's* notes on "Shopping and Eating in Rome" (p. 82) are the product of a good deal of such work "on location." Mrs. Senigallia was formerly on the staff of *Harper's* and is abroad with her husband, who is working in Rome.

•••The cheerful notes on Yugoslavia by *Laurence Lafore* (p. 85) are a by-product of a pleasure jaunt which Mr. Lafore made last July. His hopes of producing a serious Belgrade Confidential were shattered by realities—as recorded in his piece. Mr. Lafore is associate professor of history at Swarthmore College.

•••The tongue-in-cheek note in "Grinning and Bearing the British" (p. 90) is a true product of Britain. *J. B. Boothroyd*, a regular contributor to *Punch* for fifteen years, was born on the edge of Sherwood Forest and now lives twelve miles from Brighton.

A Quirk and an Apology

THE law of copyright is a mystical business, with some resemblance to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

If you write a letter, for example, that single piece of paper at once becomes endowed with two entirely separate kinds of property rights. The letter itself—the tangible piece of paper—becomes the physical property of the man who receives it. But the "literary rights" in the letter—the right to publish it—remain with the author.

We blush to confess that we overlooked this quirk in the law when we published Dale Warren's article on Sinclair Lewis in our January issue. The article quoted from three letters written by Mr. Lewis, without the prior permission of the executors of Mr. Lewis' estate—which of course owns all literary rights in these documents. We are glad to make this penitent apology.

The end or the beginning for Karen?



At three, Karen is already weak and undernourished. Her barracks-like home in Salzburg, Austria, is damp and draughty. Her meals are meager—meat and butter almost unknown. New clothing and needed shoes are an unthinkable luxury. Her father, a very old man, is an auxiliary worker whose income is enough only for the vital necessities of a barren everyday existence.

Because of her weak condition, Karen cannot move too rapidly, and so she plays with a cardboard box that she calls her doll house. Her artistic fingers keep it neat and clean, as her vivid imagination weaves childhood fantasies. In a city famed for music and song, her future could be bright, but she *must* have more food to supplement her diet and nourish her frail body. Her shoes and clothes are tattered and outgrown—they *must* be replaced immediately.

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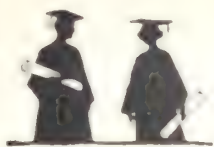
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MAGAZINE

How Good Is an FBI Report?

Alan Barth

A surprising number of high government officials—both Democrats and Republicans—took no action when the FBI reported “spies” or “security risks” on their staffs. Was something wrong with the reports? Are they now being dangerously misused by politicians? (Although Mr. Barth is a member of the Washington Post editorial staff, his article expresses only his personal views, and not those of the newspaper.)

IT WAS a paradox of the mid-nineteen-forties that investigative reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—despite the bureau's immense popularity and prestige—were widely discounted, if not disregarded, by responsible officials of the executive branch of the government. The FBI warned repeatedly of widespread infiltration of the government service by Communists and by Soviet espionage agents. Yet, in many instances, these warnings went unheeded. Among officials the FBI seems to have commanded more adulation than respect.

In the course of his inquest of last November into the Harry Dexter White case, Attorney General Herbert Brownell offered an explanation of this paradox. The previous Administration, he said, had been guilty of “blindness” and of “unwillingness” to face the facts of Communist penetration. If former President Truman alone had been responsible, perhaps this disregard of FBI warnings could be dismissed as political “blindness” or as obtuseness. The responsibility was shared, however, by a variety of

unquestionably sober and conscientious members of the Truman Administration.

Harry White himself and a number of other persons who have been accused of espionage served under three successive Secretaries of the Treasury—Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the late Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, and John Snyder. One of the alleged spies, Harold Glasser, attended the Moscow meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers—as Senator Jenner took particular pains to point out—in the role of adviser to Secretary of State George C. Marshall two years after the FBI warning about him. At least one of the employees of the Office of Strategic Services accused of espionage, Duncan Lee, retained the full confidence of Major General William Donovan, despite the FBI reports. Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, named by the FBI as a central figure in a spy ring, had been the subject of previous warnings by Military Intelligence and the Civil Service Commission as well as the FBI; yet no less sternly upright a man than the late Judge Robert P. Patterson, then Under

Secretary of War (and, like Donovan, a lifelong Republican), reviewed Silvermaster's record and declared:

"I have personally made an examination of the case and have discussed it with Major General G. V. Strong, G-2. I am fully satisfied that the facts do not show anything derogatory to Mr. Silvermaster's character or loyalty to the United States. . . ."

And of course Alger Hiss, about whom the FBI warned in the same report that dealt with Harry White, was retained in a position of trust by Secretary of State James F. Byrnes.

If all these men were blind, then there must have been some common denominator of their blindness. It seems reasonable to look for this common denominator in the nature of the FBI reports on which their judgment was based—on which, indeed, the whole personnel clearance program of the federal government was based. It seems reasonable, indeed, to ask a question that has become in our time almost a form of lese majesty: How good is an FBI report?

An FBI investigative report is one of the most confidential of confidential government documents. Although it amounts to a *laissez-passer* or a *lettre de cachet* for its subject, he is unlikely ever to glimpse it. FBI files become available for public examination only in rare instances—when, for example, someone leaks a portion of their contents, or a Judith Coplon gets hold of a handful of them and is caught with the goods and brought to trial, or when an Attorney General elects to declassify a part of one for the edification of a congressional committee. It is extremely difficult, therefore, for an ordinary citizen to make any independent appraisal of the merits of FBI reports. We have some characterizations of them, however, from authoritative sources.

Arguing against the surrender of FBI reports to a congressional committee in 1941, Robert H. Jackson—at that time Attorney General—said: "Investigative reports include leads and suspicions, and sometimes even the statements of malicious or misinformed people." Mr. Hoover himself gave the following clear account of the limitations of FBI reports at the very outset of his testimony last November before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee:

As the members of this committee know, the Federal Bureau of Investigation is a service agency. It does not make policy; it does not evaluate; it secures facts upon which determinations can be made by those officials of the United States government who have the responsibility for taking whatever action is indicated.

We do not inject ourselves into legislative matters. We do not express opinions or draw conclusions in our investigative reports. . . .

Since we are not an agency for decision as to action, we are legally, morally, and in good conscience obligated to relay all information and facts we secure to the responsible officials and agencies of government.

Refusal to evaluate has been a cornerstone of FBI policy and practice ever since Mr. Hoover became the director of the bureau in 1924. The restraint does him the greatest credit. It acknowledges a limitation upon police power which is basic to any free society, but which has not always been so plainly understood by members of the legislature. On more than one occasion, Mr. Hoover has resisted congressional efforts to invest him with the authority of a judge.

In 1950, for example, when the House of Representatives passed legislation establishing a National Science Foundation, it provided that no one should receive one of the Foundation's scholarships—which, incidentally, carried with it no access to classified information—unless the FBI certified him to be loyal to the United States. Mr. Hoover promptly pointed out the impropriety of authorizing a police agency to make such a determination. He persuaded the Congress to restrict him to fact-finding and to place the responsibility for evaluation where it belonged.

Odd Things Get into the Reports

THE refusal to evaluate has operated at the same time, however, to justify the inclusion in FBI reports of a great deal of questionable material.

Mr. Hoover's belief that "since we are not an agency for decision as to action, we are legally obligated to relay all information and facts we secure" has led to the relaying of "information" culled some-

times from knaves and nitwits, sometimes from bigots, sometimes from persons whose own devotion to the United States ought to be suspect, sometimes from men or women with axes to grind or hatchets to bury in the skulls of employees whom they disliked.

IN POINT of fact, FBI reports have sometimes included, in addition to what Mr. Hoover seems disposed to call unproved information, a good deal of material the point and pertinence of which are somewhat obscure.

The FBI was responsible for investigating employees under the federal loyalty program, and the questioning of accused employees in hearings under this program was based on information conveyed in FBI confidential reports. Some exceedingly odd questions were asked. One board member inquired, for instance, if an employee favored or opposed the segregation of blood in Red Cross blood banks; the question arose, he said, out of information given to the board that she had written a letter to the Red Cross about such segregation.

In her careful study, *The Federal Loyalty-Security Program*, published by the Cornell University Press last summer, Eleanor Bontecou provides interesting excerpts from transcripts of loyalty board proceedings, which suggest that the FBI was giving the boards some strange stuff. In one hearing, an employee under interrogation, a married man, was confronted with the following assertion: "Information has been received that you expressed to others that you were opposed to the institution of marriage, which is one of the tenets of the Communist party."

And in another hearing, according to Miss Bontecou, an employee was asked to explain this bit of "derogatory information":

We have a confidential informant who says he visited your house and listened in your apartment for three hours to a recorded opera entitled "The Cradle Will Rock." He explained that this opera followed along the lines of a downtrodden laboring man and the evils of the capitalist system.

On November 18, 1953, Robert Morris, counsel to the Jenner subcommittee, read into the record information which he said

came from "a summary of the loyalty files on [Solomon] Adler." The summary contained information, Mr. Morris said, showing that "a high State Department official" stated that Adler was "intimately connected" with political discussions engaged in by General George C. Marshall in China during 1946-47. And another official, Mr. Morris said, reported that Adler "was critical" of the Chinese Nationalists in that period. What inference is a reader of this report supposed to draw from this "information"?

IN THE furious Senate debate which took place in March 1953 over the confirmation of Charles E. Bohlen to be Ambassador to Russia, Senator Pat McCarran said on the floor that the security director of the State Department, R. W. Scott McLeod, had found that "he could not clear Mr. Bohlen on the basis of the FBI report," and the Senator charged that Mr. McLeod had been "summarily overridden" by Secretary of State Dulles. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, assured by Mr. Dulles that "there is no derogatory material whatsoever which questions the loyalty of Mr. Bohlen to the United States, or which suggests that he is not a good security risk," voted 15 to 0 to approve the nomination. Some members of the Senate continued to be troubled, nevertheless, by the "derogatory material" which the report admittedly contained, and kept pressing to find out about it. At last, after prolonged discussion, one member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Guy M. Gillette, gave the Senate the following account of one of the several items of derogatory information about which Secretary Dulles had told the committee in detail:

One of the derogatory reports and was a derogatory report, and Senators may evaluate it, along with members of the Committee on Foreign Relations—concerned a person who said he possessed a sixth sense in addition to the five senses all of us possess. He said that due to his possessing this sixth sense he could look at a man and determine whether or not there was something immoral about him, or something pertaining to moral turpitude in the man's make-up, or some tendency on his part to take action that would not

Now, if there was much of this sort of stuff in FBI reports, it seems small wonder indeed that responsible administrators tended to discount them. To include in a report the maunderings of mystics may betoken a stern refusal to evaluate; but it does little to clarify the judgment of the man who must eventually do the evaluating. And this becomes especially true when the mystic is identified, as is commonly the case in FBI reports, only by some cabalistic symbol such as A-1 or V-8.

THE most illuminating insight into the character of FBI confidential files was afforded by publication of the papers which Judith Coplon was charged with removing from the Department of Justice and attempting to pass on to a Russian agent, Valentin Gubitchev. These lifted documents were introduced in the first trial of Miss Coplon in Washington over the protests of Justice Department spokesmen who argued that publication of them would imperil national security. Federal Judge Albert Reeves, who presided at the trial, ruled, however, that the character of these documents was pertinent to the issue to be tried and must be submitted to the jury.

"If it turns out that the government has come into court exposing itself," he said, in a curiously felicitous phrase, "then it will have to take the peril. If it embarrasses the government to disclose relevant material, then the government ought not to be here."

Truly, the government came into court exposing itself—or at any rate exposing the FBI—in a most embarrassing way. Publication of the files which Miss Coplon had with her revealed that they contained such delectable tidbits of "information" as the statement of an unidentified informant that she had observed her neighbors "moving around the house in a nude state" and that her eleven-year-old boy said he saw one of these neighbors go out on the porch, undressed, to get the morning paper.

These same files supplied the "information" that one of the assistants to the President of the United States had given some help in obtaining a passport for a trip to Mexico to a friend with whose wife, according to an informant, the Presidential aide had once been in love. The files gave officials of the government responsible for evaluation the following "information" concerning Fredric March, a distinguished personality of the theater, who was neither an employee of the government nor an applicant for a government job.

Confidential Informant ND-101 advised December 25, 1945, that the subject [Fredric March] partook in the entertainment program at a meeting sponsored by the American Society for Russian Relief held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, December 8, 1945. The informant, who was one of about 13,000 attending the meeting, stated that Helen Hayes, a noted actress, and the subject portrayed a Russian schoolteacher and a Soviet soldier, respectively, in a skit, whereby they described the devastation of Russia by the Nazis at the battles of Stalingrad and Leningrad. . . .

When one reflects upon the man-hours of study and research that went into the compilation of this unevaluated goulash of "information and facts"—and the ingenuity and effort expended by the Russians to gain possession of it—one cannot help wondering which was the more bamboozled, the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. What kind of fact-finding is this? What basis does it provide for the "determination" which must be made, as Mr. Hoover put it, "by those officials of the United States government who have the responsibility for taking whatever action is indicated?"

We may assume that these are not fair or representative samples of the FBI's work. The stuff removed by Miss Coplon may have been no more than undigested material intended for the bureau's raw files: the stuff made public in the Bohlen debate or read into a Senate subcommittee record by its counsel pretty surely does not constitute the cream of FBI reporting. But these glimpses of FBI reports are the best that are available to us: and even when every reasonable allowance has been made, one is left with the impression that there was a good deal of surplusage in them.

Obligated to discount the reports in part, administrators may well have fallen into a habit of discounting them in their entirety. Made impatient by reading that an employee "was critical" of the Chinese Nationalists or that he had contributed money to the Loyalists in Spain or that he had thought segregated blood banks undemocratic, an administrator might understandably have been less patient than he should have been with an allegation in the same report that the employee was a Communist or a spy. And this is the more possible since such an allegation was commonly attributed to an informant unidentified save by a cryptic numeral.

The Sources of the Evidence

ALTHOUGH it eschews evaluation of the material it reports, the FBI, Mr. Hoover told the Jenner subcommittee, "of course has a duty to evaluate its sources of information." One specimen of FBI source evaluation was provided by Mr. Hoover at the same hearing. "All information furnished by Miss Bentley which was susceptible to check," he said, "has proved to be correct. She has been subjected to the most searching of cross-examinations; her testimony has been evaluated by juries and reviewed by the courts and has been found to be accurate."

Now, this is by any standard a most generous estimate of Miss Bentley's credibility—and one concerning which a reasonable man might choose to differ with the head of the FBI. Insofar as her testimony has been evaluated by juries—and much of it has not been—it is an overstatement to say that she has been found by these juries to be uniformly accurate. Her most conspicuous success was in the Remington case. She made three charges against Remington: one, that he was a member of the Communist party; two, that he paid Communist party dues to her; and three, that he gave her government material which she was not authorized to receive. In the prosecution of Remington for perjury for his sworn denial of these charges, the government dropped the first count; there was a hung jury in regard to the second count; Remington was convicted in regard to the third.

Elizabeth Bentley went before a grand

jury in 1948 and made detailed charges of espionage against thirty employees or former employees of the United States government, Harry White among them. The grand jury did not indict a single one of the thirty. Attorney General Brownell offered the Jenner subcommittee an explanation of this failure: "When he [White] came before the grand jury, of course, as I have made clear, I hope, in my original statement, much of this evidence against him was received by wiretap. Under the rules of the federal courts, you cannot introduce before a grand jury or a federal court in a criminal case evidence obtained by wiretap information." Another explanation might have been that Miss Bentley's testimony in the White case was the rankest hearsay. By her own admission, she had never even met Harry White.

Since Mr. Brownell implies that the wiretaps would prove White's guilt, it is strange that he has permitted the public no glimpse of their content. The Attorney General told the Jenner subcommittee that the FBI report of February 1, 1946, "contains much corroborative evidence which cannot be made public either because it would disclose investigative techniques of the FBI or because it might be harmful to the national interest." But this can scarcely apply to the FBI practice of wiretapping. This particular FBI investigative technique has been unabashedly admitted by Mr. Hoover for some time. And it is hard to see how there could be anything harmful to the national interest in disclosing White's own words as recorded. Others who have read the transcript interpret it very differently from Mr. Brownell.

ALTHOUGH Miss Bentley's testimony about White was mere hearsay, she gave direct evidence that Silvermaster, Mrs. Silvermaster, and William Ludwig Ullman gave her microfilmed classified information to transmit to the Russians. This was espionage committed in time of war—a crime punishable by death as to which there is no statutory limitation. Wiretap corroboration or no wiretap corroboration, the grand jury could have indicted had it believed Miss Bentley. It evidently did not believe her.

Still one more point needs to be borne in mind. To hand down an indictment, a grand jury does not need to be convinced

...beyond a reasonable doubt. It needs to be convinced only that there is sufficient evidence against an accused to warrant requiring him to stand trial. Respecting some of the persons accused by Miss Bentley, the government administrators apparently came to the same conclusion as the members of the grand jury. Perhaps there was no greater culpability in the one case than in the other.

Perhaps American officials cannot be expected to accept a policeman's evaluation of the reliability of an anonymous informant. Perhaps American officials are reluctant to turn their backs upon a trusted associate on the mere basis of hearsay in an investigative report. Perhaps the reports made by the FBI, with their fuzzy mélange of unevaluated material, compelled discounting. Perhaps the comprehensiveness of their denigration invited doubt. Perhaps, like the boy who cried "Wolf," the FBI had lost in some degree the confidence of its clientele.

When Is a Suspect Guilty?

HARRY WHITE may have been a traitor and a spy. But the simple say-so of a prosecutor and a policeman does not make him so. The same may be said, and ought to be said, of the living individuals summarily accused and condemned by Messrs. Brownell and Hoover. If Lauchlin Currie and Duncan Lee and Harold Glasser and Frank Coe and Solomon Adler and all the others whose names were so easily spilled before the Jenner subcommittee committed crimes, there are courts of law in which they can be tried.

Consider the case of Solomon Adler, a man who has endured the shadow of accusation for nearly a decade. He was among those accused by Miss Bentley, and he was among those inferentially condemned by Hoover and Brownell. Yet the evidence against him had been presented to a grand jury which did not indict him; it had been considered by the Loyalty Board of his department which cleared him; it had been post-audited by the Loyalty Review Board—headed by Seth Richardson, a staunch Republican—which sustained the clearance. And this judgment had been accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury whose responsibility it was to pass upon the fitness of Treasury employees. Adler

continued to serve in the Treasury Department until 1950, when he left the government of his own accord. Yet in 1953 he was named in a televised hearing before a Senate committee, on the authority of an ancient FBI report, as having been a participant in an espionage conspiracy—and this without trial, without a hearing, without even disclosure of the evidence against him.

"Those trained in the law," Mr. Justice Douglas said in an address last spring before the American Law Institute, "know that we need not give up due process of law in order to save ourselves from internal dangers, any more than we need submit prisoners to the rack or to other forms of torture in order to solve crimes. We have the means and the ability to protect ourselves by fair standards of procedure. There is despair only when we turn to totalitarian techniques to defeat totalitarian forces."

A "police state" may fairly be defined as a state in which individuals can be condemned, without fair standards of procedure, on the mere accusation of police authorities. The term "secret police" may reasonably be applied to a police force which uses secret informers, compiles secret dossiers, and carries on its investigative work in secret without effective restraint by civilian superiors. If these definitions have validity, then the most disturbing inference growing out of the disclosures in the Harry Dexter White case is not that the Truman Administration was indifferent to Soviet espionage in the nineteen-forties, but that the American public has become indifferent to a dangerous extension of police power in the nineteen-fifties.

IT SHOULD be said in fairness to Mr. Hoover that he has not sought this extension of power. It has been thrust upon him—by unthinking adulators and by an Attorney General who has not scrupled to use the confidential reports of the FBI for partisan political purposes. The very authority to determine guilt or innocence which Mr. Hoover once astutely rejected has now been pressed into his hands.

And this time, strangely, he did not renounce it. It is true that when a member of the Jenner subcommittee asked him to comment on the Attorney General's evaluation of the FBI report of February 1, 1946, he

protested that this would be to "violate the very tradition which I have meticulously adhered to over the years, namely that I will refuse to evaluate the contents of any report." But the whole of his preceding prepared statement had been an evaluation.

"Of course," Mr. Brownell told the Jenner subcommittee, "no one could, with any validity, suggest today that there is any doubt that White was in this espionage ring."

The effrontery of this statement should have produced an immediate clamor for the Attorney General's resignation. Why could no one suggest doubt about White's guilt? The only answer seems to be: Because the FBI and the Attorney General had proclaimed him guilty. They identified no new witnesses and presented no new evidence against him. They merely asserted that their case was conclusive. It was, by any criteria of the American past, contemptible to do this in the case of a dead man, without producing proof of the accusation. It was doubly contemptible to do it in the case of a man whom a grand jury had declined to indict. In a single easy sentence, an Attorney General of the United States brushed aside the protection against false accusations afforded by the constitutional stipulation that "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury."

BUT the disquieting aspect of what occurred lies neither in the recklessness of Mr. Brownell nor in the complaisance of Mr. Hoover; it lies in the apathy of the press and the public. American newspapers, with no more than a few honorable exceptions, accepted Mr. Brownell's condemnation without trial as unprotestingly as *Pravda* and *Izvestia* accepted the Malenkov condemnation of Beria.

In 1924, when he was Attorney General, the late Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone abolished the Division of Investigation which had played an ugly part in the arrest and deportation of aliens under the attorney gen-

eralship of A. Mitchell Palmer and established in its place a Bureau of Investigation with J. Edgar Hoover as its director. In doing so, he issued the following statement regarding the Bureau's role:

There is always the possibility that a secret police may become a menace to free government and free institutions because it carries with it the possibility of abuses of power which are not always quickly apprehended or understood. . . .

The Bureau of Investigation is not concerned with political or other opinions of individuals. It is concerned only with their conduct and then only with such conduct as is forbidden by the laws of the United States. When a police system passes beyond these limits, it is dangerous to the proper administration of justice and to human liberty, which it should be our first concern to cherish. Within them it should rightly be a terror to the wrongdoer.

"There are probably several million reports on individuals in the FBI files," former Attorney General Francis Biddle observed recently. Are they concerned only with "such conduct as is forbidden by the laws of the United States?" If not, they can become, in the hands of a police chief less scrupulous than Mr. Hoover, or in the hands of an ambitious politician, a terrible instrument of oppression.

How good is an FBI report?

Without impugning in any way Mr. Hoover's indubitable patriotism and zeal, or the excellence of his bureau's record in law enforcement, the time is overdue to ask the question. It is imperative to ask it for three reasons: first, because the available evidence would seem to suggest that the value of an FBI report depends upon who is evaluating it; second, because counter-intelligence is too important today to become a political shotgun for those who hunt heretics instead of spies; and third, because a skeptical attitude toward the police is an indispensable attribute of a free people.

Hmm . . .

Nothing gives rise to such wild surmise
As the peachable widow with consolate eyes.

—*Felicia Lamport*

Through the Practicing Light Versifiers of America could almost
speak in a telephone booth, among them would surely be Mr. Bishop—
critic, biographer, and professor of Romance languages at Cornell.

The Case for Light Verse

Morris Bishop

IN THE beginning was the Bard, singing
the best words, words of the hunt and
the light, and pounding his rhythms on
the cave wall with a tiger-bone. Immediately
after was the Clown, mocking the Bard in
falsetto, mingling nasty words with the noble.
And all the people made harsh glottal ex-
plosions, signifying pleasure. Thus light verse
was born.

The aim of poetry, or Heavy Verse, is to
seek understanding in forms of beauty. The
aim of light verse is to promote misunder-
standing in beauty's cast-off clothes. But even
misunderstanding is a kind of understanding;
it is an analysis, an observation of truth,
which strikes round truth from the rear,
which uncovers the lath and plaster of beauty's
hinder parts.

Light verse observes truth with laughter,
not with tears. Laughter is always reckoned
a lower and meaner phenomenon than tears.
Why should this be so? Certainly to the physi-
cologist, the release of tension from the adrenal
glands is not more meritorious than the heav-
y, spasmodic vibration of the vocal chords, and the emission of
inharmonious inarticulate sound, which con-
stitute laughter. But let us waive all protest;
let us grant that sorrow reveals protounder-
standing, that joy, sorrow, tears, and all medita-
tions and searches; joy laughs, acts, and has no
other work.

Sorrow and tears come first, then; joy and
laughter are second. Poetry comes first, light
verse second. Light verse cannot exist with-

out poetry; light verse is the moon to poetry's
sun.

Light verse follows after poetry, but not
very far behind. Look at history. There are
passages of light verse in Homer. You recall
Anacreon of Teos, *b.*, I find, *circa* 560 B. C.
The Greek Anthology, assembled in the first
century B. C., consists largely of light verse.
Here is an example from the Anthology:

I did not marry. Under earth I came.
Quit of life's pother.
I wish to God that I could say the same
Of father.

Horace is full of light verse; Martial is
nothing else. Half of Chaucer falls under our
heading. Nearly all the great English and
French poets wrote light verse occasionally;
think of Burns, Byron, Browning; of
Ronsard, Hugo, Musset. Or think of Eliot,
Auden, Frost.

It would be nice to write a big, wide, deep
History of Light Verse. But not now, not
now.

Let me point only to one historical fact.
The great friend and fosterer of light verse
in this country was Franklin P. Adams. An
eminent performer himself, he welcomed in
his columns in the *New York Mail, Herald*,
and *Tribune* the work of young dewy-pin-
ioned versifiers. His own taste was formed by
the mellifluous English writers of *vers de*
société, especially Calverley. His contributors
accepted his lessons of impeccable form, schol-
arly wit, and good taste. He set many little

feet on the upward road, among them (not to name any names) the little feet of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Dorothy Parker.

They learned (may I not say we learned?) the principles and devices of light verse.

THE first principle is *strictness of form*. The light versifier has no poetic license. He enjoys difficulties and seeks them out. He is a carver of ships in poetic bottles. F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" used to bulge with villanelles, pantoums, and double *ballades*. In these fixed forms the thought (to use a technical term) is likely to be throttled by the requirements of rhyme and meter. Well, to write a poem dispensing completely with thought is a kind of achievement; it represents the triumph of pure form sought by Mallarmé and others who are never called Light Poets.

The second principle is *incongruity*. The serious poet demands unity of tone, congruity; the light poet breaks that unity by cunning, though apparently inadvertent, intrusions. He makes use of the change of pace, which gives the sensitive reader a feeling of aesthetic torture, closely akin to aesthetic pleasure. I take an example from Evoc (E. V. Knox, former editor of *Punch*). The poem, a very beautiful thing, is entitled "A Polite Protest (dedicated respectfully to the owner of the animal next door)." Here is the first stanza:

Dear Sir, when several weeks ago
The perfect orb in heaven was hung
Of Dian wandering to and fro
Thessalian woods among.
When fast by many a forest glade
The hunt was up, and hounds obeyed
The horn-blast of the buskined maid,
I did not sleep when you decanted
Old rag-bag too gave tongue.

The third principle is *logic*. A really good light poem pursues a thought to a conclusion which seems for a moment inevitable, even though surprising. At some point, which should be unrecognizable, the poet's logic has diverged from conventional logic. Granted that conventional logic is usually right, sometimes it is wrong, merely the product of habit and timidity. For instance, Aldous Huxley, when young and irreverent, reflected on Jonah and the Whale. He pushed the logic

of the story beyond the stage at which the Bible and most of us stop. He wrote:

A cream of phosphorescent light
Floats on the wash that to and fro
Slides round his feet—enough to show
Many a pendulous stalactite
Of naked mucus, whorls and wreaths
And huge festoons of mottled tripe
And maller palpitating pipes
Through which a yeasty liquor seethes.

Seated upon the convex mound
Of one vast kidney, Jonah prays
And sings his canticles and hymns,
Making the hollow vault resound
God's goodness and mysterious ways,
Till the great fish spouts music as he swims.*

IN OUR own time we have seen a great extension of logic, in philosophy and in the arts. Surrealism has revealed the logic beyond logic which rules in the lurid world of the subconscious. Humor also has gone beyond the reach of traditional logic, to create something which I have ventured to call Surhumor. Surhumor is related to nonsense, but it is not nonsense. It is the elimination of logical mid-terms. In traditional humor you accept the hand of a kindly guide, who leads you by a series of safe logical steps until suddenly you find yourself in the midst of a quaking bog, and the kindly guide tips his hat, or pulls his forelock, and takes his leave. But in Surhumor the guide eliminates half of the stepping stones; he make you jump with him over horrid gaps, and sometimes he leads you back to the starting point, and sometimes, with a hellish laugh, he lets go of you in mid-air. Ring Lardner was occasionally a surhumorist (Remember "I Gasped at The Upholsterers?"**), and so is Frank Sullivan,

* Aldous Huxley: *Leda*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1929.

** Edited for dramatic production by Huxley, in the form of a play, "The Upholsterers." (Huxley, *op. cit.*, p. 100.)

Why did you lay your hand on me?
When you should of looked for me jump?
Why did you spill my wine?
When you should of looked after his bones?
Why did you sleep there, so old,
When you should of looked after his fold?

and so is Perelman. In England, J. B. Morton ("Beachcomber" of the *Daily Express*) is a wonderful surhumorist. Here is a little poem of J. B. Morton's:

George Eliot was so like a horse
That bookies on the Gatwick course
Shouted the odds against her when
She came there with some gentlemen;
And there was always quite a stir
When bookies put their shirts on her.

But doubt creeps in. *The Mill on the Floss*
Was never written by a hoss.

There are other principles. I think I shall
not give them here. As Calverley said:

This might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious
hands
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.*

THE writing, the publication, and the reading of light verse have dwindled very much in recent years. The reason is obvious enough. The appreciation of light verse depends on the appreciation of heavy verse. Only those whose minds are stored with the rhythms of poetry can appreciate the finesse of the light versifier. Those whose minds are stored with the rhythms of poetry become fewer and fewer. Americans of today are not fed on poetry as they were in the past. The old schoolbooks, such as the McGuffey Readers, were half poetry; the present school readers are mostly prose. College students

* This quotation illustrates what I was saying about form. You recognize, of course, even in these two lines the thought, phrasing, and lilt of Robert Browning. But perhaps you read the last word Mesopotamy, and felt that the line's rhythm was clumsy. Ah, but Calverley, a classicist, expects his readers to be classicists too. *Mesopotamy* comes from the Greek Μέσος, the middle, the space between, and Πόταμος, river. Mesopotamy, the region between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, must be accented Mesopótamy, according to its Greek derivation. The recognition of Calverley's pedantry, imitating Browning's pedantry, gives a piercing pleasure.

stumble in reading aloud the most regular lyrics, because their minds are not filled with traditional poetic speech, sonorities, shapes, and sounds.

WHY has common familiarity with traditional poetry lessened? Because popular consciousness of poetry is never widespread unless contemporary poets flourish and impose their music and their revelations on the cultivated public. Contemporary poets do not flourish. Robert Frost is our only really popular American poet; he alone brings to the many a poetic experience; he alone is loved. Our serious poets, writing deliberately for an elite and despising the average reader, have ruined poetry in the minds of the general intelligent public. And they have brought down the light versifiers in their own disaster.

Yet the observer should not yield to despair about the state of poetry in our world. He may descry a sort of mid-form taking shape, between the obscure intellectualisms of the heavy poets and the facetiousness of the comedians. The practitioners of this mid-form make no claim to portentous profundity; they observe the behavior of men and women, they find in it certain meanings which they render almost timidly, almost humbly. Since they are anxious to communicate these meanings, they seek to couch them in forms which shall be accessible to the average educated man. They are seldom represented in anthologies of Significant Modern Poetry. They do not receive Pulitzer Prizes. E. B. White is such a poet of the mid-form, and so is Christopher Morley. There are many examples in the work of David McCord, John Holmes, and Phyllis McGinley.

I like to think that these poets are helping to keep alive in the general mind a consciousness of poetic form and thought. They are holding poetry's little forts amid the desert sands of the commonplace, awaiting the relief that shall come when the Poet arises, to fill our world with his overwhelming music.



The Scar

A Story by Nadine Gordimer

Drawings by Edward Sprague Jones



THE new wife saw them first, and recognized her predecessor, Hannah, at once, even though she had never seen her before except in the photograph.

Hannah was coming down the pavement on the arm of Count Bianci, an arm bent at a foreign-looking angle in the ridiculous parody of exaggerated gallantry which old Marcus delighted to use. Hannah and Bianci were coming from their first lunch together since her return from Italy, and the empty pavement outside the Chinese restaurant in the lower end of the city aimed them at Hannah's former husband and his new wife like a missile.

To cross the street deliberately in the middle of the block was impossible; there was nothing to cross for but the shuttered warehouses of merchants on the other side. The two couples seemed to pause for a second of

eternity, hanging fire, but in fact their legs went on walking, bearing them down upon one another.

"I never wanted to meet her!" said the new wife, stifled, before her husband Jo, who did not have particularly keen sight, had even seen that it was his first wife and his old friend Marcus Bianci whom they were about to encounter. And as the girl beside him spoke, he saw.

"Don't be silly" he said, and banished the instant when she might have turned and run, stopped dead, anything.

At the other end of the pavement, Hannah said: "Oh God . . ."

"So? It's nothing. It's got to happen sooner or later, just as well get it over . . ." Marcus swaggered her along, his head turned lingeringly to her profile in a magnificent example of what she and Jo had always called "Marcus's only-woman-in-the-world act." And it was just as well, for at once she was clinging to Marcus the way a child will almost strangle its mother in embarrassment or fear, inhibiting its own escape by making it impossible for the woman to bear it away to safety. The new wife saw her striding along very close and absorbed with her companion, laughing up into his smile and using her white-gloved hands as she talked.

AND it seemed that as they drew close, the first thing the girl saw about Hannah was the scar: in all Hannah's tall elegance, her beautiful clothes, her long, pointed feet in the handmade shoes from Spain, her wide hat as dark as her brilliant eyes, it was the scar that the other saw; and the scar

seemed Hannah's greatest elegance. Of course the new wife had seen it in the photograph. Jo still had all Hannah's letters that she had written to him during the war—when he had moved into the new house with the new wife he had taken them out of one of the mover's packing cases before her, and had put them away at the top of the cupboard where he had decided to keep the suits and flannels that he no longer wore. In silence, she had watched him, silent, and after a moment of hesitation that was somehow conveyed to her by the angle of the back of his head as he peered up to the shelf, he took the photograph out of the packet of letters and looked at it himself, half-offering it to her, the way one indicates a willingness to share a newspaper or a book. She had come to stand under his arm, obediently. They had studied the face of Hannah for a moment. "Of course the scar spoils her," Jo had said.

She knew the story of the scar, the new wife. Everybody who had ever heard of Hannah and Jo knew it. It had happened as the result of a motor accident on their honeymoon; driving down to the coast at night, Jo had dropped asleep at the wheel and the car had

turned over into a deep culvert. A piece of glass from the windscreen had slit Hannah's mouth on the left side from corner to chin, diagonally. And of course, it did not spoil Hannah in the least. Even in the photograph, one could see that. Hannah herself had refused to have a plastic operation to smooth away the cicatrice.

"It will not make me what I was," she would say in her regretful, half-amusing, half-acid way. "If I cannot be what I was, I do not want to be what the plastic surgeon may fancy to make of me. I would rather keep it, like a wrinkle or the gap of a lost tooth. I hate cars that look as if they've never been driven, perpetually having the dents knocked out of their fenders and shining with new finish. people who keep running to psychiatrists to have all evidence of the scratches of experience rubbed out of their souls."

What Hannah meant by "what I was"—beautiful or merely attractive—no one would ever know, so no one knew, either, whether *she* believed she was spoiled, or whether, like poor people who cease to weep over a maimed child the moment they realize the possibilities for it of a stand on the street corner, she had long ago come to understand that it is easier to be a woman who is beautiful despite the flawing of a scar than it is to qualify for the standards of a flawless beauty.



Now they were bunched together blocking the pavement in that expanse of empty street like survivors of a shipwreck huddled on an enormous beach. Bianci stood by in a courtly fashion, with the polite, prim look people keep on their faces when they are waiting to be introduced; Hannah held her neck arched a little, her head drawn back, smiling elaborately, warmly, as if, though her arms remained one bent through Bianci's, the other pressing her handbag to her side, they were extended in a gesture of welcome, acceptance—the stage gesture with which the bountiful lady takes the young people to her heart.

The new wife looked unblinking into that smile. She stood there quietly, her handbag held in front of her in her two hands, the way a schoolgirl holds a hat. Her look seemed to say: I do not know you, yet. I do not have to greet you until I know you.

The eyes of Hannah and Jo met over her

head; of course it was not the first time Jo had seen Hannah since her return from Europe. He had gone to meet her at the airport when she arrived early on Friday morning. ("Why must you go?" the new wife had said, with the faintest possible emphasis on "you.") "Well, it seems the only decent thing," he had answered; "it's dismal to find no one to meet you, and it's at such an awkward time, it's not likely that any of her friends will make it." When he had come home on Friday evening, they had not mentioned where he had been; it was as if, like Orpheus, he had gone down to escort Eurydice back through the shades—but this one, his new wife, was his real, his earthly love, belonging to ordinary, warm life.)

The "hullo" between Hannah and Jo was a sketchy thing, a mere signal in the air rather than a sound: the way husbands and wives bypass these formalities through familiarity. Jo cleared his throat and said, "You two haven't met, really, have you?... This is Gypsy. Gyp, Hannah. And Count Bianci—Marcus."

The girl managed a very slow stiff smile which did not even part her lips. And then it was gone and she was looking at Hannah again, completely expressionlessly. The acknowledgement, such as it had been, seemed to have been dragged out of her by Hannah; by the brilliant, frank smile that Hannah had turned to her at the exchange of names. The full charm of Hannah came out of herself, her body, even, like a strong perfume wafted into life by a movement of clothing. Jo saw, fascinated, the beauty, the coaxing of that greeting; Hannah's face, Hannah's manner saying: Come, you are a charming girl, I am delighted to see; I am *sure*. I wish you joy, I take it gracefully, I am sure I shall like you as a person. Don't be shy, don't be frightened, we are all civilized grown-ups, are we not?

AND while Hannah looked and spoke ("I am so glad to meet you. How do you do, Gypsy?") no one, not the new wife, not Jo, not Bianci even, though he was in contact with her body through her arm, knew of the horrible spasm of terror and despair that contracted inside her for one unbearable moment. Her head was thrust down brutally into darkness; the eternal, smothering darkness of what has been lost. And her jealousy was like the shocking sight of the beating



heart of some small animal, exposed through dissection, and still alive in the cold pain of the air.

He's mine, the voice clamored in that terrible place inside herself where people were fighting, where everything writhed and staggered from wall to wall. He's mine. He belongs to me. Nobody else can have him. He's mine.

"... Marcus said we'd better go there because I haven't been to China, so at least I shouldn't be able to say, oh, but you should taste the way they do it *there!*" she was saying, laughing, pulling a face at herself, culpable.

"You know how it is with her whenever she's been overseas," Marcus appealed to Jo. And he parodied the expressiveness of Hannah's face: "If she's been to Italy, the macaroni's too short here. When she went to New York, the chewing gum here wasn't sticky enough for her."

The idea of Hannah chewing gum! Only Marcus could put his finger so unerringly on the impossibly ludicrous. Jo laughed delightedly in the joy of Marcus, which he had forgotten, and Hannah laughed too, for the situation threw Marcus and her into a kind of act together, and she must play foil for him as he "fed" her. Quite naturally and unintentionally now, a question shifted the talk from Marcus, Jo, and Hannah to Hannah and Jo. Jo said: "I forgot to ask. Did you meet Bella and Leslie in Florence? I wondered. —Did you hear what happened about the flat the day they left—?"

"Did I hear indeed? I was blamed for the whole thing. You see, when they cabled me to Genoa—no, it was Venice—" and she re-

counted the story, with nods and interjections from Jo: "Well, they told me—" "That wasn't what I was told—"

All her life people had said of Hannah: she can talk her way out of anything. And now that seemed literally true; hand over hand, her animation, her zest, her attractiveness, her easy command of herself lifted her out of disadvantage; she climbed over the faces of Jo and the new wife and the old friend, away out of the situation where she—spoiled child who never really believed her doll would be



taken away from her, who had played some perverse game of rejection with Jo until she had goaded him to divorce her; and then had never thought that he would ever struggle sufficiently free of her to marry someone else—found herself indeed bereft, indeed replaced, pushed out on the lonely corner of the triangle. But she was as agile as ever; she proved it again, as she had proved it many times before: the ability to come out on top that they had impressed upon her so admiringly, so long. She produced it as obediently as a circus animal does its trick. Like the seal with his ball, of whom it is difficult to say whether he has enjoyed his skill, or whether it came to him mechanically at the crack of an invisible whip.

THE new wife stood there with nothing to say and nothing to give. Marcus retired to the side of the stage, unobtrusive, but there to catch his partner if—unthinkable thing, seeing her spangled up

there—she should fall. And then, quite suddenly—the dreadful timelessness of such a meeting contracting the instant it was over into the ordinary dimensions of a few minutes' encounter—they had parted. With the polite scuffle of good-bys (Marcus bowed to the new wife, who looked as if she didn't know what to do with such a gesture; lifted two fingers in an old easy signal to his friend Jo) the two couples had re-formed and got rid of each other, got past. The heels of the new wife sounded quickly away down the pavement behind Marcus and Hannah; sounded in Hannah's ears like the scamper of a mouse.

Hannah was breathing deeply. Marcus saw the tanned shiny skin in the neckline of her dress swell with the rising pressure of her breasts, saw, quite distinctly, the one or two freckles flecking that hollow. It brought out in him not desire, but, oddly enough, a sudden homesickness; homesickness for one of those Italian Riviera beaches where he had lain, summer after summer, before the war, in the scent of the sun on his newly shaven skin. He squeezed Hannah's arm; he had never felt such kinship with her before. And he saw, as a man sees a trickle of blood on the face of the comrade with whom he has come through a battle, sweat under the powder between her eyebrows. She pulled her lips down swiftly, one against the other, the way women even the thickness of their lipstick. And there too, on her upper lip, there was sweat. But back in repose, the corners of her mouth indented in a high, nervous smile. After a minute she turned to him and her eyes were so dark, so flooded with intensity that they had no color and were bright as black water in sunlight.

"Stood there like a child hanging around while its parent has a gossip! Sullenly waiting to be yanked off—no will, no volition. Did you see?"

"Yes," said Marcus.

She was breathing so hard she had to breathe through her mouth. "God, I feel so excited," she said.

He nodded, making an understanding mouth.

"You know?"

"Of course," he said.

"Like a puppy dog on a string. Stop when the master stops. Wait to be allowed to go on."

He shrugged. But it was still not enough

for her. "Wasn't it so?" she insisted again.

"Well, what do you expect . . ." he said, deprecating. He disposed of the new wife, kindly, with a half-movement of his hand, as if she were not even worth the full gesture. "She seems a nice enough little girl."

"Of course," said Hannah. She was laughing. "But you would have thought I was the one in the strong position. Any one would have thought I was the one who had ousted *her*."

They both laughed, at Hannah.

"Simply stood there staring at my scar. Did you see? Like a rude child, I'm telling you. Never took her eyes off it."

"Well, I suppose she was embarrassed, poor girl."

"Why should she be? Why more embarrassed than anyone else? I felt like saying, I won't *eat* you. And poor Jo . . ."

"I told you, it's a good thing it's over," said Marcus in an aging man's voice.

IT SEEMED to spurt Hannah up into youth and gaiety. "Darling old M," she said, "she probably thinks you're my new lover. A wicked foreigner, picked up in a casino."

"Now, now," said Marcus.

"She's pretty, you know. —Well, of course. Very tiny. Did you see how I towered over her? Well, that's good. Jo'll feel more masterly, he'll be able to be protective toward her."

Marcus knew she was talking to herself, she did not want any response but his presence.

Then she turned to him, challenging, proud, really beautiful now as if she were afire inside with her own arrogance, and she said in a different voice, the voice of a conspirator, the voice of a child seeking the approval of a father; a voice that was every contradiction she herself was: "Was I all right?" She was clutching his arm, looking excitedly down at him.

He looked at her, ruefully, admiring: "Oh you," he said.

She was watching his eyes with her own shrewd, distrustful, inescapable ones. "But my behavior. Was it all right? Did I behave well?"

He shook his head slowly in the absolute assurance of it.

"Perfect. You carried it off— magnificently.

You managed well. You were very good."

She smiled at him slowly, he watched the curve of her mouth back from her teeth, the flush of her cheeks, the softening lines round her eyes, and last, was held by the dance of the eyes themselves. They were the eyes of the old warrior who hears at last and yet again, the trumpet notes of another triumph.

DRIVING his car with the stranger who was his new wife sitting silent beside him, Jo heard the notes too, but to him they tolled something different. He saw the head of the girl at his side, who was faithful, affectionate, reliable, commonplace—Hannah had made him see that in the ten minutes she stood beside her.—The dog virtues, he thought. Hannah had made all that perfectly clear, simply by being there.

And he, who ten minutes before had seen all Hannah's charm, the great desirability she had for him, unimpaired despite all that had happened, had now for the first time an entirely new feeling toward Hannah. Now it was dead, completely dead; he no longer loved her, and for that, and for the other, at last he hated her.



*There are perils for art and man in the democracy of culture. A brilliant critic—author of the forthcoming book, **God's Country and Mine**—analyzes the values we teach, preach, and sell as part of the Western heritage.*

America's Passion for Culture

Jacques Barzun

WHATEVER department of life one thinks of today, one must admit that the *idea* of culture is in the ascendant. *Pro Arte* is not just the name of a quartet, it is the motto of the age. The belief has spread over the world that a great nation must have art. All the totalitarian powers produce the kind they like under pressure; all the governments, including ours, have cultural attachés. UNESCO may be a mess but it is a fact.

Come closer home and you must acknowledge that there is not a periodical, not a school, not a corporation, not a public body that does not favor art and culture, at least in words. They don't dare do otherwise, even if they have doubts, envy, or distaste for the thing itself. This state of mind has been strengthening for twenty years. George F. Babbitt, you will remember, was not all real estate and hardheadedness about money; he had a soft side wreathed in dreaminess. He accordingly did not need to be dethroned and guillotined, he was merely turned around so that the soft side would show in a good light. And he must be really soft, since he legislated the Fulbright act, which turned back swords into plowshares for our young to cultivate their minds with, and since he devised a tax structure that bribes the rich to give for cultural purposes.

The funds so given in our country are enormous, incredibly so, not only by comparison with fifty years ago but by comparison with other nations. Though they started

earlier and continue to criticize us for barbarism, the fact is that we have been leading the cultural world in method and organization for a quarter century. Please note that I say "method and organization." Our libraries, museums, and schools, our local bands and clubs and exhibits, our publications, catalogues, and indexes, our lectures, visual aids, broadcasts, and pictorial reproductions, and most lately our cheap paper-covered books are the most convenient, numerous, and best disseminated that the world has seen. We have democratized culture—or perhaps, to speak the language of the time, one ought to say "cultural materials." It took the princes of Europe a thousand years to learn to be patrons. When their mantle descended to us the people, it took us about a century and a half—say, from the Declaration of Independence to the New York Museum of Modern Art.

OUR great merit and advantage is of course federalism, many centers and local control; and the natural device for adapting this tradition to cultural purposes is the university. We were the first to attach the fine arts to the severe sciences and thus to indoctrinate every college generation as it passes by. It is to our universities that the great artistic donations go, whether the foundations' assigning of resident artists here and there, or the cold cash, as in the recent gift to Northwestern—four million dollars to

"advance musical understanding and enjoyment." The university is now not only a sanctuary for poets and painters, it is the refuge for the little theater, the small opera company, the string ensemble—all of which have good reasons for avoiding the competitive struggle of the outer world. In short, what the United States has done for itself is to recreate the German princely courts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to which we owe so much. This diversity is, on the face of it, infinitely better for the individual talent and for culture as a whole than centralized control by bureaucrats or personal patronage. All human merit is comparative, and we do not appreciate our cultural abundance because we have lost the memory of what scarcity is. But a recent experience with a Chinese student-in-exile gave me an inkling of it: he was found tossing library books around and about and underfoot, and when remonstrated with he said that books in this country seemed to him so plentiful, so cheap and easily obtained that he could not regard them as valuable: "Why, even the common people have them!"

TO OUR democratic arrangements for culture the common people have responded. In 1900, according to some Columbia University records I was lately going through, our composer MacDowell was deploing the fact that there were no applicants for the several fellowships in his department. Today there are hundreds of applicants for every grant or prize that we can lay our hands on. As one who has sat on national award committees, I can testify that this country produces four or five talented people for each one that is chosen. The country is rich in amateur players, singers, and painters. The President of the United States is perhaps painting at this very minute and no one thinks any less of him for his hobby. He can take it or leave it alone; and he is not a sissy, since he can also fish. As for the young men and women whom I encounter as a teacher, a much larger proportion are bent on a literary or artistic career than when I was myself a student. Except in a few colleges the "line" has changed; it is no longer smart to be anti-intellectual; on the contrary, the less gifted or more self-seeking apologize for not being aesthetes.

In the big world, all groups and professions are now deemed eligible for participation in the arts. Physicians and lawyers are not thought frivolous if they sing or play music. The institutes of technology are more and more introducing courses in the humanities, so that in a few years the word engineer will no longer be a polite way of saying Philistine. In the public eye the man of art and the man of thought have achieved status. We think we are riding a wave of anti-intellectualism because certain such men are attacked; the fact is that they are attacked because they have become important. Our near contemporary, Henry Adams, complained all his life of being unread, a nobody that nobody reckoned with: today his name would lead off every denunciation by our patriots and every eulogy by our prophets of doom. He would be a power in the land.

II

THE main reason for the elevation of the intellectual and the artist is that a tremendous unofficial propaganda for the arts is going on all the time, supplementing the official. It begins with advertising, of which the necessary snobbery now includes culture—just think of the series that reads: As an old master proudly signs work so does a manufacturer put his trade mark on a can of beans. Incredible! But even this is elementary, primitive: advertising has achieved a greater miracle in popularizing difficult modern art. If we are up to Matisse and Modigliani it is largely because dilute imitations of their styles have been forced on our attention apropos of gloves and perfumes.

The mass media plug culture of set purpose, and they do it harder and better than their own politics. Every week *Life* stuffs modern poetry, great art collections, stories of Western culture, and résumés of science down the throats of several million people. It is a high-brow magazine. Even in the cheaper journals T. S. Eliot and Jean-Paul Sartre are news. Meanwhile the record industry and the radio have made classical music something other than a subject of jokes against dry-as-dust people—so much so that the interchange between classical and popular music is now a two-way traffic in tunes and rhythms. You can hear Ravel's "Pavane" adapted to the juke-box

audience, and our chief composers have a *à-terre* in Tin Pan Alley. In a word, the fusion of elite and people, which began as a political and social movement, has now reached culture and is—shall I say?—homogenizing.

AGAINST this view of America's devotion to culture, there are common and important objections. "All you say is true. . . . But—but it does not begin to be enough. Haven't you yourself admitted that there were four or five talented people for every one that wins a Fulbright Fellowship? Are not our private colleges and universities perishing for lack of funds? Do you not know of painters wasting their skill in commercial jobs because their fine art does not sell? And mustn't we discount a good deal of the publicity about artists as lip service? There is no profound respect for the artist deep in the people's heart or it would buy American, in the graphic arts especially. How can you be so complacent when the need for more support is so obvious and pressing?"

These countervailing facts are also true, but what do they show? They show that a career in the arts is still competitive and difficult. They show that the problem of patronage has not been solved, now any more than in earlier times. Millions are born with some sort of talent that we call artistic. Many others, with little or no talent, are convinced that an intellectual career is the only career for them. In these conditions, how avoid a weeding out—of those nursing an illusion, of those with talent but no skill to use it, of those with promise but without will power to survive the struggle and produce? In the general enthusiasm for art and the life that goes with it, we tend to forget how strenuous that life is, what demonic energies and iron discipline are needed simply to do, to accomplish something. Art does not arise out of mere encouragement and opportunity. And if by magic we could provide training and work for every qualified person, we should only worsen the struggle by attracting still more competitors. We should increase the confusion and leave the successful still dissatisfied, for they would want fame also by social fiat.

But this is only the first phase of the democratic difficulty in culture. It is clear that as

soon as you offer prizes in prestige and power you create discontent; it is less clear but no less true that as soon as you make fine art a general social concern you create friction of a political, moral, and aesthetic kind. Painters want to paint as they like and be paid for it by the community. But the community has ideas of its own, and when it does not approve what it has paid for—as in a quantity of modern instances and most recently in the Oregon dispute over a statue of Venus—the artist once more feels put upon.

Whether in money or in smiles, the relation of the artist to society will always be tense and difficult. We cannot hope to regularize it as we do that of the manual or clerical worker, because the artist's case is always special, unique. His work is by nature public and provocative. And while we are speaking of fair treatment, we must ask how in fact we treat other professional talents. Do we guarantee a livelihood to lawyers and inventors—why then to architects and poets?

LET us grant that artistic talent is more precious and more vulnerable; can it be said that other cultures succeed better in making use of it?

A good many illusions prevail on this last point. Our friends who visit South America come back with tales of the quasi-religious obeisance which is given there to poets and novelists and composers. Young men form a hedge as a great man walks to his café for his afternoon drink. I confess that this awkward imitation of Paris clique life leaves me with a lackluster eye. Artists do need response and respect for what they do. They do not need, and no man is better for receiving, the automatic cult of a Roman Emperor.

A more serious comparison to our disadvantage involves practical matters. Europe seems to be alive with productive Bohemias, little theaters, and little magazines, whereas with us all such enterprises are scarce and precarious; crippled and killed by expense. Our lavish ways, it would seem, destroy art. The truer way to express it is that abroad art lives off the poor, whereas we pay at standard rates for all the workaday labor that art requires—the man who shifts scenery or prints books. The driver of the truck containing the Pepsi-Cola Art Collection earns as much as if he

were driving bottles instead of canvases. This is also the reason why our private colleges are in straits. The costs of maintenance have risen faster than endowments. But the way to meet this is implicit in our tax structure, which remits a large part of the legal surtax in exchange for gifts to education and culture. If corporate management can grasp the situation quickly enough, and will institutionalize such gifts, it can easily avert federal control of private enterprise in learning.

The distrust of government I express here does not spring from economic or political doctrine but, once again, from a consideration of art and its patronage. If the relation of the artist to the local community is difficult, despite the ease of communication between them, the relation of all the nation's artists to a central government bureau must be a source of endless trouble, aggravated by the equal relation of all the taxpayers to that same agency. To this the usual reply is that since the public at large is not sufficiently educated to enjoy art, and fails to support the good things actually being produced, "something must be done." But can we allow, in whatever form—whether government bureau or closed shop—a vested interest in cultural affairs? Is it true, as many worthy Americans now believe, that art has an inherent claim upon the public? If we say "art" the proposition seems reasonable, but if we say "artists" its character changes and the avowed aim defeats itself: we as a people believing in art pledge ourselves to support artists; here is an artist: we must support him, provided he shows up with his violin or paintbrush, his diploma and proof of citizenship. We start out to obtain culture and wind up with pensioners who show their identification cards.

III

As to whether the majority of the people care for art, I not only grant that they do not but I maintain that it is their privilege not to care. Mankind as a whole does not actively want to concern itself with what we call culture, never has done so, and possibly never will. It is only in the literature of travel agencies that Italy is found to contain nothing but enchanting people who are all "a bit of a poet and a bit of a musician." In reality, it is populated by plain, hard-work-

ing men and women such as we meet in every part of the world. Most people are busy making a living and finding a little recreation.

This of course is the place for the culture salesman's entering wedge: recreation—why not music, the ballet, a visit to the art gallery or a good book? Well, all our libraries, museums, and universities are such salesmen, and highly successful. We coax and cajole and lure and threaten: "No man can be called educated who has not our set of books. Join the Classics Club, the Readers' Subscription, the Seven Arts Society." We agitate and make wild promises, not only when we have tangible goods to sell, but when our motive is, as we used to say, disinterested; its aim being to impart the tastes and form the habits of the cultivated man.

BUT so far as I know, no one ever meets the question why it is desirable that all men, or even any one man, should take the trouble. For it *is* trouble. Whoever says that reading St. Augustine or listening to Beethoven's Opus 95 is the easy, spontaneous way to rest after a hard day's work at the office is simply lying. Habit makes artistic attention prompt and pleasurable, but attention takes mind and physical energy. When I have neither, I read detective stories like my neighbor. So in preaching culture to him I dare not promise that it will bring the recreation he chiefly wants; I am asking him instead for more effort, more expense of every kind, even more worry about the meaning of life. How can this be justified?

Again so far as I know, I am the only person who takes the chance of a truthful answer. I say: "You take up culture at your peril and for no other reason than to become more like me than you are at present." This scares many away, naturally, but it goads others into proving that they can be cultured and not at all like me. In the end, of course, they are themselves but share with like-minded people a certain knowledge, certain thoughts and feelings, and the pleasures of certain activities. That is all there is to it—but it is, to the partakers, of the first importance.

Once this taste or habit is acquired, like an umbrella turned inside out, one can't go back. So no one really knows whether the second state is better than the first. All cultivated people truly think it is and so do I, but I

suspect that our proselytizing is at least in part gregarious. We want company. There are many mansions in the house of culture and ours is strengthened by new recruits.

As for the civic appeal, it is surely mistaken. The assumption that a large cultured class will manage public affairs better than a strictly business class has never been proved. There never was a more cultivated group of men than the European diplomatic corps between 1870 and 1914, yet they brought their own world down in ruins upon their cultivated heads. The French elite, trained in the *lycée*, has produced most of the men who have tinkered with the Republic since its foundation—unsuccessfully. There never was a people more respectful of *die Gelehrten* than the Germans, yet their politics have been disastrous too. The proportion of elite to people may vary, but the course of empire is seldom directly affected by it. The ancient Greeks had possibly more culture than was good for them as a nation. It did not keep them from killing Socrates, disbelieving Demosthenes, and worse still—spending on architecture what should have gone into defense.

CULTURAL activities, therefore, are a luxury, which does not imply that they are superfluous. All luxuries have a moral effect. This is why they can be so demoralizing in the wrong place. In the United States today, culture is part and parcel of our coming of age. It betokens self-confidence, it leads to the adornment of life after a century of grim toil and social emancipation, it proves—if any proof were needed—that we are not money maniacs, and that our powers of design and organization are transferable to other things than consumers' goods. We have even made a happy blend of industrial production and artistic form, so that more and more of the things we handle everyday have art mixed with them—surely a sign of general culture: we seem to have as much of it as we can afford and assimilate.

This does not mean that its distribution or management is perfect. Hence I join in all the revivalist preaching that aims at improving the corner where we are. We can use more money throughout the academic, museum, library, and concert world. But to try by shaming and hectoring to divert more and

more people from business or philandering and make them guiltily dissatisfied with life so as to stick paint brushes into their hands or violins under their chins strikes me as going out of our way to borrow trouble. It resembles our inefficient and hard-up Post Office decreeing a National Letter-Writing Week. Let us begin by delivering the letters that are in the bag; let us solidify our cultural gains—and at the same time examine the spiritual worth of so much devotion.

IV

FOR we must face the possibility of a great, an almost irretrievable danger—a danger which can be understood only if we ask ourselves what art is for, aside from an elegant pastime. What is its relation to the rest of experience, what gives it such a hold on the feelings of men, why do tribes and peoples and nations instinctively respect it, while also fearing it and suspecting it?

Like philosophy, but clothed in seductive forms, art records man's consciousness about life and death. Appearance and Reality are the main concern of both artist and philosopher: the artist makes patterns so as to focus the beholder's feelings upon what his life is really like; art makes us imagine once again what we actually are underneath the cloak of convention. The awareness of death gives the philosopher his idea of an absolute in experience; the consciousness of life gives the artist the materials for his deliberate relativism. Man as philosopher keeps seeking for the one absolute philosophy, whereas man as artist keeps multiplying relative points of view, which we find in the varied and opposing schools of art. The "one true art" is an absurd ideal that never crosses our mind. Art and philosophy thus complement each other and supply the images and habits of thought that we call culture.

If this is so, some of the familiar facts of our cultural life are explained—why, in the first place, art is difficult, rare, and valuable—a question we tend to forget; why, again, the great artist is more or less at odds with society; he, trying to change its perceptions; we, the mass, refusing to see through his eyes because it is upsetting to do so. We accept him when he is dead, that is to say, when the symbols he used have been somewhat dimmed by the

changing conditions of our life. We can understand, too, why the artist must be both wise and foolish, both mature and naïve, transcending the ordinary man in both directions. For he sees facts more truly by remaining innocent; he does not gloss over what he feels; and he can stand stronger feelings, face harsher realities than the middling sensual man. This is also why there can be no such thing as children's art. It may show imagination and skill, but it inevitably lacks the full consciousness of man's existence.

ART, in short, embodies a special kind of knowledge about the roots of our being, and it follows that the way art is dealt with determines the amount of this knowledge that is taken in. The danger in our present cultural zeal is that in pushing "the arts," in generalizing culture, we shall lose the specific virtue of art. What we are self-conscious about in our crusade is not life and death and their mysterious sources and ramifications. We are self-conscious about *artifacts*. We are concerned with ways and means of producing and distributing them; we run to technique. Technique is indeed essential to art; it is, so to speak, its packaging; but it is not its essence. Notice how art-like all the popular forms of entertainment have grown under this confusion of technique with art. Technically, there is nothing finer than a Hollywood movie; in our weekly magazines, in our broadcasting studios, technique is an obsession, and if virtuosity did mean virtue, we'd have it. But we all recognize that beyond a certain pleasure that is given by neat presentation, the techniques stifle thought instead of serving it.

Let us not however jump to the conclusion that this is a purely American vice. Rather, it is the mark upon us of industry and science, a mark that no modern people has escaped. We find it in all the works and all the criticism of Western art since 1875; the critics preach the supremacy of form and seem to delight only in the details of manufacture; they grow "scientific" analyzing vowel sounds and metaphors. On the other side, the creators vie with each other matching tricks and devices—part of their trade at all times, but now a compulsive neurosis. The man who has invented a new chord is sure of immortality for a week. As for the performing techniques

during the same period, whether on an instrument, in print, or on the stage, they have improved out of all recognition—and out of all necessity.

In the strict sense of the word, then, we are connoisseurs. We have the same relation to art as the kings, merchant princes, and other collectors. They loved nice things; so do we. They knew the best period; so do we; they accumulated and preserved for posterity with a jealous care; so do we.

But if we had a great artist among us, and he could be persuaded to speak the truth, he would scorn our vain, fussy, or jolly little ways. He would say: "Art is fun, yes; but it is not the 'good clean fun' you suppose. Art is not 'wholesome.' Symphonies, pictures, poems, are not pretty things, few are entirely gay. Rather, they are disturbing, appalling; they are meant to provoke a cataclysmic purge that leaves you weak, and only later gives strength. Old art, moreover, loses this power over all but the most imaginative beholders. When Dante heard about Paolo and Francesca, he fainted; but the modern reader does not faint, he says: 'How sweet!' We need new art to shock us into life, and in the most cultured countries, too much old art stands in the way. War is our great chance to get rid of old art, but we deliberately miss the opportunity. Our love of art does not spring from zest for life but from library science: we are curators, not creators." He might add that we teach so well what is in the books that we don't understand his or any other work; and he would point out that ninety-nine in a hundred of those highly talented people we encourage have no connection with art whatever—with art as he conceives and executes it.

JUST in proportion as the abundant output is "talented," "technically interesting," and "favorably received," it lacks the virtue of high art. Even the "modern" is now quickly conventionalized and meaningless. All this near-art has virtues which should continue to command our attention and enlist our aid. It gives pleasure to maker and beholder alike, it maintains an industry of helpers, and it is certainly an innocent pastime and subject of conversation for the community. But it does not signify. What is said, if anything, has been said before, and it grows less true with each repetition.

The ~~artist~~ may seem unwarrantably hostile to the efforts of many able people who work hard to spread the taste for intellectual and artistic pleasures. One seems to stand by and blow upon a good deed. But this appearance is misleading. To begin with, I am one of those good people and my remarks are—as they should be—a piece of self-examination. In the second place, I continue to assert the value of all our cultural endeavors even as I raise a question about their true nature. And ~~in the third place, I seek to strengthen our~~ present efforts by pointing to the general lowering of tone which may come from the multiplication of opportunities and the consequent division of attention.

V

I FIND it admirable that anyone who has the taste and twenty-five cents in his pocket can go into a Woolworth and buy a good reproduction of an Impressionist masterpiece. I am delighted that thanks to the recording companies, FM broadcasting, and mass-produced radios, I can tune in on virtually the whole repertory of Western music—something that no previous generation had access to. But at the same time I note that these facilities encourage habits inimical to art and the artistic experience. Because art is “fun” and for enjoyment instead of distant lip service, we now take it like soda pop, anywhere, any time, in meaningless little gulps. We have bits of the Ninth Symphony trickling into our ears as we sit at the lunch counter. We overhear “Hamlet” as we drive on the highway, to reach a hotel room hung with reproductions of Van Gogh. Where in all this are we in touch with the secrets of life and death? We do not even find continuity, or silence, or presence of mind.

It is bad enough that we should use great art for teaching and therapy, for relieving the boredom of clerks and raising the output of workmen. All this erodes the soil in which artistic perception should grow. The masterpiece may not suffer, but we do. I have already heard artists complain that this diffusion of works makes for diffuseness of response. We grow dull, not bright, by addiction; and the artist himself, too widely drawn upon, is drained in small change of his fund of power. It seems impossible to resist

the conclusion that what we have done is to encourage the arts, the output of artifacts, not *an artist*.

Yet before we get too despondent, let us remember that high art blows where it listeth and that we might as foolishly complain of having not enough saints as of having too few great artists. One of each every fifty years is a high average. At the same time, we naturally ask ourselves whether we are doing all we can to create the conditions of high art. As regards the material conditions, I am quite sure we are: the chances are about even that we will and that we will not recognize the master when he comes and give him his daily bread. What matters more is that we may be spreading a view of art that is in direct opposition to his work. Whatever words we use, we propagate the “technical” view, by which I do not mean to discount technique in great work. I should perhaps say we spread the “artistic” view of art. The more we think that “real life” is no good but “fine art” is good, the more we undermine the meaning of art itself. The more we stress the harmonious, the decorative, the satisfying in art, the less we are likely to be ready for the sublime and the beautiful.

Great artists do *not* surround themselves with nice things: they have no use for art as an end. They are not cultivated people in the approved style. They squint at the canvas so that they can see *life* straight, and it is the mastery of life that enthralls them in their own or any other work. A people of artists is therefore a contradiction in terms—national suicide. For what in my definition I called the contemplation of life and death is not to be understood as thinking noble abstractions or gazing at allegorical nudes. Life and death are buying and selling and winning and losing and aching and laughing; only, these vulgar things are to be seen in the light of, in the heat of, the deep-lying energies of desire, fear, and hope. Since most of us, being civilized, lack the power to see and feel these things directly, we seek them in translation, in high art.

Now if in conclusion we want to know what we are actually accomplishing in our American *Drang nach Kultur*, I should say that we are breaking up and distributing, in very democratic fashion and

with excellent taste, the treasure of high art laid up since the Renaissance. To everybody who will stand still five minutes we give a glimpse of the picture, the song, or the sonnet that is handy. All our mechanized media are turning out a sort of endless hot dog made out of certified pure and nourishing art. Shakespeare and Michelangelo come out of the movies chopped up but in a new skin. By contact with this, our population is, I will not say inspired, but in its own words, stimulated, excited. The acceptance of the idea of culture, the skill of the hand or eye, the pleasure of messing with paint or instruments—all these things are being disseminated as a national endowment. We practice cultural democracy. Clearly we have no other course

but to keep pushing in the same directions until we have assimilated over a wide surface all we can of the Western heritage.

Then perhaps, on this soil or another, so much will be taken for granted that all imitation will have to stop and there will arise, by opposition and defiance, a new abundant crop of artistic revolutionists who will say, Away with all that! They will dig through culture down to life and perhaps create art. In the interim we are transmitters. We resemble the old Romans, who also were organizers and collectors of the rich cultures to the east of them. Since it is wise to play one's historical role with courage and without repining, transmitters let us be, our virtues: strength and high fidelity.

To a New Icon

HAROLD W. SMITH

How like a babe is love. Its antique face
The youngest of all images—a carved grimace
Suggestive of old Chinese ivory men,
Fierce melancholy gods of love who grin
At time and place.

How ancient and how elegant a shape
Sate and replete;
The pagan East devised no luxury more profligate
Than bed and robes of white and flesh rubbed sleek
With scented oil, and no desire to slake
Save easy sleep.

Is this the sum of love, this budding rose?
The delicate beatitude of those
Two coral arms, so careless in the sleeve,
Flung back in rich abandon to receive
Repose?

Brief years can only bring
Despair of youth,
The piteous dark battle to restrain
A wanton growth,
Clinging to one whose bright impartial eye,
Like some old god, seeks every passer-by,
Reviving through each atavistic day
Pain of its birth.

So like a child is love.

San Francisco longshoreman, Eric Hoffer also happens to be a remarkably sharp-eyed philosopher. His recent book, The True Believer, drew enthusiastic praise from many sources—including General Eisenhower.

The Workingman Looks at the Boss

Eric Hoffer

THERE are many of us who have been workingmen all our lives and, whether we know it or not, will remain workingmen till we die. Whether there be a God in heaven or not; whether we be free or regimented; whether our standard of living be high or low—I and my like will go on doing more or less what we are doing now.

This sober realization need not be unduly depressing to people who have acquired the habit of work and who, like the American workingman, have the ingredients of a fairly enjoyable life within their reach. Still, the awareness of being an eternal workingman colors one's attitudes; and it might be of some interest to indicate briefly what the relations between management and labor look like when seen from his point of view.

To the eternal workingman management is substantially the same whether it is made up of profit-seekers, idealists, technicians, or bureaucrats. The allegiance of the manager is to the task and the results. However noble his motives he cannot help viewing the workers as a means to an end. He will always try to get the utmost out of them; and it matters not whether he does it for the sake of profit, for a holy cause, or for the sheer principle of efficiency.

One need not view management as an enemy or feel self-righteous about doing an honest day's work to realize that things are likely to get tough when management can take the worker for granted; when it can plan and operate without having to worry about what the worker will say or do.

The important point is that this taking of

the worker for granted occurs not only when management has unlimited power to coerce but also when the division between management and labor ceases to be self-evident. Any doctrine which preaches the oneness of management and labor—whether it stresses their unity in a party, class, race, nation, or even religion—can be used to turn the worker into a compliant instrument in the hands of management. Both communism and fascism postulate the oneness of management and labor, and both are devices for the extraction of maximum performance from an underpaid labor force. The preachment of racial unity facilitated the exploitation of labor in our South, in French Canada, and in South Africa. Pressure for nationalist and religious unity served, and still serve, a similar purpose elsewhere.

Watch Out for Idealists

SEEN from this point of view, the nationalization of the means of production is more a threat than a promise. For we shall be bossed and managed by someone, no matter who owns the means of production—and we can have no defenses against those who can tell us in all truth that we, the workers, own everything in sight and they, our taskmasters, are driving us for our own good. The battle between socialism and capitalism is to a large extent a battle between bosses, and it is legitimate to size up the dedicated Socialist as a potential boss.

One need not call to mind the example of Communist Russia to realize that the idealist

has the making of a most formidable task-master. The ruthlessness born of self-seeking is intellectual compared with the ruthlessness sustained by dedication to a holy cause. "God wishes," said Calvin, "that one should put aside all humanity when it is a question of striving for his glory." So it is better to be bossed by men of little faith, who set their hearts on toys, than by men animated by lofty ideals who are ready to sacrifice themselves and others for a cause. The most formidable employer is he who, like Stalin, casts himself in the role of a representative and champion of the workers.

Our sole protection lies in keeping the division between management and labor obvious and matter-of-fact. We want management to manage the best it can, and the workers to protect their interests the best they can. No social order will seem to us free if it makes it difficult for the worker to maintain a considerable degree of independence from management.

The things which bolster this independence are not utopian. Effective labor unions, free movement over a relatively large area, a savings account, a tradition of individual self-respect—these are some of them. They are within the worker's reach in this country and most of the free world, but are either absent or greatly weakened in totalitarian states.

In the present Communist regimes unions are tools of management, worker mobility is discouraged by every means, savings are periodically wiped out by changes in currency, and individual self-respect is extirpated by the fearful technique of terror. Thus it seems that the worker's independence is as good an index as any for measuring the freedom of a society.

A Prod for Management

THE next question is whether an independent labor force is compatible with efficient production. For if the attitude of the workers tends to interfere with the full unfolding of the productive process, then the workingman's independence becomes meaningless.

It has been my observation for years on the docks of San Francisco that, while a wholly independent labor force does not contribute to management's peace of mind, it can

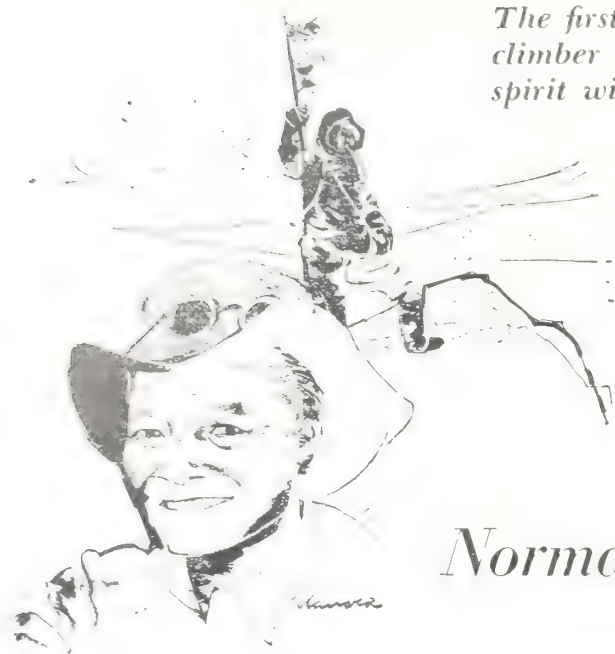
yet goad management to perfect its organization and to keep ever on the lookout for more efficient ways of doing things. Management on the San Francisco waterfront is busy twenty-four hours a day figuring out ways of loading and discharging ships with as few men as possible.

Mechanization became very marked on the waterfront after the organization of the present militant labor union in 1934. The fork lift and the pallet board are almost in universal use. There are special machines for handling sugar, newsprint, and cotton bales. There are new methods for handling coffee, rice, and wool. New arrangements and refinements appear almost every day. Here nobody has to be told that management is continually on the job. Certainly, there are other factors behind this incessant alertness, and some of them play perhaps a more crucial role in the process of mechanization. But it is quite obvious that a fiercely independent labor force is not incompatible with efficient production.

CONTRARY to the doctrine propounded by some in the heyday of the Industrial Revolution, mechanization has not taught docility to "the refractory hand of labor." At least here on the docks, no one worries lest the machines cut down our earnings. We know that we shall manage to get our full share no matter what happens. And it is a dull workingman who does not see in the machine the only key to the true millennium. For only mechanization can mitigate—if not cure—"the disease of work," as de Tocqueville calls it, which has tortured humanity since the first day of its existence.

It is true, of course, that the cleavage between management and labor is a source of strain and strife. But it is questionable whether tranquillity is the boon it is made out to be. The late William Randolph Hearst shrewdly observed that "whatever begins to be tranquil is gobbled up by something that is not tranquil." The constant effort to improve and advance is neither automatic nor the result of a leisurely choice between alternatives. In human affairs, the best stimulus for running ahead is to have something we must run from. The chances are that the millennial society where all men are brothers will dwell together, will be a stagnant society.

The first intimate portrait of "the most notable mountain climber of all time" . . . and an account of the skills and spirit with which he conquered the world's highest peak.



Tensing of Everest

Norman G. Dyhrenfurth

as told to Richard G. Hubler

AS THE only American ever to take part in an expedition against Mount Everest—I was a member of the Swiss party which pioneered the successful southern route in 1952—I feel qualified to speak of a friend of mine who played a part, to my mind greater than that of any other man alive or dead, in conquering the highest peak in the world. His single name is Tensing (not Tenzing, as it is sometimes spelled). His title is Sirdar, or "leader," and his affix is Bhutia, indicating that he is a first-generation Tibetan.

Tensing is a thirty-eight-year-old high-altitude porter, or sherpa. Though slight of build, he has massive lungs and incredibly strong legs and back. Added to his physical gifts are a dogged will and amazing powers of endurance and recuperation. He is an instinctive mountaineer with the ability to improvise and discover new ways to climb; yet he never takes a chance that is not reasonable.

In spite of these mature qualities, Tensing looks like an ageless youngster: tanned, cherubic, with his dark straight hair parted in the middle, his wide, white-toothed grin, and his favorite expression, "I arrange." There is nothing about his "style"—a graceful, almost elegant stride which overcomes the most hazardous odds of height and climate—to indicate that he might be the most notable mountain climber of all time.

Even more than a deserved triumph for the British, the final winning of Everest on May

29, 1953, was a personal victory for Tensing. Topping the last ridge of that enormous upthrust of sedimentary rock and snow on the Nepal-Tibet frontier has been his life's ambition. Since 1935 he has done rugged Himalayan climbing on more than twenty separate expeditions, barely escaping with his life on a half-dozen occasions. Seven of these climbs were direct assaults on Everest.

This record—surpassing that of any other climber in history—indicates his supreme ability and persistence. It indicates, too, that Tensing's feelings about the habitat of the goddess Chomolungma had become an obsession, a source of almost spiritual energy to him (so it has been with most European Alpinists but rarely with the matter-of-fact sherpas). "Life is good," Tensing told me once on the flanks of Everest, "but climbing this mountain is closer to my heart."

IT WAS George Leigh Mallory, one of the first of all the Everest climbers, who remarked that the chances were fifty to one against anyone's reaching the snow-plumed top of the gigantic "excrecent white fang." Mallory took part in the first expedition in 1921. He and Irvine, his partner, lost their lives in 1924 on one of the high spots in circumstances that are still a mystery. (The sole evidence of their death was an ice-axe, precariously balanced on a rock about 1,500 feet from the top.)

In the twenty-nine years thereafter, a total of eleven expeditions attacked the mountain. It was not until 1953 that the expedition of 350 Britons, New Zealanders, and Nepalese succeeded. Two men reached the top: one was a New Zealand beekeeper named Edmund Hillary, an experienced and capable mountain climber; the other was Tensing. The arrival at the peak, where the pair spent twenty minutes taking photographs, set off a controversy which no mountaineer can enjoy but none can quite ignore: which man got there first?

According to the first reports from Nepal, Tensing climbed Everest *twice*. He reached the top on his own, alone; then, noticing that Hillary was exhausted some fifteen feet below, descended and helped him to the top. On the other hand, the leader of the British expedition, Colonel J. C. F. Hunt, interviewed a week later, declared that Hillary was the first. He said that Tensing merely held the nylon safety ropes for Hillary. "Tensing is a good climber but Indian press reports have been harmful to him," Hunt added.

None but Hillary and Tensing can settle the question, and they—in the best tradition of mountaineering—have agreed to say only and always that "both of us got there." It is now doubtful, in any event, that even a positive statement could change the settled, partisan beliefs on either side. The most that can be said is that credit goes, and deserves to go, to all members of a successful expedition—often, indeed, to their unsuccessful predecessors. Mountain-climbing has always been a co-operative effort, and all climbers know how much they owe to one another. However, I see no reason not to have on the record my own conviction that, without Tensing, the 1953 expedition might never have succeeded.

TENSING's record of climbs in the Everest area reads like a roster of the recent expeditions. Starting in 1935, he went on a reconnaissance of Everest with Eric Shipton. In 1936 he went with Hugh Rutledge to Everest on the old north route; the same year he explored the Garhwal region of the Himalayas with Ostmaston. In 1937 he went to Bandarpunch; in 1938 with H. M. Tilman to Everest. In 1939 he went with Midar to Chitral.

During the years of World War II, Tensing did no climbing with Europeans but a great deal of it on his own. It was not until 1946 that he went with Denman, again to Everest, and with Roch to Gangotri. In 1948 he accompanied the Italian professor Tucci to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. In 1949 he climbed once more with Denman; in 1950 he went back to Bandarpunch with Gibson. The same year he climbed with Marsh in the Karakorums and on Nanga Parbat. He went to Nanda Devi, Yalung, and the southwest approaches of Kangchenjunga with the Swiss, Frey, who was killed there. In 1951 he again climbed Everest with Shipton, the last effort on the north route, and in 1952 he went with the Swiss expedition to Everest, reaching 28,250 feet, the highest achieved until the successful British try of 1953.

IT is interesting to note that Ang Tharkey—a famous sherpa of several British expeditions, including the 1951 Eric Shipton venture, and the French Annapurna party—told Tensing of the Swiss-designed southern route: "You'll never be able to carry a single load through that ice-fall." Yet by May 7, 1952, Tensing had brought in the first loads at Camp V, at the foot of the Lhorse ice-wall leading to the top of Everest—the identical route used a year later by the British.

On May 15, 1952, Tensing was one of four who attempted the establishment of Camp VI at 25,850 feet. Two days later he was again among the key members on the second try. On May 18, it was Tensing who—in a council of war, inasmuch as he was an accepted team-member of the Swiss—argued that the south route was possible and practicable.

It was this conviction, voiced by the experienced Tensing, which gave the Swiss heart to go on. Because they did reach a height only nine hundred feet below Everest's summit, it gave the 1953 British expedition their chance at conquest. The British used the same route; they ate Swiss food and used Swiss oxygen left at the various camps along the way—a habit of mountaineers to ease the rough ascent. Had it not been for this momentous decision on May 18—almost exactly a year before the British reached the same spot—it would have been literally impossible for the British to have succeeded in their try; and

for the decision and the subsequent leadership Tensing must have a major share of the credit.

"A Crazy, Overpowering Desire"

AT THIS point it might be worth while to include some excerpts from the diary of René Dittert, a member of the Swiss expedition of 1952: "May 25, 1952: Lambert, Aubert, Flory, Tensing, and six other sherpas left Camp V. Just after noon they reached a supply dump on the rocky spur after negotiating the fixed ropes; thereafter progress was slow as the packs were heavy and they were at 24,600 feet. Slowly they climbed the spur again and went obliquely on . . . over patches of snow and small rocky ledges. The hours passed. The sun began to sink, the wind rose, and at about 25,260 feet two of the sherpas, Mingma Dorje and Ang Norbu, turned to descend before reaching the top, being afraid of getting their feet frostbitten.

"The situation was getting critical. The other sherpas continued only thanks to the dynamic leadership and drive of Tensing. The sun sank behind Pumori, and as it disappeared the wind and cold increased. At 7:00 P.M. they arrived just in time at a depression in the snow less steep than the surrounding terrain. The four sherpas dug a platform for a tent on one side, and on the other Flory and Lambert prepared the ground for their tent, while Aubert held tight on to the packs on the slopes. They squeezed into their tents, and then began a fearfully cold night in an extremely hazardous position. . . . Tensing, still roped, came across from the other tent with tea and some food. It was a long and dreary night. . . . Dawn broke at about six o'clock. Nuptse became clearer, and the sun appeared at the bottom of the valley toward Pumori.

"As soon as it touched their slope they began to fold the baggage and roll up their tent. The sherpas also got ready, but were not feeling well. Two went down to retrieve some of the supplies left en route.

"Tensing—who throughout had shown outstanding courage and dynamic qualities—continued with the climbers. They climbed with their muscles stiff and cold toward 26,250 feet and arrived at last on a hump of ice facing the peak of Everest with Lhotse

behind. Below them the South Col was swept by a relentless wind which left nothing but the stones.

"The indefatigable Tensing descended to the bivouac place of the previous night, brought up the rest of the supplies, and also induced the three sherpas to rejoin the party. They then managed, with some difficult climbing in that terrible wind, to get their two tents up to the South Col. [NOTE: They had to crawl on all fours, wearing crampons, to establish the camp.] The wind continued murderously fierce. They rested in the shelter of the tents. The altitude was showing its effect on the young porters; Pasang wanted to die on the spot; Phu Tharkey zigzagged about as if drunk; and Da Namgyal had a headache. This meant that the sherpa team was finished, for the next day it would have to retreat, instead of bringing up more supplies to set up a camp at 27,560 feet. There was nothing to be done.

"Next day [May 27], after a better night, though there was still a wind which battered their canvas incessantly, the four men moved off toward the base of the southeast peak of Everest, at the foot of a great rocky slope, and in two hours they reached a little col at 26,296 feet and had a magnificent view of Tibet and the Karta Valley. . . . Lambert took the lead over rocks, then over rocks mixed with snow, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon he was astonished to find himself on the ridge of Everest itself, at the summit of the first spur leading from the small col.

"THERE was a sensational view over Tibet and the east face of Everest tumbling 16,000 feet down into the Karta Valley. Farther away were the small rounded mountains of Tibet. Lhotse behind them had receded, for they had almost reached the level of its summit; Nuptse looked very small in the West. A tiny level place on the ridge permitted them to set up a small tent, which Tensing had carried all day. The altitude was 27,560 feet. . . .

"A crazy, overpowering desire took hold of Tensing: he suggested to Lambert that they spend the night at that camp and make an all-out attempt for the summit the next day. Lambert agreed. . . . The opportunity was there and they had to take it for the sake of the expedition. Both of them were in luck,

for their physical condition was good, and so were their heads.

"When Flory and Aubert arrived they discussed it with them, and as it was a delicate situation they spoke frankly. It was eventually agreed that Aubert and Flory should return to Camp VI on the South Col and await their return. At 4:00 P.M. Tensing and Lambert established themselves in their ice-pit. Then followed another terrible night, which they spent slapping one another to maintain their circulation, with nothing to drink except some snow melted with the help of a candle. . . .

"At long last the dawn of May 28 broke, and they emerged from the tent absolutely frozen, but to their disappointment great clouds were rolling over Nuptse and there was a west wind. Over Tibet it was fine and clear. They set off at about 6:00 A.M. with three canisters [cylinders] of oxygen and some food, and slowly they climbed, making use of snow and easy rocks. Fog and snow hampered their advance, but they climbed on. It was heavy going—three steps and then a halt for breath. Snow was falling, but from time to time the summit cleared, and they peered up at the last forbidding heights. Every two rope-lengths they stopped to inhale some oxygen. Then they moved on, counting their steps. Each step required four or five breaths. Tensing and Lambert began to feel dizzy from lack of oxygen, things were getting worse all the time. Resting his head on his ice-axe, Tensing waited for the dizziness to clear away, but without success. A few more steps, a few more lengths of rope. Wind and snow threatened them with further hardships. They were near the last rocks before the final pyramid, but the weather was deteriorating and common sense urged them to turn back. Again they took some oxygen; by then they had reached about 28,250 feet, the highest point ever reached by man on this earth. Lambert seemed to be in good condition, except for a deceptively pleasant sense of well-being.

"THIS was perhaps the most fateful moment at this altitude; everything seems to be going well, and at precisely that moment one fails. Tensing, too, had moments when his balance seemed very uncertain. Fortunately both men kept their

heads; they were aware of their position and of what they were doing. The oxygen helped, but it was impossible to pump it in while moving, and when they stopped its effect lasted about twenty minutes and then they relapsed. Paralyzed, greatly weakened from the previous terrible night, Tensing and Lambert once more looked at the summit directly above them, let themselves drop in the snow, and decided to give up any further thought of advance before their strength would give out to such an extent as to make their retreat impossible. . . . So ended the first desperate attempt on the final summit pyramid from the Nepalese side!"

The Last Failure

IT WAS Tensing who again spurred the Swiss in their second and much less successful try that same year in the fall. I can pick up the narrative from the record of my own diary of the expedition at that time.

On November 16 Lambert, Tensing, and eight sherpas left Camp V and reached Camp VI in the steep glaciated face of Lhotse toward noon. The sherpas picked up food-stuffs, equipment, and oxygen cylinders, and in the afternoon they went up to Camp VII (Camp VI of this year's British expedition). This was to be the jumping-off place for the final push toward the South Col.

The following day Tensing and Lambert broke trail through the steep upper part of the Lhotse Glacier until they reached the Lhotse Couloir, where three weeks earlier huge blocks of ice had broken off and hit several of our men ascending its lower part, killing sherpa Mingma Dorje. Tensing and Lambert placed fixed ropes with ice pitons to safeguard the most hazardous passages for the next day and descended toward Camp VII, while the sherpas went down to Camp VI to bring up additional oxygen cylinders. The sun reaches Camp VII only late in the day, which accounts for the intense cold, down to 40 degrees below zero. Immediately after sunset it gets bitterly cold, forcing the men to retire to their sleeping bags.

The next morning they prepared the loads to go up to the South Col. They could only take up the barest minimum in view of the insufficient number (seven) of physically fit sherpas; with Tensing, Lambert, and Reiss,

that made ten men in all to make the climb.

On November 19 the great day had come. At nine o'clock the party left Camp VII (the awful cold was too severe earlier) and reached the edge of the great Lhotse Couloir after two and one-half hours. Reiss and Tensing crossed the couloir and placed seven hundred feet of fixed ropes, to facilitate the dangerous and exposed traverse under the steep wall of Lhotse. Lambert waited with the sherpas on the uppermost terrace of the Lhotse glacier. The weather was beautiful, and they would be able to reach the South Col that evening, barring any mishaps. Reiss and Tensing retraced their steps, the original rope teams were re-established, and on they went.

Tensing, Lambert, and Reiss crossed the couloir and ascended through the steep bowl which leads up toward point 26,250 feet; this point overlooks the South Col but must be traversed before descending to the Col itself. The team of Tensing, Lambert, and Reiss climbed at a fairly rapid rate, the snow conditions were good, and the sherpas followed closely behind. Higher up the first team pulled ahead somewhat thanks to the oxygen and reached the South Col at five in the afternoon. They chose the same spot for their camp as they had during the spring expedition.

THE view was magnificent, but the wind rose anew and the cold was severe. The three men waited for the arrival of the sherpas with the tents. In the meantime they tried to clear one of the tents left there last spring to use as protection against the elements. The effort was almost too much; the great altitude took its toll.

Finally the sherpas arrived, and the three men threw all their energies and efforts into the task of setting up tents. Under terrible difficulties they managed to drive pegs for five tents, but the wind pulled them out time after time. When at last two tents were ready for occupancy, the sherpas piled in; they were dead-tired and shivering from the cold. There was nothing to be done; they refused to help the other three men any longer. Reiss, Tensing, and Lambert at last succeeded in setting up three more tents, and each man crawled into his tent. The night had started, and the wind from Everest howled around

the 25,840-foot camp with incredible violence.

The men had nothing to eat; it was difficult even to melt snow to boil some water. All food items were frozen solid; all they finally managed to swallow was a cup of cocoa. Tensing brought it to the others in their tent, where Reiss and Lambert tried to rest.

It was impossible to sleep, the wind kept shaking the tents, and the temperature sank to 50 degrees below; the men fought desperately against frostbite. All the time they realized that the strength of the wind was gaining constantly. Their only hope was that the wind might die down the next morning after sunrise.

Time passed slowly. Lambert had lighted two candles to warm his hands. They were talking all through the night to keep from falling asleep (which would have meant certain death from freezing) anxiously awaiting the dawn. It was a terrible battle, and they would need their last reserves of strength to be able to move up toward the southeast ridge of Everest to establish Camp IX.

THE morning of November 20 dawned, but the storm did not let up. Unfortunately the sun did not warm the camp, coming up over Lhotse not before ten o'clock. Tensing joined the others in their tent for a council of war. In another hour and a half they might be able to leave the camp for points above. They waited for tea to heat, which was all they managed to get down.

At last they left the tents, got their equipment together, and pushed off at 11:30, in the direction of the southeast ridge, to establish Camp IX. With tremendous effort they crossed the Col and began to climb the steep glacier leading toward the ridge. They moved very slowly and began to feel a dangerous numbness in their fingertips and noses. Despite their excellent equipment the wind penetrated even the warmest clothing. Even Tensing was affected by it, and the sherpas hardly moved at all. At 26,680 feet the men were fought to a standstill. It was impossible under such climatic conditions at this great altitude to continue.

The party left their loads there and began to descend. The sherpas insisted on continuing on down toward Camp VII. Lambert, Reiss, and Tensing were forced to

give in to them. The retreat was on. The sherpas had untied Goumdin, who was sick, from their ropes, and started down, leaving him lying in the snow. He would have died there if Lambert, Reiss, and Tensing had not divided his load among themselves and tied him into their rope. After a terrible battle with the mountain and the elements, they all managed to get back to Camp VII that same night.

This was the end of the second Swiss attempt in 1952. Both times Tensing played a major part in the final stages of the assault; and during the retreat from the mountain, he saw to it that the sherpas did their utmost to get all the important equipment down through the dangerous ice-fall to Camp I.

IT MAY be noted that Tensing, besides carrying loads heavier than most and doing many of the chores of the European climbers—such as preparing food and drink and setting up tents—also did approximately twice as much climbing as most of them in his incessant visits from one end of the route to the other. He was constantly checking supplies and the dangers of the ascent—and of course did this for the successful expedition of the British as well as for the many others he accompanied.

Tensing was always very much concerned about the welfare of his sahibs. He was paid three hundred rupees a month—the usual fee was about half this—but he always considered himself a bona fide member of the party. I recall that when I saw him at Camp I on November 25, 1952, I put my arm around his shoulders and told him how happy I was with his performance and how foolish it would have been to continue in the “death-or-glory” spirit of the Nazi climber days. Tensing’s face lit up with his big grin and he pumped my hand and told me repeatedly how happy he was that I was pleased.

On the return trip Tensing gave us a party with some of his relatives and got pleasantly drunk on the *rakshi*—a native whisky. The man who, more than any other, could stand the high rarefied air of Everest, always became intoxicated on only a few drinks of his native liquor.

Shortly before the Swiss 1952 expedition got back to Katmandu, the seat of operations, Tensing developed a high fever. He

was unable to eat or sleep. In addition, he had somehow sprained his knee and could only walk with terrible pain. He received a special medal from the King of Nepal but he had to be flown to Patna, India, and hospitalized in a Jesuit hospital. He spent a week there before he argued his way out.

In view of this, Tensing’s mastery of the summit of Everest only six months later is all the more remarkable. He himself did not think he could go higher than Camp II with Hunt.

“I arrange, Sahib”

TENSING’s methods of running the logistics of the expeditions were peculiarly his own. Whenever anyone discussed a problem with him he would listen carefully, nod, and finally raise his hand and say: “I fix up,” or “I arrange.” He tried at all times to keep his sahibs as well as his sherpas alive and in good health and spirits.

I recall that on the Swiss expedition, the night of November 12 at Camp IV, I had just come down from Camp V at 23,000 feet with a serious case of laryngitis and high fever. During the night my tent collapsed. Owing to my weakened condition, I was unable to get out of the tent to fix the pegs and guy ropes. I tried to call for help to some of my Swiss friends in the neighboring tents, but because of my laryngitis and the storm they could not hear me. As I lay there in the dark, holding on to the flapping tent and trying to keep it away from my face to avoid suffocation, I was really desperate, thinking that I would have to hold on to the tent like that for the rest of the long night.

All of a sudden I heard the noise of a tent’s zipper opening, and Tensing’s voice just outside of my tent coming through the storm: “I arrange, Sahib.” How he did it I’ll never know, since it usually takes two men even in calm weather to set up a tent, but he managed it despite the storm, and soon everything was back to normal again. I could breathe again, and the terrible feeling of suffocation and claustrophobia passed. I tried to shout my heartfelt thanks to Tensing, but managed only a whisper, lost in the noise of the wind. Tensing said, “Okay, Sahib,” and returned to his tent.

The next day I thanked him profusely

of more died, and his handsome face lit up in one of his big smiles.

ONE MIGHT have anticipated this kind of thoughtfulness from what Tensing had done exactly a week before, when he had demonstrated both his ability and willingness to the other members of the party. On November 6, when Tensing and Lambert left Camp V to reconnoiter the route through the steep Lhotse face toward Camp VII, there was a terrific storm. The two men made their preparations, drinking and eating their breakfast while standing up. Tensing helped Lambert with his preparations, picked up Lambert's gloves when he dropped them and the wind threatened to carry them away, lifted the oxygen apparatus onto Lambert's back, and himself shouldered a heavy rucksack (at least forty-five pounds, which is more than anybody else carried at that altitude). And yet, as they moved up through the steep Lhotse Glacier, he moved with his usual ease and graceful stride, using *no* oxygen. According to Ernst Reiss, it was he and Tensing who did most of the work of cutting steps in the steep ice between Camp VII and the South Col, with Tensing still carrying his heavy rucksack.

Other occasions might be mentioned. There was the time when we had to perform an emergency operation on Ang Nurbu, a sherpa who had an infected tooth. It was Tensing who, with two others, took the lead in holding him down and finally carried him back to his tent when the somewhat bloody work was over.

When, in the Lhotse Couloir, an ice-fall crashed down, killing one sherpa, and injuring three others, it was Tensing who dug the

grave and helped erect the stone cairn above it. Afterward he conducted a short service in Nepalese (the sherpas are all of the Buddhist faith) and wept with the others over his comrade. Finally, when the accident had lowered the sherpas' morale to the vanishing point, it was Tensing who instilled new confidence and will into them, based on their faith in his leadership.

It was on this occasion that Tensing gave a demonstration of extraordinary mountain-climbing. He started from a point between Camp IV and Camp V at 8:30 of one morning, descended 5,000 feet—an almost straight up-and-down mile—to Camp I, organized the sherpas there, gave them a combination pep-talk and lecture, and the next day came up *in eight and a half hours to Camp IV!* And packing a heavy load at that! Only mountaineers who know the terrain and the problems involved can appreciate the magnitude of such a feat, unequaled to my knowledge in modern climbing.

TENSING later became the key to the British success after Colonel Hunt visited us in Switzerland on our return and studied our pictures and equipment, and got detailed maps of where we left supplies of food, clothing, oxygen, and tents. It was Hunt who was lucky enough to get Tensing's services to lead him through the new so-called "Swiss route" of the Khumbu glacier, with which Tensing was thoroughly familiar. With Lambert, he had reconnoitered the British route to within nine hundred feet of the top of Everest—a job which paid off in the most memorable mountain ascent in the history of man, and for which he deserves all possible recognition.

That Old Feeling (British Version)

I AM worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards. I am sorry for the Greeks. I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Baghdad is oppressed. I do not like the present state of the Delta. Tibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. . . . If there is another war, life will not be worth having.

—From a letter by the Reverend Sydney Smith to Lady Gray, 1823 (included in Hesketh Pearson's *The Smith of Smiths*, Penguin Edition).

Travel in Europe

ACCORDING to the professional snoops who go around asking questions about people's private opinions and habits, readers of Harper's are an astonishingly footloose lot. These snoops estimate that about forty thousand Harper's readers plan to vacation outside the U. S. this year . . . in Europe and Canada and Mexico.

We like to think of our readers as exceptionally interesting people who go out of their way not to stick to the beaten path. This month, with that in mind, we have asked a number of indefatigable travelers to share some of their choicest European discoveries with you. In May we will have equally useful and sprightly advice for travelers on this side of the Atlantic.

This Travel Section does not pretend to be a guide. It is, however, meant to be practical and entertaining. If your trip goes no further than these pages, we feel sure your voyage will be bon.—The Editors.

Spanish Journey

Homer White

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

I HOPE very much that you will have your own car under you in Spain. There are wonderful things to be seen in the country that are not particularly handy to bus or train. My suggestion would be to pick up a car in Paris (Spain may have them for rent now, and yet I would not answer for their condition). Don't dream of arranging for its rental on this side of the water: there's something about the sea voyage from Europe to America that induces elephantiasis in the cost of such things: we got our Peugeot from the parent company CIFA, 17 avenue Général Mangin, Passy, Sixteenth Arrondissement—for about two hundred and fifty dollars less than the AAA would have charged us. Of course, the Peugeot didn't give us any muffled thunder under the hood but it never stopped going, and it lived on rusk and lettuce, so to speak, while it took the passes and the hairpin turns with the unflurried dignity of your

great-aunt Margaret ascending the stairs (and don't forget that Spanish travel consists in descending one mountain-flank in order to climb the next one).

The Peugeot gave us ample leg room for four people, was perfectly well sprung, and remarkably easy on gas and oil. You might remember that the small European cars develop indigestion and severe gas pains on the high-octane gasoline available at extra cost, whereas they drum along quite happily on the remarkable mixture of bilge water and kerosene sold as the cheaper gasoline (it sells at about sixty-five cents a gallon). Plenty of room up top for your luggage, too, unless you're going with twenty trunks, in which event you won't be wanting to travel in Spain at all. The CIFA people threw in the car-papers gratis, including our international driving license, whereas the AAA was willing to charge some seven dollars for the latter.



Incidentally, I was told last year by a banker in Spain that there's an enterprising though anonymous printing company somewhere in northern Italy which drives a brisk trade in Spanish currency—its own model—outside of Spain. The pesetas available around Rockefeller Center are indubitably cheaper, and equally indubitably apt to be dubitable. The going rate of pesetas, 39.85, or thereabouts, to the dollar, is not bad by any means. Buy them in Spain, from the *Banco de España*.

ANOTHER important note on motoring in Spain: punctures in that country are a run-of-the-mill event, anywhere. In the northwest and along the Cantabrian coast—that's the Biscayne frontage—they occur in God's abundance, specially after a rain: the people wear wooden sabots, the sabots have splendid shingling nails driven into the soles, the splendid shingling nails—*tachuelas*—are about three-quarters of an inch long. Just long enough to pierce any tire that's a bit worn. I hold the record, I imagine, for punctures in Galicia: nine in a single day. But the points to make are:

(a) that you should have new and thick tread on your tires;

(b) that these should not be "Michelin" if

you can possibly duck them, since they are, one gathers, out of Paper by Desperation;

(c) that if possible—and here your Spanish journey becomes very lordly—you should lay in on this side the proper size of leak-proof inner tubes;

and (d) that, since these cost a pretty penny, you should insist upon CIFA supplying you with two spare tires on *two* spare wheels. That way, you can afford two punctures in one afternoon on the road.

All this is meant to suggest that garages and service stations, away from the half-dozen larger cities, are scarce. The Spaniard himself is extraordinarily skillful with his hands and is absolutely first-rate at mending and repairing. (I once had a garage in Vigo rebuild me a central dead cell in the battery of the car, between the hours of 6:00 P.M. and 9:00 A.M.) But there's a tragic lack of many materials and tools which we take entirely for granted. Make sure you have with you the special tap-wrench for draining the crankcase.

As for the roads, the first-class *carreteras* are that: well paved and tended, a bit narrow for our taste but good. The second-class roads, however, are distinctly tertiary, while the third-class ones are interesting indeed. Don't balk at the last sort, though, for they will take you to places that are wonderful and little known, and therefore purely Spanish. Stand by for cracked crankcases. Be prepared to straddle ruts that are eight inches deep. Be prepared to meet coming toward you in these ruts a long train of farm carts returning from market, masters asleep and mules coldly uninterested in your predicament.

I must back-track a bit: gasoline is pretty generally available. As of a year ago, oil was by no means so. Carry a *bidón* or two with you. And try to keep your tank half-filled all the time, as it were.

IT OCCURS to me that I haven't as yet got you over the frontier . . . here assuming that you'll be coming in from the north, the Pyrenees. I hope that you will drive in, and via these mountains. You'll see some pretty glorious landscape if you do. The best of the spectacular roads—a good one—you pick up south of Toulouse and follow to Bourg Madame on the border; into Spain at Puigcerdá ("*puig*" is Catalán for "peak," and has the approximate sound of "pu-éch"), and so

down to Barcelona. A magnificent drive. Since you'll go through Ripoll on the way, have a look at the Romanesque monastery there. It's been completely rebuilt—a disastrous fire during the first Carlist war, as I recall—perhaps too fully. But it's a collector's item; the cloister's a gem; and the carving of the west porch of the church has to be seen to be believed. A bit further south you go through Vich. Have a look at the baroque cathedral there, and the Sert murals (Sert painted them twice, once as a young man, the second time just before he died in old age, after they had been badly mauled during the 1935-38 revolution). The interior of the church and the painting will fairly stun you.

The most famous way into Spain: the Camino de Santiago, St. James' Way, the old pilgrimage road to Santiago: from Pau south to Canfranc over the Somport pass—the Roman "*Summus Portus*" into Gaul.

While you are traveling through the high Pyrenees, remember that history rides at your elbow. For something over two thousand years the Cataláns and Andorranos have been sweating over their high skill as *contrabandistas* in these parts. Practically anyone you meet thereabouts will be a polished smuggler or an *estraperlista*. Even that over-nobly formed bosom which you may admire, and into which the Customs Guards would never inquire, may contain more than just a womanly heart, so to speak: in the old days of monopoly kerosene, at any rate, the women wore "bras," twin vessels, a liter to a side and adequately shaped, in which the kerosene entered duty-free. You must imagine the horrid pickle into which the Spanish customs people were plunged, they knowing perfectly well that not all those women could be so motherly—in such a huge, even audible, way.

BUT if you don't drive a car down, see your travel agent for schedule of planes and trains. (For Spain, I'm inclined to recommend Thomas Cook's rather than any other. They've been there a long while; and the British have had to be knowledgeable about Spain for centuries. . . . Only, *please* don't patronize the gypsy *flamenco* singers in Granada! They are not authentic, they are the worst kind of tourist-bait and laughably expensive. Good *flamenco* music and dancing you'll not get from them. Some back-street

CURRENT BOOKS ON SPAIN

(in the order of their quality)

Guidebooks

Guide Bleu, Hachette.

First-class, up and away the best on Spain, even though its date is 1935. (There has been some talk of a new edition; it may even exist now.) Very full and complete. Many plans. The large map is fully detailed but rather difficult to read.

Spain, the Nagel Travel Guide Series, 1953.

Next to the *Guide Bleu* in fullness and completeness. Best of the current crop. Fair maps, somewhat better town plans, and plenty of them. A useful calendar of local fiestas.

The Tourist Guidebook of Spain, by H. W. S. Williamson, published in Madrid but available here, 1951.

Contains a large number of maps and plans, well detailed but not always easy to read. Full and precise on current hotels, routes, and railway services. Quaint English, but the author manifestly knows Spain. Superficial.

Spain and Portugal, Fodor's Modern Guides, 1953.

One-third of the volume deals with Portugal. One map; four town plans; poor. Good for the names of hotels and restaurants in the conspicuous places. Special articles; some of them well done, the Saporiti ones in particular. Superficial and incomplete, inclined toward the usual two weeks' tour of the larger cities. For that it is very practical.

Maps

You may be able to lay your hands on the large-scale "Michelin" road maps, not the two-section one currently available but the one done before the late war, multi-sectioned. It is excellent and renders other maps unnecessary. Failing the "Michelin" production, I would suggest the large Hallwag "Iberia," which may be secured at C. S. Hammond's in New York.

Travel Books

The Fabled Shore, by Rose Macaulay, 1949.

Limited to the Mediterranean littoral. Within those limits, very fine.

Spain, by Sacheverell Sitwell, 1950.

Very well informed, within its deliberately set limits. Prostration before the baroque, by the foremost of present-day baro-coquettes. Dainty in its judgments and predilections.

Spring in Spain, by MacKinley Helm, 1952.

Sympathetic, unpretentious. Self-confessedly the result of skillful research and a number of weeks in Spain. Deals well with painters.

All the Best in Spain and Portugal, by Sidney Clark, 1953.

Inspirational. One-half of the volume devoted to Spain. Sketchy, sympathetic. Shows the result of careful research at home.

cantante, perhaps . . . or in Seville, across the river in the Triana section there. Authentic gypsy music's awfully hard to find.)

There are only two uninterrupted railway lines into Spain, so you can't miss. . . . Now to speak of rail travel in the Peninsula: interesting and arduous. Your aforementioned great-aunt Margaret would love the speed of the trains, which is relatively imperceptible, not much above 30 to 35 miles per hour. She would not love the infinitely extensible schedules of arrival and departure. No more would she take quietly to the infinite coal smoke, the infinite tunnels, the infinite dust. Of the several styles of internal trains the expresses are the most comfortable but they do not run with any passionate sense of daily regularity. There's one very handsome streamliner—of Spanish design—which runs twice a week. I think it is, between Madrid and San Sebastián. But since for some time travel on it has been regarded as a pleasant and popular form of amusement among the sporting class, you must make your reservations well in the remote future. . . . This warning applies in general. Spanish rolling stock and equipment have not yet recovered from the extreme loss and damage of their civil war. You'll find a few first-class coaches, a few sleeping cars—*coche camas*—and restaurant cars, and you will eat better in the latter than you do in their French equivalent. Take one of the local—*mixto*—trains, if you want never to arrive and yet to spend a good time with the Spanish people and learn just how thoughtful, courteous, and extraordinarily dignified they are.

TAKING one thing with another, I'm inclined to suggest that you plump for bus travel if you do not have a car. More reliable than train service: you see much more of the country (the expresses mope through the mountains in the night, generally); you reach places not touched by rail; and you come to close grips with a fine, often noble, people. Some of the busses are princely, bright, immense, and snorting creatures, plush beyond telling. Most are not. But they run nearly everywhere, and the more homely kind are distinctly the cheapest wheeled travel in the land. Place of departure and of arrival: the central *plaza*, in the provincial capitals and smaller towns. Be

beforehand in waiting for them. You'll be on your feet for a bit, but you'll get your seat.

Probably this is the moment to remind you that Europe—it's Napoleon's remark, I believe—Europe ends with the Pyrenees. South of the mountains you will find many things that never remind you of England or France. The country is not a comfortable one. It is hard-bitten, severe. Its outline and contours, its climate, whether hot or cold, its geographical attitude toward travelers are not soft, not complexly mild, not yielding and green and easy. But if you early put aside the half-dozen biggish modernish cities in favor of the provinces, you will soon find that Spain has about it a massive, unforgettable grandeur. To use an indigenous term, the landscape has *casticidad*, the quality of being good, pure Spanish. What I'm saying is that if you can't stand dust, heat, cold, poor lighting, antipodean hours, and a pervasive intermittence of the flow of daily actions, why, stay in Madrid, Barcelona, Sevilla, Cádiz . . . and be the poorer in spirit and rewards for it!

I should correct the implication of austerity and dessication a bit: for a month or so in spring, Andalucía and some of the northern parts are an astonishing welter and mass of wild flowers. At times I've been put to it to determine precisely where the sky left off and a hill of blue flowers began.

NOTE: All Spain is *hot*!

Language

THE business of language: there are few European countries where as little English is spoken—putting aside the larger cities and the all-pervasive Swiss bandits who operate the larger metropolitan hotels. French is almost as rare, except in Cataluña and Vizcaya. Do provide yourself with some small smatter of *castellano*: it's a grand, full language, and in its first approaches not too difficult. Of course, you have less Latin to fall back on than in French or Italian: you'll be mired up to the eyes from time to time in Moorish roots. But as long as you *state* matters, simple matters of bed and breakfast, in a positive, indicative, undoubtful, unconditional, and uncontrary-to-fact style, you can make do with fair ease.

Add here a small but nice point of courtesy: speak of yourself always as a *norteameri-*



cano. The Spanish acknowledge several nations of *americanos* on this side of the ocean. "Soy norteamericano, yo!" It will please them. You will be taken for French anyway.

Places to Stay

THE government, through its *Dirección General de Turismo*, has settled at least a part of the problem of hotels in a very handsome and delightful way: scattered about the country in strategic places are a number of charmingly designed small inns—the *albergues*—where you lunch and dine, well and in comfort, and where as many as four to six rooms are generally available.

(Don't pass up the *albergue* at Medina Celi, northeast of Madrid on the Barcelona road, should you be coming down that way. The view's really prodigious. And for good measure you've got a Roman triumphal arch at your back.)

The *Dirección* also maintains some ten or twelve largish inns—the *paradores*—which are almost always located in interesting and/or beautiful places . . . not tops in expense, nearly all of them handsomely reconstructed or adapted castles, palaces, or monasteries. They are excellently maintained, staffed, and served. The Spanish Consulate General in New York will provide a map indicating their whereabouts. You should not fail to stay at the one at Oropesa, a castle of the dukes of Frías, on the Madrid-Mérida road; at Granada, the *parador de San Francisco*, in the grounds of the Alhambra; at Ubeda, the sixteenth palace of the Dávila family turned *parador*—and in one of my favorite towns; and the spectacular *parador de Enrique II* in Ciudad Rodrigo, at the Portuguese frontier

west of Cáceres. Dinner, bed and breakfast will cost you four to five dollars, a bit less at the *albergues*, perhaps.

To be sure, the plumbing at these extremely pleasant places may from time to time assume an eighteenth-century aspect of behavior. But for heaven's sake! I mean, really!

The privately operated hotels in the larger cities are, in the main, well-run, more numerous, and more expensive than the *paradores*, and they indulge themselves in the rather unfortunate practice of imitating French cookery. You may if you like pay dearly for comfort at the Ritz or the Colón in Barcelona (if you choose the former, stay in their annex; thanks to the criss-crossing trams at the corner, a room in the main hotel will give you all the aural comforts of a boiler factory); but the Majestic is less expensive and just as good, basically. The Ritz in Madrid is "high comfort" and very dear. I gather that the new Hilton hotel there is very plush and lordly also. (Williamson's *Tourist Guidebook of Spain* is pretty good on such topics, though not awfully good for the remainder.)

Other Details for the Functioning Traveler

IN SPAIN, everybody, everywhere, every day is somewhere forever *en fiesta*. Whenever possible, ascertain the condition of the holiday spirit along your route. The fiestas are often delightful . . . but nothing much moves in a town then except the spirits of its inhabitants.

During the summer season it is imperative that you telephone—or, in certain cases, write—ahead for your reservations at least a day or two in advance. If you are told that no reservations are to be had, that may not mean that

RESTAURANTS IN BARCELONA
AND MADRID

Barcelona:

The *Miramar*, on the top of Montjuich. Acceptable grilled matter, fine view of the city.

The *Solé*, down at the port. Very Good. You go back to the kitchen to pick out your own

The *Siete Puertas*, same area, fine cookery,

The *Pelayo*, on the *Ramblas*. *Chichi* and wild game. Rather tourist-bait.

The *Café Real*, on the *Ramblas*. Remarkable tripe.

The *Parellada*. Swank but excellent cooking.

The *Cactus*, on the edge of town. Charming. Expensive. Eat out-of-doors under live oaks. Try the *sangría*, a tasty wine punch. Dancing *al fresco* nights.

The *Cau Ferrat*. Very good Catalán dishes. Fine duck-cum-orange.

Madrid:

The *Recoletos*, *calle Villanueva*. Fun, rather ornately, for dinner. Pleasant terrace-lunching. Try *jabali*, wild boar, or the *jamón serrano* with your sherry.

The *Pasapoga*—not a restaurant but a night club. Elaborate, fairly amusing. Sandwich sorts of food.

The *Argentina*, just off the *paseo de la Castellana*, on the *calle del Almiral*, as I remember, simple place with good beef.

The *Hogar Gallego*, for excellent pork, beef, gallegan dishes.

The *Bilbaino*, on the *calle Victoria*. Excellent, possibly the best in Madrid. Fairly expensive, simple layout.

The *Chipén*, for fair food and the only good martinis I found in Spain.

The *Osteria del Estudiante*, half an hour out of Madrid, for baby lamb chops.

The *Villa Rosa*, on the edge of town. Charming gardens, nice victuals and wine, *flamenco* guitar and singing. You won't get home until morning but you'll have a wonderful time.

none are available but merely that American tourists have a habit of failing to take up the reservations they've made, and that therefore the Spaniard quite reasonably reacts in the manner indicated.

In the business of getting out on the road brisk and early in the morning: don't try! You won't bring it off. Normal early hour for that sort of thing is half-past nine o'clock. Plan to get away at an easy ten o'clock.

Dinner in the larger places is around 10:30 P.M. As a special concession to *norteameri-*

canos, whose bellies are cleaving to their spines by that hour, a few hotels will serve at nine o'clock; but the empty dining room will roar at you hollowly.

Lunch: A. and I didn't eat that meal in a restaurant more than twice. I think. We'd stop at the village which lay nearest to eleven o'clock—that's the hour the bread's taken out of the oven—pick up a big hot disk of the bread, buy some local cheese and wine, then have our lunch out in the country, near a view; and that, I assure you, is a thing you're never out of sight of. In good wheat years the bread's excellent, almost as good as the Mexican, and the ordinary wine is generally much better than the French. You don't need to know where the bakery is. Merely stop the first passer-by and put the problem to him. You will, I hope, say, "*Hágame el favor, señor, de decirme, donde está la panadería?*" He will take you there himself, or he will at once wheel on the nearest small child and with a crisp "*Chico!*" order him to take you. The child can be dazed, afterward, with the present of a few *céntimos*. As for adult courtesies of this and other kinds, you will find that it is entirely possible to insult the Spanish provincial by offering him a reward for his kindness. He may accept a small gift from a friend; he will not accept a *propina* from a stranger in need of help. . . . In the larger hotels in the cities, to be sure, you're a different kettle of fish: there the pistol is held full on you, and with a steady hand.

Beggars: This is as proper a place as any, I think, for a small note about Spanish poverty and beggary: (1) There is much abject poverty in Spain. (2) Except for certain rather specialized groups in the south and in the larger cities, the Spaniard is too proud to beg. (3) The law penalizes the beggar—and the begged, if the latter gives in. (4) The beggars are not likely to be the people who need your help; or they will be children reaping a splendid harvest from the ignorant foreigner.

Food

HOTELS, which was my subject, lead to victuals. This leads to the national cookery. Two things should be said:

(1) Spanish cooking is not French. Period. Sweet butter is available, but no one uses it in the kitchen. Olive oil's your dish now.

Purify yourself semantically: it's not inferior to butter, it's simply different. And the meals made with it are gigantic.

(2) GARLIC! *Hispanidad! Casticidad!* What's more, none of this pretentious and snobbish rubbing of a small clove of it lightly over bowl or meat. It is the Pierian spring of flavor, and the Spanish cook knows it. Garlic, that is to say, will be the morning star of your reformation in eating habits. . . . Or you can simply eat eggs and bread.

It is my experience that unless you get well off into deep country, you don't come across many of the traditional, regional dishes nowadays. Pork, well done in all the provinces, is of course on hand. If you arrive in the spring, you'll come in simultaneously with the roast suckling, which is an authentic delicacy in Spain. Try it at the Mesón near by the Roman aqueduct in Segovia: the *cochinillo* there is as though it had been cut from the celestial flank of Gabriel himself.

Along with the suckling pig, the baby-lamb chops, *chuletillas*, really minute and delicate. Try them at the Ostería del Estudiante in Alcalá de Henares, half an hour out of Madrid.

The Peninsula is also proud of its tripe, which Gijón is supposed to be best at preparing—done the way neither you nor I like it. But it's a different breed of cat, as it were, in Barcelona, the way they do it at the Café Real on the Ramblas. Very good.

THROUGHOUT the country, specially along along the Mediterranean, much is made of the rice dish called *arroz paella*. The rice is done with meats or chicken, or, as in the *paella valenciana*, with a surfeiting abundance of shellfish, and decorated with red sweet pepper. I remember a restaurant in Valencia—the León de Oro. I think it was—upstairs in a *plaza*, where you got a fine specimen of the dish, and had the added pleasure of seeing the rice farmers come in, wooden forks and spoons dangling from their belts, to sit down five together around a wooden bowl some three feet across at the mouth.

I'm aware of my heresy now. Nevertheless: the best sea food of my experience has been eaten in the northwest, in Galicia, notably in Vigo. The deep mountain gorges which form the harbors and inlets of that coast, the abundant and rich feeding brought down into



the sea by the many rivers, and the icy waters of a tail of the Labrador Current which dives under the Gull Stream off Cape Ann (within sight of my house in Massachusetts) to reappear at that point off Spain: these are the reasons. I imagine, for the exceptional flavors and textures. Anyway, the fish there are triple-starred. The *merluza* in particular—and a small, sweet-meated spider-crab—and scallops, which are eaten in their entirety there, not merely the central valve-muscle—and the goose-neck barnacle, very strange and delicate.

There and along the Cantabrian coast, notably at Bilbao, is to be had the other sea food, which I have already arranged shall be waiting for me the instant I step inside St. Peter's wicket: the baby-eels, done *en caserole*, in butter or oil.

Two other dishes will be pandemic in the country: the *flan*, an egg custard, almost anywhere very good; and the *tortilla*, a potato omelette.

Drives and Excursions

I INTENDED to write an exhaustive section on the fine drives and excursions. But I throw in my hand. You can't board car or bus or train without being taken through glorious country. Here are a very few of the runs you should make:

In Cataluña: an excursion through the *Valle de Arán*, from *Puigcerdà* over the province of Lérida.

In Aragón: an excursion to and through the *Valle de Ordesa*.

Another over the road from Jaca to Baños

de Panticosa, Sallent, and the Pourtalet pass. The Baños de Panticosa is a wonderful center for walks and excursions.

Most of this country will be agreeably cool and fresh—qualities which you will like during your Spanish summer.

In Vascongadas and Navarra: the best center from which to review the Navarrese mountains would be the Valle de Roncal and de Salazar, some 70 kilometers northeast of Pamplona (go *via* Lumbier).

GALICIA and the Cantabrian area: anywhere! It is all beautiful country. The drive along the *corniche* road east to west is one of my favorites. Go and see the Liébana country, south and west of Santander; there you have the impressive Picos de Europa, a landscape that all the guidebooks call "grandiose." . . . The coast of Galicia is rather Norwegian, but greener and in smaller scale. Put up for a night at the charming Isla de la Tosa, on the coast.

Extremadura: a trip through the beautiful Valle de las Batuecas, south of Salamanca, to the strange wild country of the Jurdes. These people are the undiluted descendants of *moriscos* who fled the idiotic and savage persecutions under Felipe III.

Castilla la Nueva: the trip from Madrid to the *parador de Gredos*, in the Sierra de Gredos. It's 154 kilometers west of Madrid (shorter *via* Avila but not quite so much fun), *via* San Martín de Valdeiglesias-Barracoventa del Obispo-Arenas de San Pedro. A five-hour drive through fine country and picturesque villages to the superb country around the *puerto del Pico*. . . . This is also your dish if you simply can't be held back from shooting the mountain goat, the *Capra Hispanica*, or following the roe, for that matter. Note well that the huntin', shootin', fishin' gentry are apt to be at the *parador* in regimental formation, and that you must book your room well in advance.

In Andalucía: more embarrassment of riches. Anywhere, once you begin climbing southward out of the valley of the Guadalquivir. Jerez to Ronda, *via* Arcos de la Frontera (an interesting town): 119 kilometers. Cádiz to Málaga along the coast: 252 kilometers and double-starred. Málaga to Granada either by Lorja or by Alhama.

And in spite of all this compression of mine

WINES OF SPAIN

MY LIST is unostentatious and incomplete. It is simply the best according to my lights, knowledge, preferences. In the order of their quality, as I see it:

Red wines:

"Paternina," *cepa Borgoña, banda roja, gran reserva*. Vintage, any of the years 1940-45, which were fine years, I'm told, for almost all the Peninsular wines.

"Marqués de Murrieta," *gran reserva*. Vintage, as above.

"Marqués de Riscal," *gran reserva*. Vintage, as above.

White wines:

"Marqués de Murieta," vintage as above. The best of the entire lot, in my estimation . . . as clear, smooth, smiling, and luscious as a Vassar freshman . . . and happily not as sophisticated.

"Paternina," *cepa Rhin*, as above. Almost as good.

"López Heredia," their "*Tondonia*."

"Franco-Espanoles," their "*Monopole*."

Sherries:

You may safely go along with the Spaniard and stick to the *finos*. All the good houses in Jerez de la Frontera and Puerto de Santa María put up good *finos*.

Casa Osborne: "*Fino el Cid*" . . . if you can be assured that it has been properly cared for.

The same house: "*Fino Coquintero*."

Casa Pedro Domecq: "*Fino la Quinta*" and "*Fino la Ina*."

The other good houses: "*González Byass*," "*Bebadilla*" . . . and perhaps "*Romate*." Also "*Casa Garvey*" has a *fino* of good and individual flavor.

Manzanilla, cousin to sherry, a bit lighter, of distinct character, and delicious for hot-weather consumption. You will find several labels of this wine. I know of only two that are first-rank: *manzanilla* "*La Guita*" and M. "*La Gitana*."

you'll find, when you get there, that one does not need suggestions under the heading of "Drives and Excursions." The Spanish earth is a grand and majestic thing.

Things to See

WHAT should one see? That's something to be answered in one hundred pages, not a few paragraphs. I throw in my hand—in a relative way, I mean. You'll go to the conspicuous and well-known places

From the days of Babel, towers have symbolized man's aspirations. Here a poet, scholar, and essayist evokes the towers he has seen—from the ruins of Acrocorinthus and the Bell Tower of Peking to the spires of medieval cathedrals and the skyscrapers of New York.

TOWERS

Osbert Sitwell

WHEN I was a child, the hopeful construction and the tragic fall of the Tower of Babel was my favorite pictorial theme, and I can see it now, with the happy and industrious ants building it so busily, and its spiral roadway that was planned to lead to the sky, though it still had far to go when the Tower fell. This was the doomed idealism of towers, akin in tragedy to that of the walls that never yet stopped invaders, the Great Wall of China, the Maginot Line, England's Roman Wall, the walls of many cities such as Troy.

Always the fable of the Tower of Babel emphasizes the dangers of planning and of illusion, and the proverbial fall of pride which brings such warm comfort to the hearts of the humble. Its fall was as fatal to man as that of Adam and Eve, and the collapse of the League of Nations was a kind of anniversary celebration of it. The Tower of Babel, however, one could examine only in pictures, though to a child they seemed tremendously convincing, but I will write of towers I have seen and their history.

Of towers I sing; of towers, steeples, minarets, spires, turrets, cupolas, campaniles, belfries, pagodas, pyramids, and skyscrapers—this last a fine exaggerative term worthy of its significance. I have passed on their mountain of rock the ruined towers of Acrocorinthus, situated above the city of sweet grapes and acanthus leaves carved in stone; I have seen the Giralda, that tower that rears itself so elegantly above the narrow streets

of Seville, with their wine shops full of enormous tuns of sherry and of manzanilla, and its patios and orange gardens, and beds of the largest violets in the world; and I have seen the Giralda's counterpart in Kairouan, still unconverted from the Moslem faith, pointing toward the dull, hot sky of Africa. I have lived in the Tower of London—my bedroom looked out on the back of the White Tower, once known as Julius Caesar's Tower—and know well the frosty splendor of its autumn mornings, the foggy darkness of its nights, and the shadows that linger hauntingly under its gates and portcullises.

I HAVE raised up my eyes with delight to the tall tree—though because of the height at which it grows, it looks from the ground but a weed or a bush—that decorates the top of one of Lucca's marble towers, turned golden by the accumulated lichens of many hundreds of years. By the most prosaic gray light of a dull morning, I have walked under the bulging minarets of Constantinople, built at the order of some turbaned Bluebeard of a Sultan out of the remnants of Byzantine churches, and I have seen the Castle of the Popes at Avignon by moonlight, first coming across it in the darkness of an alley at its very side, so that when I happened to glance up at the sky, my eye following the perpendicular run of the line toward the great splendor of the moon, it was quite unprepared for the leaping loftiness that it encountered.

In the country outside Peking I have wandered along the desolate paths of winter, past deserted pagodas, when under the eaves of each tapering story, the bells that hung from them, rippled by a sudden clout of wind, have seemed to play a song of spring, fragile and shrill as the first buds on a tree.

I have noted how the shell-like spires of Wren's churches in the Strand bear themselves so proudly against the smoky red sky of a London sunset in October, and have walked to the upper chambers of the towers

of the Alhambra at Granada, built in a brick the color of a rather tawny rose.

As a boy I beheld a lunar rainbow between the two great towers of Bologna, surely the tallest of all ancient buildings and a fit home for magicians and astrologers, and I have gazed up at the helmeted towers of Carcassonne, so full of wonder, whether their quality be due to Viollet-le-Duc or to some earlier architect; I have looked with amazement at the fortress towers of Bodiam, and I have been able to examine at my leisure the domed cupolas of Angkor Wat, where bats in their segmented flight squeak in the corridors along the walls of which dancers dead these many hundreds of years perform in stone with living grace and vigor, and I have looked closely at the four sacred visages that smile so mysteriously from each of the fifty and more towers of the Temple of Bayon.

I HAVE watched the golden towers of Santiago de Compostela change their aspect as they are captured by the sweet Galician rains and I have drawn near, across the sandy plains dotted with agave and prickly pear, to the twin towers of Mexican churches and cathedrals, to Tepoztlan, and to the Church of the Rosario in Puebla, with their reverberations from distant quarters, from Moorish Granada, from Churiguera and from the Aztecs, all joined together within moldings that resemble worm-casts in pink stone or gold.

I have looked with delight on many steeples and belfries in northern Europe, and have, equally, admired the lofty and intricate ruined towers of the city of Antigua in Guatemala, where the roofs of some churches now afford pasturage for grazing sheep, while large owls nest underneath them, above the pillars of the naves, and I have been astonished by the nautical architecture of the Tower of Belém outside Lisbon, from which Prince Henry the Navigator used to watch for the return of his ships after their expeditions of discovery.

I have often watched the great Campanile of Venice growing at many heights from the ground to its full stature, during the years it was being erected after its thousand years of existence had collapsed in a single instant in a cloud of dust. I have seen the tower of Westminster Cathedral lifting itself into the

opalescent upper air of London, adding its own note to the skyline, and, in the clear winter of Peking, I have visited the Bell Tower, the haunted Fox Tower, and the Drum Tower, refashioned half a millennium ago by the Emperor Yung Lo out of the materials of Kubla Khan's building of the same name—the Drum Tower in which stood for so long the famous water clock known as “The Brass Thirsty Bird”—and I have with



joy watched the building of many new skyscrapers in New York, the greatest tower-city in the world.

NEW YORK is, in fact, a prodigy of paradox. In the daytime its proud towers express material riches so overwhelming as to transcend materialism and to represent a will for prosperity of such strength as almost to rank as a spiritual aim. Its aspiring towers have been drawn out of the living rock of Manhattan by the magnetic force of gold in the same way as flowers or trees are forced up toward the sky by the attraction of the sun's gold rays: they have been forced to this vertical development too by an unparalleled concentration at their base of human beings within the narrow borders of a small island. Thus set within a limited space these high clusters of roofs, these pyramids, pagodas, and steeples, these cupolas and belfries, so unpredictable and so monstrous in their beauty, have been obliged through their very constriction to expand upward, compelled to mount in this fashion toward the heaven through the characteristic clear sparkle of the New York air. They constitute equally a spiritual expression of good fortune and a supreme material expression of the will to succeed.

Scandinavia on Wheels

Edward Streeter



IT is difficult to understand why more Americans do not motor through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Most travelers in the northern countries merely touch base by plane, train, or boat at Oslo, Bergen, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. That is better than not going to Scandinavia at all—but to get the feel of the fiords and the lonely, snow-patched uplands of Norway, of the forests and the blue lakes of Sweden, and of the ancient villages, the great beaches, the thatch-roofed farms of Denmark, you must travel through the back-country in your own car, with your own hands on the wheel, and over roads which you yourself have worked out from the maps.

To see a country you must be able to stop whenever fancy dictates and stand alone in spots so wild, so untouched, so seemingly unclaimed that they belong to you, just as the Pacific must have belonged one day to Balboa, or Mexico to Cortez, or Cape Cod to the Pilgrims.

To see these three countries, especially, you must sit beside their roadways munching fresh bread and cheese while the eye travels across blue lakes to snow-topped mountains, rolling away like billows into the smoky distance. You must sit on the mossy floor of a Swedish forest in the midst of trees which rise like masts, where alternate bars of

shadow and sunlight give one the feeling of eating a snack in a cathedral. Or you must sit beside a glacial stream at the point where it leaps out into space to fall crashing into a narrow valley a tenth of a mile below.

Amid such surroundings bread and cheese will acquire a new significance and so will the country in which they are munched.

In a brief article it is hardly possible even to touch upon these three lovely, and totally different, lands. I can only reach into the grab bag of memory and take a fleeting glance at what comes up. It is an interesting approach, however, for I find that the big scenic displays tend to slip between the fingers, while the small, intimate things which touched us directly come quick to the grasp.

FOR example, the *dyne*. Certainly nothing touched us more directly than that odd bed-covering so beloved by the Norwegians and the Danes. It is pronounced "dune"—like a distant foghorn, heard through the mist on a summer night—and in shape it resembles an enormous feather pillow tailored to cover exactly the top of the bed.

Perhaps a nation raised from childhood under these huge affairs becomes used to having its arms and legs popping out into the night. People who have always been accustomed to having their bedclothes tucked

snugly around them, however, find that *dyner* induce in them a reverse claustrophobia.

The *dyne* is, to say the least, a cold-weather cover. We concluded that the Norwegians and Danes must have thermostatically controlled bodies, for it doesn't seem possible that there can be more than one or two nights each year which would cause one to say as he wriggled under the fluffy heap, "I'm sure glad we've got the old *dyne* with us tonight."

We found that the only way to live with the things was to remain under them (if possible) until the body was soaked with perspiration, then let them take to their natural course and slide off onto the floor where they could lie until we began to shake with cold. Then, in a spirit of self-preservation, we started the cycle all over again.

Turning over in bed also presents *dyne* problems to anyone but a Norwegian or a Dane. The *dyne*, being in one piece, moves with the body. If you don't know what I mean, try blowing up an air mattress and then rolling around under it. A broad shouldered man, turning from his right to his left side, should be able to toss a standard *dyne* to the floor with one flip. Less athletically built men only push it half off, leaving the front side of their bodies smothered and the back side exposed. This is the stuff that schizophrenics are made of.

Crayfish and Cyclists

SWEDEN has no *dyner*, but it does have crayfish. To anyone unaccustomed to Swedish folkways let me say that the crayfish is to Sweden what Coca-Cola, the hamburger, and the hot dog combined are to the United States.

But even that is an inadequate statement, for there is a relationship between the crayfish and the Swedes which goes much deeper. It is intangible—one might almost call it mystical. A Swede speaks of crayfish as a Frenchman speaks of Love, or a Yale man of Skull and Bones. One feels occasionally as if standing on thresholds beyond which dim paths lead back to Maypoles and druidic rites.

All of which adds up to the fact that the Swedes go wild about crayfish—which, to make things harder, are not really fish at all, but rather miniature lobsters, from four to six inches long.

We arrived in Stockholm just as the crayfish season opened and were invited to visit the summer home of a hospitable Swedish friend. That evening our hostess set a great bowl of the creatures on the dining-room table and we were given instructions on how to eat them, which is the way they referred to what followed.

One begins with a special knife which is placed where the animal's neck would have been, if it had a neck. Personally, I dislike decapitating animals, alive or dead, but when they watch me during the process with beady, accusing eyes it makes me feel like one of the Borgia boys whose heart is not in his work.

Our host then showed us how to break off the tail and set it aside for future use. He then taught us how to remove the red armor plate from the back of the mangled body.

"Now," he said, and there was a look of ecstasy in his face, "you press the underside of the crayfish against the lips—so—and suck." I kissed my first crayfish lightly and without passion, then set it down quietly to form the base of the great pile I knew I was supposed to create.

Eventually we came to the tail. That was the *pièce de résistance*. Nature has protected the underside of the crayfish's tail with a series of steel-like bands designed to shield it from prying vandals such as I. It is the custom to break these bands with the thumbs. I would prefer to break up a barbed wire entanglement. My thumbs became so sore that I lost most of the tail meat in the struggle. After many failures I finally produced one tail assembly intact. Everyone applauded. I reached for the schnapps.

Later that night we stepped into our host's motorboat for the return trip to the mainland. On an island to the east there suddenly rose through the blackness a barrage of sky-rockets and the distant shore was limned with red fire.

It was the direction from which Mr. Malenkov would come if he decided to go visiting. "What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"That," said our host, "is to celebrate the beginning of the crayfish season."

ONE cannot reach into the grab bag of Scandinavian memories without bringing up half a dozen bicycles with every handful. Each morning and evening

broad rivers of cyclists flow through the streets of Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen just as our New York commuters pour daily out of and back into our great railway stations.

It should have been a hair-raising experience for them to have our car plowing through their ranks like an icebreaker, but it seemed to me that the hair was being raised on my head rather than theirs.

I know of no greater nightmare than to drive a car down a street which is jammed from curb to curb with cyclists. Half an inch off our right fender rides a beautiful young mother. A small seat is attached to her handlebars into which a tiny infant has been strapped, facing her. The unsuspecting child crows gleefully and to our horror the mother leans forward to nuzzle it affectionately. The idea of wobbling never seems to enter a Scandinavian mind.

Practically supported by our left mudguard, an old gentleman rides serenely. He should have been sitting quietly in some sunny garden, but he pedals along in the effortless manner of all Scandinavians, oblivious to danger, his left hand held behind his back, steadying a case of beer on his tiny baggage rack.

Our front bumper is practically touching the rear tires of a group of boys and girls engaged in deep conversation. Occasionally a lone cyclist flings out his arm and, without a sidelong glance, cuts across a wave of oncoming bicycles and trucks, but somehow or other metal never connects with flesh.

EQUALLY memorable is the Norwegian hotel breakfast. To Americans, accustomed to a glass of orange juice, an egg, and a cup of coffee it is a shock to enter a dining-room and behold a Gargantuan table, sagging beneath fifteen kinds of fish, ten varieties of sausage, half a dozen kinds of cheese, great bowls of salad, a pickle department that would do credit to a delicatessen, and a bread inventory ranging from assorted crackers to sweet rolls.

And we are bound to pull out from the bag an assortment of Scandinavian porters, that extraordinary race of men who are the very lifeblood of the hotels which they serve, for it is a known fact that no Scandinavian hotel can be better than its porter.

Hour after hour they stand behind the

desks receiving new guests, handing out keys, making up bills, giving travel information, rescuing lost children, answering silly questions in four languages and always, day and night, selling postcards and licking the stamps which go on them.

This last act seems to be a basic item in the Scandinavian porter's code. Never once, in the great hotels or the humble, did one of them permit us to lick our own postage stamps. We were dismayed by the quantity of glue which must pass through the system of a good porter in a single busy season. They were fine, strapping fellows, however, in spite of it and it occurred to us that possibly the glue furnished them the vitamins which they would otherwise have lacked because of the scarcity of orange juice in Scandinavia.

Routes and Maps

ARE these trivia? Of course they are. If you want the basic things you must go after them yourself. We started with Oslo and ended with Copenhagen, covering 3,700 miles in between.

From the point of view of dramatic climax, perhaps our route should have been reversed and we should have begun with little Denmark, then gone north through Sweden, and ended on the immense Wagnerian chords of Norway. Had we done so, however, it would have been necessary to start earlier, for Norwegian weather determines the routes. On the west coast the weather is nothing to write travel folders about at best—and, as far as we could make out, its best, from a motorist's point of view, is compressed into eight weeks from June 15 to August 15 with the emphasis on July.

We spent eighteen days in Norway. From Oslo, we motored to the west coast. There we put on our rubber boots and raincoats and proceeded north, in an amphibious sort of way, through the unbelievably beautiful fiord country to Trondheim. Just north of Trondheim we turned east into Sweden and zig-zagged down its mellow slopes to Skåne, pausing to fall in love with Stockholm on the way. Then into Denmark, where for fifteen magic days we poked about among thatch-roofed farm buildings and medieval villages.

For some reason it is hard to get detailed information for motoring in Scandinavia.

Our itinerary, imperfect though it may be, was developed with blood, sweat, and tears, and might at least serve as a starting point if you plan to construct one of your own. Those who want the details will find them—including mileages, hotels, and other vital statistics—on page 228 of a book called *Skool Scandinavia*.

In the United States we have been spoiled by beautiful road maps which can be had for the plucking in the most remote gas stations. They are more difficult to come by in Scandinavia, however, so you might do well to enlist the help of the Esso Touring Service, Foreign Department, 15 West 51st Street, New York, N. Y. It has recently published some of the best road maps yet produced of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. It is also geared to provide reliable route information.

Hotels, Gas, Clothes

HOTEL accommodations in all three countries are excellent in quality. They are, however, definitely deficient in quantity. As a result, from June fifteenth to September first you cannot drift whimsically through Scandinavia like a band of carefree gypsies—unless, like gypsies, you want to spend your nights under the stars.

If you are one who prefers to sleep indoors you must choose your roof weeks in advance. In the big cities substitute months for weeks. As for front rooms in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm it is best to have an application entered at birth—and well worth the foresight.

The roads in all three countries are first rate. In Norway they are for the most part narrow; in fact there are places where they would put a corkscrew to shame and many of them must have followed the original trails of mountain goats. That is their charm, however, and they are *not* dangerous, since the outer edges are protected by low concrete parapets.

Just a few more unrelated items which may make your motor trip more pleasant.

The Scandinavian laws on the matter of driving after drinking are tough. In Norway,

for example, the law forbids a person to drive after he has absorbed more than 1/20th of one per cent of alcohol into his bloodstream. Just how one is supposed to know when that interesting condition has been reached is something of a mystery, but if you have a tendency to toddle don't labor under the illusion that you can talk the police of Scandinavia out of ANYTHING. You can't.

Gasoline is plentiful, but expensive in all three countries. The distances are so short, however, compared with those in the United States, that the sting is drawn to a large extent. As for car repairs, we had few, but those were taken care of with a dispatch and efficiency that compared favorably with anything to be found in this country; and the same might be said for the equipment of the repair shops.

If you are bringing your own car the AAA is a "must." They took charge of forwarding our car; made it possible, through the Royal Norwegian Automobile Association, for it to meet us at the Oslo airport; furnished us with much helpful information; and made themselves generally indispensable.

THE matter of clothes is a bit of a problem. It can be chilly to cold on the west coast of Norway even in July and there is a nip in the late August air of Jutland. On the other hand, Sweden produces beautiful summer weather. It is best to be prepared for both. That is one of the reasons why we brought a station wagon with us. We wanted plenty of baggage space.

There are many excellent books on the three countries. Two which we used constantly were Sydney Clark's *All the Best in Scandinavia* (Dodd, Mead) and Clara F. Laughlin's *So You're Going to Scandinavia* (Houghton, Mifflin). Neither of these books ever left the front seat of the car.

It was a rewarding experience to become acquainted with these charming people. In turbulent days, such as ours, days so filled with what Mr. Shakespeare likes to refer to as "excursions and alarms," it is good to know that they are on our side. I hope that the years will cement the bond.

Notes by Edmond Taylor on

Hotels, Restaurants, Shops, and Travel

in Western Europe—Especially France

SINCE the war Europe has developed a new menace for American travelers which may be worse, for all I know, than the bedbugs and bandits of Baedeker's day. This is the Tourist Trap—the standardized arrangement which has been developed almost everywhere for the accommodation and entertainment of overseas visitors. All too often, these arrangements are based on the European myth—or caricature—of the Average American Tourist. They provide for him the sort of comforts that he is supposed to enjoy, in what are locally regarded as approximations of American hotels and restaurants; what they fail to provide is exactly that sense of being in a foreign land, with its own authentic quality, its own savor, and its own special delights, that the well-advised traveler seeks out. And the Tourist Traps include not only hotels and restaurants, but all manner of sight-seeing attractions, however phony, to which it has been discovered that wide-eyed outlanders can profitably be lured.

It would hardly be practical to list here the Tourist Traps to be avoided; I had rather suggest how to find the sort of hotels, restaurants, and places to shop which the more practiced travelers revel in. And perhaps the best way to begin is to tell about my most recent experience in choosing a hotel in Paris, when I returned to that city after an absence of three years.

I began by consulting my *Guide Michelin* for France, the 1953 edition. This, of course, is a guidebook intended primarily for motorists and it covers the whole country. But I have always found it so useful as an all-purpose travelers' reference book that I thought it would at least do for a starter. Since I wanted to stay in the St. Sulpice quarter of the Left Bank, and keep within the low-to-medium price range, the Michelin did not offer me a very wide choice. Most of the hotels it listed were already familiar to me:

the Saints Pères, the Madison, the Anglet-terre, the Pas-de-Calais, and other traditional stand-bys of the thrifty but sophisticated American tourist. Nearly all were pleasant hotels—none could be called a Tourist Trap—but they were not exactly what I wanted.

ONLY one entry looked really promising: the Royal Condé, in the Rue Condé, a fine old street which runs from the Luxembourg to the Boulevard St. Germain in the heart of the Latin Quarter. To an experienced reader of the *Guide Michelin*, what it had to say about this hotel was rather remarkable. On the one hand its summer price range was listed from 800 to 1,700 francs, plus approximately 25 per cent for service and taxes—quite moderate as Paris hotel prices go these days. On the other hand it was marked by the three-tower symbol standing for Very Comfortable Hotel. This is a rare combination. The Saints Pères, whose prices run a little higher for the best rooms, and which many discriminating Americans have found highly comfortable, is classified by the Michelin only as a Good Average Hotel.

When I called this anomaly to my wife's attention, she remembered that her mother had stayed at the Royal Condé a couple of years ago and had been delighted with it. My mother-in-law happens to be a very fastidious woman. Furthermore, she is Swiss, and the operation and use of hotels is to the Swiss what the making and eating of food is to the French. (As reliable hotel-pointers I should place the Dutch and the Belgians immediately after the Swiss.)

The Royal Condé is housed in a noble private mansion of the seventeenth or early eighteenth century, which has been modernized internally without being mutilated. On the ground floor a comfortable little lobby, with a tiny bar attached, has been made by roofing over the courtyard. Next to the elevator (which is constructed along such ad-

vanced twentieth-century lines that you can ride it down as well as up) is the original seventeenth-century stairway, an officially classified national monument.

All the rooms I saw were clean and agreeable, and the one which I finally chose deserved a rating of Absolutely Unique in its Class, in the eyes of anyone who knows Paris hotels. It was abundantly furnished, with room to store more clothes, books, and knickknacks than I shall ever own, and with a huge, unbelievably comfortable bed. Yet there was plenty of space left over. The attached private bathroom, though below Wisconsin standards, was adequate for its purposes (the hot water was hot and the taps did not leak). The greatest wonder, by Paris standards, was a strong, easily adjustable table lamp with a long cord which was equally handy for working or for reading in bed. I got all this for the winter rate of 1,700 francs a day—a little over four dollars, if you buy your francs in Switzerland before entering France.

Putting Down Roots

WHEN you have a room like that, at a price you can afford, you immediately begin to put down roots, even in the most alien surroundings. You may not yet feel that you belong to the city, but at least you belong to your hotel. This feeling is one of the true rewards of travel, and if certain hotels can give it to you, or even help you to achieve it, then it is worth going to a lot of trouble to find them.

The Royal Condé in Paris is such a hotel. Another, much finer aesthetically, more of a show place of the good life as it was once lived in France, but equally comfortable in the modern sense, and only slightly more expensive (about seven dollars a day without meals during the season) is the Hôtel de

l'Europe in Avignon, the one-time city of the Popes, which incidentally has two superior restaurants, the Hièly and the Lucullus, the latter of which will serve you an exceptional meal for as little as three dollars, though it has the coveted Michelin two-star rating. If you can eat at Lucullus and sleep—perhaps in a carved four-poster bed—in one of the vast rooms of the elegant sixteenth-century Hôtel de l'Europe, it is worth making a long detour to visit Avignon, quite apart from the Popes and the many beautiful and interesting things to see.

ONLY a few miles from Avignon is another hotel, the Baumanière, which in itself would be worth a considerable trip. It is a modern hotel, built in the manner of the old Provençal country houses and furnished accordingly, in perfect taste and great luxury. It has a shaded park with a swimming pool, and its own two-star restaurant whose chef favors a pretty ambitious type of cuisine but will prepare the simplest dishes for you with the same care.

The quality of the hotel's service matches the quality of its food and the taste of its furnishings. All this, however, is only half the story. The other half is that the Baumanière is set down among the thyme-scented, sun-drenched hills of one of the loveliest parts of Provence, near the medieval castle and village of Les Baux, one of the great sights of France, or, for that matter, of the Western world. The price of this package-deal is about seven dollars a day for one of the finer rooms at the Baumanière, and approximately the same for one of its more impressive meals. Frankly, I would not recommend this hotel if you have never seen Les Baux before—it would be rather like getting your first glimpse of Notre Dame over a plate of pressed duck from the windows of



Hotel d'Argent in Paris—but staying there is unquestionably a unique experience.

Back in Paris, there is a little hotel almost as remarkable in its way as the Baumanière: the Bisson (37 Quai des Grands Augustins). It is excellently run and moderately priced—about six to eight dollars a day, including taxes and service, in summer—with a number of rooms looking out across the quais and the Seine (from the Left Bank) upon the Ile de la Cité. (If you crane your neck a little you should be able to see the towers and part of the facade of Notre Dame.) In other words, it is the kind of hotel which would be pleasant to stay in, no matter where it was located, but which happens also to be situated along the quarter-of-a-mile or so of river bank that offers the most consistently satisfying views of the most consistently satisfying large city in the world.

The Best Hotels in the World

OF COURSE, the fact that a hotel is not uniquely situated does not mean it is not worth considering. There are hotels in Europe which would be worth staying at if they faced on the gasworks. I know a little hotel in Munich, near the station, called the Continental. There is nothing picturesque, or even attractive, about the modern building which houses it, and the sole view from its windows is of war ruins and new buildings going up. It is moderately priced and patronized mainly by German business men. Only one thing distinguishes it from hundreds of others in its class—it is a very well-run hotel.

To the Europeans the concept of a well-run hotel is quite definite, though rather complex. A luxury hotel is expected to have the proper amount of plush and crystal, and, still more important, a staff adequate to provide all the service which the guests can reasonably expect for the price they are paying. At a well-run hotel in the luxury class—for example, the Dolder or the Baur au Lac in Zurich, either of which could reasonably claim to be the best hotel in the world—the ratio of staff to guests is 1.5 to 1. Unless a hotel normally maintains this staff-to-guest ratio—or something close to it—Europeans do not consider that it deserves to be classified as a luxury hotel, and the good guidebooks

will not so list it. To maintain this ratio, however, does not mean that a hotel is well run. That depends much more on how the staff is trained and directed. A hotel where the servants hover and fuss around you is not well run. Service should not be thrust on you but must be instantly available when you want it.

At a hotel like the Dolder, which is favored by royalty and eccentric aristocrats, service means a great deal more than polishing your shoes or lighting your cigar. For a certain English guest, it once meant installing and maintaining a private aviary, fancier than those in many zoos. The hotel put up the aviary in a suite of rooms rented by the guest, and looked after it for him. (He provided his own birds.) Then the guest fell to brooding about a pair of eagles on an inaccessible Alpine peak which he had been told were suffering from malnutrition. The Dolder rose to this emergency, too. It made the necessary arrangements with a local slaughter house and organized a weekly pack trip—led by the guest's secretary—to bring the eagles their proteins.

You can express yourself in a hotel like that.

A MORE modest type of hotel is not expected to provide such exceptional services for its guests, but it is expected to satisfy normal and reasonable needs with equal efficiency. This gives you a good feeling, not merely because it saves you the trouble of doing things for yourself, but because you see them done with a sense of style. And this general sense of style in living is the most important service which European hotels sell to their guests.

You can find it at its most elaborate at luxury hotels like the Dolder and the Baur au Lac; the Palace in St. Moritz; the Beau Rivage in Lausanne; the Ritz and the Meurice in Paris (which even the Swiss admit are well-run hotels). Without the trimmings, or with fewer of them, you can also find it at the Storchen in Zurich, the Louvre in Monte Carlo, the de la Ville in Rome, the Bourgogne et Montana in Paris (7 Rue de Bourgogne, behind the National Assembly), the Connaught, Savoy, and Claridge's in London, the Continental and the Vierjahrezeiten in Munich, the Hessischer Hof in Frankfurt, the

Ritter in Heidelberg, the Sacher in Vienna, and the Adler in Bad Godesberg (a charming old-fashioned little hotel with moderately-priced rooms and a fine, expensive restaurant patronized by officials of the Bonn government and foreign diplomats).

You can even find recognizable traces of it at many of the cheap Left Bank hotels in Paris that I have already named, or at still cheaper ones like the Hotel de Bellechasse in the Rue de Bellechasse, or the Londre et Malaquais in the Rue Bonaparte near the quais. In a humble and rustic form you will come across it at country inns like the Europe in the eighteenth-century French fortress town of Langres, or the Parc-Hôtel Aurora in the picturesque old Engadine village of Scans in Switzerland.

Meals for All Moods and Budgets

WHILE you are pursuing your quest for the ideal hotel you can keep up your morale and sharpen your sense of style by eating well. In this department the guidebooks do a much better job than they do on hotels. The Michelin Guides—for France and most West European countries—are by far the best, and though the listings are in French, the general directions are duplicated in English. Many of the starred restaurants in the Michelin are essentially tourist restaurants, but they are not Tourist Traps, because they serve food as their chefs think it ought to be cooked, and not on the basis of what they think is good enough for their customers. Sometimes the food costs more than it is really worth, but if you eat at the starred restaurants you will never have a bad meal.

The restaurant listings in the Michelin breathe an almost truculent integrity. Prunier's, the world-famous seafood restaurant, is awarded only one star, and the restaurant of the Ritz gets a modest two. In my opinion, the Michelin is a little *too* strict. I cannot understand, for example, why it fails to give a star to Au Petit Riche, 25 Rue Le Peletier, a reasonable and remarkably good old-fashioned restaurant specializing in the dishes and wines of the Touraine. In all Paris only five three-star restaurants are listed: Maxim's, Lapérouse, the Café de Paris, La Tour d'Argent, and Le Grand Vefour. Unless

you are traveling on a shoestring it is worth investing ten or fifteen dollars in a meal at one of them. Lapérouse is probably the least expensive, and Maxim's—that traditional stand-by of the *boulevardier* and the *bon vivant*—the best. (Of course you should always order in advance.)

In Paris even the more reasonable one-star restaurants will make a hole in your budget if you eat at them regularly. Besides, there are times when you want simpler food and homelier surroundings. There is a real need for a Parisian restaurant-guide specializing in the "little" restaurants—all the more so because many of them, since the war, have sadly deteriorated in quality and gone up in price, especially on the Left Bank. This is true, for example, of the Bouteille d'Or on the Quai Montebello facing Notre Dame. But it is still worth an occasional visit in summer—if you can get a seat on the *terrasse*—because of the view, and for old time's sake. Sadder still, the Saints Pères, on the corner of the Rue des Saints Pères and the Boulevard St. Germain, now types its menus and lists more and fancier dishes than a cheap restaurant should (not that it is so cheap any more). It is still all right to eat at the little bistros across from the Halle aux Vins, if a rich friend invites you, but there are many places where he could invest his money more wisely.

ON THE other hand, the Chope Danton, 4 Carrefour Odéon, is, if anything, better than before the war and relatively not more expensive. The Petit St. Benoit, in the street of that name, has likewise kept up its standards without greatly increasing its prices and in consequence is more horribly crowded than ever. Other little Left Bank restaurants that have remained or become good are: Chez Alexandre, Rue des Cannelles; the Mabillon, Rue Mabillon; and —if you like Algerian music—the *Flamenco* in the Rue de l'École, one of the charming sixteenth-century streets behind the Church of St. Germain des Prés. Across the river there is La Grille, in the Rue Montorgueil, near the Central Markets—though it costs more than two dollars for an average meal and hardly counts any longer as a "little" restaurant; and the Brasserie Flo, an Alsatian restaurant in a converted stable at 7 Cour des Petits-Fourneaux, one of the quietest streets. All

Of course, the restaurants of the Doucet chain are cheap and good.

Of course, no self-respecting tourist is content for very long to eat by the book, and presumably after you have sampled two or three little restaurants that you have read or heard about you will want to discover one of your own. Bistro-hunting in Paris—indeed anywhere in Europe—is a wonderfully absorbing sport. Human nature being what it is, you are bound sooner or later to make a sensational discovery, but you will have an easier time and get more recognition for your achievement from the other experts if you follow certain rules.

The most important one is not to look for expensive or ambitious restaurants, because the Michelin probably already knows about them if they are any good. On the other hand there is not much use, at least in Paris, looking for a place where you can eat well for less than about a dollar-and-a-half. The little *restaurant des chauffeurs* which in the past produced some important gastronomic finds is definitely passé. Taxi-drivers are still worth consulting, however—at least the old, fat ones—and on country roads you should look for the round shield of Les Routiers de France marking the inns where the long-distance truck drivers eat.

IN PARIS avoid the Fifth and Sixth Arrondissements, which have been hunted out. There may still be some virgin, or demi-virgin territory, however, in the more fashionable Seventh Arrondissement of the Left Bank, because of all the ministries and the National Assembly. French civil servants like to eat well but do not have much money, so there are often good, inexpensive little restaurants near ministries, prefectures, and city halls. Bankers and stockbrokers also like to eat well and have more money, so there are usually good eating places around the Bourse.

Wholesalers and others in the food industry, particularly in the cattle and wine branches, believe in plowing a high percentage of their profits back into the business via their stomachs. Hence it is wise to look for good restaurants around the cattle or wine markets in country towns and near the stockyards—some of the best restaurants in Paris are around the stockyards in the La Villette

quarter, and there may be others there which have not yet been discovered. Many traveling salesmen are great gourmets, which may explain why so many dingy little country railway-station restaurants serve delicious food. This seems to be particularly the case as you approach the Swiss border, and it is frequently true in Switzerland, too. (Generally, you will discover more cheap restaurants, and sometimes better ones, in Switzerland, and possibly in Belgium, than in France. A really notable example is Kaiser's Reblaub in Zurich.)

Once you have spotted what seems a promising restaurant, you can often tell from the menu posted outside whether it is worth entering or not. Avoid cheap restaurants with pretentious menus, also those which display too many dishes made out of scraps and leftovers. The decorations and furniture may tell you something. Generally, good cheap restaurants in France are rather plain, but liverish wallpaper, dirty brown varnish—and, in the country, horsehair sofas and curlicues—are favorable signs rather than otherwise, the quality of the food often being in inverse ratio to the tastefulness of the *décor*. Shun copper pots and cretonne curtains like the plague. It also helps if you have a smattering of medical knowledge. In a good restaurant you will always find a number of clients with visible signs of high blood pressure or incipient cirrhosis, but very few ulcer cases.

Shop Hunting

IN THE shopping field the equivalent of the bistro-hunt is the quest for minor antiques, odd knickknacks, and exotic but useful household articles. Any guidebook will tell you how to find the antique shops and the flea markets (or thieves' markets) which are the traditional hunting grounds for these items in Europe, but more interesting and recondite ones exist. For example, in Paris you can start with the basement and first floor of the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville—a sort of French Sears Roebuck—where you will find, fresh from the factory, some of the old-world wood or pottery or copper domestic implements which the antiquaries hang up in the rain for a few weeks and then sell at tourist prices. You will also find admirable cheap cutlery and garden tools that sometimes look

as if they had been imported from Abercrombie and Fitch, and interesting personal accouterments, such as the leather pouches carried by street-car conductors and garage attendants, which some women find make handsome pocketbooks for sports wear.

Village hardware stores in Europe are even more rewarding. In the south of France they are the best places to buy Provençal pottery. If you prefer the Touraine version, go directly to the potteries at Amboise or in nearby Malicorne, where the rich brown glazed ware with the creamy interiors is baked. The Malicorne pottery is particularly beautiful and incredibly cheap.

If you are used to hunting for antique furniture in the lean New England preserves, the country inns and farmhouses of Europe will seem like a primeval paradise to you. Greece provides some of the most sensational finds, but extraordinary bargains can be had in Germany and Austria as well. (A friend of mine once bought a seventeenth-century table from a Lower Saxon farmer for \$7.50.) In Switzerland, the villages of the Engadine are stuffed with hand-carved eighteenth- and seventeenth-century furniture of rare beauty, and if it seems too bulky to ship home, you might compromise on an old tiled mountain stove which can be dismantled for packing and (possibly) reassembled in America.

How to Get Around

WHETHER you go in for collecting landscape, hotels, restaurants, antiques, or all of them at once, it adds immeasurably to your pleasure to tour Europe by car, and, especially for a family, it is often the cheapest way to travel. The practice of buying European cars on arrival and selling them, sometimes for only a trifle less than you have paid, on leaving, is one of the triumphs of modern social organization which more and more tourists are exploiting. It is less generally realized that in a number of European countries—when you are not staying long enough to justify the purchase of a car—you can arrange, without enormous expense, to rent a drive-yourself auto and have it waiting for you at the airport.

If you are too poor to buy or rent a car, but young enough in heart to stand some risk

and discomfort, twentieth-century technology has created for you a tool of travel which would have delighted the adventurous wayfarers of the past: the velomotor, ranging from the sedately chugging powered bicycle to the miniature motorcycle. However toy-like they may appear, these gadgets, in the last twenty years, have developed amazing mechanical qualities. For long-range touring the most suitable of them is probably the Italian Vespa, manufactured by the Lambretta company, or under foreign licenses held by them. It looks like a cross between a small motorcycle and a child's scooter, and its low center of gravity is said to make it relatively safe to operate, while its powerful motor produces a satisfyingly virile racket. European Vespists somehow contrive to hitch several knapsacks or valises onto their machines, and often a girl friend as well. By attaching a miniature trailer you can even take along your dog or baby, or, more practically, some camping equipment. (Incidentally, the best and cheapest camping equipment in the world is said to be found in France and Switzerland.)

THE growing popularity of the velomotor in Europe has inspired Professor André Siegfried, the French sociologist, to some far-reaching conclusions. As he sees it, the velomotor revolution is a kind of industrial counterrevolution which is helping to restore the individualist values of the past by freeing the underprivileged European worker from the routines and servitudes created by his former dependence on collective means of transportation.

The progress of the comparable automobile revolution in the United States suggests some qualifications to Professor Siegfried's optimistic thesis, but there is no doubt that at the present time the velomotor is one means, among others, for freeing the tourist from the tyranny of the Tourist Trap. It may not offer the ideal way to see Europe—though under European summer skies, traveling on two wheels across the gentle, poison ivyless European landscape is less rugged than you might suppose—but at least it is a reassuring reminder that the mind which a government is not ingenious enough to invent the machine should be ingenious enough to master the machine age.

The Eternal Pull of Rome

Blanche R. Brown

ROME is only somewhat eternal, but the affliction with which it smites visitors can last all their lives. A German nobleman who traveled to Rome in the nineteenth century during his *Wanderjahr* found he couldn't leave. His family cajoled, demanded, threatened, sent envoys whom he eluded, and finally cut off his allowance. He borrowed from friends as long as they would put up with him and finished his days begging cheerfully on street corners in the only city in which he could be happy.

It's a risk anyone who goes to Rome must take—the Rome disease. There are so many quarters from which it can attack, so many emotions the city can evoke, so many layers of civilization from which it calls to the civilized mind, though it is, as I say, only somewhat eternal. There was no Rome before 753 B.C. Some accounts say it grew, rocked the world, built an empire, and paved extensive areas of the world's surface. But then by the fifth century A.D. the center of empire had shifted to the east, and Rome itself was plummeting downward. This city, which once held between one and two million people, shrank to township size. At one time perhaps as few as 17,000 people lived there and their cattle grazed in the meadow that drifting earth had formed over the old Forum Romanum. It was invaded and sacked many times. No one could meet the overhead, so the old buildings went to rack and ruin, and became quarries of materials for newer, smaller buildings. No one swept up, so the dirt took over. For long centuries, until the

Renaissance, things were historically quiet (though seldom peaceful) on the Tiber. Then Rome began to come to life again and recaptured her position as a world center in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when a series of militant popes led the reconquest of Protestant peoples and strengthened the temporal power of the Church. After that Rome nodded off again, and only today is she getting in on things once more.

If you want to see the great centers of Hellenism, of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, pack your bag and go elsewhere. But if you want Roman and Christian antiquity or the High Renaissance (a term used here to cover a cluster of sixteenth-century styles) or the Baroque, go to Rome. Of these styles Rome gives you the best, for of these she was the generating center.

SEEING art in Rome is more than a matter of picking a period, however. As an art experience, Rome has a very special, heady flavor. The Baroque style, which dominates, is rich and spacious, spicy and juicy, fantastic and inventive. (One doesn't spare the adjectives when one describes Baroque.) But Rome is rich in many other ways as well—in, for example, the peculiar way in which its past and present are entwined, encrusted, interwoven, and engrafted. Modern Romans live in Renaissance and Baroque Rome, and builders, both past and present, have moved into and settled down with the ruins of antiquity.

Throughout the city large pieces of ancient Rome still stand. Pagan temples have been made into churches and continue, after conversion, to lead an equally religious life within old walls.

There are secular rededications, too. The great vaulted remains of the Temple of Neptune, raised by the Emperor Hadrian in the second century A.D., were made into the Borsa, the Treasury Building. You can rent an apartment in a Renaissance palace built on top of the Theater of Marcellus. You can hear a concert in one of the bays of the great Basilica of Maxentius, or an opera set in the Baths of Caracalla. Most striking of all is the bathing establishment built by Diocletian in the third century A.D. The original outer wall now underlies the shape of the huge Piazza Esedra. The tepidarium (just one room) was made into the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli by Michelangelo—a marble-encrusted, painted interior entered through an inconspicuous door in the ruin of a vaulted bay. One small round room, once set into the surrounding wall, is now separated out as the Church of San Bernardino. Another is Rome's planetarium. The enormous National Museum of Rome occupies many rooms of the baths. And there are still other huge, half-destroyed walls and vaults left on the piazza to make a romantic contrast with the cantilevered glass and steel of the new railroad station across the street.

ROME's encrustation also has depth. All of ancient Rome not exposed or destroyed by later building is there, under the modern basements. Below the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo are a series of rooms that were part of a house built in the second century A.D. Under the Capitoline Museum the guard will show you the Tabularium, the old Republican archives, and the Temple of Vejovis, dedicated to a Gallic god in order to placate the Gauls when peace was made with them after their invasion of Italy in the fourth century B.C.

Then there is San Clemente. The church itself is an attractive twelfth-century Romanesque basilica which belongs to an Irish Dominican order. Some years ago the holy brothers began burrowing into dirt and time. Under their own church they found the earlier church of San Clemente of the fifth

century; under that a second-century Mithraeum, dedicated to the worship of the Persian sun god Mithras; under that walls and rooms of Roman Republican and Imperial times. Today you can see them all.

Living Art and Ruins

EVERY city is a three-dimensional museum of architecture. In Rome the architects and planners included Bramante, Raphael, Michelangelo, Bernini, and Borromini, and almost all of the city they built is still intact. Their churches, palaces, state buildings, houses, are the churches, palaces, state buildings, houses, hotels, and *pensioni* of today. There are museums, of course—several of the best in the world for classical art—but much of Rome's art still lives the life it was born to. Altarpieces, wall decorations, family portraits are in use. They have not been plucked from where they grew and hung on a blank wall somewhere else. The sculpture still adorns portals or altars or courtyards or juts up from the pavements bearing or disgorging or accompanying water.

In Rome you live in, worship in, wander through, buy in, are cooled by, and eat in the buildings, fountains, courts, and piazzas that the gentlemen I have mentioned designed and decorated. And their art lives with golden sunlight, pink oleanders, the taste of Frascati and *spiedini*, and the movement and clatter of Romans.

There are ruins, too, but how much anyone enjoys looking at them is an individual matter. So is the way you look at them. You can, if you like, sit on a rock, watch the lizards play over stones once wrought by man, and brood à la Keats about the instability of real-estate values. Or you can get hold of a good guidebook and find out what it is all about. If you do, you have your work cut out for you for as long as you wish.

You can start in the middle of the city and make your way in a continuous line through the Forum Romanum on through the Arch of Titus to the area of the Basilica of Maxentius, beyond to the Temple of Venus and Roma, and on to the Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum.

You can climb the neighboring Palatine Hill to find traces of the earliest settlement of Rome, the palaces of the Emperors, and,

underneath the palaces, two fine private houses, beautifully painted.

You can burrow under the Capitoline Hill, next to the Forum, for the remains of the ancient citadel. You can move on across the Via dei Fori Imperiali to the fora of Julius Caesar, Augustus, Nerva, and Trajan (complete with the column of). You can see all that is left of Nero's Golden House on the nearby Esquiline Hill. From here you can spread out to points too numerous to mention, above ground and below, within the great Aurelian Wall (third century A.D.) and outside it, not forgetting, of course, the wall itself.

Antiquity Turns Up

THERE is a funny thing about antiquity in Rome—it takes on a strange, inverted kind of topicality. It is more current and contemporary in this way than Renaissance or Baroque art where the only thing that is likely to change radically is the way we look at it, not what we have to look at. But new examples of classical art are always turning up.

When Mussolini had a hole dug for a new subway station, before the war, the excavators laid bare (and destroyed) the red-light district of ancient Rome. When the subway tube was dug through, the diggers saw above them as they moved the ground plan of two hillfuls of the old city. In 1948 when the new railroad station was being built, each day some of ancient Rome appeared and vanished under the jaws of the steam shovel. One day I saw two stories of a palace of Antonius Pius with several layers of painted decoration on the walls, mosaic floors, and a bathing establishment in the corner; and a piece of the old "Servian" city wall (fourth century B.C.) with its moat beside it.

They say that whenever a Roman pokes around in his cellar, he turns up antiquity. But usually he doesn't mention it because then the government and the archaeologists would move in, and he would have no place to keep his wine barrels and pickled artichoke hearts.

Christian antiquity was, of course, part of pagan antiquity. In the catacombs outside the walls both Christians and pagans were buried. Both lived side by side

in the same houses, walked side by side in the same Fora, though they did tend to go separate ways into the amphitheaters. With the conversion of the Emperor Constantine in the early fourth century, however, much specifically Christian building began. Then, for a while, before Rome ceased to be an Imperial capital in 476, many churches were erected. Some of them still stand and there are traces of the structure and decoration of others within later rebuilding.

Perhaps the purest, completest example of the period, recently cleansed of such new, distracting elements as sixteenth-century frescoes, is Santa Costanza, the small circular church Constantine erected as a mortuary monument for his daughter. It is probably the sweetest example, too, with a small dome, lightened by a row of windows at the bottom, on an arcade on double columns which opens all around into a barrel-vaulted corridor whose ceiling is encrusted with mosaics. There are early Christian mosaics in other churches also, for example in Santa Maria Maggiore, the Baptistry of San Giovanni in Laterano, and Santa Pudenziana.

BY THE sixth century, things in Rome were relatively quiet, artistically. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries there was some Romanesque building including San Clemente, the nave and cloister of San Lorenzo fuori le mura, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, the cloister of San Paolo fuori le mura, and Santa Maria in Trastevere, which also has important mosaics. There is just one Gothic church, of the thirteenth century, called Santa Maria sopra Minerva because it was built on the site of a Temple of Minerva, but it's no great shakes. Even the Michelangelo it contains is not very good—the "Victorious Christ," a piece carved mostly by the boys in the studio.

During the quattrocento, after the Popes had returned from Avignon, some of the men who were making a name for themselves elsewhere were called in to work on particular commissions. Masolino painted a chapel in San Clemente. There is a roomful of Fra Angelico frescoes left of those he painted for the Vatican Palace. In the Sistine Chapel is a row of paintings by Botticelli, Perugino, Ghirlandaio, Roselli, Pinturicchio, and Signorelli which most people don't see because

their eyes sweep past them to the Michelangelo ceiling.

It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the big projects began. Then the city, as we know it today, was laid out by Domenico Fontana, under the orders of Pope Sixtus V, with long diagonal avenues radiating from Santa Maria Maggiore to the seven great churches. And it was richly adorned.

We can take as a beginning Bramante's perfect, modal little symbol of the High Renaissance, the shrine of San Pietro in Montorio, built on the Janicolo Hill at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and we are off. The new St. Peter's began replacing the early Christian basilica and during the years that it was in the process of building accumulated four great crossing piers by Bramante, a choir and splendid, dominating dome by Michelangelo, a nave and façade by Maderna, and, in front, the grand space-and-column pageant of the piazza by Bernini.

THE Vatican Palace, too, added wings and interior decoration during these years. Raphael painted four roomfuls of frescoes which have been the wonder and envy of all academies since, and, with his studio, made an open Loggia gay with "grotesque" patterns after the antique which are still being plagiarized today. Michelangelo came in from Florence, left his Pietà in St. Peter's, spent three years painting the ceiling of the Vatican's Sistine Chapel, and came back twenty-five years later to paint the Last Judgment on the front wall. There was a time, during which some of us were in school taking notes about what is good art, when this painting was described as an over-ripe work, done when the poor old man was falling apart. Very likely, however, you will find it, as I do, a storm, a wind, a turbulent cry.

These men and others worked outside of the Vatican City as well. One of the pleasantest encounters with Raphael is in the Farnesina Palace, the villa across the river from the family town house, the Farnese Palace. There, in a charming yellow stucco country house, designed by Peruzzi, he covered the ceiling of a hall with paintings of the legend of Cupid and Psyche.

The encounters with Michelangelo are always titanic. The Moses, now the central

motif of his tomb of Pope Julius II, bursts out of the wall of the small church of San Pietro in Vincoli. His Campidoglio, on top of the Capitoline Hill, is one of Rome's grandest squares. In it he has parlayed an old Roman bronze equestrian statue, a patterned marble pavement, and three palaces laid out on a trapezoid into one of the most awe-inspiring formal experiences the Western world has to offer.

The Glory of the Baroque

HOWEVER the man who did more than anyone else to shape the city as we know it was Gian Lorenzo Bernini, sculptor and architect in charge of works for Pope Urban VIII. He, more than anyone, created the official, stately extravaganzas of the Papal Baroque and shaped Rome in that image. He is at his stateliest in the Piazza San Pietro. But if you want to meet him more intimately, in human scale, go to the small oval church of Sant' Andrea on the Quirinale with its cascades of steps like water and its convex porch swelling from a concave wall.

For Urban VIII Bernini finished the magnificent Barberini Palace. For everyone, including American tourists, he designed some of the city's most delightful piazzas and fountains—ranging from the wild operatics of the Piazza Navona to the proto-Walt Disney cuteness of the small chubby elephant carrying an obelisk in the front of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

Yet even while Bernini was alive and ruling the roost, there were cognoscenti, intellectuals, and sensitive souls who said that the boy to watch was not Bernini but Francesco Borromini. The more learned orders hired him. They had to give him his head and be patient with his eccentricities, but they were delighted with the results. Everything was freshly invented, a little wild, a little bizarre, but sensitive and subtle. There was not much stateliness, but a freshet of most amusing fantasy. And Borromini's caprices delight the more sensitive range of souls today. The best known of his works is the tiny complex of San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane, a masterpiece of space, lot, he has included a fountain, a garden, an exquisite minute cloister, and an amazing

church which undulates within and without and is crowned with an oval dome.

For the rest of Baroque Rome, let us confine ourselves to a reminder of the greatest pleasures. There are the paintings of Caravaggio, who developed "baroque naturalism" in Rome in the fifteen-nineties, in the churches of San Luigi dei Francesi and Santa Maria del Popolo; the famous ceiling paintings of the Caracci in the Farnese Palace, and of Pietro da Cortona in the Barberini Palace. There is Il Gesu, the church of the Jesuits, which is the last gasp in baroque decoration with the ceiling dissolving into clouds and sky and angels floating in and alighting on all available moldings. The smaller church of Santa Maria della Vittoria is scarcely less ornate and offers a chapel by the old pro Bernini which includes a marble assemblage of patrons on a balcony watching the ecstasy of Santa Teresa, the most baroque of sentiments experienced by the most baroque of saints.

By the later seventeenth century, baroque creativity had moved on to other places, but even the eighteenth century left in Rome such favorite confections as the Trevi Fountain, the Spanish Steps, and the Piazza San Ignazio.

BUT why go on? In Rome you brush baroque as you walk, drink it with your wine, hear it in the fountains, catch sunlight as it is splintered through its shapes. If this is for you, you will be very happy and nothing more need be said except an uninsistent word of caution about the danger of infection.

Some time ago I lectured on this very subject at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where I earn my keep, and a member of the audience said to me afterward, "I was in Rome three years ago. Were all those things there then?" For the same lady I went back last summer to check. Everything is in place.

Shopping and Eating in Rome

Elaine W. Senigallia

SINCE the war, Rome has become a major shopping center for Americans, and with good reason. The touch of elegance that handwork gives is rampant in Italy; in fact, handmade items are better than machine-made ones. So much for the Industrial Revolution.

To track down addresses, there's a helpful book, *Nuovissima Pianta di Roma*, sold at practically all newsstands and bookstores, which contains a large, detailed map of the city, an index of street names keyed to it, and a summary of the transportation routes. A taxi is probably the easiest, and most expensive, way to get around, but during the daytime the bus and trolley service is very good and costs less than seven cents to go almost anywhere. Every bus, filobus (with overhead wires), and trolley has a number and large sign at the side listing the main points of its route. (After dark you had better stick to taxis, since the other services are considerably reduced, but remember that cabs

add a 25-cent extra night charge after ten o'clock.)

You get on a bus at the back, tell the driver your destination (which determines your fare), and hold onto the ticket he gives you in case an inspector appears. You leave by the front, hissing "*permesso*" as you edge your way out.

Now for a few tips on what might strike your fancy and where:

Gloves: There are handsome, well-made gloves in stores throughout the city. An especially good collection at reasonable prices can be found at Perrone, Piazza di Spagna 92, where a pair of beautifully detailed suede gloves, for example, costs about \$2.50. At Barra on Via Sistina the gloves are a little fancier and the prices higher.

Blouses and Lingerie: Probably the most beautiful lingerie in Rome is at Cerri, Piazza di Spagna 89. It is also extremely expensive. Slightly less costly and almost equally lovely things are featured at Bonelli, Piazza S. Silvestro

33, where handmade silk slips start at \$8.00. Galassi, Via Condotti 34, has silk, linen, and cotton blouses of typically Italian workmanship at reasonable prices; handmade silk blouses start at about \$7.00.

Leather Goods: Leather wallets are excellent and inexpensive in Rome, but make sure that the one you buy is not designed for the monster Italian 10,000-lira notes instead of our smaller dollars. Marifor, Via Frattina 86, has very handsome wallets and cigarette cases, including a man's seal wallet at about \$1.50 and a billfold for a woman of black patent leather lined with suede at about \$2.75. Pergamena, Via del Babuino 94, has pocket-size picture frames (triple—\$3.25), leather-backed brushes which zip open to reveal a manicure set (\$7.00), and key rings with gadgets attached for \$1.50 and \$2.00, as well as a good selection of wallets.

Shoes: Looking at shoes on the street, you get the impression that Italians have triangular feet. Men's shoes, especially, seem designed for a three-toed species rare in America, and will therefore be disregarded here. For women the situation is somewhat better, though Florence, not Rome, is the Italian city in which to buy shoes. However, Morosila, Via Francesco Crispi 113, has attractive, handmade shoes starting at about \$9.00; and at Bufarini, Via Due Macelli 45, where the walking shoes and evening sandals are more attractive to American eyes than the street shoes, prices start at \$7.00.

Men's Ties and Such: There are many elegant little nooks on Via Condotti which will be happy to show you \$12.00 shirts, silk dressing gowns, and other expensive items. But you can buy handsome men's apparel in dozens of other Roman shops for much less. Schostal, Via del Corso 158, has silk ties for \$2.00, wool ones for \$1.60, and other pleasant necessities. You might also try Marengo, Via del Tritone 47.

Gifts for Women: Casa della Borsetta, Via Frattina 41, is the place to go for dressy fabric bags (the kind the fashion magazines call "amusing"). Prices start at about \$9.00. Lorian's, Via Montecatini 4, is a tiny shop full of whimsies—cloth shoes made to order in solid colors, plaids, and prints in various fabrics for about \$5.00, with bags to match at the same price and hats to match at about \$3.00 (allow about five to six days for your order to be filled); and belts, scarves, costume jewelry, straw pocketbooks, etc.

Miscellaneous: Myricae, Via Frattina 36, is full of interesting oddments: stuffed animals, pottery, ceramics, cigarette boxes, candlesticks, costume jewelry, hats and skirts made to order, tablecloths, place mats, and practically anything

else you can think of. Prices range from cheap to very expensive.

Fontana Arte, Via Condotti 25, has beautiful things made out of glass. And a fine hodgepodge of souvenir ashtrays, vases, and what-have-yous is at Gabrielli, Via Condotti 22.

In many shops it is understood that the customer will not pay the first price asked, and an eloquent eyebrow or shrug is usually enough to bring it down some. If you are really interested in the article, you can sound out the clerk about lowering the price still further, but don't be too vehement or you will find him regretfully putting the item away while sincerely sympathizing with your inability to buy it.

On the other hand, more and more shops nowadays have a discreet *prezzi fissi* (fixed prices) card displayed. If, like many tourists, you sigh with relief on seeing it, you might think of the recent experience of an American shopper who hated to argue about prices. She needed a pair of gloves in a hurry, tried on a pair in a small shop, and asked, "How much?" "Two thousand lire," the owner replied. She reached in her bag, extracted 2,000 lire, and was about to walk away when he, deeply distressed, cried after her, "For you we make a special price—1,800 lire!"

And Then, to Eat

THERE are two kinds of eating places in Rome—*ristoranti* and *trattorie*—and both are excellent, but a *trattoria* is less expensive. When you feel like being escorted to a table by a headwaiter, surrounded by fashionably dressed people, and superbly served, head for a *ristorante*. There are many justly famous ones: Dal Bolognese at Piazza del Popolo; the Biblioteca del Valle (called "the library" because the walls are lined with shelves of wine); Pancrazio at Piazza del Biscione; the Augustea at Via della Freggia 5; the Passetto at Via Zanardelli 14; Tre Scalini at Piazza Navona; and Il Buco (famous for steak) at Via S. Ignazio 8.

Rome also abounds in *trattorie* which may look unprepossessing but which serve excellent food with good but less formal service for about \$1.50 a meal. Try, for example, Moro (celebrated for spaghetti alla Moro) at Vicolo delle Bollette 13, just around the corner from the Trevi Fountain, or the Grappolo d'Oro at Via del Gambero 34, just around the corner from the main post office at Piazza S. Silvestro. On a nice day, you may enjoy lunch outdoors in the small, pleasant garden of the Piccola Rosa, Via Emilia 23. Both the Ninos, at Via Rasella 52 or Via Borgognona 11 near the Spanish steps, specialize in Florentine cooking and steak; the former has menus with the specialties translated as "devilish done chicken," "stewed veal

Mexicans," and "beans after the little bird." ~~A simple, good and very beautiful, but expensive,~~ is the Palazzo, a restaurant on a hill outside town in a villa that formerly belonged to Mussolini's mistress, Clara Petacci. It has tables both indoors and out, around a swimming pool. If you have a car, the old Appian Way provides many modestly priced, good outdoor ~~eating places, and there is something very engaging~~ about looking at ruins as you sit in a garden eating spaghetti and drinking wine. Without a car, you can take a ± 1 trolley from Piazzale Flaminio to Ponte Milvio and then a ± 201 bus to Via Cassia to reach the outdoor eating places at both the Tomba di Nerone and the Belvedere della Rose on Via Cassia.

MANY hours in Rome are a source of exasperation to many visitors. However, since stores, offices, museums, restaurants, and theaters are geared to a 9:00 to 1:00, 4:00 to 8:00 timetable, you had best resign yourself to a hearty lunch at 1:00, 1:30, or 2:00 and dinner at 9:00.

Confronted with an Italian menu, there are a few things to be borne in mind. *Pasta*, which follows the *antipasto* or appetizers, includes all the various spaghetti, noodle, and rice dishes and soup. Italians are horrified to see an American order first soup and then spaghetti—to them it's like eating soup twice. The main dish is usually listed under *piatti del giorno*, and anything *ai ferri* or *alla griglia* is broiled; *al forno* is baked or roasted; *alla parmigiana* is

with tomato sauce and melted cheese; and *alla pizzaiola* with a highly spiced tomato sauce.

Manzo or *bue* means beef; *vitello*, veal; *agnello* or *abbacchio*, lamb; *maiale*, pork; *pollo*, chicken; *fegato*, liver; *insalata*, salad; *formaggio*, cheese; *pesce*, fish; *frutta*, fruit; *dolce*, dessert.

Fruits and vegetables are very good in Rome, but you would usually do well to avoid raw salads. However almost any vegetable will be served *all'agro* on request—which means cooked, cooled, and served with oil and lemon or vinegar. String beans, spinach, and broccoli especially take kindly to this treatment.

It's also a good idea to avoid sea food during the summer and all milk that does not come in a sealed container. The water is good, so there is no need to drink bottled mineral water unless you prefer it, but if you have fruit you are expected to peel it since it is not washed beforehand. With cherries and grapes, a bowl of water to wash them in is served along with your order.

You never have to order a whole bottle of wine with your meal. All eating places have both red and white available by the pitcher, and a *quartino*—two full glasses—costs only about ten cents.

One last word: in all Roman eating places, food is cooked to your order, so be prepared to wait for it. It will be worth it. In restaurants there's a service charge, plus a cover charge of about ten cents per person. Because service is theoretically included in the bill, a tip of 5 per cent is considered adequate. At coffee bars it's customary to leave five or ten lire.

Nobody Here But Us Tireless Researchers. Boss

AN OFFICIAL source on the committee of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy qualified yesterday the Senator's charge in a nation-wide speech Tuesday night that former President Truman's definition of "McCarthyism" was exactly the same as that of the *Daily Worker*, Communist newspaper.

Mr. McCarthy said Tuesday night that Mr. Truman's definition was "identical, word for word, comma for comma, with the definition adopted by the Communist *Daily Worker*, which originated the term."

Asked today what issue of the *Daily Worker* Mr. Truman's words were found in, the McCarthy source said his staff had gone over the newspaper's files and had "picked out phrases repeatedly used to describe McCarthyism."

"They found these to be identical with those used by Truman," the source said. He indicated, however, that the entire Truman definition was not found in any single issue of the paper.

—From the *New York Times*, November 26, 1953.

a Serbo-Croat for "Sir, I have a painful rash and you find the word for vomit suggestively listed under the heading 'Food and Drink.'"

By the time I had assembled with my two companions in Trieste, we were all a little dizzy with advice, ready to welcome an official guide to hotel accommodations put out by Putnik which one of us had acquired. We were glad to learn that fears about hotel accommodations were groundless. The pamphlet gave an impression of limitless numbers of hostelryes, all of them of unexampled luxury and some of them promising such lures as "separate tables in this restaurant" and, at the Ritz-bar (Night Club) in Zagreb, "a railway station 880 m. distant."

Like most such hotel guides, this one contained advertisements at the back. Communist advertising seems odd until you get used to it. With the commendable purpose of making the facts perfectly clear to the consumer, the ads always include a good many statistics, many of them rather uninviting. But the bourgeois habit of trying to sell the wares persists, and the combination of come-on with truth is unsettling: "Visit the Municipal Catering Enterprise's 'Kumrovec' Hotel; four stories; eighteen kms from the airport; two of its rooms fitted with running water; Category D; numerous cultural monuments in the region; meals available at a Municipal restaurant 800 m. distant."

The policy of coldly factual advertising was modified in another piece of literature we picked up. This one was called *Croatia Through Istria to Dalmatia*—a lyrical brochure which would give nightmares to a Pure Food and Drug Administrator. In a lengthy section on "Spas in Croatia," it made whole lists of assertions like the following: "The water [of a spa called Lipik] cures gout, diseases of the central and outer nervous system, of the heart and blood vessels, of the respiratory organs, of the lymphatic system, scrofula, etc."

Crossing the Frontier

WE SAID goodbye to capitalism in Trieste, and received our last bit of advice. Capitalism, embodied in a brand-new hotel with a swimming pool in the agreeably named the Jolly Hotel, made

us wistful. The advice made us nervous. It was given by an American army officer, the friend of a friend. If our car broke down, he told us, it would be best just to abandon it permanently, after removing the license plates and other marks of identification. If anybody subsequently brought up the subject, we should insist that we had arrived by train. Otherwise, he concluded glumly, things might get complicated.

It was not possible to extract any explanation of this drastic advice from the officer. We set out for the frontier in an oddly heightened emotional condition.

The frontier was nothing. The Trieste guards nodded. The Yugoslavs counted our money several times in different languages, with different results each time. A cordial compromise was eventually reached and the average of the several sums gaily entered upon the form. A round of hand-shakes, and we had set off into the interior of the People's Federative Republic.

THE first impression was of a very high standard of living, even luxury. Five or six Mercedes-Benzes, of different models but all brand-new, choked the highway. Then, a bit further on, a Mercedes-Benz service truck. A clean and brightly painted village, filled with clean and brightly painted villagers. The parents raised the children in their arms to smile and wave at us. A little group paused at the entrance of an onion-towered church to nod. The wide tarvia road left the village and wound on, beautifully banked, between pretty hills covered with orchards. A sense of euphoria engulfed us, and we exchanged dreamy impressions.

"Extremely high standard of living. You notice the change the minute you cross the frontier."

"Perfect freedom of conscience. You notice that the minute you cross the frontier, too."

"Great friendliness toward foreigners. You notice that the minute. . . ."

Another fifteen or twenty miles, and we passed a burned-out house on the left, and a cluster of shapeless humps of concrete. Consultation of the map showed we had crossed the line which was, until 1945, the Italo-Yugoslav frontier. The road surface deteriorated instantly and disastrously into an ill-assorted collection of boulders generously covered

with a fine white dust resembling talcum powder. (We later discovered, when we came to wash our hair, that this dust had the useful quality of a water-softener. The stone-hard water of Belgrade took on the texture of honey when mixed with the dust.)

Our euphoria was replaced by irritability. A rather sharp argument arose almost immediately on the general subject of our itinerary. Owing to divergent counsels, no agreement had yet been reached as to *where* in Yugoslavia we should go. The matter now became urgent, and two opposing viewpoints developed: (a) according to the map, we were now on the principal People's Highway and therefore, presumably, the best in the country; it would clearly be madness to choose deliberately a road which must be worse than this one and, as a consequence, we had no real choice at all but to continue straight on to Ljubljana; (b) any road would be better than this, so let us take the first turn to the right and make our way by the sun toward Rijeka and the beauties of the Dalmatian coast.

The Magic Word "Slivovitz"

THE decision proved difficult, and we decided to prolong the debate over a drink. A large village materialized almost immediately, and we drew up in the square before a sidewalk café. The square was large, clean, brightly painted, and non-committally European in appearance, like a stage set for "Graustark" or "Idiot's Delight." An affable crowd immediately surrounded the car, and once more mothers held up their children to wave at us. We made our way through the crowd to a table at the café, and a smiling waitress approached.

"Tschinkl glb," she observed cheerfully.

There was a hurried consultation. We had no notion what there might be available to drink nor, even if we had, how to ask for it. There were faltering attempts at German, which produced good-humored shakings of the head.

"Slivovitz," one of us said at last, triumphantly. Action, and slivovitz, were instantly forthcoming.

Our first contact with the People had taken place, and our tour was well begun. It was to continue in a consistent, even monotonous pattern. Throughout the rest of our stay in

Yugoslavia, slivovitz was the only fluid any of us drank, aside from something loosely described as coffee. (There was some doubt as to whether the signs by the faucets meant Potable or Nonpotable.) Slivovitz was also the only word in any of the Yugoslav languages which any of us ever managed to utter comprehensibly. It is, to be sure, a word which if uttered often enough gives one the impression of constituting all by itself fluency in Serbo-Croat. Before we left the country we had built up a good deal of confidence in our command of this limited but useful vocabulary. Pride, however, went before a fall. The night before we crossed into Austria we ordered three slivovitzes in a People's Night Club in Maribor and were served three chocolate sundaes.

IN ALL fairness, it should be said that there were only two other occasions when we needed to speak the vernacular. Once was the time the car broke down; fortunately it did not break all the way down, so we did not have to consider acting on the advice of the gloomy officer in Trieste, but we did have to find a garage quickly. The self-pronouncing guide to Serbo-Croat said that the word for garage was self-pronounced "hvlklala," or something like that, but it wasn't until we started saying "garage" in a firm way that we got anywhere.

The second time that the native tongues would have been handy was when I tried to buy stamps in Belgrade. Belgrade, while handsome and pleasant, is not a town where the tourist finds much to fill his time, except the writing of postcards to his friends to tell them he is there. A large number of stamps was therefore required. Having ascertained (in French from the hotel clerk where one went to buy stamps, I approached the nearest tobacconist with a request for thirty-three stamps of eighty-seven dinars each. It became clear immediately that this was a difficult concept to convey even in a familiar language, and it was no less clear that ~~my~~ ^{the} ~~English~~ ^{Yugoslav} ~~language~~ ^{language} was not understood. The tobacconist, his wife, and the two or five other customers

The problem was not simplified when a pencil and paper were produced. If I had wanted a cigar, or a bottle of wine, it would have been easy enough to draw it. Given time

and talent, I might even have drawn a picture of one stamp of eighty-seven dinars. But it is impractical to draw thirty-three stamps of eighty-seven dinars. I tried writing 33 x 87, of course, but all that happened was that one customer obligingly did the sum. After awhile I went back to the hotel and got the postcards and brought them to the tobacconist who, in the meanwhile, had found someone on the sidewalk who spoke German. From then on we got along fine.

The People's Superhighway

WE DECIDED over our slivovitizes that we should stick on the principal People's Highway to the capital, Belgrade. The deciding argument was the rumor, not generally believed but regarded with favor anyway, that a superhighway connected Belgrade with Zagreb, the second city, which lay on our route. We decided that from Belgrade we could drive down to the coast with a chance of better roads.

The roads at first were atrocious, but at Zagreb, to our astonishment, the superhighway did in fact materialize. Triumphant, I jammed the accelerator to the floor—and was at once obliged to release it to permit the passage of a large gaggle of geese across the concrete.

The People's Superhighway would be a disappointment to the commuter from Metuchen or Darien. It is a double-lane of concrete, joined by a wavy line of tarvia. But it is a triumph of road-building for Yugoslavia, and it is supplied with familiar appurtenances like overpasses, knotted arrows on signs, and restaurant-and-service areas at hundred-kilometer intervals. The restaurants, admirably designed, constitute a sort of People's Howard Johnson's, although the food is strictly autochthonous. The day we lunched on the highway, which was blistering hot, we got a sort of cream of potato soup and pork stewed in olive oil.

The restaurant and service facilities are run by the state. One could quite see that the provisioning of gas and food to motorists could not be left in private hands—the entrepreneur would go bankrupt overnight. During the course of the four hundred kilometers from Zagreb to Belgrade we saw only one car, an ancient Yugoslav one pulled up on the

shoulder. We stopped to offer our assistance, but the driver said (in English) that it was nothing serious and that in any case the next service-area was only about twelve miles.

There were plenty of haywagons, and a lot more geese, but the impression provided by those Mercedes-Benzes near the Italian border proved quite false.

When we reached Belgrade, we gave up the idea of driving down to the coast. This was because a friend of mine in the Embassy said we must allow a good four days (I wasn't clear what he meant by good) from Belgrade to Dubrovnik on some of the worst roads in Europe over very high mountains. The mountain roads, he added thoughtfully, were narrow, winding, and vertiginous and were much used by heavy trucks carrying lumber. The lumber trucks weren't accustomed to meeting traffic, and they went pretty fast around the bends. He certainly didn't want to discourage me from the trip, he concluded, since Dubrovnik was perfectly beautiful.

The Yugoslav Monochrome

INSTEAD we went back to Zagreb and turned north to the Austrian border, thus passing through what is universally appraised as the duller part of Yugoslavia. Most of the *paysage* looked uncommonly like the less dramatic sections of eastern Kansas—fertile, and entirely given over to corn. On the Italian and Austrian edges were pretty hills and broad rivers. The rest of the Yugoslavia we saw was dead flat, with the horizon broken by occasional woodlands or white-washed villages.

The scarcity of nominal tourist attractions on our route perhaps helped to emphasize subtler features of interest. But the tiresome monochrome homogeneity of the landscape drowned even striking juxtapositions of eras in a sea of monotony; reinforced concrete and barefoot peasant, thatched cottage and superhighway, all blended in a soporific harmony. The country seemed a-national and a-temporal, as if all of Europe's tastes and ages and contrasts had been stewed together until tasteless.

Scarcely less striking than the landscape's tranquil monotony is the inconspicuousness of Yugoslavia's communism. There are fewer pictures of Tito than of Elizabeth in Eng-

land. On the surface, it all seems so respectably bourgeois that when one deciphers the Cyrillic letters "Communist Party Headquarters" on the handsomest building in Belgrade, one is shocked. Why, one asks oneself, does Senator McCarthy permit it?

Please Omit Neckties

BUT after a few days, the bourgeois tourist becomes aware of greater strangenesses than those arising from an exotic culture and half-developed economy. At the Hotel Slon in Ljubljana (Category A, 112 beds, separate tables) the polite clerk at the reception desk wears no necktie. At the Hotel Esplanade in Zagreb (Category B, spacious lounge, electric light) the polite clerk at the reception desk wears no necktie. The Slon is postwar reinforced concrete; the Esplanade is Hapsburg-rococo with crystal chandeliers. They have in common nothing but the smell of perspiration in the bar and the uncravatted condition of their clerks.

In the streets you come to notice, first, that no one else is wearing a necktie and, second, that everyone is staring at you because you are. You discard the necktie and after that you are perfectly at home, even in the lush, thick-carpeted restaurant of the Hotel Moskva at Belgrade (Category A, two lifts, Snack Bar).

It is interesting to reflect that the word cravat is a corruption of Hrvata, which is the Croatian word for Croatia. The first neckties seen in Western Europe were around the necks of outlandish travelers from what is today the People's Republic of Croatia.

One becomes aware, too, of a rather one-party quality in the architecture. There has been, surely, more new construction in Yugoslavia than anywhere else in Europe, and some of it is excellent. But it is all quite clearly Planned, hygienic, and boring.

Shop windows likewise strike an odd note. At first one notices, with gratification, the abundance of substantial goods at reasonable prices. But gradually one comes to feel, rather than see, the lack of luxury goods. People's shopkeepers favor window displays of pipe fittings and valves as come-ons for the window-shopper. In bookstores, one sees at

first merely a large collection of titles and then notices a striking coincidence—all the booksellers are featuring the same books. At first, one will notice only the singular fact that the English writer most favored by Yugoslav readers is George Meredith; then one notices the recurrence of other titles and authors, and one asks oneself what dark, ideological attraction is to be found in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. The literary diet, like the architectural, is a little monotonous.

IN THE main square of Zagreb, while we were asking directions of a courteous cop, a distinguished old gentleman with white hair and no necktie came up to us and said in German, "Do not believe what this policeman tells you. The policemen of this regime all lie." At this we looked almost as startled as the policeman, but we allowed the old man to lead us to the crowded sidewalk.

"We are a people without freedom," he said in conversational tones, easily audible to passers-by. "You visitors, looking at this beautiful city, do not understand the terrible realities. Taxes, such taxes! We are all poverty-stricken. And prices are two, three, four times what they were before the war." He rolled his eyes impressively. "Civil servants. Civil servants everywhere. Red tape. Police here." He gestured round the square. "Post office there. Labor exchange down the street. You cannot imagine, you Americans, what it is to live in a country without freedom."

We asked, rather hesitantly, whether his dissatisfaction with these exclusively Communist woes was shared by the working people.

"Everyone is dissatisfied," he said.

Passers-by were beginning to stare now.

"See," he continued, waving a mimeographed sheet, "we cannot even trust our own newspapers. We must rely on the information bulletin distributed by *your* government. I have to walk all the way to the United States Information Center every day to pick it up, to find out what is going on in the world. Oh, it is a terrible thing to be a people without freedom."

We agreed with him that it was, and we turned away into the crowd.

Grinning and Bearing the British

J. B. Boothroyd

DESPITE the efforts of the British Travel and Holidays Association, whose advertisements of Scottish heather are so purple, and of English lawns so green, that even the native reader fumbles around absently for his tinted glasses, there are thought to be persons in America's remoter outlands who have yet to enjoy their first taste of British soil. (Britain includes Wales and parts of Ireland, too, but we can't go into that, except to say that you have only to taste the soil to tell the difference.)

These notes, therefore, have been compiled for the guidance and mystification of Britain's future guests, by one who has studied the terrain for nearly forty-four years, having been born there in 1910 and not got away yet.

Ancient Monuments, whether to bother with

TO FIND them is the difficulty. Local residents in well-monumented areas tend to be secretive, not wishing their treasures to be eroded by the fascinated glare of alien eyes; sometimes they may even feign ignorance of the monument's existence. Should they carry this attitude to excess, refer them to your guidebook and its etching of the curious throne-shaped rock on which Anne Boleyn sat to have her boots changed before challenging Henry VIII to a single at croquet; this will force them into the open, and into the grudging admission that there is something of the kind in Harry Bulkeley's forty-acre meadow.

In the cities it is tougher. A Londoner anxious to keep secret the whereabouts of Tyburn Hill or the grave of Dr. Johnson's cat, will put you on a bus which inexplicably discharges all passengers outside a cigar store in the Aldwych and proceeds, empty, toward the Bank of England. If this happens, look up the Aldwych in your guidebook; someone may be buried there.

There are two classes of ancient monuments: those which are falling down, and bear notices disclaiming liability for injuries caused by further collapse; and those which have fallen down already, which are known as ruins, are identi-

able by the absence of roof, and are best visited on a fine day, should such a thing occur.

Mounds, barrows, and tumuli of inconceivable antiquity and inscrutable ethnological significance are also found in proliferation, despite the fact that they are frequently ploughed up by reckless farmers. They should be seen by any visitor who does not mind exciting the curiosity of local residents by standing in the rain staring at a lump in the ground.

Dress

THE notion that the British are sticklers for sartorial form is unfairly damaging to their standing in world opinion. It is not true that the Englishman in the jungle eats his dinner in immaculate tails; he eats it in a dinner coat, as he would at home. Nor is he unreasonable about the costume of his guests, in the jungle or elsewhere. When in 1940, André Maurois packed a toothbrush and fled France at her eleventh hour to broadcast an appeal to the British nation, a BBC official who asked him to dine added considerably, "Quite informal. Don't bother to dress." If this isn't throwing ceremony to the winds it's hard to say what is.

Gaslight, etc.

DICKENS, Hollywood, and collaborations between the two may have given you the impression that London is a city of rain, fog, cobbled alleyways, gaslit market stalls, and the clip-clop-clip of horses' feet. Nothing could be nearer the truth. The horses have changed, of course, since they used to rush Holmes and Watson up and down Baker Street. They are older and slower, and are pulling the British Railways delivery van which emerges from a cobbled alleyway in front of your taxi and stays there until you decide to get out and walk. If they are not pulling a British Railways delivery van they are pulling a stagecoach emblazoned with the arms and insignia of a wealthy brewer, who has dressed the driver in period costume to

emphasize the Olde Tyme good cheer of his wares, and to inspirit the rain-sodden bus-queues.

It is often remarked, in fact, that London's traffic moves at horse's pace; this is an exaggeration, however, owing to constant delays caused by holes in the road, policemen holding things up while they direct deaf old ladies to the nearest stuffed-bird shop, and processions for the Opening of the New Session at the Law Courts, etc. (But see "Ostentation, distrust of," below.)

Introductions, vital part played by

TO GET to know the British, it is essential to get to know someone who knows them, so that the necessary introductions may be performed. Luckily, when Britain first became populated, two of the landing party knew each other already, otherwise the race would have grown up speechless.

Lacking a mutual friend, your richest opportunity of striking up an acquaintance with the British is afforded by a train journey. Remember that many a City business man not only travels by the same train from the country every day, but occupies the same seat in the same compartment of it, or he'll know the reason why. Pick your man, sit opposite him every day for a week or two, exercise patience, perseverance, and tact, and your chance will come. There is a case on record of one American who adopted this course, and on his forty-fourth journey from Eastbourne to Victoria, opposite a man with a Guards moustache and a sharp double snort every minute on the minute, he was rewarded by a six-minute dissertation on the shortsightedness of government proposals for a new Welsh hydro-electric scheme. It shows what can be done. But don't rush things.

Lords, how to keep your nerve with

THE correct social attitude toward a lord is not a thing to worry about, except that you should behave as if you are aware of his rank, but should neither mention it nor let him know that you know. This is as difficult as it sounds.

Many lords are recent recruits to the nobility, and it is helpful, on being introduced to, say, Lord Calverley, to remember that he used to be Mr. George Muff. (On the other hand, you may be introduced to a Mr. Freddie Snewme-Pippit and only discover later that he is better known as the Marquess of Tomb.)

It is fashionable for a British peer to pretend that he doesn't know where his next suit of Court dress is coming from. This is highly deceitful. It is coming from Moss Brothers, of Covent Garden, the well-known dress-hire firm, whose front steps repeatedly caught on fire with the friction of the pre-Coronation traffic. Most peers, luckily, are in business, as journalists,

film extras, newspaper owners, or expensively embossed names at the top of company letter-paper. This means that when they go to Ascot they can charge their losses up to expenses.

Ostentation, distrust of

YOU may take it as a fairly safe rule that the man who, by his dress, hair-style, gait, and general air of consequence, causes people to turn in the street in the conviction that he is Somebody, is not. For a genuine Personage to look like one would be a piece of meretricious mummery.

In the early stages of his career, an Englishman ambitious for high office models himself externally on the junior cashier at his bank. Later, when he is Chancellor of the Exchequer, he relaxes the standard to that observed by his local grocer. His hats get older, his pipes fouler, and his umbrella more ragged. He is seen riding a bicycle as much as possible. The lurking sense of unease inspired by Mr. Anthony Eden in even the doughtiest of his supporters is due to his disconcerting resemblance, in face, figure, deportment, and dress, to a British Foreign Secretary. Only the plain "Mister," to which he has been well advised to adhere, has proved his salvation. The pained look on the British nation's face which greeted the emergence of "Sir" Winston will never quite be sponged away, even by historians. Up to that time, it had been of supreme satisfaction, throughout the Kingdom and Empire, for a man who could create peers by the bagful to remain personally in the lowest bracket of the London Telephone Directory.

Do not confuse the well-known British Understatement with modesty or kindred characteristics. It is not that the Englishman is unaware of his cleverness, industry, good breeding, good looks, fearlessness, honesty, virility, quickness of wit, kindness of heart, and impeccable taste: it is simply that it would be bad form for him to mention it. Moreover, don't *you*. He detests the obvious.

Psychologists among the readers of these notes will by now have discerned the dangerous frustrations besetting a national community of this kind, ever conscious of worth but forbidden by training to confess it. This, however, is taken care of. In the neighborhood of St. James's Palace, soldiers in obsolete but brilliant uniforms swagger daily through superannuated ceremonies: the Englishman suffering from an excess of pride finding compensation in the

his stopping by to see the Lord Mayor's Show, the Highland Games, the Review of the Fleet, the Royal Tournament, the Welsh National Eisteddfod, the Farnborough Air Display, and numerous other safety valves, see publicity by the British Travel and Holidays Association, or any reputable guidebook in full color.)

Plumbing, absence of

The Englishman's love of the cold water bath is nothing of the sort. The truth is that he thought it was going to be a hot one until he got into it. But don't let this, or any other gossip about the British bathroom, deter you from demanding a hot bath when you are a guest in the British country house. Your host may be surprised at the request, but he will naturally give no sign of this, and no pains will be spared to fulfill your needs.

The important thing is to give three days' notice.

Privileged classes, how to identify

BEFORE 1914, in the days of picture hats at Goodwood and hampers of doves' tongues at the Derby, the privileged classes could be classified with ease: they ran from dukes down to knights bachelor, who just made it. Now, after two wars, the breaking up of big estates, and the impoverishment of the nobility, they can be classified just as easily: they run from dukes down to knights bachelor, who just make it as before. If you don't believe this, arrange to dine at the Savoy on successive evenings with an earl and the General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, and see which of them gets stuck with the table next to the service doors.

Quadrupeds, vital role in the national life of

MAN for man, the British are no more law-abiding than any other nation, but popular feeling against the lawbreaker is slow to rouse; a blind faith in British justice makes lynchings few and far between. True, the leisured classes will queue outside the courtroom to glimpse the latest patricide or baby-slayer, but in an orderly fashion, and with no voice raised. This enables the police to conserve their resources against the day when some unprincipled brute stands trial for starving a stray cat: they usually manage to get him into the dock with nothing worse than having his clothes torn off by the crowd.

At any time of day, in any district outside a thirty-mile radius of Lon-

don, horses may be seen walking by the roadside with small russet-colored humps on their backs. These prove on closer examination to be children of three years or so, dressed in faultless jodhpurs and black velvet jockey-caps. Their parents, oppressed financially by the cost of the horse, its food and stable rent, the services of a groom, and the frequent replacement of an equestrian wardrobe rendered obsolete by the natural expansion of juvenile bone and tissue, are nevertheless radiantly happy. Ever since the child was born they have been haunted by the dread that it wouldn't be able to stay on a horse. It can. It shall. Thank God.

Should you find yourself in a railway compartment where the only seat not occupied by a human being is occupied by a dog, avoid the mistake of inquiring, in tones however honeyed, "Is this seat taken?" Men have been sued for this, usually by angular, raw-boned ladies with flat heels. Remember that no British dog-lover would dream of consigning the animal to a railway coach floor. You never know whose feet have been there.

Sporting spirit, cause and effect of

EVERY nation but the British labors under the delusion that games are played to win. The Briton's isolated dissent from this unsportsmanlike view has weakened him in the field of international competition, but has strengthened his sporting spirit immeasurably. In no other country could cricket, whose rules are devised to make the actual conclusion of a match all but impossible, have remained the national game. An all-out attempt to emerge victorious from a sporting contest is regarded in Britain as being pretty unsporting. Characteristically, the Englishman would be the last to advance this as his excuse for emerging victorious from so few—however much, in his heart of hearts, he believed it.

Tea

TEA, the liquid, is taken in England at all times on waking, with breakfast, mid-morning, after lunch, at bedtime, and to work,

cold, in blue tin cans by coal miners.

There is no reason why the foreign visitor who prefers coffee should not ask to have that instead at any time. Any time but one, that is. Ask for coffee at tea-time—around four in the afternoon—and you will sum up in a word, for your host, the Utter and Absolute Impossibility of Understanding the Americans. Because at tea-time the British have Tea, the occasion.

To expand at length on the ritual could only result in alarm and despondency. A pair of good broad knees will see you through it better than anything—one for the cup-and-saucer, the other for the plate, on which, as likely as not, you will never dare to put so much as a wafer of bread-and-butter. The only other good broad flat surface is your hostess' table, from which she dispenses the stuff.

All males present must constantly rise and convey tea, milk, sugar, and other necessities to all females. In a small room this can form a graceful and really intricate pattern of movement.

The ceremony is usually given its full title, Afternoon Tea, to distinguish it from the promiscuous tea-taking of other times of day, and in particular from a gross and barbaric ritual, High Tea, which occurs in the country's Midland and Northern counties.

High Tea is taken at a table, believe it or not, with actual food. This frequently includes ham, honey, cheese, apple pie, fruit cake, cold roast beef, fish and chips, chocolate biscuits, lemon curd tart, pickled onions, and jam. No one has ever dared to break the news in the South . . . but the Tea at High Tea is often Cocoa.

Villages, unspoilt English

THE professional photographer of the unspoiled English village, whose work is so plentifully displayed in the unspoiled English village's unspoiled village store and elsewhere, dies sooner or later from lack of sleep. This is because his work must be done as soon as possible after sun-up. If he waited until the place was awake, his picture of the idyllic pink-washed cottages un-



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GRINNING AND BEARING

der their neat golden thatch would be ruined by the well-dressed middle-aged men in dark suits and bowler hats rushing out of the little blue front doors and driving off to the nearest station in time for the London train. Similarly, it would be useless to expose valuable film in the evening, when they are all rushing back again in time for cocktail and bridge. And in between, the quaint, twisty streets are filled with long-distance British Transport Commission trucks, tourists' automobiles, Ministry of Planning officials making a survey for a new airfield, tradesmen's vans delivering buns and butter by the ton, and traveling salesmen knocking at every door with samples of plastic display cards announcing "Teas," "Dainty Teas," "Cream Teas," "Ices," "Ice Cream," "Cream Ices," "Good Pull in," "Cut Flowers," "New Laid Eggs," and—in the residential neighborhood, "Keep Off," "Strictly Private," "No Parking," "No Turning," "No Vehicles Beyond This Point," and so on.

The unspoiled English village is at its best when celebrating its annual Ancient Custom. This may take the form of shouting "Oley, Boley, who'll have a Toley" under all the first-floor windows and receiving the traditional sprig of elderberry in exchange; or it may be a sort of crazy party game in which everybody "sounde in winde and lymbe" joins in kicking a pewter pot up and down the High Street. You can never tell what your luck may be.

One thing is sure: the organizer and most fervidly atavistic participant will be a hearty stockbroker who has lived in the place five years and feels pretty proprietorial about it all.

Weather, influence on national character of

ASIDE from a theory that the Scots' accent is a result of Highlanders' having to speak with their mouths shut to keep the gales from blowing their teeth out, there is no evidence to support the idea that it is the British weather that has made the British what they are. But it's handy to be able to blame something.



After Hours

How to Look at a Museum

FOR the most part the museums of Europe are cast-off palaces, the ex-homes of kings and princes and sometimes of dukes and popes, and they were built with an eye to impressing the common man (and other rulers). One way to impress people is to live at the top of a great many marble steps so that, presumably, by the time visitors reach you they are somewhat debilitated by the climb. This debility is known among art lovers as "museum feet"—an affliction that strikes even the hardest pursuer of the muse long before he may have had an eyeful. There is nothing that quite so acutely dims appreciation as sore feet, and if it is hard on the expert eye of the experienced museum-goer, it is death on the neophyte.

There are ways to beat museum feet, perfectly obvious ways, and it is surprising that more people don't seem to give them any thought. Here are a few rules that I have learned for myself through long apprenticeship and a few that I have culled from friends who, because they work in museums, have a daily concern with the limits of other peoples' endurance.

The first and most obvious rule is never try to "do" a museum. Most large museums are an accretion of the cultural history of man from centuries and sometimes millennia B.C. to now. No one in a few hours or a day can walk through all the collections, from Hittite to Greek, to Renaissance, to Impressionists, and come away anything but stupefied. Instead of doing the museum the museum has done you.

This suggests a second obvious rule: before going to a museum decide what you are going to see. It won't work out as planned when you get there, but a plan is almost essential and it is easy to make. If you are in Naples, for ex-

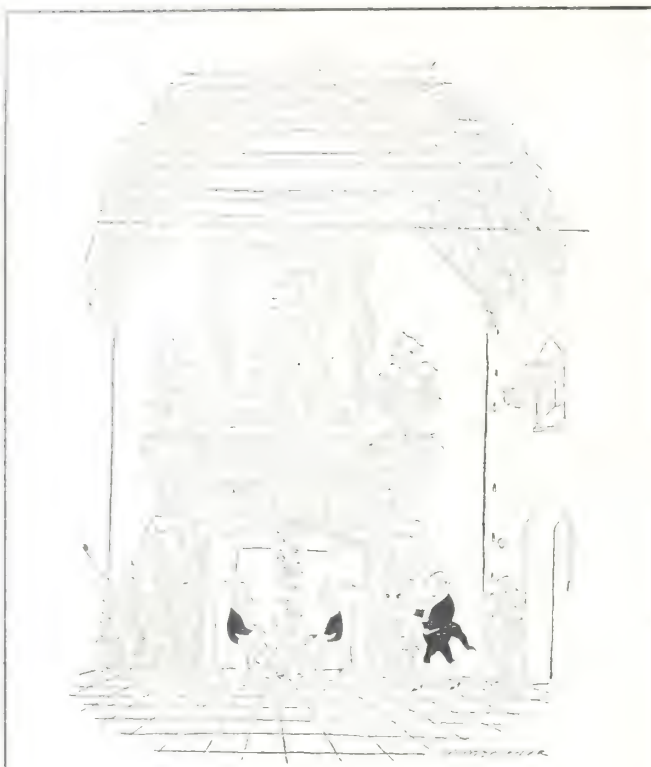
ample, and you want to go to the museum (which is a big one), the chances are that you will want to see the Roman sculpture, the mosaics from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the Baroque paintings. The sculpture alone is a day's work even if you give it only the most superficial once-over. But if you will do some homework in whatever guidebooks you may have handy before you go you'll know what you are looking for.

A guidebook, to be sure, is just one man's taste and it may not be yours, but having certain definite things to see provides you with a series of objectives, and it counteracts that aimless wandering which turns one's vision inward to one's feet. It is often more fun to disagree with the judgments of the man who compiled the guidebook than to take them as gospel, and the chances are that as you pursue the objects for which he has suggested the search you'll find others that you will light upon with the full pleasure of personal discovery.

I CAN add a third rule. Quit before you think you ought to. Go out, sit in a café and have an *apéritif* or a coffee or an ice. If you leave a museum hungry to see more, you will go back, if you have time, and if you haven't you will at least attack the next museum with something more than just a sense of doing your cultural duty. You may miss some things you wanted to see this way, but you will remember the ones you did see more vividly and with greater pleasure than you would if you were exhausted when you left the museum.

If you plan to make a day of it, pick a restaurant for lunch before you set out—one near the museum that is guaranteed good. This way you will give another of your senses a workout and your feet an adequate rest. But remember, in some hot countries the siesta starts early and lasts long, and during that period museums, as well as the people who operate them, sleep. If you go to Madrid, the best time to see the Prado is in the morning when the light is good. By the time the Spanish have a two-hour midday nap, the sun is fading.

Remember, too, that most national French museums are closed on Tuesdays, and that on some holy days (especially the Feast of the Assumption, on August 15) anything you might want to see but churches is shut up tight. It is



How to Live in a Castle

IF you are going to England or Scotland and would like to live for a while in a castle—of almost any vintage—you will find it surprisingly easy to arrange. About fifty castles, manor houses, and remodeled country houses—complete with ghosts, golf courses, “quaint fireplaces” and deer parks—are now taking paying guests.

For example, Stonefield Castle at Trabert on Loch Fyne is a splendidly turreted Ivanhoe-type fortress, in the middle of some of the prettiest country in the Highlands, where you will be infinitely more comfortable than the Clan Mac-Millan was when it put the place up, some hundreds of years ago. Or you can dine in the dungeon of McIlville Castle Hotel, near Edinburgh, which is no older than the eighteenth century.

I don't know how *you* feel about Mary Queen of Scots, but she stayed “at least four times between 1570 and 1581” in another hotel (not then a hotel) where you can now stay for \$2.59 a night, bed and breakfast. And there are plenty of others.

If you would like a complete list, with prices and other pertinent information, write to this column. No charge.

It is a good idea to take a look at the floor plan of a museum in the guidebook before you attack it, and hours wandering around the first floor when the things you most want to see are on the second floor.

Some museums are all very well, but they are based on the assumption that museums are orderly places where things stay put. Actually, you may make your plans only to find that the museum has loaned the picture you most wanted to see to another museum for a special exhibition. There are several ways to find out what the

special exhibitions in Europe are. There is a weekly called *Arts*, published in Paris by the art dealer Wildenstein, that is full of news and gossip about what is being shown where. In America the *Art News* prints a conscientious calendar in one of its spring numbers listing all the major European exhibitions. (This year it will be in the June number.) As this is written, many European museums have not yet decided what their special shows are going to be this summer, but this is an “on” year for the *Biennale* in Venice. There will be a big Courbet exhibition there. In Florence, in the Strozzi Palace, there will be a special show of Uccello, Veneziano, Castagno, and Piero della Francesca. In Brussels there will be a comprehensive Manet exhibition.

The sophisticated museum-goer needs no advice from me. He knows from long experience what he is looking for and can walk into a gallery filled with pictures, glance around it, and tell precisely which ones he wants to look at. I have been talking to such a museum-goer, and I herewith pass on to you a few items that, I think, will interest you.

The Brera in Milan has been almost completely rebuilt since the war and is now one of the most-up-to-date museums in the world. It is run by a woman.

The French provincial museums are now mostly under the direction of the Louvre and their present curators are professionals and not local political appointees. They have, as a result, improved considerably.

There is now a room in the National Gallery in London which is air-conditioned and where some of the collection's greatest pictures are hung without glass. (I've seen these; it's one of the most wonderful rooms of pictures in the world!) In the British Museum the Elgin Marbles are set in a new installation.

But whether you are a sophisticate or a neophyte there are just three things that you really need to look at a museum—curiosity, a good guidebook, and a comfortable pair of shoes.

Many Tongues

WANT to know who thought up the idea of teaching languages with phonograph records? It was that indefatigable salesman, Thomas Edison, who was trying to find *some* use for the talking machine he had just invented. His next step was to turn to a distinguished-looking gentleman with a high collar, a beard, and the imposing name of Count Rafael Díaz de la Cortina. The Cortina “method” is one of the language systems, operating outside of schools and colleges, that concentrate on conversational fluency rather than abstract grammatical structure. Edison showed off his phonograph with language demonstrations at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, and Count Cortina went to work putting his lessons on records.



Young Scots farmer takes time out to help visiting tourists in search of a trout stream.

How to make friends in Britain

IN A RECENT survey, American visitors were asked what they liked best about their trip to Britain. "Our contacts with the British people" was the reply given most frequently.

So you'd better forget all you've been brought up to believe about the British being stand-offish. It's unadulterated bunkum.

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You can make friends *without* using a dictionary.

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nation of gardeners who have produced the best apple on earth—*Cox's Orange Pippin*.

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AFTER HOURS

By the time Cortina got on the pen market it had several competitors; and now, a half century later, language records are widely used, not only to supplement regular instruction to students but also to teach adults who have long left school behind. They are bought by companies that want to send representatives to foreign parts, by tourists who want to be able to ask for something besides *la valise de grandpère*, and by many people who seem merely to want to learn another language in their spare time. Most language-record courses are sold by mail, and ads describing the big four—Holt, Funk & Wagnalls, Cortina, and Linguaphone—appear frequently in the literary supplements. For the consumer, the only problem is—which one?

In the hope of offering some illumination on this point (and of adding to the travel information in this issue), I've made a brief survey of the field and herewith tender a report. The four courses cost in the vicinity of fifty dollars, give or take ten. The number of records varies considerably, but so does the amount of material they contain and you could only prove with great difficulty that any one of the four is the most "intensive."

THERE are a few objective distinctions, however. Holt and Linguaphone offer the greatest variety of languages, and Holt is the only one with LP records (just for four courses out of twenty-one: French, Spanish, Russian, and German). Funk & Wagnalls and Linguaphone throw in a bilingual dictionary, and Linguaphone and Cortina provide a personal consultation service. All provide manuals both for the records and further study, but Cortina will sell its books independently of the records (a free sample record can be had with each book). Linguaphone has the largest number of retail outlets and is thus the easiest to buy if you don't want to order by mail. Holt is the one that has the so-called "army" records that were prepared for military use during World War II by the American Council of Learned Societies—and from which Senator McCarthy is said to have learned Russian.

And there are some differences in

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AFTER HOURS



method. Cortina does not believe in having any one lesson too long (and is reluctant to go to LP, for that reason). Holt is the only one that has English equivalents right on the record with the words to be learned—the other three are apparently opposed to this on principle—and the only one with a substantially long pause between phrases (they make up for this by giving you a substantially larger amount of record-playing-time). For ease of learning, this may give Holt a slight edge, though it depends on the pupil. All four put great emphasis on steering clear of the old brown-cow-on-a-red-road kind of sample sentences, and all manage to be reasonably colloquial and helpful. My impression is that Cortina—at least in French, where I am less uncertain than with other tongues—has made a conspicuous effort to get idiomatic and interesting material, and that Linguaphone has concentrated on the speed and rhythms of natural speech.

All four have one thing in common—abominable advertising. Do not be put off by the cuddly manner of addressing the prospective buyer as though he were a juvenile defective who had to be bribed with something for nothing.

Anyone intelligent and energetic enough to want to learn a new language should find fifty dollars' worth of challenge in any of the four courses, and many more might seek

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AFTER HOURS

it if they weren't leery of being talked down to by a phonograph. Records have the advantage over a personal teacher of being indefinitely repeatable, and of having—in this land of high-school linguists who never left home—a reliable accent. Beyond that, there is no use pretending that the record turntable is a substitute for the labor of learning.

THE business of marketing language record courses has a number of curious sidelights. For one thing, the popularity of a given language seems to correlate—in some vague way—with the popularity of the countries in which it is spoken. French and Spanish between them account for two-thirds of the trade, but within the past decade they have reversed positions. Before World War II French was unquestionably the chief language learned by Americans, leading Spanish by three to one.

Now, with France not looking too good, Spanish has gone to first position. As a matter of fact, there is little profit in offering more than these two tongues; Holt and Linguaphone owe their great variety more to the needs of the Army and the civil service of the British Empire (Linguaphone started in London) than to American civilian demands.

One exception to these rules is made by Doubleday, with its Madrigal records (two 12-inch LPs and a book) at less than ten dollars. This is available today (all bookstores) in Spanish and will be followed eventually by French. Another solution is shortly to be tried by Cortina, which will bring out a combination guide- and phrase-book, with maps and records attached. The first two will be for France and Mexico-plus-Cuba, and they will contain about 350 useful phrases scattered through the guidebook text: five ten-inch 78-rpm records will recapitulate the expressions, and this kit also will come for less than ten dollars. I've had to go to press too early to see whether the promise of this idea has been matched in its performance, but—if it has been—it sounds like the best bargain yet for the tourist whom all these pages must by now have overburdened with advice.

—Mr. Harper

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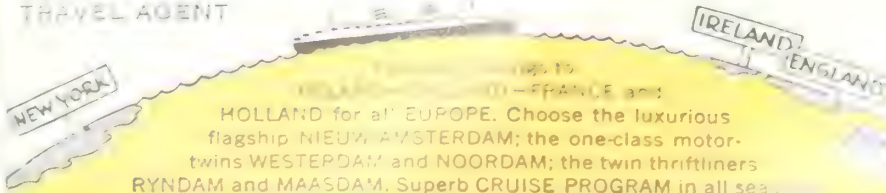
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The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

WHEN Aldous Huxley finds a good subject, he can put more thought into a hundred words than most people into a thousand. For proof, see his remarkable little book, *The Doors of Perception* (Harper, \$1.50). In this, he begins with a description of his sensory and spiritual experiences after taking a measured dose of the drug mescaline—which is derived from the cactus intoxicant peyote, dear to so many Southwestern Indians. These experiences in themselves are wonderful, and communicated to us with exquisite sensibility. He goes on from there to evoke the mystical visions set down by painters—not chiefly visions of fantastic and supernatural beings like those of Blake, but intensified visions of ordinary objects, the chair immortalized by Van Gogh, the “disquietingly visceral” draperies painted by El Greco; and then into a brilliant discussion of several aspects of mysticism and of drug-taking, ending with the recommendation that some less harmful drugs than our own favorites, alcohol and tobacco, should be discovered and popularized.

This is a book no one else could have written. Its only noticeable weaknesses are that it is too short (*o felix culpa!*) and that toward the end it grows rather petulant, as though Mr. Huxley felt out of touch with his audience, and began to shout in case he might not be heard. He is at his best when he is not shrill, but talking quietly, contemplatively; and so he is throughout most of this exceptionally interesting book.

A TOPNOTCH first novel, beautifully planned and written is *The Night of the Hunter*, by Davis Grubb (Harper, \$3). It is on a strikingly original theme. It contains four or five finely observed characters. It is told with graceful economy which often breaks into wry humor and sometimes rises into poetry. It is an unqualified success.

The hero is a boy of nine. His father (in a fit of fury and despair) holds up a bank, kills two of the staff, and is hanged. Only, before his arrest, he contrives to hide the money, no one knows where—except the little boy, and, intermittently, his still smaller sister. In jail, the father's cellmate endeavors to discover where the money is concealed. He fails. But after the execution, when he is released, he seeks out and dominates the bereaved family, and finally breaks it into fragments, lusting ferociously for the hidden fortune. Really, he is one of the most frightening villains in recent literature: someone to be compared with Dickens' best murderers, Jonas and Jasper. I must say no more of the plot, except that it maintains its tension steadily through the last page.

Yet it should be noted that, although this novel begins with a crime and ends with violent and hideous death, it is infused with a pleasant lightness and simplicity that reflect the candor and charm of the child's mind; although it is beset by poverty and cruelty, it shows that courage and self-respect can overcome these and other trials; and, although filled with religion and set in the “Bible belt,” it effectively contrasts bogus piety with real warm-hearted Christianity. In the hands of a good producer this would make a brilliant film, but unless it can be intelligently done, I hope Hollywood leaves it alone. To Mr. Davis Grubb, felicitations and a hearty welcome.

JEAN MORRIS' *A Man and Two Gods* (Viking, \$3) is more ambitious and less successful, but well worth reading. It is a tale of intrigue between two fictional European states, which might be Hungary and Yugoslavia, one a plains people, the other a mountain people: there is a treaty, broken by a sudden war; there is a period of suffering, and a troublous peace. Within that framework the novel is a careful

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Of course Norman Ford knows where to get real vacation bargains from Maine to California and in Canada, Mexico, etc. At no time does he ask you to spend a lot of money to enjoy yourself, no matter how really different and exciting is the vacation you choose through his experienced advice. Always, he tells you the many things you can do within your budget and how to get more for your money. If you travel by car, he shows how most auto parties can save \$6 and \$7 a day.

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City & State.....

study of the destiny of a single man who is arguing out the problems of war. Once he was a pacifist. He became a soldier when he realized it was his duty to resist aggression. Then he was involved in a far more difficult crisis, when it became his duty under military orders to shoot and kill a foreigner who had not yet become an enemy. The man and his friends are intelligent people. They discuss his situation sensitively and thoughtfully; and they see that it is parallel to the tragedy of Orestes, the hero who was condemned by two laws, one dooming him if he acted, the other if he did not.

Now, the parallel between Miss Morris' meditative soldier and Orestes is not satisfactorily worked out; or it might be better to say that the people of this story fail to rise to comparable heights; or perhaps the truth is that in modern life our conflicts cannot find such noble resolutions as Aeschylus found for the agony of his suffering prince. Still, the fact that such a parallel can be brought in without artificiality shows something of the quality of this book. Again and again it reminded me, in its astringent prose and its assumption of intelligence in its readers, of C. E. Montague's *Right Off the Map*: its descriptions of war are less effective, but the story itself is deeper and nobler.

Wild Adventures

ONE of the least known activities of both sides in the last war was deception. This is the art, not of concealing true information from the enemy, but of conveying deliberately false information to him in such a shape that he must believe it. One way of doing this is to arrange a leakage of information through some channel which the enemy will think valid, a calculated indiscretion, a telegram in a supposedly secret code. A deception of this type is described in Ewen Montagu's *The Man Who Never Was* (Lippincott, \$2.75, a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for February). The story has already been told, in the late Lord Norwich's novel *Operation Heartbreak*; but there is much more vivid detail here.

The essence of the stratagem was to convey to the Germans several top-secret letters supposedly written by top-ranking Allied generals, making it clear that the next Allied move after the reduction of North Africa was to be a two-pronged attack on Greece and Sardinia, *not* the attack on Sicily which was actually being mounted. The letters were prepared by intelligence officers and actually signed by their supposed senders; they were attached to the corpse of a young man who had recently died of pneumonia after exposure; the corpse was dressed in the uniform of a British officer; documents creating a completely convincing personality for him were placed in its pockets; then it was floated ashore from a submarine near Huelva in south-

western Spain, as though it had been one of the passengers on a wrecked aircraft; and, thanks to the energy of the local German agent and the eager co-operation of the Spanish officials, the letters were copied and the copies sent straight to Berlin. The results were staggering. Even Hitler, that inspired strategist, swallowed the hook. An entire Panzer division was sent from France to Greece; mine fields were laid and coastal batteries were set up to defend the Greek peninsula; and a group of German R-boats was moved from Sicily to the Aegean. Two days after the Sicilian operation had opened, the Germans still believed it was a feint. Although succinct, this is a fascinating book: it ought to go onto a special shelf along with certain other works, all fragments of the *History of Espionage* which will never be written.

THE shocking discovery that the adventures of *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*, recently published by Random House, were all lies makes one a bit wary of bold descriptions of resistance and escape in underground Europe if they sound the least bit phony. And there are several such passages in Richard Pape's *Boldness Be My Friend* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4). This tells of the capture of a British airman who crashed in Holland and of his long and agonizing efforts to escape. The adventures look realistic and are very exciting; but one odd thing is that all the serious and violent attempts failed, and that the narrator finally got out by faking the symptoms of acute nephritis and being peacefully repatriated through Sweden. Thus the book is a sustained anticlimax; or, to put it more kindly, it is a book about learning the grim facts of life in the hardest way. It opens with an embarrassingly jaunty chapter full of RAF slang, with a hideous paragraph about "Blondie the Waaf" with her soft skin and her "personal fragrance"; it ends with the narrator in a hospital for the reconstruction of smashed faces and limbs. One suspicious incident sticks in my mind. Is it possible that, when the narrator was sick with pleurisy in a Roman Catholic convent in Poland, a nun should cheer him up by whispering "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," which is the first line of the most famous Protestant hymn? But on the whole, the book sounds real: it sounds silly, and brave, and real.

Out of This World

HANS HARRER is an Austrian mountaineer who was reconnoitering a mountain in the Himalayas at the outbreak of World War II. Interned in India by the British, he escaped, not toward the sea but toward the mountains. After much hardship and danger, he and a friend penetrated Tibet. Although the country was barred to wandering foreigners, the two bluffed their way to the capital. Once there,

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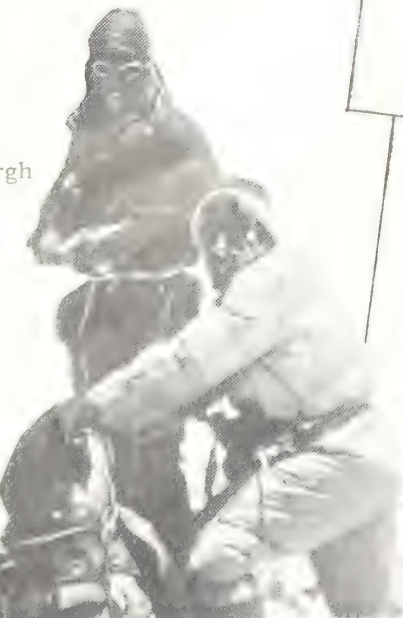
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they told their story, and were accepted. The Tibetans admired their courage, were amused by their audacity, and found them useful in many ways. Finally Herr Harrer became tutor to the incarnation of Buddha, the young Dalai Lama himself, and his duties ended only when both fled before the Chinese Communist invasion of Tibet. He has now told the story in *Seven Years in Tibet* (translated by R. Graves, Dutton, \$5, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for March). Some readers, recalling the flamboyantly Nazi ascents of the Eiger and Nanga Parbat in the thirties, may speculate about the political sympathies of Herr Harrer and his map-making friend; but such things are hardly mentioned. The book is full of good pictures and vivid descriptions of Tibetan life and character, and its study of the young Buddha himself shows us a sympathetic youth of remarkably high intellectual caliber.

Pity for Women

A SINISTER folk dance derived from the Parisian slums used to be performed at night clubs. It was called the Apache dance. A couple, dressed in cheap and garish finery, slunk around the floor in an embrace that combined bold sensuality with harsh conflict. While the girl clung tightly to the man with both arms, he affected to remain distant, sometimes puffing smoke in her face from a perpetually smoldering cigarette. After some time the conflict grew more open. The man would brutalize the girl, slapping her savagely, and flinging her away from him to the other side of the dance floor; last came the climax, in which, without rising, she writhed along the ground to his feet, gazed abjectly up at him, and then, accepted, sprang again into his arms. Throughout, he was the master and she the slave, she the animal and he the cruel but beloved trainer.

The real meaning of this dance was not always understood by those who saw it. The couple were sometimes supposed to be poor lovers, degraded by poverty but devoted. This was mistaken. Their relationship was more complex and evil. The man had seduced the girl and

dominated her through a combination of sensuality and brutality, he had then turned her into a prostitute, he was living on her earnings, and in such a dance as this he gave her her reward and at the same time reasserted his domination.

This relationship is the theme of a grim novel which is recommended to all adults with strong stomachs: *The Little Stockade*, by Natalie Anderson Scott (Dutton, \$3.50). The little stockade is the prison into which a skilled seducer can steer a girl who has trusted him and who has been gradually trained to accept anything, from him or from other men, in order to keep his love. Beyond that lies the big stockade, in which she is simply part of a huge slave organization, turning in so many dollars a night to a ruthless boss who has his foremen and his own police.

The story tells of the increasing degeneration of one girl, so seduced and trained; of the unutterable degradation of another, seen in the background; of the rapid corruption of a man who enters their world; and of the vicious men and women, both weak and strong, who populate it. It is all frightfully real. It is even localized, in the West Thirties of New York City. It is perfectly clean in expression, containing scarcely a single objectionable word or description, and yet it is unbelievably savage. I have no way of telling whether it is true or not; the entire omission of any reference to the drug traffic, which is linked with prostitution in most big cities, is surprising; but apart from that the book sounds bitterly convincing.

Unlucky Françoise. . . .

A COMPARABLE relationship between man and woman is portrayed in Simone de Beauvoir's *She Came to Stay* (World, \$5). This long and dismal book presents a small group of "intellectuals" living in Paris just before the last war—one must say quote intellectuals unquote, because they scarcely ever talk about anything but personal relationships, and then in emphatically emotional terms. There is a good deal of miscellaneous love-making, all described without zest, as in one of those French films where everyone talks in a glum monotone ("Oui, je t'aime,

je souffre, dis-moi, tu aussi, tu souffres?" adagio lugubre), but the central situation is an infernal triangle. Pierre and Françoise have been sleeping together—but recently only back to back, for warmth. Enter a stupid provincial girl called Xavière. Her charm is not apparent, but Pierre and Françoise take her up. Somehow Pierre persuades the two women that they ought to make a team—of what? good friends? multiple lovers? it is never made clear. Pierre has a little whirl with Xavière but really loves Françoise: Françoise has a whirl with Gerbert but clings to Pierre: Xavière has a whirl with Gerbert, which is base treachery; finally Françoise eliminates her by a treacherous murder. Much more is implied. Apparently Françoise has a homosexual love-hate feeling for Xavière: Pierre is apparently almost impotent but chiefly enjoys dominating and tormenting his women. It is very like Jean-Paul Sartre's drama "Huis Clos," in which three people are shut up in a hell of sexual involvement and mutual frustration.

This is a miserably unhappy book, without wit or charm or even reality: nearly all its characters seem fantastic, except Françoise and Pierre. She has been induced to waste her life and dissipate her talent for love, by the perverse selfishness of a man who (in the grip of some theory or malady of his own) enjoys watching her suffer, and enjoys making both their lives, in the Existentialist sense, "absurd."

Minor Novels

THANK heaven, says the reviewer occasionally, for a minor novel. It is tough grappling with all those Major Novels, with their ripping tusks and clutching tentacles. A pleasant change when a minor novel drifts up and rubs itself, purring, against your ankles. Such a book is Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* (Doubleday, \$3.50), a tale of life in a provincial English university, half satire and half farce. The hero is a lecturer on medieval history at Redbrick University. He doesn't like medieval history, and he loathes Redbrick; but, you know, one gets into a job because it is the only job going, and then struggles to keep it; and one starts making love to a girl

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

because she is the only one around, and gets involved, and. . . Dixon, the lecturer, feels all this complex tension. He relieves it by doing asinine things: for instance, by practicing horrible faces and gestures. Just before giving a lecture,

he began making his Evelyn Waugh face, then abandoned it in favor of one more savage than any he normally used. Gripping his tongue between his teeth, he made his cheeks expand into little hemispherical balloons; he forced his upper lip downwards into an idiotic pout; he protruded his chin like the blade of a shovel. Throughout, he alternately dilated and crossed his eyes.

The description which follows, of a lecture on Merrie England given by a man who gradually perceives he is drunk and getting drunker, is one of the funniest things I have read for years. This book is recommended for silly fun.

Did you ever hear of those parts in Vermont where they freeze up the hired man for the winter? After the first hard frost, they fill him with applejack, lay him outside overnight, take him up frozen in the morning, and keep him safe in a cold-storage shed till spring, like the Swiss mountaineer's wife in the Hemingway yarn. Saves wages, saves victuals: prolongs his life, shouldn't wonder.

This and other whimsies from New England you will find in an enjoyable picaresque story in the Huck Finn tradition, *Rainbow on the Road*, by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75. Literary Guild selection for February). It tells of a hack painter (one of the fellows who did those terrible family portraits) wandering from town to town with his young nephew, joking and lying and painting and loving, and having irresponsible adventures that keep growing more serious as he is more and more often confused with his double, a roving bandit. It is an amusing book—marred only by one annoying alteration: although her hero spells everything else perfectly, Miss Forbes tries to make him sound folksy by writing "would of" instead of "would have."* This wouldn't

* Ennyhaow, seems ter me, "have" wuz pernounced "hev" back then.

matter, except that it turns up on every page, like a nervous tic. Still, the style in general is easy and bright, and the story, though loose, consistently interesting. Good fun.

Also Read

A CONSISTENTLY amusing satiric novel about Russian ballet, *Six Curtains for Stroganov*, by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon (Penguin, 50c. only for balletomanes). A bitter but exciting melodrama about disillusioned Communists on a biological warfare project in Britain, *The Business at Blanche Capel* (Atlantic Little Brown, \$3.75) by Bryan Morgan. A sober treatise, *Uses and Abuses of Psychology*, by H. J. Eysenck (Penguin, 65c), with thoughtful criticisms of the assumptions made by psychological writers like Geoffrey Gorer. And a well-written but unbelievable horror story about life in the French provinces, *The Secret Stream*, by Marcel Aymé (translated by N. Denny, Harper, \$2.75).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Sayonara, by James Michener.

An American airman and West Pointer, ace of the Korean fighting, son of a general, goes to Japan on leave and falls in love with one of the exquisite Takarazuka dancers whose art is almost a religious cult in that country. Young Major Gruver has previously despised his fellow-Americans who have become involved with Japanese women, and, besides, taking Japanese wives home to America was forbidden. But the airman is not prepared for a Japanese woman who will resist him. Unwillingly he and the dancer fall deeply in love, with disastrous consequences to the careers of both and to the Major's engagement to an American general's daughter who has come to Japan to marry him. There is lovely feeling for Japan in the book and understanding of the joys and conflicts in these mixed marriages and liaisons. But the attitudes and characters seem oversim-

olified and typed and one feels the operetta in the background (it has been called a kind of "Madame Butterfly" in reverse). An interesting story, but, it seems to me, too much of a tract to be a very good one.

Random House, \$3.50

Guard Your Daughters, by Diana Tutton.

A happy mixture of Louisa May Alcott and Jane Austen makes this both a delightful and amusing novel of manners and a sentiment-laced-with-horror novel of suspense. It is the story of a devoted English family of five talented home-educated daughters, a brilliant writer-father, and a beautiful hypochondriac mother. The scenes vary from tea in the parlor to French cricket in the winter mud, to a cocktail party at a nearby manor house (hilarious), to emotional scenes that lift the hair from the head. It deserves the over-worked adjective "original."

Macmillan, \$3.50

The Spare Room, by Nelia Gardner White.

This novel about a cheery spinster nurse in a New England town and how her life was disrupted by a young man boarder, is essentially a study in loneliness. There is the nurse, Ann Pilchard, who makes a good thing of living alone, with her work, her homespun (a little too) goodness, her nature column in the local paper. There is the world-weary young publisher whose illness puts him on her doorstep and who learns—and teaches—a lot about the way out of loneliness during his month's tenure. And then there is the beautiful but withdrawn young war-widow, Jo, whose loss of husband and child has closed her in a world of loneliness of her own. That is the triangle. It is worked out in narrative that in a quiet way holds the interest.

Viking, \$3

NON-FICTION

We Chose to Stay, by Lali Horstmann.

A heartbreaking but beautiful story of a German diplomat (until Hitler) and art collector who, with his wife, decided not to run away when the conquering Russians were approaching Berlin. They couldn't believe

the stories of barbarism that they had heard and refused to escape while they could. The reality proved to be more dreadful than the stories. Mrs. Horstmann, a gentle, wise, and intelligent woman, tells with great restraint and a philosophical acceptance that has in it no trace of personal bitterness or self-pity the stories of rape and ruin that engulfed them. Harold Nicolson has written a moving introduction.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

Thomas Wolfe at Washington Square, by Thomas Clark Pollock and Oscar Cargill. \$7.50

The Correspondence of Thomas Wolfe and Homer Andrew Watt, edited by Oscar Cargill and Thomas Clark Pollock. \$2.50

It sometimes seems possible that there will be no end to the Thomas Wolfe legend until every single person who knew him has written down all that he or she can remember about him, however trivial. Though of course very little about him was trivial; hence the legend in the first place. Here are two books, the first a book of recollections by colleagues and pupils, lovingly collected and edited, of the few years he spent teaching at New York University. The second is a small volume of letters exchanged between Wolfe and the chairman of the English department at the University—the man to whom he was directly responsible for his teaching job. The correspondence, carried on intermittently over the years 1924 to 1930, is fairly routine though it shows clearly the friendship between the two men, and, as his letters always do, reveals the already familiar heights and depths of Wolfe's hopes and despairs.

New York University Press,
both volumes boxed, \$10

FORECAST

Current Stories and Trends

Some off-the-beaten-track personal stories of contemporary figures, and some exciting contemporary adventures are on the lists for spring. Putnam is publishing in April *King Without a Country*, the autobiography of *King Peter II* of Yugoslavia. In April, too, Hermitage will release the story of twenty Japanese cast away on a South Pacific island in

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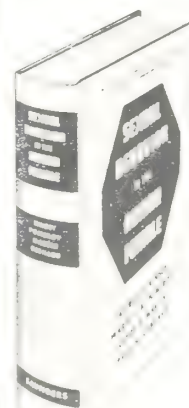
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

1944 and not rescued for seven years. It is called *Anatahan* and is written by a Japanese, *Michiro Marayuma*. In the same month Harper is publishing *Investigation or Inquisition! A Personal Experience with the House Un-American Activities Committee*, by *Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam*. *Freedom, Loyalty, and Dissent* by *Henry Steele Commager* is a collection of essays examining the nature of loyalty in a democratic country in our confused era. Oxford has scheduled it for April publication, while in another April book, *Granville Hicks*, ex-member of the Communist party and author of *Harper's* article "How Red Was the Red Decade," explains the meaning of the Communist adventure for himself and others and how Communism can best be attacked here and now. The book is *Where We Came Out*, on Viking's list. Simon & Schuster are planning to publish in May *A Child of the Century*, the autobiography of that tempestuous figure, *Ben Hecht*, and Viking is heralding in the same month *General Dean's Story*, the prison-camp experience of *Major-General William F. Dean*, called "one of the great testaments of the human spirit," as told to *William L. Worden*.

Backward, Turn Backward

Some memoirs and biography a little less contemporary but none-the-less timely are *Lela Stiles' The Man Behind Roosevelt: The Story of Louis McHenry Howe*, from World, in April; and a personal and political history of the era from Wilson to the end of the New Deal—*The End of Innocence* by the Express Secretary to President Roosevelt, *Jonathan Daniels*. (Lippincott, May.) In *The Reason Why*, by *Cecil Woodham-Smith* (author of *Florence Nightingale*) we go back a hundred years to the story of the generals who took part in the famous Charge of Light Brigade. From McGraw-Hill in April.

A Summing Up

For an over-all picture of writers today, we can look to *Malcolm Cowley's The Literary Situation* coming from Viking in May. *Harper's* readers have already seen part way into this picture in his article "A Tidy Room in Bedlam."

Harper Highspots

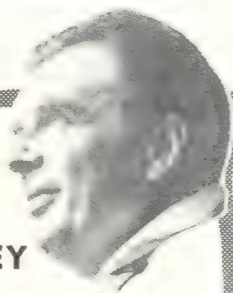


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Far, Far from Home



The author of *My Sister Eileen* writes the light-hearted story of "settling down" in Belgium with her family. "It's the best thing she has done — and that is high praise indeed." —EDWARD STREETER, author of *Father of the Bride*.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Things as They Actually Were

Edward Tatnall Canby

ONE of the most interesting developments in musical taste has been the recent swing toward "authentic" performance of old music, as far as possible in the exact instrumentation and (more obscurely) in the manner and spirit of the original. The LP record has given tremendous impetus to this movement since, by coincidence, the early ways of music-making are as ideally suited to the recorded medium as they are unsuited to the concert hall.

What an extraordinary change in aesthetics this preoccupation indicates. Neither the times with which we are dealing—mainly, at the moment, the eighteenth century—nor any era since has felt a necessity to recapture the "authentic" past. The further past was either ignored, "updated" to accord with the present, or recast into images of Olympian legend.

The very idea of an evolutionary flow in history, for that matter, dates from the last century. The earliest popular histories of music date from the late eighteenth century, and even then the interpretations of earlier art are disconcertingly unlike ours.

"Sebastian Bach," said Dr. Burney, "like Michelangelo in painting, disdained facility so much, that his genius never stooped to the easy and graceful. I have never seen a fugue by this learned and powerful author upon a *motivo* that is natural and chantant; or even an easy and obvious passage that is not loaded with crude and difficult accompaniments." He spoke of the virginals music of Elizabethan England as "crowded and elaborate" in harmony, "uncouth and antiquated" in melody, and as for the great William Byrd, "in a later age his genius would have expanded in works of invention, taste, and elegance."

Where we find beauty, Dr. B. saw simply a lack of taste—the taste and fashion on which the artistic perspective of his own time rested. The eighteenth century could not really conceive of any other kind of art

as tasteful and proper—a form of self-confidence far from our own distrust of "modern" ways of doing things!

THE nineteenth century revised this viewpoint with a vengeance. It was Mendelssohn who first "rediscovered" the Bach St. Matthew Passion, brought it to performance, and inaugurated the great Bach movement that has gone on ever since. But he also established the blown-up style of performance that the inspiration of his day demanded; his was no literal restoration nor was it so intended. That concept of monumentality could never have inspired our own pursuit of things as they actually were. Ours is a more realistic interest, the aesthetic equivalent, perhaps, of archaeology, paleontology, and the rest. It surely represents a kind of maturity, for we are first of all looking for the actual—and hence true—values of the past rather than some mystical recreation.

And so we are delighted to find (as anyone might have guessed) that the older music really does make more sense and easier listening when it reassumes its intended shape and, as well, the expression and taste that went with it. Merely common sense, for the old boys were as clever at effect as we, and just as expressive.

The more consistent we are with the original intent, the better does music speak for itself—to any ear. A revolutionary idea, this, when we think of the enormous amount of musical rewriting that has been done in the name of easier listening.

THERE'S only one fly in this fine ointment. Our realistic appreciation of the past seems to be the corollary of our dismal lack of rapport with our own artistic present.

In Handel's day, and in Dr. Burney's, the musical world flourished on new music, freshly concocted. New operas followed one after another in the opera houses as fast as

the ink dried, revivals were of operas practically brand new or, if older than a few short years, the music was recomposed to current taste as a matter of course. "Old" operas in effect didn't exist—not even as historical relics. Music was new music.

It's only in the field of our own "popular" music that this dynamic newness still exists, though until our time anything else was unthinkable. Our necessary divisions between "popular" and "classical" seem to stem from this very trouble—that we have not yet a way of musical expression that is both widely valid and at the same time respected as a high art by all musicians.

And this in turn is surely a product of twentieth-century expansion. Our enormous musical audience is still boiling and bubbling in its explosive enlargement, grasping now at popular dynamics, now at the demonstrably greater values of past classics. Our composers are equally unsure of their own values—for composers are people, too.

They were people in the past—but they knew where they were going. We dreadfully need their sure and confident channels of effective art for ourselves, and we can now best get at them by restoring the old composers to the most ingenious facsimiles of life we can devise. We don't want monuments—we want life itself in our old music.

Musical Restoration

Handel: The Messiah (Complete). London Symphony, Philharmonic Choir. Scherchen; M. Ritchie, C. Shacklock, Wm. Herbert, R. Standen. Westminster WAL 308 (10).

HERE, finally, is a "Messiah" reduced in the physical performance to the approximate size of the original production in Dublin and those which immediately followed under Handel himself. In place of the 4,000 or so performers of recent festivals there is here a chorus of about 40 and an orchestra to match. The mass of extra instrumentation added over the years to build "Messiah" to its "traditional" hugeness is put aside; the proper harpsichord continuo is restored.

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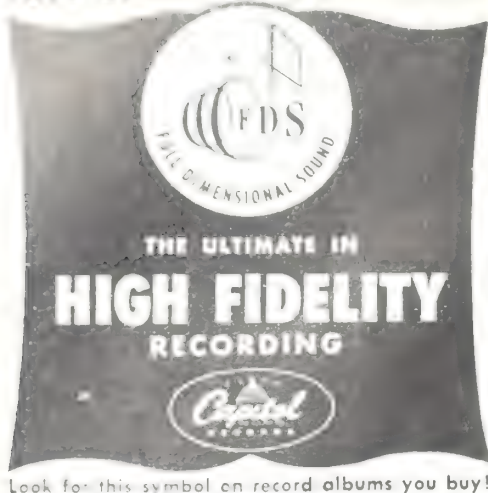
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

accustomed to other music of the time in untouched renderings. Listeners who know the still-conventional large-scale "Messiah" (and its organ-only church counterpart) may be amazed and perhaps shocked at this setting aside of tradition. For them, the older recordings are still available, notably that with the Leeds Festival Choir on Columbia LPs. The traditional "Messiah" is a work of beauty and great effect in its own, restoration or no, as it must have always been to maintain its extraordinary hold on the public during most of two centuries.

But those who are interested in the original "Messiah" may find disappointment here too. The spirit of the music must be restored as well as the substance. Scherchen continues in this work the sort of brilliantly arbitrary reading he has done elsewhere; there is much to arrest the attention, many stunning passages, but much exaggeration too. The "Pastoral Symphony," usually dragged with unmerciful slowness, is here let loose in virtually a gigue tempo. At the same time the well known aria "I know That My Redeemer Liveth" (with solo violin obbligato, as written) is dragged at a preposterously, murderously slow speed, far slower even than the leisurely Mr. Beecham thinks proper, in his traditional style RCA recording (400 singers).

The best here is tremendous. The "Hallelujah" chorus is a whirlwind; the "Trumpet Shall Sound" and the brilliant closing pages for trumpets and tympani now sound as splendidly rugged as the similar pages in the Bach Mass or "Magnificat." Clarity is abundantly and movingly evident throughout—one marvels at Handel's writing—and, needless to say, there is not the slightest loss of power due to the smaller forces. On records, indeed, the reduction is a gain.

It is a shame, then, that this could not have been as genuinely authentic as is possible today, that the spirit could not have matched the ensemble; a pity, too, that the concerto grosso style pair of solo violins indicated throughout by Handel should have been omitted. Even so, with top-quality recording and some lovely singing, it is, so to speak, an ear-opener.

Bach: The Four Orchestral Suites. (a) Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska. Bach Guild BG 530-31 (2); (b) RCA Victor Orch., Reiner. RCA Victor LM 6012 (2); (c) the Hewitt Orch., Haydn Society HSL 90, 91.

A WONDERFUL case in point. All of these new versions of the suites make use of the original instrumenta-

tion—the proper winds, small string group and harpsichord continuo—as closely as modern conditions allow. But there are further restorations necessary, not only in the spirit, the tempi, and phrasing chosen, but in the notation itself which—we know well enough—was not always played as written.

The Prohaska (Bach Guild) recording is outstanding in this respect. In it the ornamentation has been studied thoroughly and alterations written into the parts according to the best that is known of earlier practice. The most radical innovation (though quite familiar to many of us elsewhere) is the use of quick double-dotting in the French overtures and the less well known dotting of passages written in even eighths. There is abundant evidence that this was done as a matter of course in Bach's time and the resulting sound is not only utterly unlike the familiar one of concert performance but an entirely convincing one as well—my only criticism is the slightly forced exaggeration, possibly inevitable for a first try. (Harpsichordists and others well informed have always played the double-dot. You'll find it in Landowska's Bach and in the recent Ahlgrimm recordings of the "Well Tempered.")

The Prohaska records offer both forms of performance, in two suite overtures, with conventional and authentic rhythms for an interesting comparison. Beyond this, most of the Prohaska dances that follow come nearer to a true and natural dance phrasing than any I've heard yet. A fine set to study.

The Haydn Society's French version has good brilliance but there is less plasticity in the dance rhythms, a certain hardness (and some bad ensemble); the overture rhythms are conventionally wrong. A good set for its acoustic values alone, and not far behind the Prohaska.

Fritz Reiner's performance, again authentic in its instrumentation, is the least informed of the three. The overtures drag along at the impossibly slow "majestic" tempo that was once considered fitting for the great Bach! But Reiner is no musician's fool and some of the dance rhythms—the gavotte of Suite #4, for instance—are superior to those in any of the others. Not a disc to be put aside by purists or anybody else. Oddly enough, Reiner's is the most intimate in acoustics of all.

Extra note: In the original instrumentation the Suite #4 with its rich complement of three trumpets and three oboes is by far the most impressive in sound of the group—though in the past it has been the least known. Try it in the double-dotted Prohaska version for a new Bach experience.

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Published monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A. by union labor at the Williams Press, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00 one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional. **Change of Address:** Eight weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.



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Syngman Rhee—

The 1990s saw a resurgence of violence against the Rhee community, with the Rhee community being targeted by gangs of pro-Rhee strong-arm businessmen and politicians. The Rhee community was also targeted by the Rhee community's political opponents, who sought to undermine the Rhee community's political influence. The Rhee community's political influence was also undermined by the Rhee community's political opponents, who sought to undermine the Rhee community's political influence.

While Mr. Kim justly corrects me on trusteeship, I do not concede his other point. Lee Bum Suk, for instance, was the prime mover of the Youth Corps; and the internal weaknesses of the Korean liberals (which included a penchant for fellow-traveling) undermined their position more effectively than Mr. Rhee did. As for Mr. Oliver, the basic weakness of interpretation is his. Rhee's coercion (physical and political) has been recorded by newspapers, diplomatic reports, and responsible witnesses.

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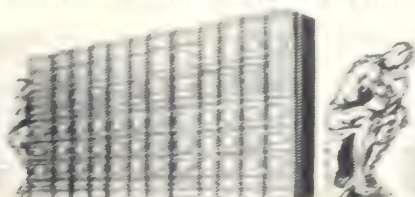
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cutor, etc." got freedom of speech taken away from him the first time he mentioned liquor on his radio program? The radio station manager, Mr. Ormes, told me that those who favored liquor were objecting to my speech against it, and that in the future I could not speak on anything controversial like the liquor question! . . .

Mr. Morgan has done me great harm in this distorted report. It will be of interest for you to know that he pledged, when the joint statement was signed, not to publicize the statement or try to use it as a victory. . . .

KENNETH L. FIELDER
Church of Christ
Dyersburg, Tenn.

What "Trade" Means—

To the Editors:

I suggest that Congressman Merrill of the Eighth Indiana and the Library of Congress pursue some further researches before accepting the glib conclusions of Carroll Kilpatrick ["What Foreign Trade Means to Indiana," February]. To begin with, they should distinguish between two fundamentally different meanings of the word "trade" as currently used: (1) the exchange of desired commodities and services, and (2) the transaction by which the citizens of Indiana (and the rest of the country) send commodities abroad and at the same time (through "foreign aid") provide their customers with "money" to "pay for" the commodities received.

The second kind of "trade" . . . can result in the long run only in the depletion of our natural resources and a completely illusory "prosperity." Only when we know which kind of trade Mr. Kilpatrick is talking about are we in the position to evaluate "what foreign trade means to Indiana."

GEORGE A. LUNDBERG
Seattle, Wash.

Incurable Germans?—

To the Editors:

I was particularly interested in Milton Mayer's articles on "The Germans: Their Cause and Cure" which were based in part on what Mr. Mayer observed in my home town. Unfortunately it seems to me that his cross-section was inadequate and his observations superficial. . . .

One false conclusion was that anti-Semitism stemmed from the separation of his ten Nazis (and therefore all Germans) from the Jewish community. I went to school in that town from 1924 to 1937 and during that time went to many of the homes of my Jewish friends,

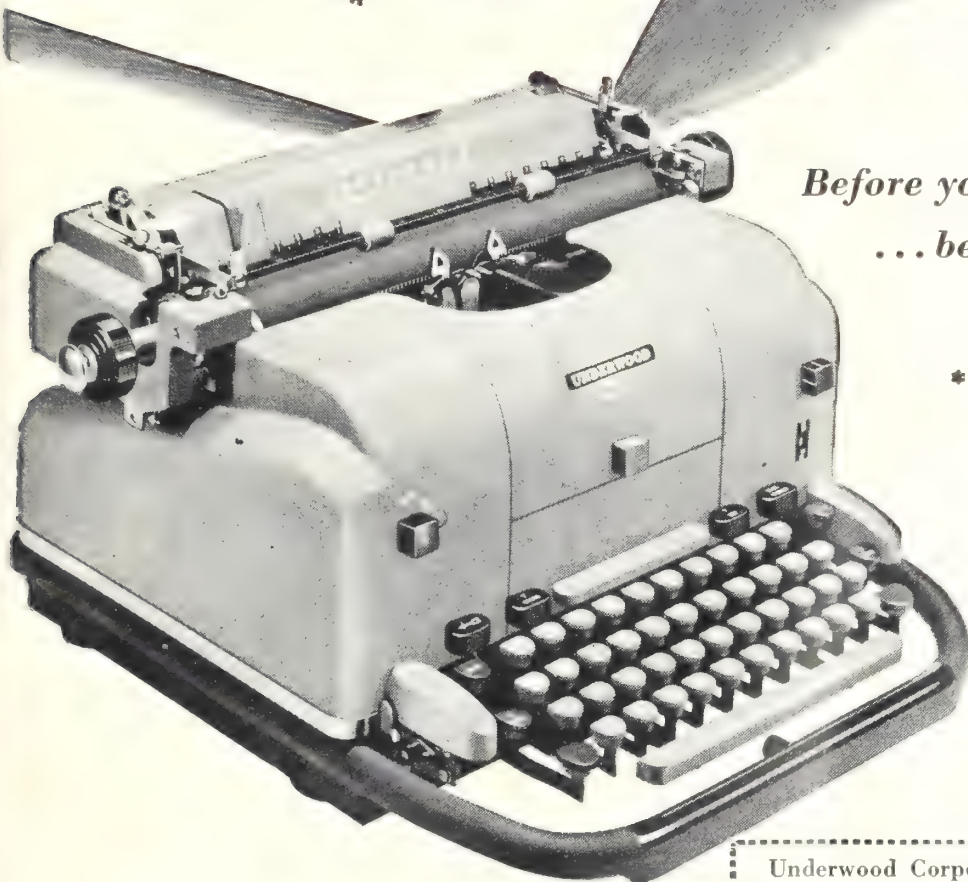


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as did other gentile children. . . . The reason Mr. Mayer's Nazis did not get acquainted with Jewish members of their community was because as "*kleine Leute*" they belonged to a lower social class than the Jews, most of whom belonged to something like the upper middle class. Even today towns like this one have sharp class distinctions. As a matter of fact, many people who had Jewish friends before 1933 became so disturbed after they had been "enlightened" by Hitler's propaganda that they tried to compensate for their former "errors" by assuming an exceptionally rude attitude toward the Jews. . . .

Mr. Mayer also criticizes the Amerika Haeuser (U. S. Information Centers) for having only lectures and no debates. This misconception must be due to the fact that Mr. Mayer did not recognize the word *Aussprache* which is used for both discussions and debates, and that he never participated in any Amerika Haus programs. Many discussions, round tables, and panels were held.

How much Amerika Haeuser became a part of the German community can be illustrated in many ways. . . . The rooms were available for all types of public meetings and discussions; the library was often better than any the community had had before. . . . The only general criticism of the Amerika Haeuser came up in 1953 through the screening and removal of books from the libraries, following investigations ordered by Senator McCarthy. These measures have indeed done severe damage to the whole program of the U. S. Information Centers. . . .

ANJIE BULTMANN LEMKE
Fayetteville, N. Y.

Ike's Plan—

To the Editors:

The Republicans have at last learned the techniques of dealing with a depression. Mrs. Miller tells us ["Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression," January]. They have set up an interdepartmental committee which will discover a depression long before it is upon us and take necessary corrective action. Once unemployment reaches X millions . . . the new Administration will open its arsenal of anti-depression weapons. . . .

Apparently we have not reached X unemployment. But note that unemployment averaged $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1953. Almost all agree that output will drop at least 5 per cent in 1954. That means 3 million more unemployed. The usual gain of productivity squeezes 750,000 more out of jobs per year. Add 750,000 for new workers. Here is a fair estimate of 6 millions unemployed in 1954. Write it down by 1 million to be con-

servative. . . . Note also that current estimates of 2 or even $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions are less than the actual unemployment.

I am not contesting the point Mrs. Miller makes of Mr. Burns' competence. . . . But the President's Council now is what I would call a National Bureau of Economic Research organization, an excellent research unit. . . . But on the whole it has spurned the newer techniques: its interest has been in monetary policy, not fiscal policy, the newer and more powerful economic antibiotic.

Mrs. Miller, and for that matter the President and Dr. Burns, have left us in the dark concerning therapy. Indeed they give us tax cuts. But the explanation of this is not primarily the mobilization of anti-cyclical weapons but the determination of Congressman Reed and Senators Byrd and George to give the taxpayers relief. . . . I wish that Dr. Burns and Mrs. Miller had told us how much of the tax cuts are windfalls to investors and others and not required as a stimulus to spending, and how much are so required; and then told us how much has been given to the genuine spenders, the low-income group. Is it possible that the recent Keynesian converts do not know that a dollar spent on public investment increases the government deficit much less than a dollar cut from taxes? . . .

It is heartening to hear that every weapon, even public investment, will be used. But what I want to know—and have not been told—is how much can be spent effectively July 1, 1954, January 1, 1955, January 1, 1956, etc. . . . Even as late as June 1953 government departments that were asking the Budget Bureau for small sums to plan public works were told no such sums were available.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Miller misses a vital point. This is a schizophrenic Administration, with a division not only between Congress and the Executive, but also within the Executive. It is not Burns or Hauge, able economists, who worry me . . . but the fanatical budget balancers, economizers, and opponents of government . . . who must consistently fight a greater role for government. But the essence of depression treatment is public deficits. There is no other way equally effective. . . .

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors:

That article about Ike's plan to stop a depression ought to be some comfort to the people who are getting laid off in this part of the country. All the comfort they get now is a letter of thanks from the company president, an Eisenhower button, and a rabbit trap.

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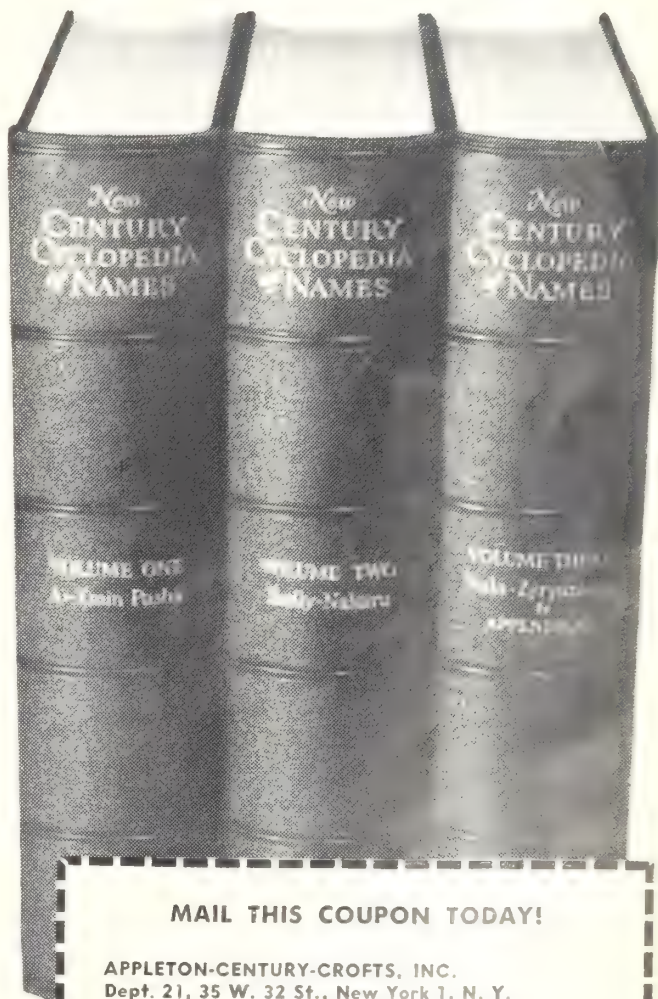
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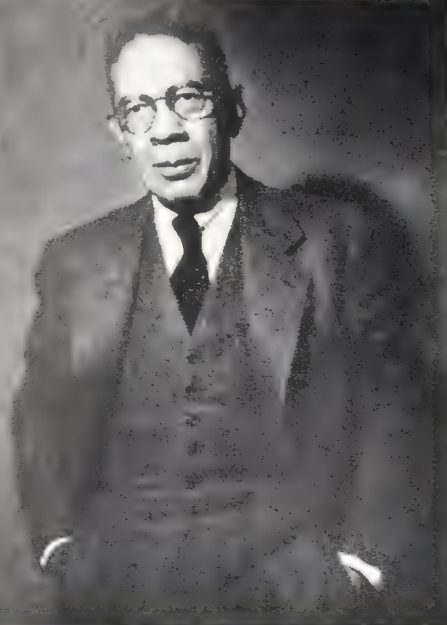
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Norwalk and Points West

THE mayor's prepared speech told the newspapermen from NATO countries that Norwalk, Connecticut, was "a complete city where men can make a living and live a life." A conducted tour had brought them to Norwalk so that they could see "a typical American city" and "could observe democracy in action." Of the countries they represented five had been subjugated by the Nazis; attempted invasions of two others had failed. All were leagued with the United States against Russian totalitarianism. Except for the years of subjugation those from France, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, and Iceland had always been secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects: they were accustomed to the unlimited exercise of such rights as, they understood, were guaranteed to Americans by the First Amendment. Perhaps those from Italy and Portugal felt that experience qualified them better than the others to understand the news that broke the day they reached Norwalk. The news was that a committee of the local post of Veterans of Foreign Wars had been making lists of fellow-citizens whom it considered subversive and sending them to the FBI.

A former Assistant Secretary of State who last year published an excellent study of intimidation by Congress, Mr. Edward W. Barrett, was assigned to explain this disclosure to the visitors. He was on a hot spot and did not do very well. Such episodes, he told them, showed only that we were a young, spirited, and energetic people blowing off steam; by giving vent to pent-up emotions we were improving our balance and fortifying the cause of true democracy. The newspapermen may have thought this a quota-

tion from George Orwell: we improve our balance by losing it and we fortify the cause of democracy by abandoning its safeguards. One of them remarked to the mayor that if this was democracy in action, then the United States must be a very strange country. The mayor admitted that a bad news break had ruined the glamour of their visit. But he assured them that practically 100 per cent of the people of Norwalk disapproved of the VFW's method.

THE visitors would understand that much depends on the accuracy of the mayor's figures. But they must have been further confused by what they learned in the next few days. It became clear that other VFW posts in various parts of the country have had secret committees of proscription for a long time, and so have various American Legion organizations. Boston papers reported that the Massachusetts Legion had just given the commonwealth's Commission on Communism a card file containing the names of more than six hundred "proved Communists, suspects, or left-wing sympathizers" in New England. The file had been compiled by the Legion's security officers, one to each of the 464 posts in Massachusetts. Note: *proved* (by the Legion) Communists, suspects (of the Legion), left-wing sympathizers (defined by the Legion). The VFW of Wichita was listing "Communists and subversives"; the Connecticut department was after "Communitistic" behavior: the Norwalk post reported on persons who were "Communistically inclined." The visitors would remember that Senator McCarthy has said he is looking not for Communists but for "Communist thinkers." Any of these terms may mean anything at all.

The department commander said that the evidence the VFW committee passed on included

"attendance at meetings of suspected groups" and "literature found in [a suspect's] home." We have come to understand that a suspected group is a group whom someone suspects; the news here is that the VFW has been spying in private homes. Whether the investigators enter them on ostensibly friendly calls or say that they have come to read the gas meter, the people of Connecticut are not secure from the VFW in their houses, papers, and effects. If Connecticut householders begin to turn their dogs loose on Fuller Brush salesmen, public opinion pollsters, and people making radio surveys, the injured may reflect that some patriots have probably been bitten too.

THE post commander said that his committee reported on anyone "suspected of having an interest in activities not related to a strong America." That qualifies the Junior League and the Audubon Society, and the case against them has to pass only a single test, "intelligent suspicion." Admittedly it is a better test than the commonest one today, suspicion without an adjective, and the individual is safeguarded in that the committee will not report him unless three of its anonymous members suspect him.

But, as the *Providence Journal* soon showed, one test leads to another. There was suspicion that the mayor of Norwalk was Communistically inclined: he wanted the town to have a playground which was opposed by a man whom he had defeated in the last election. This man, a druggist, discovered after his defeat that a number of names signed to a political advertisement supporting the mayor were suspect, so he sent them to the FBI. It told him, properly, to go fly a kite. Left to his own patriotism, he organized a private spy system and soon found that Norwalk contained "a regular maze" of subversives. His informers are friends, customers, and passers-by who drop into his store and name suspects; the *Journal* reporter observed one in the act of telling the druggist that her husband was a Communist. The druggist has a conclusive test for subversive behavior, thinking, and reading: "Boy, when they ask how can you tell a Communist, I got one answer—intuition." Though the FBI brushed him off, he lives in hope and is "willing to talk before any public investigating committee."

The Norwalk commander said that he could not understand why all the fuss was being made—"if someone hasn't got a guilty conscience what have they got to worry about?" It is an inconceivable remark, or would have been inconceivable three or four years ago; it will serve the NATO journalists as a gauge of how far the Bill of Rights has been eroded in our thinking. There is indeed nothing to worry about except that anonymous, irresponsible, privately organized espionage systems which cannot be held

to account have been reporting their suspicions to the FBI, or perhaps reporting as suspicion what is actually resentment, envy, jealousy, malice, or business rivalry. Another astonishing comment was made by the President of the United States when he was asked at a press conference about the Norwalk episode. He said that there seemed to be no way in which people could be prevented from sending in lists of suspects, but there were laws against slander and libel and anyone who might be injured by a false charge could hold his accuser responsible.

One of the White House lawyers should tell Mr. Eisenhower how much a suit for libel costs, especially when brought against an organization wealthy enough to fight it through courts of appeal. He should also quote the legal maxim, "No one ever won a libel suit." And this theoretical protection against injury was destroyed when Congressman Velde, eager to get into this act too, invited the veterans to send their lists of suspects to his committee; if a Congressional committee makes public a suspect's name, there can be no suit for libel. But does not the President understand that there is no accuser? The accuser is not a person but a number; he is faceless and voiceless; he can never be held to account and the FBI is silent. The anonymous suspicion, or the rumor or the lie, remains in the files. An "intelligent suspicion" reported by a halfwit and okayed by a rumpot and a paranoid could be reported out of file at a Congressional hearing (or an election campaign) years later, perhaps after the informers had died or been sent to a sanitarium or to jail. Such possibilities were foreseen, which is why we have the Fourth and Sixth Amendments.

ONE hopes that the visiting journalists read Mr. David Anderson's excellent stories about the Norwalk incident in the *New York Times*. Mr. Anderson observed that the VFW espionage system became public knowledge during a drive to increase the membership of the post. He reported that both the post and the department commanders were enthusiastic about the result: it looked as if membership would be increased from 350 to 500. The informers did not profit but the post might.

Did the visitors look around Norwalk on their own? If they saw houses with their curtains drawn there was nothing ominous, but representatives of once-occupied countries must have remembered windows shuttered and doors locked against the scrutiny of quisling neighbors. A Norwalkian seen to glance over his shoulder was trying to dodge a bore, not a tail, and if talk sank to a whisper or died out when a stranger entered a restaurant it was only by coincidence—and yet the visitors must have felt long-inactive reflexes stirring again. They had been told that Norwalk was a typical American town and the mayor said that practically everyone in it dis-

THE EASY CHAIR

approved of private and anonymous spying. If they wondered what Norwalk was going to do about it, the local paper ran some sincere expressions of distaste. If they read the *Times*, the *Providence Journal*, or the *Christian Science Monitor*, they learned that quite a lot of disapproval was being expressed in various parts of the country. But they must have wondered whether Norwalk or the country at large was going to do anything. As their tour continued, they must have looked for data which would indicate how typical Norwalk was and whether the mayor's figures were trustworthy.

WELL, in Salinas, California, there was an effort to keep H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, Bertrand Russell's *Human Knowledge*, and the new Kinsey Report out of the public library. But this was proscription on a microscopic scale only. In San Antonio there was an effort—defeated by the sensible citizens—to get a label reading “subversive” affixed to more than 500 books by 118 writers, including Thomas Mann, Einstein, and Geoffrey Chaucer. (Chaucer was subversive by association with Rockwell Kent's illustrations.) Texas, which is sometimes advertised as “the State Unafraid,” passed a law requiring authors of textbooks to subscribe to a loyalty oath. Alabama was thinking more widely: its law required authors of textbooks not only to state whether or not they were Communists but to make the same declaration about the authors of books which their texts cited. The sensitive antennae of Congressman Velde had led him to anticipate them by introducing into the 82nd Congress HR 6636; it would have required the Librarian of Congress to paste a “subversive” label on every one of his library's nine million books in which he could find a subversive passage. Among those whom the bill directed him to consult in order to determine which passages were subversive were “private organizations.”

A private organization called Pro-America got references to UNESCO expunged from textbooks used in the Los Angeles schools. A member of the Indiana Textbook Commission demanded that all references to

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Robin Hood and to the Quaker religion (professed by ex-President Hoover and Vice-President Nixon) deleted, because such references support Communism. Responding to public incitation by the Gathings Committee, a number of national organizations and several score local ones were formed to proscribe such books as they or anyone else might not like—to forbid them not only circulation but publication. Their activities were illegal and in some aspects unconstitutional. Police chiefs seized several hundred books, and for a while it looked as if the State of Illinois was going to proscribe 8,000.

IN THEIR Constellation, between cities, our visitors must have discussed the several hundred instances of which those I have mentioned are fair samples. Did the Americans believe that only by compulsory ignorance and lynch law could they successfully defend their once democratic system? Did they believe that the Communist enemy could be fought successfully only in the dark? Besides private espionage and the proscription of books, what else?

They must have discussed such other symptoms as the substitution of ordeal by committee for criminal prosecution, the subversion of due process, multiple jeopardy, and organized and systematic intimidation. Add the scared Minute Woman of the U. S. A. Add the prosperous but by no means scared firms which sell lists of names which they call Red, left-wing, or merely suspect. At this point one of the journalists may have read aloud the first ten amendments to the Constitution, so that his companions could check examples against them.

Was this just a young and energetic people blowing off steam? Mr. Barrett had said so, but excuse the visitors if they concluded that the most powerful people in the world are also the most frightened people. The Americans call themselves the freest people, one of them may have summed up, but they are not as free as the French, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Danes, the Icelanders, the British, or the Canadians. Nor are they as free as they were three or four years ago. No one, the speaker



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may have added, has taken their freedom away from them, no one except themselves. They have of their own initiative relinquished much of the Bill of Rights—what are we to make of this? Do they now believe that the freedoms which it defends are wrong and dangerous? Do they believe that in order to preserve democracy they must abandon democratic institutions, procedures, safeguards, and immunities?

"The press," he said, "would not be for it"—would not fight for the freedom of the people or for its own freedom. His weightiest argument rests on the refusal of the fraternity of professional journalists, Sigma Delta Chi, of which he was once president, to investigate the very widespread charge that there was much bias in the handling of the last election, the refusal of the American Society of Newspaper Editors to rise to the same challenge and conduct the investigation called for, and its decision that Senator McCarthy's assault on James Wechsler did not constitute intimidation of the press.

THE newspapers in general have made a creditable fight against censorship, the proscription of books, and both the suppression and the distortion of information. A review of the last year by the American Book Publishers Council which has come in since I began to write this column is a heartening document. In this threatened area the press has achieved notable victories. Even if its behavior in other threatened areas should justify Mr. Dillard's alarming conclusion, we cannot make the press a scapegoat and our-



LA PROVINCE DE Québec

THE EASY CHAIR

...selves paid by on the other side. The NATO committee I believe would decide that Mr. Davis' conclusion is more fundamental than Mr. Dilliard's and more ominous. For if a convention should succeed in abridging the Bill of Rights, it would be because the American people wanted it abridged. If we have lost much freedom, it has been with our consent. So I repeat that the crucial question at Norwalk was, how accurate were the mayor's figures? What percentage of the people in Norwalk disapproved of the VFW system of secretly reporting "suspects"? How many disapprove it so strongly that they are willing to make themselves

Mr. Davis estimates that between 15 and 20 per cent of the American people are opposed to the freedoms and immunities which the Bill of Rights was intended to protect and which we have in part relinquished. If the estimate shocks anyone, he should consider a paper read at the midwinter meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Its authors estimated that one-third of the people in the United States do not know what the Bill of Rights is or what its function is, and that another third oppose it.

We have heard much about the Germans who asserted after the war that they had never been Nazis and had never sympathized with the Nazis but pleaded that they were helpless to oppose them. The American press can be no better than the American people: it reflects just as the government does. Unless we are some day defeated in a war with Russia, the only way in which we can lose the freedoms that we have preserved the United States so far is by voluntarily surrendering them—by acquiescing in their destruction. The steady encroachment on the Bill of Rights can be halted, and the charter of our liberties can be restored in full, whenever we may care to call a halt. We can act to preserve our freedom or we can abstain from acting, and it is just that simple for all of us.

Norwalk is a typical American town, it is any stop on the road, it is your home town and mine. The place to stop the erosion of freedom is right here.

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Personal & Otherwise

How to Place Bets

In the Corporation Sweepstakes

ONE of the country's smartest and most venerable banks recently sent a question to the chief of its research department.

"Are there any earmarks," it asked, in effect, "which will tell us whether the management of a corporation is good or bad?"

The research people quickly found that this question is tougher than it looks. Profits alone are not a reliable guide. It is fairly easy for short-sighted executives to show good profits—for a few years—by letting their companies' plant run down, or by gutting reserves of raw material. On the other hand, a firm which has never earned a penny may be just on the doorsill of spectacular success, because years of developmental work and long-visioned management are finally ready to pay off.

In the end—after studying hundreds of corporations—the researchers discovered just one clue. It was totally unexpected: it apparently is still unknown to the business colleges or professional market analysts; and it has enabled the bank to place its financial bets with remarkably consistent results. (This, incidentally, is the first time it has ever been made public.)

Here, in effect, is what the research chief reported:

"If the top executive in a company gets a salary several times as large as the salaries paid to the Number Two, Three, and Four men, you can be pretty sure that firm is badly managed. But if the salary levels of the four or five men at the head of the ladder are all close together, then the performance and results of the entire management group is likely to be high."

The ratio of the salaries doesn't seem to make much difference," the report continued. Whether the president of the corporation gets \$20,000 a year or \$100,000 isn't important—so long as his vice presidents get something like 75 to 90 per cent as much. But when the president pulls down \$100,000, and his main subordinates get only \$50,000

to \$25,000, it is time to look for trouble."

A full explanation for this curious fact no doubt would require months of digging into psychology, office politics, the history of institutions, and the folkways of American industry. It is not the sort of fact which could be uncovered with a comptometer or a time-motion study, or any of the other tools of "scientific management." It is one of those things which the ablest business men discover intuitively—and which make Top Management not a science or profession, but an art.

GENERAL ROBERT E. WOOD of Sears, Roebuck is now recognized as one of the great practioners of this still-adolescent art—a sort of Walt Whitman or Frank Lloyd Wright in his chosen field. Like all such pioneers, he is an exceedingly complex man, who was destined to be widely misunderstood. Also like many geniuses—Picasso, Lindbergh, Einstein, and Ezra Pound, for example—he is prone to be wildly erratic when he ventures into the strange terrain of politics. An explanation of his brilliant and bewildering career is offered on page 68 by *Irving Pflaum*, foreign editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* and a close acquaintance of the General. It is worth noting that Wood's company followed the Rule of Executive Salaries for a long time before the bank got around to discovering it.

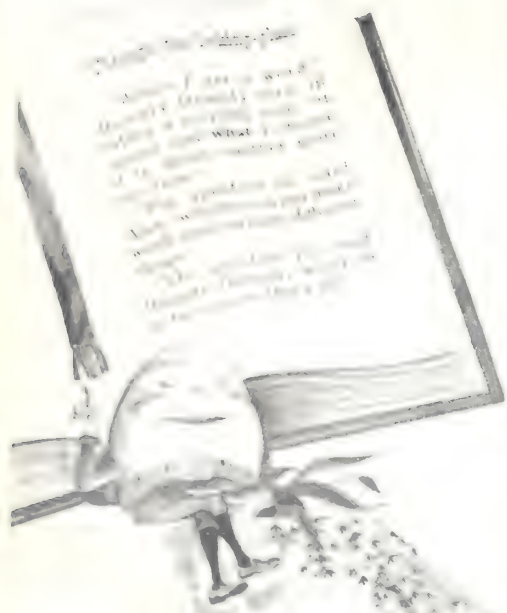
Letters Freud Wanted Destroyed

IN A poem on the death of *Sigmund Freud*, in which he tried to sum up what the founder of psychoanalysis meant to the world, W. H. Auden remarked:

To us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of opinion.*

Perhaps the most fascinating thing about Freud's personal letters (p. 42) is the self-portrait which they

* *Collected Poetry*, Random House.



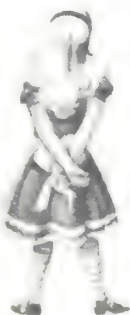
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The Duke of Beaufort, K.G., judging hunters at the White City Stadium. Seated left: the Former Naval Person.

Planning a vacation in Europe?

Sir Alexander Maxwell explains why it is a good idea for you to start your trip in Britain—where there is no language barrier.



SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL

SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL, ranking authority on British tourism, was recently asked to name Britain's greatest single attraction for American visitors. "The English language," replied Sir Alexander. "We have no monopoly on scenery or picturesque customs or foreign atmosphere. But Britain and Ireland are the only countries in Europe where the ordinary American can get off the beaten track and make friends *without using a dictionary*. He seems to feel *at home* with us. As a result, he enjoys himself more."

So start your trip in Britain. All the foreign flavor, the new sights and sensations are there. But the complications of struggling with a foreign language are miraculously removed. What's more, you'll find it easier to make the transition to British food. The cooking is more like your own—simple and straightforward. Food rationing is virtually at an end. You can get all the roast beef you want.

The first thing which strikes the American visitor to Britain is the miniature scale of everything. The fields are tiny—and greener than anything you are used to. The trains and automobiles look like toys. Cities are more like villages, nestling round their ancient cathedrals.

Britain is, in fact, a very small country—about the size of Wyoming. Nobody lives more than seventy-five miles from the sea. This means that you can see an astonishing variety of people and places in a remarkably

time. Indeed, if you are really pressed for time, you can breakfast in the Welsh mountains, lunch at Oxford, have tea at Blenheim, and dine at Windsor. And the next morning you can wake up in Edinburgh.

You definitely get more for your money in Britain. Bed and a huge breakfast can cost you as little as \$2.50, a full-course dinner about \$1.00. Antiques are incredibly cheap. You can buy a tweed jacket for \$17.00. Your round-trip ticket across the Atlantic needn't cost you more than \$500.

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THE
NEW YORKER



give of the man before he became a part of the intellectual weather. They show him as a worried Viennese doctor—hard up for money, bothered by imaginary aches and pains, harassed by family troubles, and often in despair about his work. Like so many of us, Freud found he couldn't give up smoking; and he, too, felt victim to fits of jealousy and to a whole assortment of neuroses.

The quirk of fate which kept these letters from being destroyed—as Freud had wished—was a godsend to both history and science: for they give the best account we have of the way Freud's mind worked during the years when he was hammering out his revolutionary theories.

•••**Adlai E. Stevenson**, a former Governor of Illinois, is now engaged in the private practice of politics in Chicago. In spite of the fact that he is the leader of the Democratic party, his article on page 25—the first he has written since his return from a round-the-world trip last spring—is essentially unpartisan. It is adapted from an address to the Association of American Law Schools in December 1952.

•••Aside from the convicts, guards, and wardens who have to live in them, **John Bartlow Martin** probably knows as much about prisons as any man in America. "Prisons: The Enemy of Society" (p. 29), like his forthcoming book, *Break Down the Walls*, presents Mr. Martin's expert testimony on the subject of crime, policemen, penitentiaries, and prison riots with which he has been dealing as a reporter for over a dozen years.

Mr. Martin's recent books include *My Life in Crime* (1952), an autobiography of a professional thief and gunman, for whom Mr. Martin served as a literary collaborator; *Butcher's Dozen* (1950), an account of a number of extraordinary murders; and *Why Did They Kill?* (1953), a study of juvenile delinquents.

•••**Sylvia Wright's** intermittent recipe for chicken liver pâté (p. 39) will be recognized at once both by experts and amateurs in the kitchen as a pioneering article. In support of this claim, Miss Wright argues

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Many people are risking their eternal salvation on a "religion" of their own... which demands no religion at all.

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created you... and... God has a purpose in doing so. Catholics believe it is our duty to find out what God's plan is for our lives — and do our best to live

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P & O

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are, mathematically, infinite. In
fact, now that I have pointed this
out, I expect some enterprising pub-
lisher will start a new series, "Salad
in May—Brownie Buns in Decem-
ber," etc.

••• "Aunt Gertrude" (p. 50) pro-
vides another touch-and-go episode
in the lives of *Shirley Jackson's*
captivating children, who have be-
come well known through their
mother's recent book, *Life Among
the Savages*. Miss Jackson is Mrs.
Stanley Edgar Hyman, and their
children now are four: she has writ-
ten four books and is finishing a
fifth.

••• If he were only to be remem-
bered as the wartime leader of the
82nd Airborne Division, *James M.
Gavin* would hold a secure place in
American military esteem. After the
battle of Nijmegen, in September
1944, Lieutenant General M. C.
Dempsey, commanding the British
Second Army, greeted him with the
remark that he was "proud to meet
the commander of the greatest divi-
sion in the world today." When
such a man is also among the most
able writers of current military
theory (see his text on *Airborne
Warfare*, his article in the *Combat
Forces Journal* on "The Tactical
Employment of Atomic Weapons,"
and another in this issue of *Harper's*,
on page 54) he is bound to be de-
scribed—without Gilbert & Sullivan's
irony—as the "very model of a mod-
ern Major General."

General Gavin enlisted in the
Army as a private at the age of seven-
teen and won an appointment to
West Point from the ranks. As a
captain, he entered the Parachute
School at Fort Benning in October
1941 and two years later jumped into
Sicily, four hours before D-Day, as a
regimental commander in the first
major allied airborne assault. He
made three other combat jumps
(Salerno, Normandy, and Holland)
and has received some forty awards
and decorations—including the Pur-
ple Heart, the Distinguished Service
Cross, and the Croix de Guerre

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Roger Eddy, Newington 4, Conn.

P & O

with Palm. He is now assistant Chief of Staff for operations.

...General Gavin's proposal for rebuilding the cavalry must not be confused with another scheme—known as Operation Spavin—which is now being discussed in the Pentagon.

This plan calls for setting up an old-fashioned cavalry regiment in North Dakota. Except for a few enlisted men to look after the horses, the entire personnel would consist of colonels and generals. These would be selected from the incompetents who have proved unfit for regular army jobs—and who in the past have normally been assigned either to Intelligence or Supply. Some military men argue that these two services have now become too important to use as wastebaskets—and since the army has to dump its cripples *somewhere*, why not let them gallop around where they can do the least harm? Preferably near the Little Big Horn, where a bunch of cavalymen once lost their hair because Sitting Bull had better intelligence than General Custer.

...**Maurice Rowdon**, whose story, "No Enemy But Time" (p. 61), will introduce this young English writer to most American readers for the first time, is the author of *Hellebore the Clown*, a novel published by Chatto and Windus last year, and of two plays. Born in a London industrial slum in 1922, Mr. Rowdon read philosophy at Oxford and served during the war in the Italian campaign. During 1951 and 1952 he was lecturer in English literature at the Queen Aliyah College in Baghdad. He has recently been living in Italy and Germany, working on a new book.

...**Stuart Chase** is one of those exasperating people who seem to make a dazzling, and apparently effortless, success of anything they turn their hands to. He is a Certified Public Accountant, an accomplished skier, the author of many best sellers, an authority on the Caribbean, an economist, a soil conservation expert, a social scientist, and a semanticist. His latest book, *Power of Words*, was published last month by Harcourt, Brace. It deals with recent discoveries about language—some of



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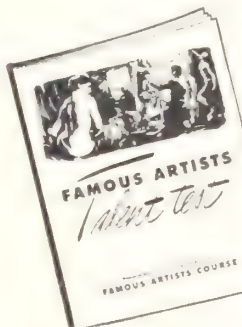
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P & O

which he discusses in his "How Language Shapes Our Thoughts," (p. 76). In this field—as in all those which he has explored—Mr. Chase has endeavored to explain the work of specialists in terms which the layman not only can understand, but

...At the time when John Sack wrote "Babel Among Friends" (p. 83), he was a pic in the American ... with the Stars & Stripes (writing for the American troops) and then for Psychological Warfare (writing newscasts aimed at the people of North Korea and China). Since then he has become a civilian and is working for the United Press in Korea.

Mr. Sack was graduated from Harvard in 1951, where he claims to have been Radcliffe Bureau Chief on the *Harvard Crimson*. After commencement he wrote *The Butcher*, a book about Yerupaja, a mountain in Lima, Peru, where Mr. Sack had worked for U.P. He tells us that he also was hired as Santa Claus at R. H. White's in Boston: the work turned out to be seasonal and he joined the Army.

...Opportunities for seeing "Business Parties and the Free-Loader" (p. 85) from the newspaperman's point of view may have begun for John Brooks back in college days when he was editor of the *Daily Princetonian*. He has since then worked for *Time* and is now on the staff of the *New Yorker*. During three years in the Army in wartime, he was otherwise engaged—learning communications and radar, hitting the Normandy beach as an air liaison man aboard the First Army headquarters ship, and finishing out the war as a second lieutenant with a medium bomber group.

Mr. Brooks's first novel, *The Big Wheel*, published in 1949, was about the staff of a news magazine: his second, *A Pride of Lions*, will be out

...The three poets this month have done a variety of writing. *Martha Bacon*, temporarily a New Yorker though she calls Santa Barbara home, is the author of two books of poetry and one novel (*A Star Called Wormwood*). *Brendan Gill* has a novel to

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his credit (*The Trouble of One House*) and writes frequent reviews and stories for the *New Yorker*. **Florence B. Jacobs** has published a volume of sonnets (*Neighbors*) and many poems and stories. She lives in East Madison, Maine, where her great-greats settled soon after the American Revolution.

Psycholitter

SPEAKING of Freud—the household of a psychiatrist in Westchester recently was blessed with a batch of four kittens. He named them Freud, Adler, Jung, and Oedipuss.

Seeing America Next—

HAVING presented, last month, some highly individual reports on certain aspects of European travel, *Harper's* turns its attention next month to the prospects for off-the-beaten-track vacation trips on this side of the Atlantic. You will, we believe, find our corps of guides reliable, amusing, and full of specific information.

Bernard DeVoto, for instance, has plotted out a tour of his adopted homeland—New England—that steers you away from the all-too-frequent traps and toward the unexpected pleasures.

Pulitzer-prize-winner **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.** takes you along the "Roads Running West," and **John Bartlow Martin** shares with you a vacation in the little known region of Upper Michigan.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril of the *Rocky Mountain Herald* has some astringent advice on what not to do when you visit the Rockies, to balance **Richard L. Neuberger's** suggestions on what to do in the Pacific Northwest.

You'll find notes on San Francisco and various sections of Canada, plus a full clutch of articles that have nothing whatever to do with tourism—like **Chester Bowles** on a new bipartisan policy for Asia and **Henry V. Poor** on the curious relationship between money and running for office in American politics. And, of course, all the regular departments.

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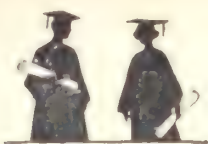


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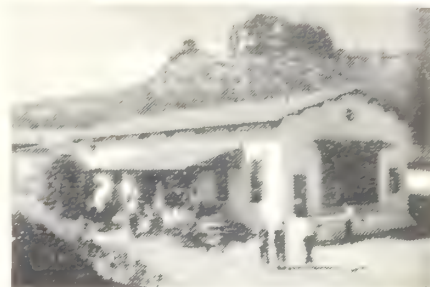
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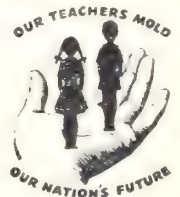
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Harper's MAGAZINE

The Reputation of the Government

Adlai E. Stevenson

A GREAT many Americans are concerned today about the injury to private reputations which may result from reckless and unwarranted assaults by men in government positions. Certainly it is a grave evil; but in all of the recent discussion, one facet of the problem seems to have been generally overlooked. That is the reputation of the government itself.

The condition of the government's reputation at any particular point in time may have, it seems to me, a great deal to do with bringing the evil into being. And, once the evil begins to manifest itself, there is too little appreciation of the wounds which government itself may suffer when the private reputations of its citizens are insecure against official attack.

Government exists for all of us as a very real and ever-present force, and one with which we are in continuous, albeit sometimes shadowy, contact. We know that we owe it certain duties and marks of respect. Yet we also have a sharp, if inarticulate, sense that our obligations to render them are affected by countervailing responsibilities owed us by government. Certainly the alacrity, enthusiasm, and effectiveness with which we dis-

charge our part of the bargain are heavily conditioned by the degree to which we think our government is living up to its part.

Let me give you an example of what I mean. During the last national election, corruption in government was one (and, I hasten to add, only one!) of the issues which appeared to contribute to the idea that it was time for a change. Now I think it fair to say that the particular instances disclosed were not—certainly as we have known governmental corruption in the past—markedly sensational. They did not reach to as high places as before, nor were they an improbable sequel to depression, war, boom, social dislocation—and the vast expansion of government and public spending.

The electorate did not, so far as I was able to observe, see the issue in the unsophisticated terms of one candidate's being for corruption in government and the other against. Neither did I see much evidence of the naïve error of distinguishing between Republicans and Democrats on the basis of moral virtues inherently peculiar to either. Why, then, did the issue have any significance? In large part I find the answer in what seems at first blush to be a wholly disparate

—namely, the Korean War.

To me the Korean War is, and I suspect always will be, the supreme example in my lifetime of the essential need for mutual trust and confidence between the ordinary citizen and his government. Coming as it did upon the heels of the prolonged and exhausting struggle of World War II; involving as it did a far-off unfamiliar country and people and no immediate and visible interest of our own; becoming as it did a costly stalemate with victory, in the guise it has always come to us before, nowhere to be seen or felt—surely no government was ever obliged to ask its citizens to put forth greater efforts, in reliance for the most part on bare official assurances that the long-range national interest required it.

OUR people, with that sixth sense which is at once the inner grace and outward shield of democracy, seemed to know, however imperfectly, that they were being summoned to the highest kind of duty; and they met the challenge in the face of confusions, provocations, falsehoods, and frustrations beyond description because of their respect for the right of government to ask the ultimate in sacrifice for aims judged by government to be necessary.

Under such extraordinary circumstances, what were they entitled to expect of government? Not that while its leaders were asking for sacrifice, some of its hangers-on should be fixing tax cases or selling influence. When it was suggested that such things might be going on simultaneously, the resentment was, I suspect, wholly out of proportion to what might have been generated in more normal times. Warren Harding's government, you will recall, never had to ask the people to do anything except relax and watch taxes go down. And, as the 1924 election indicated, such a government is not held to account by the most exacting standards.

It seems not unlikely, however, that the job of being President of the United States will never again be as pleasant as Calvin Coolidge presumably found it; and that future administrations will all find a return to normalcy, whatever that may be, an inadequate and impossible objective. The preservation of the free world, the staying off of atomic disaster, the accommodation and adjustment

of new forces in ferment in our own society and about the globe—all will combine to subject government to the most rigorous tests of strength and statesmanship. And the demands upon it will, of necessity, magnify its demands upon us. The concern of government thus must be to create such a relationship between itself and its citizens that the response of the citizen in time of crisis is prompt, trustful, and generous.

But the reputation of government is, of course, damaged by other kinds of disloyalty than the familiar problem of corruption. The disloyalty of the occasional Communists, or subversives of any stripe, who creep into government service, is destructive too. And I suspect our people feel an almost personal affront about some of these disloyalties in government.

While the sophisticated analysis of this problem, in terms of the disease being so much less dangerous than the cure, is probably true, it does not make me at all certain that the analysts know what the real danger was, or is. That danger never was that a small group of people could exercise any major influence over American foreign policy or deliver the government into the hands of either communism or bankruptcy. (For example, the plan for reducing Germany to a pastoral state which has been ascribed to Harry Dexter White was not only rejected by the Truman Administration, which helped mightily to rebuild Germany industrially, but so far as I can discover, it was also rejected by Stalin, who wanted German goods to rehabilitate the wrecked Russian economy.) A danger even greater than disloyalty itself is that it hurts the reputation of government in the eyes of the people, and thereby loosens dangerously the magic bonds which tie a democracy together.

SO AS we seek for ways to protect private reputations against governmental attack, let us realize that the problem is worst when the most vital reputation of all—that of our government itself—is impaired.

It is the part of realistic wisdom to recognize that the vast majority of people in this country are not going to be too concerned about the private reputation of anybody if they sense a threat to the essential reputation of their government. This admittedly has its

ugly side, but there is something also of the mysterious essence of democracy in the surging desire of a people to rise up and strike out against a threat which is more damaging to the ideal of government they cherish than to the policies or the treasury of that government.

There is always, however, the other side of the coin of democracy. If we expect government to observe high standards of loyalty and honesty, we expect it no less to maintain the highest standards of freedom and liberty. One disloyal or dishonest person in government weakens democracy dangerously: no less—and perhaps even more—does one tyrant, arrayed in the panoply of authority and heedless of those who fall in his way.

The tyrants, and the political opportunists who use them, do the same kind of damage as the dishonest and the disloyal. They chip away at the pride which American citizens have in their government—a pride which is a corollary of devotion to the principles of decent, effective, fair government.

FOR greatness in a government is not to be found in money honesty alone, in wisdom and vision in the formulation of primary policy, or even in unfailing expertness in spy-catching. There must be, beyond all these, a quality of what, if you please, I can only call justness—the meeting of the popular expectation that government is a protector of the basic equities, with a compassionate eye and a strong arm to see that each individual, no matter how weak or unappealing, is dealt with fairly and justly.

With this capstone virtue, government can command, in the phrase of a respected legal authority: “. . . that loyalty on the part of the citizen which never fails to arise from the confidence that justice will always be done.” Without it, to quote again, “. . . government writes its own epitaph. . . .” And in these trying times, no government—and certainly not one that bears the fateful responsibilities of the government of the United States—can afford to jeopardize that loyalty. For the price tags on peace and freedom which the government must collect from its citizens are forbearance and sacrifice and effort—and these are not eagerly given by the disillusioned.

Americans have, I am confident, a strongly

developed sense of fair play. It is a rock against which many tides of racial and religious intolerance have beaten in the past, dangerously but vainly. At the moment there are mounting currents of repression and conformity, set in motion by the Communist conspiracy and the frustrations of a revolutionary age, and swelled by impure springs of political expediency. But these, too, in time will pass away, if the rock is not riven by other forces.

This natural instinct for justice focuses upon government. In large measure it is either realized or disappointed by governmental attitude or act. We had a recent notable instance of this in the case of the young Lieutenant in Michigan who, although of proven loyalty himself, was about to be expelled from the Air Force Reserve as a security risk because he was related to persons of allegedly doubtful loyalty. Well, “the government” did eventually do the right thing, and our faith that “the government” would never let itself be guilty of such an outrage bore fruit.

The Air Force that day armed itself with an old weapon, a little dusty now, which, *in the long run*, is more damaging to our enemies than all of the new atomic bombs.

THIS was, of course, a small case, but a contrary decision would have injured respect for our government in the eyes of many here and abroad who look to it for “justice.” For the morality of government is, like the law, a seamless garment, and it cannot be rent in one small place without endangering the whole fabric. It is always a lamentable thing when the good name of an individual citizen is unfairly taken from him by anyone, but when the filching is done by government or with its connivance, government does immeasurable harm to itself, and the effects on the world we live in are more calamitous than we presently perceive.

The cause of freedom, of human decency, does not advance in measured tread. There are times of retreat and times of enduring advance. It may be given to our time to recognize that the reputation of our government, of surpassing importance in the affairs of men, reflects in no small measure the extent of its concern for justice, honesty, and restraint in dealing with all its citizens

at all times and under all circumstances.

And let me say also that government, to the man in the street, is frequently as all-inclusive as the word itself. He is not much given to speculation about the separation of powers; and the executive, the legislative, and the judicial often manage to get hopelessly intermingled in his mind. He does not distinguish too sharply between a cabinet member, a district judge, or a congressional committee chairman. He simplifies and personifies, and

government takes its coloration for him from the acts of all. All have, therefore, a responsibility for the picture that emerges. Anyone can deface it.

The short of the matter is that the survival of our freedoms, individual and collective, is closely linked to the good name, the private reputation, if you please, of our government. Its preservation is necessary to evoke the loyalties, both at home and abroad, upon which government must make heavy drafts.

Fairy Tale

MARTHA BACON

How many princes, starved in the thicket,
Who stormed the castle, lured by a legend
Of the lovely sleeping, hang like dead roses
From the clenched thorns, or ever Time's favorite
Parts bloody bramble and scales the bastion
Straighter than spindle to pierce the silence
Of the frozen years and stirs the nonpareil
To an awakening?

How many milkmaids, snatched by sorcery,
Watch yellow dawns over marsh and meadow
And still the garret is musty with strawpiles,
Unspun into thousands of golden mittens?
The shrilling cock brings in the hangman
With mask and coil as the key grates rusty
In the rusty lock.

How many monsters with bright tears falling
Watch over dripping flares and a ruined
Banquet, spread for love of the absent
Awaited darling, who lingers ever
The while he mourns from dusk to midnight
In the painted garden?

How many kings' daughters swoon to the roaring
Of the dragon heaving his bulk from the cavern
To raze the harvest of the cursing farmers?
The knights brought down with broken lances,
Their skulls crushed in like trodden oakballs
Die while the dragon mouths Gehenna:
Calls for a further supply this dragon,
Of knights and ladies to spare the cattle,
And having eaten this flesh of lilies,
These hearts of myrrh, and these bones of crystal,
These brains that burn like quartz in a goblet;
That dragon, yes, sinks down and belches;
Bat-winged plantigrade, snout and talon,
Tooth of chagrin, claws of a lizard,
Sighs and sleeps as mild as an infant,
Yes, lives happily ever after.

Our penitentiaries have become factories for the production of more and more dangerous criminals. The prison system seldom reforms anybody . . . and it cannot reform itself. An expert on crime and punishment suggests some drastic remedies.

Prison: The Enemy of Society

John Bartlow Martin

DURING 1951, 1952, and 1953 a series of riots swept through American prisons. Some twenty-five riots occurred in 1952 alone. Never before had this happened. Sporadic prison riots have occurred before, and have nearly always been connected with an escape attempt. The rioters of 1951-53 were not bent on escape. After they seized their guards as hostages they made demands upon the prison authorities—but freedom was not among the demands. The rioters of 1951-53 seemed merely to want to protest against their condition, to vent their fury upon their prison. The 1951-53 riots amounted to nothing less than a revolt of America's prison population.

These riots were connected. They constituted a chain reaction. And the end of the chain is not in sight. More riots are likely to occur, for the conditions that produced the others still prevail.

These riots have shaken American penology profoundly. Is there something fundamentally wrong with the American prison system?

The prison (as we understand the term today) is not very old—only about 150 years. In primitive times wrongdoers were ceremonially killed and sometimes eaten. In medieval times wrongdoers were burned at the stake, maimed, drowned, stoned to death, skinned alive, and impaled on sticks. The death penalty was prescribed for a great many crimes. Lesser offenders were immured on galleys and, after the sailing vessel replaced the galley, shipped to such faraway places as

Botany Bay to perform disagreeable labor. The English began putting lesser offenders into the workhouses of the poor, and in 1773 the Flemish built a workhouse at Ghent that anticipated many features of today's prisons. But the prison as we know it was given to the world by America.

In the 1820s and 1830s were built two prisons which are to this day the models for the world's prison systems—the Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary in Philadelphia, called Cherry Hill, and Auburn Prison in New York.

The Pennsylvania system was one of solitude. A man was put into a cell and there he stayed, alone with his Bible and his thoughts and his work. He never left his cell. The theory—it rested on Quaker ideas—was that he would repent and reform. Further, it was thought that if prisoners were kept in solitude the worst would be prevented from contaminating the best.

At Auburn, on the other hand, prisoners were let out of their cells by day to work together in the shops, but they were forbidden to speak to each other. The men were required to march to the shops in lockstep, to march and work with downcast gaze. The Auburn system rested on the theory that hard work, not solitary penance, would both punish and reform. And silence, it was thought, would prevent contamination.

For some years the two systems were rivals, and their salesmen went about the country, urging them upon states that were building

prison. Men—Men de Touqueville and Michel Doret—came two from Europe to study them. The Pennsylvania solitude system was adopted generally throughout Europe. But in America it soon died out, not primarily because it made men mad (it did), or because it was all but impossible to administer, or because it was fantastically expensive; whereas the Auburn system of hard work was efficient, economical, and could even be used to make a prison pay itself.

OBVIOUSLY the Auburn silent system could be made to work only by the most severe repression. To enforce silence, wardens developed the repressive rules and cruel punishments that became the hallmarks of nineteenth century penology and that are used to some extent to this day—floggings, the stretcher, the sweatbox, the straitjacket, the iron yoke, the thumbscrew, the water cure. The object of these punishments was to keep the inmates silent and working. It was not to reform them. Yet the Auburn system had begun as an attempt to reform criminals. It failed. And so American penology took its next major turn: in 1870 it produced the reformatory idea.

The first national prison organization—it became the American Prison Association—met at Cincinnati and issued a Declaration. It said that the purpose of imprisonment was reformation, not punishment. It called for the abolition of flat-time sentences and the substitution of indeterminate sentences coupled with parole—the time of an inmate's release would depend upon his behavior and the progress he made toward reformation. It called for the abolition of the silent system and the cultivation of the inmate's self respect. And it urged a number of other things that reformers still are urging—non-political appointment of guards and wardens, training for guards, uniform penal codes, better prison architecture, smaller prisons, and the classification of inmates and their segregation into various institutions.

The Elmira Reformatory in New York opened in 1876 incorporated these ideas. By 1901 no fewer than eleven states had copied it. But by that time the reformatory idea was already dying. It never was so much as tried for any but young criminals, though it

had been proposed for all. The architecture of Elmira—a castle-like bastille of maximum security—worked against its purpose. Guards were incapable of administering the complex grading and marking system. Discipline was as repressive as ever. Regimentation and routinization became the rule. Legislators outlawed contract prison labor, and prisoners dwelt in idleness. The reformatories became more and more crowded. One study of 510 men released from a reformatory disclosed that 78.9 per cent of them committed new crime.

The reformatory idea was swallowed up by the prison. Its residue remained: the indeterminate sentence and parole, education and trade training, and the desirability of putting young offenders into separate institutions. Thus it may be said that the American prison of today is a blend of several earlier systems, all of which were acknowledged failures. The prison of today has abolished stripes, the lockstep, the ball and chain, the shaved head. It no longer exploits its inmates' labor. Modern prisoners enjoy radios, books, magazines, newspapers, visitors, letters, baseball games, motion pictures, and toilets. They eat better food and sleep on better beds than their miserable forerunners. Some of them even sleep in daylight outside cells, and more live in medium security or minimum security institutions than ever before.

Nonetheless, convicts riot. Why?

The Unbearable Pressures

WHEN rioters seize hostages and make demands upon the warden, they usually present a list of grievances that includes bad food, brutal treatment, restrictive parole. Most people think these are the causes of riots. But often the demands are invented after the riot has begun. The causes of riots are quite different, and they are easy to determine.

The experts who studied the 1951-53 riots concluded that a riot requires two things: conditions that build up unbearable pressures upon the inmates, and a spark to touch off the explosion.

What builds up the pressures?

Overcrowding, for one thing. Nearly all our prisons are overcrowded. San Quentin has two men in nearly every cell. At Ohio

behavior in prison. Nor should it necessarily—the most hardened offenders never get in trouble in prison, they know how to do time, and often the man who can best adjust to prison routine is least fitted for life in the free world. Liberty alone, as Gladstone said, fits men for liberty. Yet parole is the cause of great unrest, for guards, and even wardens, tell inmates that if they behave the parole board will give them favorable consideration. Inmates complain that the board spends only two or three minutes hearing an inmate's case. What the inmates don't realize is that in addition to interviewing them the board also studies the documents on them, which may be much more important. It is true less often than inmates say that the board members, who possess awful power, abuse the inmates at hearings, though sometimes they do.

Primarily, and above all, there are the walls and the bars, and the terrible lack of privacy. Warden Ragen, walking inside Stateville Prison in Illinois, has said, "I think there's one spot you can see a tree from." In some prison cellblocks the cells are open at both ends, both front and rear walls being merely iron bars, so that they resemble monkey cages, with the men leaning hopelessly on the bars in silhouette, staring mindlessly at space or yelling and screaming at each other across the echoing galleries. The prisonizing process affects not only the inmates. The most successful wardens convey an impression that, in a sense, they are doing time themselves. Even the professional staff becomes prisonized. One man who quit for that reason has said: "You start out trying to do things. You get stepped on, you make a little compromise. Pretty soon you're compromising everywhere. You become just another screw with a doctor's label, you're doing time too."

Then, then, are the pressures that may produce riot. All that is needed is the spark—an untrained guard, an unstable inmate in the wrong place, a fight in the mess hall, an ill-cooked meal, an unrequited love. A mistake made by an untrained guard touched off the Jackson riot: an inmate in 15-block, where the most dangerous prisoners were kept, tricked the guard into unlocking his cell, put a knife in his stomach,

seized his keys, locked him up, liberated the other convicts, and the riot was on.

We have been talking about the "best" prisons in the country—not about the hell hole in Louisiana where inhuman treatment of the inmates produced the subhuman response one might expect when, in 1951, thirty-one protesting convicts slashed the tendons of their heels with razor blades. The Southern penal system is anyway a thing apart; its purposes and methods are quite different from the North's, and it is in some respects a worse prison system, in some a better. The pressures we have discussed are produced by the most "progressive" Northern systems—by prison, as we think, at its best in the world today.

Some of these pressures could be removed by reforming prisons. Since the riots a few states have moved to do so. But even this falls short of the goal of penology today: to rehabilitate the prisoners.

Why Reform Doesn't Work

THE idea of rehabilitation is not new. Almost as soon as society put the first criminal into the first prison, it began trying to reform him. The early reformers were humanitarians. They wanted to help a criminal reform for the good of his soul. And their methods were religious. Today our interest is an enlightened self-interest. And our methods are sociological and psychological.

How do we rehabilitate men in prison? What do the more progressive penologists say?

Well, we mitigate the inmates' misery and do away with the trappings of former prisons that tended to dehumanize them—the slop bucket, the dungeon, the lash. If they are illiterate we teach them to read and write. If they are young and never had a decent job but only a succession of dead-end drifter's jobs, we teach them a trade, like metal working. If they are older and rootless we put them in prison industries and teach them "good work habits." We encourage them to keep up their contacts with decent people on the outside through mail and visits; we prevent them from contacting their former criminal associates inside and out. Thus we try to "reorient" them. If they can stand it, we put them in minimum-security institu-

tions where they must daily overcome the temptation to run away, thereby, we believe, strengthening their "character" and "self-control."

We also give them religious counsel. We employ certain special techniques—plastic surgery, for example, may correct a facial abnormality that warped a man's personality and brought him into conflict with the law; or Alcoholics Anonymous may help a man whose main difficulty always was liquor. We employ inmate counselors who help them with their prison-made problems—the wife who is running around with another man, the former business partner who is absconding with the assets. We employ decent guards who will not abuse the inmates and may even, by upright example and sympathetic advice, aid their rehabilitation.

Does it work? It does not and it cannot. The toilet in the cell, the gleaming kitchen, the school and the shop—these are the things that we think *we* would like to have if *we* were in prison. They have nothing whatever to do with the things that made John Doe a criminal.

Of course it is desirable to teach an illiterate to read; but it was not his illiteracy that brought him to prison, and when he goes out, whether he can read or not, he will return unless we have changed the thing, whatever it was, that made him a criminal. It is fine to teach a young armed robber the trade of tinsmith; but he wasn't a robber because he lacked a trade, and unless we get at the thing that made him a robber he will prefer the robber's trade to tinsmithery. Putting a man in a minimum-security institution may teach him the wisdom of not running away from custody; whether it will prevent him from committing another crime is a wholly separate and unrelated question.

THE truth is that the usual prison "program" is really designed not to rehabilitate the inmate, as we claim, but rather to prevent trouble in prison. We know that idle prisoners and untrained guards produce riots. If we avoid these conditions we shall have fewer riots. Penologists don't want riots; they do want to rehabilitate prisoners; they conclude that the two purposes are the same. They are not. The busiest, most contented, most peaceable and non-riotous in-

mate in the prison may very well be the most dangerous if released.

Most talk of "treatment" of prisoners today intimates that psychotherapy is being used. But actually almost no psychiatry is used. The federal system has made more use of psychiatry than any state system—and in the entire federal system there are only fifteen psychiatrists. Most "progressive" prisons use hot baths to quiet manic prisoners and cold needle showers to arouse acutely depressed ones; when they can, they send their psychotics to state mental institutions or prison psychiatric wards for electric shock or other heroic treatment. That is all. Of psychotherapy or psychoanalysis for inmates who are not unmanageable there is none. Psychiatry is called upon only when somebody blows up. Thus psychiatry too has become another weapon of custody.

SOME prisons have turned to something they call group therapy. Usually this is a gripe session in which the inmates complain about conditions in the prison and the therapist tries to persuade them that things are not as bad as all that. Some prisons take the easy way out—they hire sociologists or schoolteachers or almost anybody and give them titles like "psychiatric technician" or "psycho-social worker," they encourage their counselors (some of whom should be running filling stations) to use the Freudian lingo, and they make great pretense in general of conducting a "psychiatrically oriented therapeutic program." The damage such flummery does is incalculable. It damages the inmates themselves; it denigrates psychiatry.

We can hope for little improvement soon. Any psychiatrist knows that psychoanalysis or other psychotherapy is all but impossible inside prison. Moreover, psychoanalysis of an individual requires a minimum of 250 hours and there are only 7,500 psychiatrists, of whom only 855 are psychoanalysts, in the United States today. And most of the psychiatrists are busy getting rich by treating bored people who can afford neuroses.

Now, some men do leave prison "rehabilitated." That is, they don't go out and commit new crimes. Why? A few, no doubt, experienced religious conversion, a few were helped by Alcoholics Anonymous, or plastic

among the other special techniques. But those are very few. What of the rest? Psychiatrists say that some men commit crimes because they feel a need for punishment, a feeling that is likely to result in hopeless life-long recidivism, but that occasionally a recidivist manages at length to commit the one crime which extirpates the need for punishment, and that one crime will be his last. Every warden and guard has observed another and more important phenomenon of imprisonment: the inmate "grows up." Men change in prison. The mere suspension of free-world struggle for a few years may diminish the internal pressures that produced the crime, and he will not repeat. Put in warden's terms, the man gets older and he burns out. Even hardened recidivists are likely to burn out in their fifties or sixties. Youngsters may have done so at thirty.

Aside from the few who mature or are helped by special techniques, however, most men emerge from prison worse than they went in. Rehabilitation in prison today is a pie-in-the-sky idea. We have arrived at the point in penological history where we appear to believe that if we provide the physical equipment, one day rehabilitation will descend upon the inmate, like manna. And it is not only the wardens and penologists who believe this; it is the inmates as well. Nothing could be more pathetic than the sight of a mangled kid from the slums hopefully, almost prayerfully, toiling in the garment factory, clinging to the dream that one day he will awake rehabilitated.

Today we ask too much, far too much, of our prisons when we ask them to rehabilitate the men we send them. Prison is a place to keep people locked up. It can never be more.

Some day we may be able to devise programs to rehabilitate criminals. That day will come when we know what made them criminals in the first place. We don't know now. And when we find out, the place to put our knowledge to work will not be in a prison.

What Makes a Criminal?

AT VARIOUS times in human history crime has been said to be caused by demons, comic books, televised melodramas, cigarette smoking, the broken home, the moon's influence, warm climate, irreligiosity,

poverty, the exploitation of the proletariat, ignorance, poor housing, and bad blood.

One of the earliest scientific students of criminality to have a heavy impact was the nineteenth-century Italian physician, Cesare Lombroso. He said that by means of anthropological measurements, he had discovered that the physical and psychological characteristics of criminals differed markedly from those of normal law-abiding citizens. He concluded that the criminal was an atavistic type, a throwback. He postulated the born criminal. A whole school of criminology grew up around the Lombrosian theories.

But in 1913 a British study exploded them. It became fashionable to make fun of Lombroso. Furthermore, as the star of psychoanalysis ascended, all emphasis fell upon early childhood development, and heredity was all but ignored. Lombroso and his "born criminal" were consigned to outer darkness.

ERNEST HOOTON, the American anthropologist, maintained that although Lombroso had not proved his central thesis, nobody had ever refuted it, and in 1939, after studying 15,000 offenders, Hooton published in *Crime and the Man*, his conclusion that criminals are biologically inferior.

Ten years later William H. Sheldon and his collaborators, in *Varieties of Delinquent Youth*, presented two hundred cases studied from the standpoint of constitutional psychiatry, a discipline which, attempting to ground psychiatry in biology, holds that "behavior is a function of structure" and begins not with the unconscious, that deeply buried layer of the mind, as does Freudian psychoanalysis, but rather with the most external aspect of the human being, his body. Sheldon discerned three general kinds of delinquency—individuals who misbehaved because of mental or medical insufficiency, who misbehaved because of psychotic or psychoneurotic difficulties, or because of none of these and for no apparent reason. These last Sheldon called primary criminals. (In most cases these three components of delinquency were intermingled. Sheldon classified only sixteen boys as primary criminals.)

Today, however, Hooton and Sheldon are almost alone. After Lombroso's theories fell into disrepute about 1915, the sociologists

took over. A flowering occurred at the University of Chicago Department of Sociology under the leadership of E. W. Burgess and Robert E. Park, and in the late 1920s and early 1930s it produced a series of brilliant studies including *The Gold Coast and the Slum* by Harvey W. Zorbaugh; *The Gang* by Frederic M. Thrasher; and *Delinquency Areas* by Clifford R. Shaw and associates—landmarks in the literature of great cities.

They showed that certain areas of the city favor criminal behavior. Such areas, usually located in the older parts of the city near the central business district or adjacent to industrial areas, are slums or are in the process of becoming slums. Housing conditions are bad there, schools are crowded, poverty is great, family and community life is disorganized, there are few recreational facilities, and the area has a tradition of delinquent behavior which is transmitted from generation to generation, just as is the technique of eating with a spoon.

Other sociologists emphasized "white-collar crime," increasing urbanization which removed the brake of neighborhood pressure on behavior, the culture conflicts that turned immigrants into criminals, the increasing complexity and competitiveness of modern life which make it ever harder for a youth to adjust, and such economic factors as poverty, unemployment, and the essentially predatory nature of capitalism.

THERE was, however, much that the sociologists could not explain, and they were the first to admit it. They had contributed hugely to knowledge of gang life and organized crime; they had called attention to many hitherto neglected matters; and their careful statistical studies had overthrown a host of false beliefs, such as the belief that a correlation exists between divorce and delinquency rates. But what of the criminal who comes from a "good" home in a "good" neighborhood? And what of the decent citizen who grows up in the slums?

In the end the sociologists concluded that of all the many factors involved, the one of greatest importance is the subtle emotional relationship among members of the family—the relationship that shapes the personality of the child. And this gets closer to psychiatry than to sociology.

The third major approach to the study of crime is the psychiatric one. As early as 1915 Dr. William Healy of Chicago had begun to study the individual delinquent. The advances in psychiatry and the tremendous growth of interest in it during the 1930s and 1940s, together with the virtual standstill reached by sociologists, have combined to give psychiatry dominance in criminological thought today. Psychiatrists—some of them, at least—say they can explain every crime, on the basis of psychic conflicts set up in infancy and early childhood when the personality is formed. Crime, they say, is merely a symptom of intellectual deficiency or of deep-seated emotional maladjustment. Like the neuroses, the psychoses, and the use of alcohol and drugs, crime is merely one way of solving problems, of resolving conflicts. The neurotic suffers out his conflicts, the psychiatrists say, while the criminal acts out his conflicts. (But there are neurotics in prison!)

SHELDON and Eleanor Glueck, two leading investigators, have attempted a synthesis of the scientific disciplines. They have matched five hundred delinquent boys with five hundred non-delinquent boys and studied them with the tools of sociology, psychiatry, psychology, and physical anthropology. They conclude that delinquency results from the interplay of biological, psychological, and cultural factors.

That is about where matters stand. Not much is known, what is known is not being used, not much more is being learned. Two groups of men in prison, however, offer a fine hunting ground for those who would seek the causes of crime.

In any prison there is a hard core of professional criminals. The best definition of the professional criminal is this: he is the man who says of himself, "I am a criminal." He may be a member of an organized criminal gang. He may be a lone wolf. But he is certainly a man who has decided to spend his life at crime. Such men are proficient at criminal trades as other men are proficient at medicine or tool-making. They devote their lives to learning criminal skills. Further, they establish the customs and promulgate the code of criminal society. In prison they are the men who give instruction to neophytes. These professional criminals are the

real custodians of prison culture, and, as Richard McCleery has said, they "exercise more control over the attitudes of the group than a dozen rehabilitation programs."

The second group of interest is the psychopaths. Many, but not all, professional criminals are psychopaths. The psychopath is not psychotic, not "insane." He is not deficient in intelligence. It is his emotions that are out of kilter, his moral development, his "character." Impatience is his hallmark. He is unpredictable, unsympathetic. We cannot get through to him. Usually the criminal who gets labeled "mad dog" is a psychopath. Robert Lindner has called him "a rebel without a cause." Some authorities believe that virtually all criminals except the accidental or situational offenders are psychopaths. Others say only 5 or 10 per cent of all criminals are psychopaths. The discrepancy results from the elastic definition of the term, and has led to calling the category "the wastebasket of psychiatry."

Where to Look for Clues

IN 1818 a member of Parliament, Thomas Fowell Buxton, visited a number of English prisons and concluded that prisons produce, not prevent crime. In America 113 years later, in 1931, the Wickersham Commission concluded, "The prison does not reform the criminal. It fails to protect society." Between 60 and 70 per cent of the men in prison today have been there before, and soon they will return.

We have improved food and buildings and other appurtenances considerably since 1859 when the inmate was considered "just an animal in a pen" but we are not improving prisoners any more than we were then. And now we have reached the lowest point of all: bedazzled by the myth of rehabilitation, we are manufacturing habitual criminals in our prisons—and then turning 95 per cent of them loose.

Isn't it about time to try some new method of dealing with wrongdoers? Prison is not just the enemy of the prisoners. It is the enemy of society. But what is to replace it?

In order to answer this question we need to know what are the causes of crime. We shall never be told by any existing agencies. Prisons, courts, police, and other public

bodies are far too busy coping with the results of the problem to investigate its causes. Further, they are too institutionalized, hide-bound, self-serving, and self-perpetuating. There appears to be but one solution: a crime research institute financed by private funds.

One of the big private foundations—the Ford Foundation and Rockefeller Foundation come to mind—could, by pouring its reserves into this problem, perform a greater public service than by innumerable lesser programs in other fields.

Such an institute should first of all collect everything known about crime. On the institute staff should be statisticians, actuaries, a public administrator, and young sociologists and psychologists, perhaps graduate students. All these would collect raw data, which should be collated by someone with wide experience in taxonomy, perhaps a zoologist.

OTHERS in the institute should perform research—a neurologist, an anthropologist, a psychiatrist, a brain surgeon, an internist; a biochemist, and a geriatrician. At the policy level, to choose research projects and evaluate results, should be a logician, a political scientist, a theoretical mathematician or physicist, a historian. (The institute staff should not include any prison wardens or prison experts. Their contribution is available in their published works and, in raw form, in the files of their institutions.)

The lines of inquiry are almost endless. Many come to mind immediately. We need first of all accurate statistics on crime; the present ones are almost worthless. Geriatrics might throw some light on the phenomenon of maturation. Electroencephalography might throw new light on criminality. So might biochemistry. Individual prisoners should be studied more closely than ever before. What makes the animal-like subhumans, at the bottom of the heap in every prison?

The institute could study alcoholism and crime, criminal women and their prisons. It could proceed with studies of twinning that might throw light on the question of whether criminality is hereditary. It could study sex offenders who now are merely incarcerated. And it could make a frontal attack upon the problem of the psychopath. Indeed, one is tempted to suggest that the entire resources of the institute be concentrated on this one

question: what produces a psychopathic personality?

Possibly the institute, co-operating with federal and state governments, could collect psychopaths for study in hospital prisons. Surely we are not doing them any good, nor ourselves either, by throwing them in The Hole or putting them to death. Not for their sake but for ours we ought to study them.

Such an institute might be loosely connected with a great university. It should have the co-operation of such agencies as the American Psychiatric Association, the American Medical Association, and the American Bar Association. It might endow and should co-ordinate the researches of the Gluecks, Sheldon, and others.

In the long run of course all this would lead to crime prevention programs that mean something. It would no doubt result in recommendations for changes in nearly every area of American life. And every area it entered would be a highly controversial one—slum housing, for example, or courts and the law, or schools.

What Can Be Done About It?

IT SEEMS likely that any project to find out what causes crime might take a while. What, in the meanwhile, are we to do with our criminals?

We must work with what we have—probation, prison, parole. But we should use them properly.

We must, first of all, put out of our minds any idea that the maximum-security prison can rehabilitate anybody. We should use prisons for the purpose for which they were intended: to keep dangerous persons locked up where they can do no harm.

We must, second, make sure that we quit making prisoners worse—make sure that if they do not emerge from prison rehabilitated they will at least emerge no more criminal than they were when they went in.

Now if we are only going to use prisons for dangerous persons, obviously a great many people now incarcerated in them can be let out—half of them, say. Some of these could safely be paroled—more than are now being paroled—provided that politicians kept their hands off parole and legislatures provided money to hire enough parole officers so their

case loads would not be unmanageable, as they are now. Many convicts could be paroled to the armed forces. Studies made by Joseph D. Lohman, former chairman of the Illinois parole board, indicate that the armed forces need not, as they do, virtually exclude felons from service. Those convicts who can not be safely paroled but yet do not need maximum security should be put out on farms or in prison camps on public lands similar to Civilian Conservation Corps camps. Getting half the inmates out of our prisons would automatically solve the prison's problem of overcrowding and thus would reduce the ruinous pressures of prison immeasurably. It would also diminish heterogeneity.

THE classification program should be improved. Such a program requires a large competent staff and a variety of institutions. As for the latter, we never should build another maximum security prison. Mostly we need minimum- and medium-security facilities. We also need medical facilities for the psychotics and psychopaths—to treat them if we can afford it or, if we can't, simply to get them out of the prisons where they cause trouble. As for the classification staff, it should be enlarged but this need not always cost more than we now are spending, for we are wasting money now on rehabilitation that we should be spending on classification. Our few psychiatrists could more profitably spend their time in a research institute or in a school than in a prison. The only proper role of a psychiatrist in prison at present is to advise the classification board and the parole board—to make sure that the truly dangerous man is put into maximum security and that he is not paroled. (Some murderers could safely be paroled tomorrow. Some burglars ought to be locked up the rest of their lives.) Any prison psychiatrist should be employed only on a part-time consultant basis so he will not become institutionalized. Certainly we need not waste the taxpayers' money hiring expensive psychiatrists as "counselors" for inmates. There is a place in prison for the counselor but it is only in censoring mail, arranging visits, and dealing with the immediate problems troubling a convict.

Outside the prison we should revise our inequitable criminal code, adopt a new legal definition of sanity, provide boards of im-

partial medical experts to advise the courts on defendants' sanity, and abolish the death

Inside the prison we should develop programs that are usually thought of as rehabilitative, that are not so, but that nonetheless decrease the harm that prison does to a man. We should raise guards' pay and train the guards. We should bring criminal indictments against them for brutality. We should give the wardens the primary duty of keeping the men there but we should also enjoin them against brutality and indict them for it. We should keep prisons out of politics. We should, as some states do, make prison administration a separate department of state government, not treat it as the neglected appendage of some such department as public welfare.

We should end idleness in prison by enacting laws compelling all tax-supported institutions to buy everything possible from prison industries. We should, when it is possible, raze the monstrous places like Jackson and, when it is not possible, break them up into little pieces. We should permit furloughs or conjugal visits or both to decrease prison homosexuality. (Mexico does already.)

And we ought to work from the other end too—we ought to put fewer men into prison in the first place. This means the courts ought to put more men on probation. But we had better improve probation first. There is scarcely a probation program in America that

is any good. Probation officers like parole officers are too few, their caseloads are impossibly high, they are subject to political pressure; and by and large probation in America today is in the hands of political fixers.

Now, some of this program is purely administrative and could be put into effect tomorrow. But some of it requires legislation and, even worse, money. Notoriously, the prison's financial needs are the last to receive consideration by legislators. So here is a fit project for some good-government group. Good-government groups do not ordinarily care very much about prisons, or at best do not know very much about them. It is time somebody got interested.

A citizens' group could serve another purpose beside lobbying. It could serve as watchdog upon our prisons. Prisons need watching, all the time. No public agency is going to watch them; the camaraderie of public office precludes it.

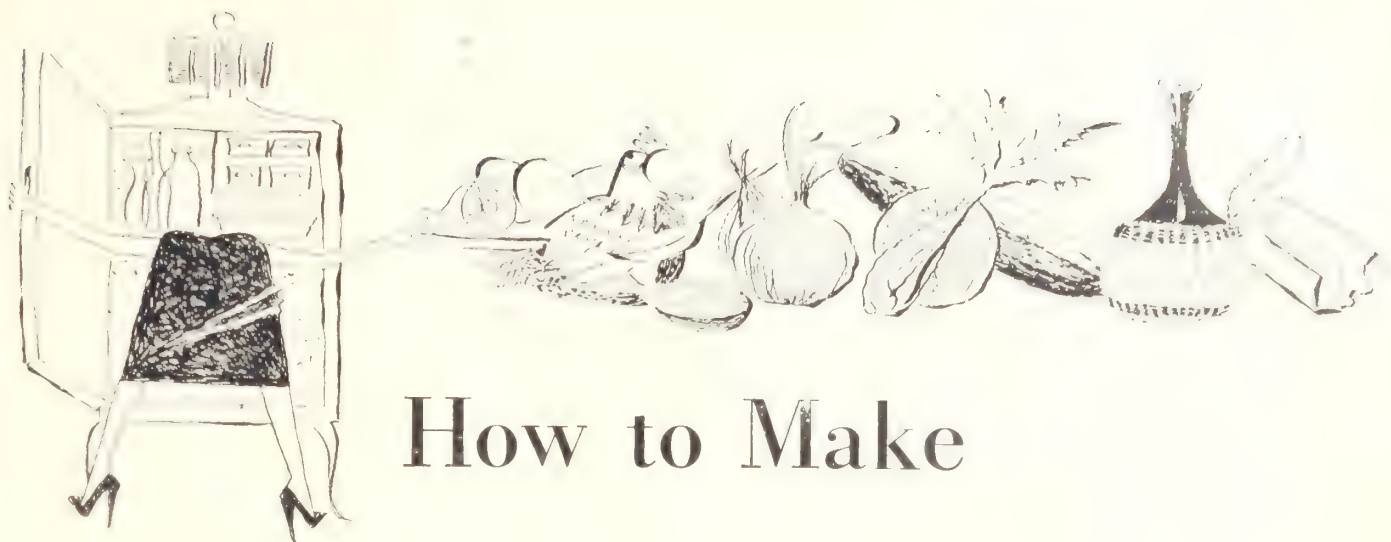
This is unpopular work. Prisoners are friendless. They are also, especially at riot time, hated. But we must do it, not out of kindness but for our own safety. Ex-convicts walk among us.

When, 150 years ago, men realized that the pillory and the stocks were not solving the crime problem, they did not reform the pillory and the stocks, they abolished them. Perhaps an upheaval of the magnitude of the 1951-53 riots can lead us to the same wisdom.

Creeping Efficiency

WASHINGTON, November 25, 1953: A Presidential committee came up with a long-range plan to eliminate some of the red tape involved in proceedings between business men and government agencies. The key to the plan: establishment in the Justice Department of a small office which would make continuous studies of ways of simplifying procedures. . . . The President's conference on Administrative Procedure, which ended a two-day session here yesterday, voted by a substantial majority in favor of a resolution proposing the new office. . . . A delegate to the two-day conference commented: "Don't expect any spectacular fireworks from this office right away. It will take several years for it to get any real results. . . ."

—From the *Wall Street Journal*.



How to Make

Chicken Liver Pâté Once

Sylvia Wright

Drawings by Richard E. Davis

JUDGING from the women's magazines, one of life's big experiences is when someone says, "This is simply delicious. Do tell me how you do it." The beaming hostess promptly replies, indented:

Take a level cup of flour. Add one medium egg, lightly beaten, a scant tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, etc., etc.

and a complete recipe follows, down to

This serves six.

What I don't understand is how these ladies start from absolute scratch. They never have any dabs in their ice boxes. They never put those left-over string beans into the macaroni and cheese, just to get rid of them and see what it would be like. They just make macaroni and cheese, and they never have any of that left over, which they get sick of seeing around and wonder what it would be like in the lentil soup.

My trouble is I can never tell where one recipe stops and the next one starts. This means my most delectable dishes are not only irrevocable but impossible to duplicate, and

when as—yes, I assure you—does happen once in a while, someone says to me, "How did you make this?" my explanation is so complicated they stop listening.

It could be because I live alone. I *always* have dabs. The only time I really use things up is when I go on vacation and have to turn off the icebox. You might say that I'm on one non-stop recipe from one summer to the next. One summer I made the best casserole you ever tasted by putting everything in the icebox in it. The basis was a dab left over from a Casserole Kitchen dish. There was also a bit of cream cheese, some lettuce, a can of beer—oh, various things. It was so extraordinary and such a new taste sensation that on the Shore Line Train to Boston next day I tried to write down its ingredients. Then I remembered that the friend who came to dinner the night before was also going on vacation and she'd brought the contents of *her* icebox. I never could remember exactly what they were and by the time I saw her again neither could she.

Thus was a great culinary triumph lost to the world.

But I can remember my Chicken Liver Pâté. I must tell you about it. Yes, I must. It was simply delicious. Every-one said so.

Sylvia Wright's Chicken Liver Pâté

(The times sound concocted, but they all do it, and it certainly isn't anybody else's.)

(I am a hamburgerer. (Yes.) Have a friend who is coming to dinner to have hamburgers and doesn't come. Have one hamburger all by yourself, feeling somewhat aggrieved, even though this is the colds season.

It's no use. I can't do this part indented. I just have to tell it exactly as it happened. Maybe I can get indented later on.

Well, I had left-over hamburger. I went out to dinner the next day, and the day after that it seemed to me the hamburger better be cooked before it spoiled. I was in a hurry, and I thought I'd just slosh it around in the frying pan with some onion, and if I didn't eat it all up, I could use the rest in spaghetti sauce.

Then I discovered I was out of onions.



I didn't start this in the right place. I should have said that some days before I'd had some people in for cocktails and had pitted black olives as an hors d'oeuvre. Evidently I overestimated my guests' capacity for pitted black olives, because they didn't eat them all and I'd already poured the salt water which preserves them down the drain. So when I couldn't find the onions, it occurred to me to wonder what left-over hamburger with pitted black olives cut up in it instead of onions would be like. Particularly since the olives were beginning to dry out anyway.

It wasn't very good.

So I still had left-over hamburger, with pitted black olives in it. Quite a lot.

Next day I felt I was in a hamburger rut,

so I bought half a pound of chicken livers. But I am thrifty by nature, so I got some onions too, thinking I'd add them to the hamburger and make it a little more palatable.

While I'm about it, I don't see why people in groceries have to be so withering when you ask for two onions. Not two pounds, two onions. I don't have a very large icebox, and I try to buy only what I need. Anyway, there's nothing cheap about chicken livers. But this is beside the point.

I had some chicken livers for dinner, but half a pound is too much for one person to eat up (Oh, well, you see, they were frozen) so there were some left over. Don't ask me how many. I suppose maybe five. Maybe six.

I should have mentioned that I cooked *all* the chicken livers, not wanting to make the same mistake I did with the hamburger. I suppose you'd like some directions on that.

Dip chicken livers in flour to which salt, pepper, and a soupçon of curry powder have been added. (The curry powder was just a notion. I'm scared of it and I stopped before I'd put in enough to even have it taste. You never can tell though, so I don't like to leave out anything.) Fry in bacon fat. Well, I really think most people know how to cook chicken livers. However—served with a green vegetable—why not creamed chopped frozen spinach?—chicken livers make a delicious quick meal.

Now, that's beginning to sound like a real recipe.

WELL, the *next* day (my social life wasn't very sparkling at this point, as you can gather, which is usually when I concoct my most inimitable dishes) I thought I really had to finish up that hamburger. Another thing, mine is a very small kitchenette in a small apartment, and when I use the food grinder I have to attach it to a bookcase, which I have to take some of the books out of, so when I get steamed up to the point of using the food grinder, I try to get some good out of it and do several things at the same time.

So I thought I'd grind up the left-over chicken livers to make chicken liver pâté first and then the onion for the hamburger.

You know I think this is where the recipe really starts.

Sylvia Wright's Inimitable Chicken
Liver Pâté

Grind up five or six cooked chicken livers in—let's see, which one was it? Not the nut butter cutter, but the next one bigger. Come to think of it, that's the only one I ever use. The others just fall on the floor. Grind up and add to chicken livers about a third of a fairly large onion.

Of course, later I used the rest of the onion, ground up, in the hamburger, as well as half of the other onion.

Add salt, freshly ground black pepper, and sherry to chicken liver mixture. I don't *know* how much sherry I put in. Let's say "to taste" except I don't think you should quite be able to taste it. There's a stage where you can almost taste it, but actually you taste chicken liver more, if you get me.

(Let's just give up this indenting business.) To not quite taste. Please note, Irma S. Rombauer, Ann Batchelder, Mary Frost Mabon, *et al.* A new cooking direction doesn't happen every day.

Something about adding the onion to the hamburger made me realize that I still had quite a bit of hamburger, and before I could stop myself (I felt I hadn't really gotten everything I could out of the food grinder) I put some of the left-over beef with onion into the food grinder, ground it up again, and added it to the chicken liver pâté. Only about two tablespoonfuls. Now you see why I had to start with the hamburger.

THAT'S really about all there is to my chicken liver pâté—my dear, it's the easiest recipe imaginable—but I'd like to point out an interesting side result. The little bits of black pitted olive that were in the hamburger looked, when they got into the pâté, just like *truffles*. So I had really made *Chicken Liver Pâté with Mock Truffles*. I'm sure that's the first time anybody did that. Privately, I never think truffles taste of much of anything anyway, and by this time neither did the olives, so that was all right.

The chicken liver pâté was really pretty delicious by now, but it seemed a little dry. I didn't want to upset the delicate balance by

adding any more sherry, so I thought I'd try a little mayonnaise or cream. Somehow, I didn't have either in the icebox, but I found some left-over tomato soup. (I forgot to get that in earlier. It's partly the time sequence that confuses me when I'm trying to give a recipe.) It was canned tomato soup with milk added, but not as much milk as it says on the can. I had a dab of milk, you see, and I happen to think it tastes better that way, and of course I'm always hoping I *won't* have things left over. I put in about a tablespoon of the soup and decided the pâté was perfect.

As I say, everyone said it was simply delicious, and it must have been because there wasn't any left over.

Would you like to hear about my *Beef and Spinach Tarts*? No? *Please* let me tell it. I'll make it quick.

I ATE some of the hamburger with onions, but it seemed pretty mere after *Chicken Liver Pâté with Mock Truffles*, and I simply couldn't finish it. There was a dab left. There was also a dab of creamed chopped spinach. So I made a little pie crust out of half a box of pie crust mix and cut it up into more or less diamond shapes (I roll my pie crust on the coffee table). I mixed the left-over beef and spinach together and used it to fill the pie crust diamonds.

Bake in a moderate oven until delicately brown. This recipe makes six. No . . .

(I forgot I wasn't going to try that again) I think it was seven.

You know, somehow, they just weren't very delectable. There was too much spinach and not enough beef. I must confess I threw most of them away. I couldn't seem to think of anything to put *them* in. Some cooks might have poured a cheese sauce over them and served them up as a meat-saving main dish, but I don't believe in gilding the lily to that extent, particularly when it wasn't a very good lily to start with. Anyway I didn't have any cheese.

But I've recovered from this and it so happens that I have half a box of left-over pie crust mix and half an onion and a little tomato soup, and I think I'll just see what else is in the icebox.

The Origins of Psychoanalysis

Unpublished Personal Letters, Part I

Sigmund Freud

Translated by Eric Mosbacher and James Strachey

SIGMUND FREUD'S theory and technique of psychoanalysis have profoundly influenced Western man's thinking about himself. Freud first began to formulate this theory and develop this technique between 1887 and 1902, when he was from thirty-one to forty-five years old. After receiving his M.D. from the University of Vienna, he had gone to Paris to study the treatment of hysteria with Charcot, the great authority of the time. But in 1886 he returned to Vienna to become lecturer on neuropathology at the university and to treat his first cases. His first major work, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, was published in 1900.

During his critical period of struggle and discovery, his closest confidant—and perhaps the closest friend of his life, although the two men eventually quarreled—was Wilhelm Fliess, a nose and throat specialist and biologist two years younger than Freud whom he met in Vienna in 1887. Freud was instantly drawn to Fliess—because of Fliess's personality and range of interests, because his middle-class Jewish background was similar to Freud's, and because he, like Freud, was interested in sexuality, though his theory differed widely from Freud's.

The two men met from time to time in

Vienna and occasionally in Berlin, and Freud always referred to these meetings, to which he looked forward eagerly, as "congresses." Between times they kept up an extensive correspondence which Freud himself asked be destroyed. Apparently he did destroy Fliess's letters, but after Fliess's death, his widow sold Freud's to a bookseller in Berlin. After a series of adventures during the Nazi regime, the letters turned up in England. Ernest Jones, Freud's official biographer, has used them and quoted from them in his interpretation of Freud, but large excerpts from the letters themselves are here published for the first time. Anna Freud, Marie Bonaparte, and Ernst Kris have prepared them for publication, and Basic Books, Inc., will present the 500 pages of the correspondence early in June under the title, *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*. Harper's here presents the first of two installments of a selection from the letters.

In the interest of space, the opening and closing salutations of the individual letters have been cut. While the first letters are addressed to "My dear Dr. Fliess" and signed "Dr. Sigmund Freud," this rapidly gives way to "Dear Wilhelm" from "Sigm.," and, in the original German, "Sie" is supplanted by "Du."

Vienna, May 28, 1888

MY DEAR DR. FLIESS,

I have a motive for writing to you, though I might have written to you long ago without one. Here it is: Frau A.,* who since her unmasking as a case of chronic cerebral neurasthenia (if you will accept the term) and since her miscarriage, etc., has made a splendid recovery with a minimum of treatment and is now very well, sees the summer approaching. Her old preferences attract her to Franzensbad, but I recommended a hydropathic cure in the mountains. She asked me to refer the matter to you, which I am accordingly doing, with every sympathy for you. I thought of somewhere on Lake Lucerne, such as Axenstein. If you agree, will you please jot down the name of a place on a postcard and send it to me by return, and you can rest assured that, whatever place you mention, Frau A. will go to it this summer. But I appeal to you not to pass the decision back to me, because that would not give her any satisfaction, as the magic of your prestige cannot be transferred. Please reply by return, because my promise to write to you is already ten days old. . . .

Life goes on tolerably well here. When our little Mathilde chuckles we think it the most beautiful thing that could happen to us, and otherwise we are not ambitious and not very industrious. The practice grew a little in winter and spring and is now dropping off again, but it just keeps us alive. Such time and opportunity as there has been for work has gone on a few articles for Villaret, part of the translation of Bernheim's *Suggestion*, and other similar matters not worthy of note. Wait though—the first draft of “hysterical paralyses” is finished—I do not know when the second will be.

In short, life goes on, and life is well known to be very difficult and very complicated, and, as we say in Vienna, many roads lead to the Central Cemetery.

Vienna, August 29, 1888

. . . I ADMIT unreservedly that you are right in what you say, and yet I cannot do as you suggest. To go into general practice instead of specializing, to use all the resources of gen-

eral medicine and treat the patient as a whole, is certainly the only way which promises real satisfaction and material success; but for me it is too late for that now. I have not learned enough for general practice; there is a gap in my medical equipment which it would be hard to close. I was able to learn just enough to become a neuropathologist. And now I lack, not youth, but time and freedom to catch up. Last winter I was very busy, and that left me with just enough to live on with my large family, but with no time over for study. During the summer things were very bad; this left me with leisure enough, but with worries that sapped the inclination. Apart from that, the habit of research, to which I have sacrificed a good deal, dissatisfaction with what the student is offered, the need to go into detail and exercise the critical faculty, is an obstacle to the study of textbooks.

II

Vienna, April 19, 1894

AFTER YOUR kind letter I shall not restrain myself and spare you any longer, and I feel I have a right to write to you about my health. . . .

As everyone must have someone to be influenced by, to escape his own criticism, from that time on (three weeks ago today) I have had nothing lit between my lips, and I can now actually watch others smoking without envying them, and can conceive of life and work without it. I have only just reached this point, and the misery of abstinence has been unexpectedly great, but that is obvious, after all. . . .

Vienna, May 21, 1894

. . . I AM PRETTY well alone here in tackling the neuroses. They rather regard me as a monomaniac, while I have the distinct feeling that I have touched on one of the great secrets of nature. There is something comic about the incongruity between one's own and other people's estimation of one's work. Look at my book on the diplegias, which I knocked together almost casually, with a minimum of interest and effort. It has been a huge success. . . . But for the really good things, like the “Aphasia,” the “Obsessional Ideas,” which threaten to appear shortly, and the

* A patient of Freud's whose sister was in treatment with Fliess in Berlin.

... etiology and theory of the neuroses. I can expect no more than a respectable flop. . . .

III

Vienna, June 12, 1895

... THE CONSTRUCTION of the "Psychology" looks as if it is going to come off, which would give me great cause for rejoicing. Of course I cannot say for certain yet. Saying anything now would be like sending a six-months female embryo to a ball. . . .

I have started smoking again, because I still missed it (after fourteen months' abstinence), and because I must treat that mind of mine decently, or the fellow will not work for me. I am demanding a great deal of him. Most of the time the burden is superhuman.

Bellevue,* August 16, 1895

... MY LITTLE group is very comfortable here. My wife is naturally not very active,** but is otherwise cheerful. Not long ago my son Oliver illustrated beautifully his characteristic of concentrating exclusively on what is immediately ahead. An enthusiastic aunt came to see him the other day. "Oli, what are you going to be?" she asked him.

"Five years old next February, Auntie," he replied. . . .

This psychology is really an incubus—skittles and mushroom-hunting are certainly much healthier pastimes. All I was trying to do was to explain defense, but I found myself explaining something from the very heart of nature. I found myself wrestling with the problems of quality, sleep, memory—in short, the whole of psychology. Now I want to hear no more of it.

Vienna, October 8, 1895

... I AM ENCLOSING all sorts of things for you today, including two notebooks of mine. . . .

I wrote them in one breath since my return, and they contain little that will be new to you. I have a third notebook, dealing with the psychopathology of repression, which I am not ready to send you yet, because it only takes the subject to a certain point. From that

point I had to start from scratch again, and I have been alternately proud and happy and abashed and miserable, until now, after an excess of mental torment, I just apathetically tell myself that it doesn't hang together yet and perhaps never will. What does not hang together yet isn't the mechanism—I could be patient about that—but the explanation of repression, clinical knowledge of which has incidentally made great strides.

Note that among other things I suspect the following: that hysteria is conditioned by a primary sexual experience (before puberty) accompanied by revulsion and fright; and that obsessional neurosis is conditioned by the same accompanied by pleasure.

But the mechanical explanation is not coming off, and I am inclined to listen to the still, small voice which tells me that my explanation will not do.

Missing you and your company came on rather late this time, but I felt it acutely. I am alone with my mind, in which so much is stirring, and for the time being stirring itself into a muddle. I am finding out the most interesting things, which I cannot talk about and for lack of leisure cannot get down on paper. I do not want to read, because it stirs up too many thoughts and stints me of the satisfaction of discovery. In short, I am a wretched recluse. . . .

Vienna, October 16, 1895

... I AM STILL all at sixes and sevens. I am practically sure I have solved the riddle of hysteria and obsessional neurosis with the formula of infantile sexual shock and sexual pleasure, and I am just as sure that both neuroses are radically curable now—not just the individual symptoms but the neurotic disposition itself. That gives me a kind of flat satisfaction—at having lived some forty years not quite in vain; but it is not real satisfaction, because the psychological gaps in the new knowledge demand the whole of my interest.

I have entirely given up smoking again, so as not to have to reproach myself for my bad pulse, and to be rid of the horrid struggle with the craving for a fourth or fifth cigar; better to struggle with the craving for the first. Abstinence is probably another thing that is not very conducive to mental satisfaction. . . .

* The Freud's summer home, just outside of Vienna.

** She was pregnant at the time.

Vienna, October 20, 1895

... I WAS OF COURSE tremendously pleased with your opinion of the solution of hysteria and obsessional neurosis. Now listen to this. One strenuous night last week, when I was in the stage of painful discomfort in which my brain works best, the barriers suddenly lifted, the veils dropped, and it was possible to see from the details of neurosis all the way to the very conditioning of consciousness. Everything fell into place, the cogs meshed, the thing really seemed to be a machine which in a moment would run of itself. . . .

If I had waited a fortnight before setting it all down for you it would have been so much clearer. But it was only in the process of setting it down that I cleared it up for myself. . . .

You will not have any objection to my calling my next son Wilhelm! If *he* turns out to be a daughter, *she* will be called Anna.

Vienna, November 8, 1895

YOUR LONG LETTER is a sign that you are well. May both the cause and symptom persevere. As for my own health (so that I do not forget to mention it and shall not have to mention myself again), I have been incomparably better for the last fortnight. I was not able to maintain complete abstinence [from smoking], for with my present burden of theoretical and practical worries the increase in psychical hyperaesthesia was insupportable. . . .

Vienna, December 3, 1895

IF IT HAD BEEN a son I should have sent you the news by telegram, as he would have been named after you. But as it is a little girl of the name of Anna, you get the news later. She arrived today at 3:15 during my consulting hours, and seems to be a nice, complete little woman. Thanks to Fleischmann's care she did not do her mother any harm, and both are doing well. I hope it will not be long before similar good news arrives from you, and that when Anna and Pauline meet they will get on well together.

Sunday, December 8, 1895

... WE LIKE TO THINK that the baby has brought a doubling of my practice. I have trouble in fitting everything in, and I can pick and choose and begin to dictate my fees. I am getting confident in the diagnosis and

treatment of the two neuroses, and I think the town is gradually beginning to realize that something is to be had from me.

Have I already written and told you that obsessional ideas are invariably *self-reproaches*, while at the root of hysteria there is always *conflict* (sexual pleasure versus an accompanying unpleasure)? That is a new formula for expressing the clinical explanation. I have some beautiful mixed cases of the two neuroses at present, and hope to draw closer conclusions from them about the essential mechanisms involved. . . .

IV

Vienna, March 16, 1896

... I HAVE A CASE of dipsomania I want to tell you about at our next meeting; it resolved itself very obviously in accordance with my theories. I keep on coming back to psychology; it is a compulsion from which I cannot escape. What I have is neither a million nor yet a penny, but a lump of ore containing an unknown amount of precious metal. On the whole I am satisfied with my progress, but I am met with hostility and live in such isolation that one might suppose I had discovered the greatest truths. . . .

Vienna, April 2, 1896

... IF WE ARE both granted a few more years of quiet work, we shall certainly leave behind something which will justify our existence. That feeling strengthens me against all daily cares and worries. When I was young, the only thing I longed for was philosophical knowledge, and now that I am going over from medicine to psychology I am in the process of attaining it. I have become a therapist against my will; I am convinced that, granted certain conditions in the person and the case, I can definitely cure hysteria and obsessional neurosis. . . .

June 30, 1896

... MY AGED FATHER (he is eighty-one) is in Baden in a very shaky condition with heart attacks, bladder weakness, and so on. Waiting for news, going to see him, etc., have been the only things to count in the last fortnight. In the circumstances I cannot undertake any plans that involve a day's journey from Vienna. My father's a tough fellow, and I hope

he may yet be granted a spell of good health; . . . I shall return to account for our meeting. . . .

October 26, 1896

. . . THE OLD MAN died on the night of the twenty-third, and we buried him yesterday. He bore himself bravely up to the end, like the remarkable man he was. He must have had meningeal hemorrhage at the last; there were stuporous attacks and inexplicable temperatures, hyperaesthesia, and muscular spasms, from which he would awake without temperature. The last attack ended with an edema of the lungs, and he had an easy death. It all happened in my critical period, and I am really down over it. . . .

Vienna, November 2, 1896

I FIND IT so difficult to put pen to paper at the moment that I have even put off writing to you to thank you for the moving things you said in your letter. By one of the obscure routes behind the official consciousness, the old man's death affected me deeply. I valued him highly and understood him very well indeed, and with his peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and imaginative light-heartedness he meant a great deal in my life. By the time he died his life had long been over, but at a death the whole past stirs within one.

I feel now as if I had been torn up by the roots. . . .

I recently heard the first reaction to my incursion into psychiatry. "Gruesome, horrible, old wives' psychiatry" were some of the things that were said. That was Rieger in Würzburg. I was extremely amused. And of all things about paranoia, which has become so clear!

I must tell you about a very pretty dream I had on the night after the funeral. I found myself in a shop where there was a notice

You are requested
to shut your eyes.

I recognized the place as the barber's to which I go every day. On the day of the funeral I was kept waiting and therefore arrived at the house of mourning rather late. The family were displeased with me, because I had arranged for the funeral to be quiet and simple, which they later agreed was the best thing.

They also took my lateness in rather bad part. The phrase on the notice board has a double meaning. It means "one should do one's duty toward the dead" in two senses—an apology, as though I had not done my duty and my conduct needed overlooking, and the actual duty itself. The dream was thus an outlet for the feeling of self-reproach which a death generally leaves among the survivors. . . .

V

January 24, 1897

. . . IN THE EXACTING standards insisted on by hysterics in love, in their humility before the loved one, or in their inability to marry because of unattainable ideals, I recognize the influence of the father-figure. The cause is, of course, the immense elevation from which the father condescends to the child's level. In paranoia compare the combination of megalomania with the creation of myths about the child's true parentage.

Meanwhile one of the notions that I have been fostering, that the choice of neurosis is determined by its time of origin, is beginning to look shaky; it seems much more likely that it is determined in infancy. It is still doubtful whether it depends on the time of origin or the time of repression; (my present tendency is to believe the latter).

Being absorbed in all this, I am left cold by the news that the board of professors have proposed my younger colleague in my specialty for the title of professor, thus passing me over, if the news is true. It leaves me quite cold, but perhaps it will hasten my final breach with the university. . . .

February 8, 1897

. . . I MUST CORRECT something I recently told you. When I called on Nothnagel the other day to give him a complimentary copy, he told me spontaneously and as a secret for the time being, that he and Krafft-Ebing were going to propose me for a professorship (with Frankl-Hochwart), and he showed me the document, with their signatures. . . .

The proposal may have come up at yesterday's meeting. The pleasing thing about it for me is that I can go on regarding the two men as decent people, because if they had passed me over I should have found it difficult to think well of them.

I have not written anything for a week, because work (eleven and a half to twelve and a half hours a day) has exhausted all my energies. In the evening I drop as if I had been felling timber.

My expectations about this season have been confirmed. I now have ten patients under treatment, including one from Budapest; another is coming from Breslau. Perhaps it is an hour too much, but otherwise it suits me best to have a lot of work. I earned 700 florins in one week, for instance, and you do not get that for nothing. It must be very difficult to get rich. . . .

May 16, 1897

. . . NO MATTER WHAT I start with, I always find myself back again with the neuroses and the psychical apparatus. It is not because of indifference to personal or other matters that I never write about anything else. Inside me there is a seething ferment, and I am only waiting for the next surge forward. I cannot bring myself to do the provisional summing up of the present position which you want; I think that what is stopping me is an obscure feeling that very shortly something vital will have to be added. On the other hand I have felt impelled to start writing about dreams, with which I feel on firm ground, and which you feel I ought to write about in any case. I was interrupted straight away by having hurriedly to prepare for the press an abstract of all my publications. The vote is going to take place any day. Now I have finished and can think about dreams again. I've been looking into the literature on the subject, and feel like the Celtic imp: "How glad I am that no man's eyes have pierced the veil of Puck's disguise." No one has the slightest suspicion that dreams are not nonsense but wish-fulfillment. . . .

A few days after my return a proud ship of mine ran aground. My banker, who had got furthest in his analysis, made off at a critical point, just before he should have produced the final scenes. This has no doubt damaged me materially also, and it has shown me that I do not yet know all the factors that are at work. But, refreshed as I was, I took it in my stride and told myself that obviously I must wait still longer for a complete cure. It must be possible, and it shall be done. . . .

May 31, 1897

I HAVE NOT HEARD from you for a long time. Herewith a few fragments thrown up on the beach by the last surge. I have jotted them down for your eyes alone, and hope you will look after them for me. By way of apology or explanation let me add that I know they are only suspicions, but something has come of everything of this kind, and I have only had to withdraw the things I wanted to tack on. Another presentiment tells me, as if I knew already—though I do not know anything at all—that I am about to discover the source of morality. . . .

Otherwise the summer mood is very strong. On Friday we go to Aussee for Whitsun. I do not know whether I shall have any more ideas worth reporting to you; I do not want to do any more work. I have laid even dreams aside. Not long ago I dreamt that I was feeling over-affectionately toward Mathilde [Freud's eldest daughter], but her name was "Hella," and then I saw the word "Hella" in heavy type before me. The solution is that Hella is the name of an American niece whose photograph we have been sent. Mathilde may have been called Hella because she has been weeping so bitterly recently over the Greek defeats. She has a passion for the mythology of ancient Hellas and naturally regards all Hellenes as heroes. The dream of course fulfills my wish to pin down a father as the originator of neurosis and put an end to my persistent doubts. . . .

VI

Aussee, August 14, 1897

. . . AFTER A SPELL of good spirits here I am now having a fit of gloom. The chief patient I am busy with is myself. My little hysteria, which was much intensified by work, has yielded one stage further. The rest still sticks. That is the first reason for my mood. This analysis is harder than any other. It is also the thing that paralyzes the power of writing down and communicating what so far I have learned.

But I believe it has got to be done and is a necessary stage in my work.

Vienna, October 3, 1897

. . . OUTWARDLY VERY LITTLE is happening to me, but inside me something very inter-

esting is happening. For the last four days my *orthopsychosis*, which I regard as indispensable for clearing up the whole problem, has been making progress in dreams and yielding the most valuable conclusions and evidence. At certain points I have the impression of having come to the end, and so far I have always known where the next night of dreams would continue. To describe it in writing is more difficult than anything else, and besides it is far too extensive. I can only say that in my case my father played no active role, though I certainly projected onto him an analogy from myself; that my "primary-originator" (of neurosis) was [my childhood nurse] an ugly, elderly, but clever woman who told me a great deal about God and hell, and gave me a high opinion of my own capacities; that later (between the ages of two and two-and-a-half) libido toward my mother was aroused; the occasion must have been the journey with her from Leipzig to Vienna, during which we spent a night together and I must have had the opportunity of seeing her undressed (you have long since drawn the conclusions from this for your own son, as a remark of yours revealed); and that I welcomed my one-year younger brother (who died within a few months) with ill wishes and real infantile jealousy, and that his death left the germ of guilt in me.

I have long known that my companion in crime between the ages of one and two was a nephew of mine who is a year older than I am and now lives in Manchester; he visited us in Vienna when I was fourteen. We seem occasionally to have treated my niece, who was a year younger, shockingly. My nephew and younger brother determined, not only the neurotic side of all my friendships, but also their depth. My anxiety over travel you have seen yourself in full bloom.

I still have not got to the scenes which lie at the bottom of all this. . . . I cannot give you any idea of the intellectual beauty of the work.

The children arrive early tomorrow. The practice is still very bad. I fear that if it gets still worse it may interfere with my self-analysis. My recognition that difficulties of treatment derive from the fact that in the last resort one is laying bare the patient's evil inclinations, his will to remain ill, is growing stronger and clearer. We shall see.

VII

October 15, 1897

MY SELF-ANALYSIS is the most important thing I have in hand, and promises to be of the greatest value to me, when it is finished. When I was in the very midst of it, it suddenly broke down for three days, and I had the feeling of inner binding about which my patients complain much, and I was inconsolable. . . .

I have found love of the mother and jealousy of the father in my own case too, and now believe it to be a general phenomenon of early childhood, even if it does not always occur so early as in children who have been made hysterics. (Similarly with the "romanticization of origins" in the case of paranoiacs—heroes, founders of religion.) If that is the case, the gripping power of *Oedipus Rex*, in spite of all the rational objections to the inexorable fate that the story presupposes, becomes intelligible, and one can understand why later fate dramas were such failures. Our feelings rise against any arbitrary, individual fate such as shown in the *Ahnfrau*,* etc., but the Greek myth seizes on a compulsion which everyone recognizes because he has felt traces of it in himself. Every member of the audience was once a budding Oedipus in phantasy, and this dream-fulfillment played out in reality causes everyone to recoil in horror, with the full measure of repression which separates his infantile from his present state.

The idea has passed through my head that the same thing may lie at the root of *Hamlet*. I am not thinking of Shakespeare's conscious intentions, but supposing rather that he was impelled to write it by a real event because his own unconscious understood that of his hero. How can one explain the hysteric Hamlet's phrase, "So conscience doth make cowards of us all," and his hesitation to avenge his father by killing his uncle, when he himself so casually sends his courtiers to their death and despatches Laertes so quickly? How better than by the torment roused in him by the obscure memory that he himself had meditated the same deed against his father because of passion for his mother—"use every man after his dessert, and who should 'scape whipping?" His conscience is his unconscious feeling of guilt. And are not his sexual coldness

* The title of a play by Grillparzer.

when talking to Ophelia, his rejection of the instinct to beget children, and finally his transference of the deed from his father to Ophelia, typically hysterical? And does he not finally succeed, in just the same remarkable way as my hysterics do, in bringing down his punishment on himself and suffering the same fate as his father, being poisoned by the same rival?

My interest has been so exclusively concentrated on the analysis that I have not yet set about trying to answer the question whether, instead of my hypothesis that repression always proceeds from the female side and is directed against the male, the converse may hold good, as you suggested. But some time I shall tackle it. . . .

Vienna, October 27, 1897

. . . I HAVE NOTHING to tell you except about my analysis, which I think will be the most interesting thing about me for you too. Business is hopelessly bad, it is so in general, right up to the very top of the tree, so I am living only for "inner" work. . . . I am beginning to perceive big, general framework factors (as I should like to call them) which determine development, and other minor factors which fill in the picture and vary according to individual experiences. Simultaneously a number of my doubts about the interpretation of the neurosis, if not yet all of them, are being resolved.

An idea about resistance has enabled me to put back on the rails all the cases of mine which looked like breaking down, with the result that they are now going on satisfactorily again. Resistance, which is in the last resort the thing that stands in the way of the work, is nothing but the child's character, its degenerative character, which has, or would have, developed as a consequence of those experiences which one finds in conscious form in so-called degenerate cases; in these cases, however, the degenerative character is overlaid by the development of repression. In my work I dig it out, it rebels, and the patient,

who started by being so civilized and well-mannered, becomes vulgar, untruthful, or defiant, a malingerer, until I tell him so, and thus make him able to overcome this degenerative character. Resistance has thus become an objectively tangible thing for me, and I only wish that I had also grasped what lies behind repression. . . .

October 31, 1897

. . . MY OWN ANALYSIS is going on, and it remains my chief interest. Everything is still dark, including even the nature of the problems, but at the same time I have a reassuring feeling that one has only to put one's hand in one's own store-cupboard to be able to extract—in its own good time—what one needs. The most disagreeable thing about it is one's moods, which often completely hide reality from one. Also sexual excitation is of no more use to a person like me. But I am still cheerful with it all.

Do you think that children's talk in their sleep belongs to their dreams? If so, I can introduce you to the very latest wish-dream. Little Anna, aged one-and-a-half, had to fast for a day at Aussee, because she had been sick in the morning, which was attributed to eating strawberries. During the night she called out a whole menu in her sleep: "Strawberries, wild strawberries, eggs, omblet, pudden!" I may perhaps already have told you this.

Under the influence of the analysis my heart trouble is now often replaced by stomach trouble.

Vienna, November 5, 1897

. . . IT IS INTERESTING that writers are now turning so much to child psychology. Today I received another book on the subject, by James Mark Baldwin. So one still remains a child of one's age, even with something one had thought was one's very own.

Incidentally what horrifies me more than anything else is all the psychology I shall have to read in the next few years. . . .

Your Sigm.

[A second installment of these letters, describing the writing and publication of The Interpretation of Dreams, will appear next month.]

Aunt Gertrude



A Story by Shirley Jackson

DURING the greater part of my married life my Great-Aunt Gertrude was in the hospital; my oldest child was only a baby when I heard from my mother that Aunt Gertrude had been found by a neighbor lying at the foot of her back steps with a broken hip, and my mother added in a postscript that when the old lady woke up in the hospital and found out where she was, and why, the only thing that worried her was what would become of her cats. Finally, the cats got fed and cared for by neighbors, and they bred among themselves as they always had, pure white, and the old ones, unlike Aunt Gertrude, died off, and the new ones grew up, and although the neighbors fed them and tried to take them in, they lived, the young ones as well as the old, around Aunt Gertrude's back door, sheltering under the steps. The neighbors wrote us that it was amazing, the way the kittens grew up to cry at the door which they had never seen opened.

Aunt Gertrude stayed in the hospital for so many years that the original cats, and the generation following, had all died off or wandered away, but there was a splendid crop of pure white kittens at the back door when the doctors finally decided that Aunt Gertrude, so old and so lonely for her cats and her roses and the low echoing ceilings of her little house, ought to be brought home for what the family gracefully called "the little time left to her." The family brought forward an unmarried cousin to feed the cats and tend

the roses and wheel Aunt Gertrude out into the sunlight every morning, and it was generally conceded among the nieces and nephews that all the available family ought to make a point of calling upon Aunt Gertrude at least once before—we remarked to one another, nodding gravely—Aunt Gertrude "left her cottage for good." There was, moreover, a pressing, but civilly silent, competition among several of the nieces over the mahogany breakfront, which Aunt Gertrude had inherited from our common great-great-grandmother, and which Aunt Gertrude used to keep fancy sewing and cat food in.

My older son, Laurie, was eleven years old, and my daughters Jannie and Sally eight and five, when at last I took them to meet their Great-Great-Aunt Gertrude. "They ought to see her once," I told my husband, with a kind of wistful smile, "before Aunt Gertrude Leaves the Family for Ever."

My husband gave me a long thoughtful look. "You know perfectly well your cousin Barbara is going to get that breakfront," he said.

"In that little apartment of hers?" I laughed bitterly. "I wouldn't put it *past* her, of course, but—"

"Give Aunt Gertrude my love," my husband said, putting his paper up before his face.

"It's so many years since I saw her last," I went on, with a pang of real terror. "She used to *scare* me so." The long road over the hills,

Drawings by Suzanne Suba

the thousands of roses, the homemade fruit cake. . . . I shivered. "Petit point," I said inadequately. "Preserved figs."

WHEN, at last, with the children mumbling uneasily in the back of the car, I came over the long road which brought me into the pleasant valley where Aunt Gertrude lived in her small house with her cats and her roses, I found that a dozen unexpected memories came back at me: the dust, and the woods coming down to the back of Aunt Gertrude's cottage, and the way the cottage itself always seemed so tall until you came right onto it, because of the high stone steps which led up from the road. "Children," I said, when we came in sight of the woods, and the roses, and the steps, "children. Aunt Gertrude is very old, you know."

"Is she a witch?" Sally asked, peering through the car window, "because if she's a witch, can she eat little children?"

"I want you to behave quietly," I said, deciding upon a tactful by-pass to Sally's question, "and there is to be no giggling, and no arguing, and no shoving."

"Do I have to kiss her?" Laurie asked.

"I rather think not," I said, remembering suddenly and vividly the soft and wrinkled old cheek which Aunt Gertrude had, so long ago, presented to me. "Just remember that Aunt Gertrude is *very* old."

"Is she a hundred?" Sally asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said.

"Is she a thousand?"

"Well . . ." I said.

"A million?"

Laurie wriggled miserably. "I don't *want* to go," he said.

I stopped the car in front of the high stone steps and turned to look at Laurie. "Look," I said reasonably, "it's only this once."

"But I'm going to *break* something," Laurie said. "In that little house. I'll sit on the wrong thing or I'll step on something or I'll fall *over* or something."

I laughed and told him, "I stepped on a cat once. Aunt Gertrude laughed, but my mother was embarrassed."

"Did you get spanked?" Sally asked with interest, "is she going to say abracadabra, Aunt Gertrude? Witches *always* say abracadabra," she told Jannie.

We got out of the car, moving slowly, and

stood below in the road, looking up the steep steps and the pink roses above. "I'm scared," Jannie said; she came over and slipped her hand into mine. "Is Aunt Gertrude big?"

"No," I said. "Very small."

"I'm scared," Jannie said simply.

I took a deep breath. "Come along, dears," I said, and we went up the steps, me well in advance, and Sally coming far behind on her hands and feet. I found, with a kind of bewilderment, that I had to bend my head to come onto the porch, although Laurie and Jannie and Sally passed easily under the low doorway framed in roses, and I knocked on the door with the conviction that it had been only a day or so since I last saw its glass panel, engraved with a floral design, and chipped in the lower right-hand corner. "Ooh," said Jannie softly as the door opened, and I remembered the rich smells of fruit cake and marmalade and pressed rose petals and cinnamon.

COUSIN Maude opened the door, and I stood for a minute, the children pressed nervously close to me, and Cousin Maude told me that Aunt Gertrude was as well as might be expected, and, sighing, that Aunt Gertrude seemed as spry as ever, and I reported to Aunt Maude upon the health and prosperity of all the cousins she hadn't seen recently, and she told me about Uncle Frank and the horse, which I had already heard from my mother, expurgated.

"I brought the children to say hello to Aunt Gertrude," I explained at last, trying unsuccessfully to step aside from the clinging creatures at my skirts. "They wanted to meet her." This was a statement so patently false that even Cousin Maude forbore to comment. "Hello, darlings," she said perfunctorily. "I'll see if the old bird's awake," she said to me.

"I want to go home," Jannie said very audibly.

"Me, too," Laurie said.

Cousin Maude went to the door of the bedroom and listened; the cottage had only two rooms, and I remembered clearly that sounds from one room were heard distinctly in the other; when Jannie began again, "I *want* to—" I took her hand tight and shook my head violently, and she was unwillingly quiet.

Cousin Maude nodded and beckoned us to the bedroom doorway, and, dragging Jannie and followed without enthusiasm by Laurie and Sally, I went to the doorway.

"Aunt Gertrude," said Cousin Maude in a loud and vivacious voice, "here are some visitors for you, and isn't that lovely?"

"Oh, go away," said a voice from within, and I suddenly remembered Aunt Gertrude so vividly that it seemed like my mother pulling me instead of me pulling Jannie.

"Hello, Aunt Gertrude," I said weakly.

She was lying in bed, with pillows propping her up, and she was wearing a pink satin bed-jacket trimmed with lace, and after one look at her I recognized clearly that Aunt Gertrude was very likely still the wickedest and liveliest old lady in the world. "How do you feel, Aunt Gertrude?" I asked from the doorway.

"Another one?" she said, and chuckled. "Come in, dear," she said. "What's that you've got with you? Children?"

"This," I said, pulling, "is my son Laurie. And my daughters Jannie and Sally."

"H'lo," said Sally, who seemed to be the only one of my children still able to articulate.

Aunt Gertrude waved largely at a long sofa upholstered in apricot satin which stood parallel to her bed. "Sit down," she said, and, wordlessly, my children obeyed. I stood behind them protectively. Beyond us, the roses

touched the windowpane and the sky was blue; inside, Aunt Gertrude leaned forward and regarded us with her old eyes open wide. "Now," she said. "Tell me what you learned in school today, my dears." She pointed at Laurie. "You, boy," she said. "What's your name?"

"Laurence," said Laurie in a whisper.

"Named after your Uncle Clifford? Indeed. Good girl," and she nodded approvingly at me. "And what did you learn in school?" she asked again.

"Fractions," said Laurie, paralyzed.

"So did we," said Aunt Gertrude, nodding profoundly. "Loved every minute of it, *I* did. Never got the footwork straight," she said in an aside to me, "but no point letting on. Now, *you*, what's *your* name?"

"Joanne."

"Pretty girl," said Aunt Gertrude. "Your mother ever tell you about the time I danced with the Prince of Wales?" She laughed hugely. "Mercy!" she said.

"Did you?" Jannie asked, "did you honest, with a prince?"

Aunt Gertrude laughed again. "Let's see your hair, child," she said. Jannie came, glancing at me, up to the bed, and Aunt Gertrude touched her hair lingeringly. "Can you sit on it?" she demanded.

JANNIE giggled suddenly. "I never tried," she said. She looked over her shoulder and backed up to the sofa and tried to sit down on her hair, and Aunt Gertrude said tolerantly, "Said I was the prettiest girl on the floor, he did. Wasn't true, you know," she said, shaking an admonishing finger at Jannie, "at least three prettier than I was. Never get thinking you're prettier than you are, child."

"Did he wear a sword," Laurie asked, fascinated. "Aunt Gertrude?"

"Sort of thing one *had* to say," Aunt Gertrude went on, nodding. "I had the prettiest hair, though. *I*," she said sternly to Jannie, "could *sit* on *my* hair, don't forget *that*."

"I'll try," said Jannie obscurely.

"And *you*," Aunt Gertrude said, turning to Sally, "what have *you* to say for yourself, girl?"

Sally thought. "What do you use for teeth?" she asked.

"Sally!" I said.



"Good question." Aunt Gertrude leaned back, thinking. "Play much baseball?" she asked Laurie unexpectedly.

Laurie, caught completely off base, faltered and said, "I guess so."

"If we had *one* good pitcher," said Aunt Gertrude, and shook her head sadly. "That was before I met Mr. Corcoran, of course," she told me. "My late dear husband."

"Naturally," I said.

"Mr. Corcoran," she told Laurie, "was not an athletic type of man like yourself. Most refined, of course, but not altogether athletic. A little chess now and then, occasionally a game of bowls, or, on warm evenings, croquet. Sad for one as enthusiastic as I."

"Did he have a sword?" asked Laurie tenaciously.

"**N**O," SAID Aunt Gertrude, "but he had good sound investments. *There* was a dance for you," she went on dreamily, "and I was in yellow, most daring then, of course, taffeta. Alençon lace. And *very* daring," she added archly to me. "You ask about teeth," she continued. "It was a trip in those days, my dears. I remember we once had a rabbit in the carriage, but of course my mother spoke to the man at once. We thought she was going to faint."

"—a sword?"

"It's all very long ago," Aunt Gertrude said. She looked at the children. "You wouldn't remember, of course," she said.

"Where is that rabbit now?" Sally asked.

"Fine children," said Aunt Gertrude, nodding sleepily. "Fine children. Married that young man, did you?"

"Nearly fourteen years ago," I said.

Aunt Gertrude nodded again. "Always liked him," she said. "Nice young fellow. Red and white tie."

"Not *that* one," I said, horrified. "No, no, Aunt Gertrude, not that one. I —"

"Strong resemblance," Aunt Gertrude said, nodding at Laurie. "Always did like that fellow."

"He's a radio announcer somewhere in Ohio now," I said. "I married —"

"Reminded me of your Uncle Clifford," Aunt Gertrude said. She brought her head up suddenly. "When's that fool girl going to put me to sleep?" she demanded.

We tiptoed out, the children and I, and



Aunt Gertrude stirred, and smiled, and spoke softly to herself. I told Cousin Maude that Aunt Gertrude was asleep, and the children and I went precariously down the steep stone steps.

Halfway down I stopped and said, "We ought to take a rose each; Aunt Gertrude always used to tell me."

SOLEMNLy, avoiding thorns, I picked a huge pink rose for each child, and one for myself, and we got back into the car. I started the car, looking up at Aunt Gertrude's house and wondering if I would ever come here again; in the mirror I could see the three children sitting quietly on the back seat, holding their roses. We had come out of the valley, and up the long green hill, and could see far behind only the great heap of roses that was Aunt Gertrude's cottage, before Jannie moved slightly, and spoke. "Someday, I think," she said, "that prince is coming back."

"With his sword," said Laurie.

There was another long silence, and then Sally said, "She wasn't a witch at all. I don't know why Mommy said she *was*, Aunt Gertrude. I even *liked* her."

"I'm going to keep my rose forever," Jannie said, and Sally said, "I'm going to keep mine, too."

"She's sure pretty lucky," Laurie said.

"Golly," Jannie said, "and the prince coming back, and all."

The warfare of the future, as it appears to one of the Army's most thoughtful combat leaders—veteran officer of parachute troops in action, until recently commander of a corps in Germany.

Cavalry, and I Don't Mean Horses

Major General James M. Gavin

SOME measure of undying fame was achieved by "Fighting Joe" Hooker in the War Between the States, when he asked, "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" From a war in which catch phrases were common, this one has been well remembered among the military; but it is a trifle lengthy for the soldiers of today. They are more likely to ask, "Who ever saw cavalry?"

Today it is the pastime of soldier-historians to speculate about the use of cavalry in that most bloody of all our national conflicts. What would have happened if Jeb Stuart, instead of wagon hunting, had been roving ahead of Lee when he debouched from the Cashtown pass on Gettysburg? If Buford on Willoughby Run had been driven in by the full impact of Stuart's incomparable cavalry, and the heights east and south of Gettysburg had been seized by the Southerners that first day, what effect would it have had on the hesitant Meade? Perhaps the whole course of our history would have changed. Perhaps.

In the meantime, we have fought a few more wars. Recently we reached a stalemate in one of them that historians may judge the most costly and least successful of all. In it, time after time, we committed our forces blindly to battle. While some historians are still lamenting the absence of Stuart at Gettysburg, no one has asked, "Where was Walker's cavalry in Korea?"—and it is high time that someone did. Where was Walker's cavalry on

November 26, 1950, when his handful of divisions was struck with complete and overwhelming surprise by thirty Chinese divisions? Unit after unit stumbled into ambush and suffered the worst defeat in the history of American arms.

Where was the cavalry? It was, and still is, in the minds of military planners and historians. And I don't mean horses. I mean helicopters and light aircraft, to lift soldiers armed with automatic weapons and hand-carried antitank weapons, and also light-weight reconnaissance vehicles, mounting antitank weapons the equal or better of the Russian T-34s.

Technologically we could have had them. Because of our deification of heavy equipment—and the combat practices of late World War II, which deluded us into believing that heavy armor is cavalry—we didn't have them. We lost the cavalry when we mounted it in weighty tanks and trucks, all of which move (if the terrain will allow them to move at all) at exactly the same speed as motorized infantry, if not slower.

Cavalry is supposed to be the arm of mobility. It exists and serves a useful purpose because of its mobility differential—the contrast between its mobility and that of other land forces. Without the differential, it is *not* cavalry. Cavalry is the arm of shock and firepower; it is the screen of time and information. It denies the enemy that talisman of

success—surprise—while it provides our own forces with the means to achieve that very thing, surprise, and with it destruction of the enemy.

Cavalry is not a horse, nor the crossed sabers and yellow scarves. These are the vestigial trappings of a gallant great arm of the U. S. Army, whose soul has been traded for a body. It is the arm of Jeb Stuart, and Custer, and Sheridan, and Forrest. It is the arm that as late as World War II got there (in Forrest's phrase) the "fustest with the mostest" but is now rapidly becoming, in terms of firepower and mobility, lastest with the leastest. Certainly gallantry, venturesomeness, and willingness to die are abundant in our armored and cavalry units, as they have amply demonstrated at every combat opportunity. But with the motorization of the land forces, and the consequent removal of the mobility differential, the cavalry has ceased to exist in our Army except in name.

IN JUNE 1950, when the victory-intoxicated North Korean forces were surging southward from the 38th Parallel, General MacArthur asked and was given authority to get in the ground battle. Obviously, the tactical situation called for a cavalry force to be committed at once, to screen and delay, while the heavier infantry and armored forces built up a more substantial defense.

What did we have that was equal to the occasion? One small infantry command of two-plus rifle companies and a battery of artillery, lifted to Korea by Air Force transport. Once under fire, they were slowed down to the speed of a foot soldier—actually slower than many of the tank-mounted North Koreans. They never had the proper means or mobility to perform their cavalry mission.

As Walker fell back, trading his infantry and artillery for time, his flanks were wide open. On his left, particularly, a gap of a hundred miles extending to the sea could readily have been penetrated. The situation begged for cavalry, but we lacked the contemporary kind of cavalry to do the job. As General Walker's forces fell back to the constricted perimeter about Pusan, only the valiant efforts of his fire-brigade infantrymen and their comrades of the Tactical Air Force made it possible to hold on.

Finally, when the landings at Inchon took

place on September 15, there was again every promise of fluid action. I was present at Inchon, and after the first crust of resistance was broken it seemed to me there was nothing worthy of the name in front of X Corps. The situation screamed for highly mobile cavalry forces to exploit this unprecedented opening. We should have pressed south to the rear of Naktong River line in hours. Instead, we took almost two weeks to establish a link between these two forces. When the first breakout of our forces from the southern perimeter moved northward, it was a combined tank-truck column, essentially an infantry column limited in its performance by its road-bound equipment. We were fighting an Asiatic army on Asiatic terms.

Walker's divisions shortly thereafter swept forward and the entire peninsula was wide open. Cavalry patrols should then have been on their way to the Yalu; likely concentration areas for enemy forces in North Korea should have been scouted out, and the Yalu crossings kept under surveillance. With a properly composed and balanced cavalry force, this would have been entirely practicable—if we only had foreseen the need. Instead, the divisions of General Walker moved blindly forward, not knowing from road bend to road bend, and hill to hill, what the future held in store for them. If ever in the history of our armed forces there was a need for the cavalry arm—air-lifted in light planes, helicopters, and assault-type aircraft—this was it. The debacle that followed our acceptance of combat under these terms is now a tragic chapter in our history.

TODAY, in Europe, cavalry regiments are in battle positions, assigned the job of covering, screening, and delaying. One of the most frustrating experiences that a professional soldier can now know is to sit in at critiques of war games and maneuvers, and listen to staff officers endeavoring to rationalize the present-day cavalry's inability to fulfill its role. The most common analysis of the problem usually ends with some such conclusion as this: "They're cavalry regiments, aren't they? Their mission is a cavalry mission. The failure must be in the way they are handled." If cavalry units fail to provide timely information, or effective screening, their commanders are suspected of—and sometimes charged with

ing having performed with sufficient celerity. Or an umpire is charged with allowing the enemy too much mobility.

What I find alarming is the lack of awareness that Russian motorized and armored forces are just as mobile as our own—if not more so. All the soul-searching in the world, and the most brilliant staff cerebrations, will not conjure up tactical success in cavalry action unless the means of achieving it are provided our cavalry commanders. They do not have the means today. They are road-bound. Even assuming they will be fortunate enough to fight in countries where roads are numerous, they are no more mobile than the mechanized infantry divisions they are expected to screen from the enemy.

Hoplites and Pelasts

It is a simple matter to be critical after the event. It is another to provide or attempt to provide, answers to the questions raised. Fortunately, most of the answers to the problems in the soldier's trade are not as difficult to come by as may first appear. Several thousand years of experience lie behind us, awaiting understanding.

One of the most striking aspects of man's military past is his persistent search for the technical means to get an edge on his opponent in mobility. When he was successful, and especially when he could organize elements of varying mobility into a cohesive combat team, he was successful in combat. When he failed to solve the technical problem created by his needs, he failed in combat.

The Greeks were the first to refine their combat techniques to the point where mobility differed, and there was close team work, between the varying combat elements. The Greek pelast was a light-armed, mobile foot soldier who provided the security screen for the more heavily armed hoplites. The hoplite was a heavily armed soldier who was fitted into the phalanx, the first thoroughly disciplined firepower team of which we have accurate record. Polybius tells of the impression it made on a Roman consul:

The consul . . . had never seen a phalanx in his life and he encountered one for the first time—in the Roman war with Perseus; and, when it was all over, he used freely to

confess to his friends at home that the Macedonian phalanx was the most formidable and terrifying sight that had ever met his eyes.

THE Persians who opposed the Greeks were fine horsemen. If they had acquired the team work and discipline of the Greeks, they should by all odds have won. The Greeks were not only good fighters, however, but smart enough to learn the handling of horses from the Persians. Philip of Macedon was the first great Greek soldier with the vision and organizational ability to match horsemen effectively with the superb Greek foot soldiers. He organized heavy and light cavalry, and trained them to fight in close co-operation with his infantry.

His skill was inherited by his son Alexander, the world's first great cavalry leader, who fulfilled his father's vision. "Cavalry was his dominant arm," writes General J. F. C. Fuller, "and in battle he invariably led [cavalry] in person." Alexander developed and exploited the mobility differential between his infantry and his cavalry to the fullest extent possible in his times. There were subdivisions of each, based upon mobility, and the pelast was retained for close-in screening tasks.

Even as the phalanx reached its highest performance, an opponent worthy of its challenge appeared in the Roman legion. The legion had been coming up the hard way, fighting the superb cavalry of Hannibal; it finally defeated him and turned to the east. The legion, like the phalanx, was a traveling fort; yet it had one great advantage over the phalanx: every man was equipped and trained to fight as an individual. As a consequence, the legion was so flexible that it could fight in almost any direction; while the phalanx, in some respects like a modern triangular division, was designed and trained to fight where it was pointed.

The reign of the legion was long, and during it the field of combat experienced Pax Romana. But, as with all victorious ways in war, it could not last forever; and, when the end came, the legion's adversary was tough, combat-ready cavalry. Signs of the coming of the horseman had been seen but little appreciated until the great disaster at Adrianople in A.D. 378, when Emperor Valius lost his legions and his life under the onslaught of the Gothic cavalry.

The cavalymen appeared invincible after Adrianople, and with each passing century they improved their armor until they knew no opponent worthy of their mettle. True, they became heavier and more immobile, but in their eyes they became only more invincible. Finally, in the thirteenth century, there appeared on the eastern horizon a horseman laying waste to all before him. On the eighth of January 1258, he came to the gates of Baghdad and challenged the pride of the Western cavalry to come forth. The story of this meeting is told by an eye witness.

We met at Nahr Bashir, one of the dependencies of Dujayl; and there would ride forth from amongst us to offer single combat a knight fully accoutred and mounted on an Arab horse, so that it was as though he and his steed together were [solid as] some great mountain. Then there would come forth to meet him from the Mongols a horseman mounted on a horse like a donkey, and having in his hand a spear like a spindle, wearing neither robe nor armor, so that all who saw him were moved to laughter. Yet ere the day was done the victory was theirs, and they inflicted on us a great defeat, which was the Key of Evil, and thereafter there befell what befell us.

THE impact of the Mongol cavalry on the West was impressive but, on military men in particular, of limited duration. Barely a century had passed before both men and horses had again been armored to the point of immobility. The advent of gunpowder clearly spelled the end of the armored knight, but this was little realized at the time; those who used gunpowder were often considered criminals and occasionally hanged on the spot. Finally, at Agincourt in 1415, the flower of French knighthood met its doom at the hands of a lightly armored, much more agile force, armed with the long bow.

Despite this crushing demonstration, the role of the armored knight in the warfare of the Middle Ages continued to be an important one. Often the presence of a mounted man in battle reflected his prosperous station in life, and thus an ability to afford a horse and all its trappings, rather than any awareness of a tactical need. Jousting was a popular military sport, and the charging of armored knights was an approved tactic through all

the years while firearms continued to improve. Even after the efficiency of gunpowder had made the armored horse ineffective, many soldiers persisted in arguing that the most decisive and effective tactic in combat was still the cavalry charge.

IN OUR Civil War, the cavalryman shed his armor and adopted the pistol and saber as proper weapons for the charge. But it was in this war, the era of our great cavalry leaders, that such men as Sheridan first enunciated the heretical view that the purpose of cavalry was not merely to ride hell-for-leather. By the war's end, it was established beyond question that the real purpose of the horse was to deliver firepower where it was needed most. Frequently the cavalymen dismounted, sheltered their horses, and dug in to let the opposing side destroy itself against the high volume of fire they were able to develop—a shrewd adaptation of an existing weapons-system to the existing combat environment.

Clearly firepower was building up to such intensity on the battlefield that flesh and bone could no longer prevail against it. The efficiency of firearms and the number of automatic weapons continued to increase, until in World War I an impasse was reached. The mobility differential between the components of the land forces had disappeared. The defense completely dominated combat; and Verdun, the Somme, and Passchendaele were the result. British casualties at Passchendaele were 8,222 for each square mile captured—an all-time high in human sacrifice for the real estate gained.

While men were piling up their bodies in battles of attrition in World War I, the commanders and their staffs were desperately trying to solve their dilemma—only to fall back on a still greater massing of artillery, and assaulting infantry, in the hope of saturating the defenses. Yet already a new form of mobility had appeared; the gasoline-driven land vehicle. Its arrival was too late by a small margin for full exploitation in World War I, but to those who read its meaning correctly it showed certain promise of breaking the stalemate. Tank warfare was sufficiently tested to convince a few visionaries of its great possibilities.

Between the wars they preached. J. F. C. Fuller, Liddell Hart, de Gaulle, and Chaffee

argued wherever they could obtain a hearing for the new form of war—or new form of cavalry, which it unquestionably was—offering a mobility differential never before seen or even thought of. Unluckily a number of the German senior officers foresaw its possibilities with equal clarity and instituted an appropriate development program in the Wehrmacht. The German campaign in Poland in 1939 and France in 1940 proved men like Guderian and Rommel to be apt students of their Allied teachers.

Now we are at a point in history where soldiers in the past have often found themselves. In our time, we have seen the great defensive battles of World War I and the great offensive battles of the early 1940s. Understandably, many veterans remember vividly and well how the lessons of ten years ago were applied in battle. But memory can become idolatry of things past and close our minds to the meaning of events. We quote the preachings of Liddell Hart and Fuller in the twenties, as though mere repetition would extend their validity into the present. We run the risk of forgetting that it is not what was said and done, but *why* it was said and *why* it was done, that is important. In the meantime, one of the most—if not *the* most—critically evolutionary periods in military history is upon us.

The Aerial Instrument

NOT many years elapsed between Kitty Hawk and the great offensives of World War II, yet they were years full of intensive search for the proper exploitation of the new air vehicle in combat. There were those, like their predecessors in years past, who saw the new aerial instrument as the absolute weapon—one such was Douhet. Others, like the visionary Mitchell and Hap Arnold, saw it for what it was: mobility, to enable the means for victory to be brought to the area of decisive combat. General Mitchell's definition of air power is still the best written: *anything that flies*.

The common search for the means of survival brought the airman and the soldier together; and, once joined, their imaginative use of the new form of mobility was rapid. I consider myself most fortunate to have been associated with one of our first units in this

new field. I was a member of the Army's 505th Parachute Regimental Combat Team in the invasion of Sicily on July 9, 1943. Its mission was to land between the known enemy reserves and the beaches to be used by our assault divisions, and to screen the landings. There were a number of subordinate missions: to deny the use of an airfield, seize dominant terrain, secure several crossroads, and so on—a typical cavalry mission.

AFTER the landings, the first ground forces we encountered were the reconnaissance elements of the Hermann Goering panzer division, the cavalry of Fuller and Liddell Hart's disciples. We had a rough time. Badly scattered, we found that our mobility was not as great as we thought it was; badly out-gunned—the Tigers were impressive against our 2.36 bazookas—we nonetheless survived. The success of our mission can best be judged by an enemy evaluation of it:

It is my opinion that if it had not been for the Allied airborne forces blocking the Hermann Goering Armored Division from reaching the beachhead, that Division would have driven the initial seaborne forces back into the sea.*

We came back with a burning conviction on two points: we needed (1) more accurate air delivery and (2) better antitank weapons. Although first priority was immediately given these problems, when we jumped in Italy two months later we fared not much better. The mission was again a typical cavalry one. The 2nd Battalion, 509th Parachute Infantry, was to land at Avellino, a key to the road network leading to Salerno, and block all enemy movement through that area. The remainder of the 82nd Airborne Division moved from Sicily to Salerno, as a highly mobile reserve, and overnight was in combat on the beachhead.

Between Salerno and Normandy every effort was concentrated on improving anti-tank weapons and accuracy of delivery. For the first time we began the search for a lightweight land vehicle to exploit the unexpected opportunities which invariably characterized—so we were beginning to realize—a landing in the enemy rear. For accuracy of delivery we turned to Dr. Vannevar Bush's office in

* Postwar interrogation of General Kurt Student.

Washington and, through the personal efforts of Dr. Charles Waring (now head of the Chemistry Department of the University of Connecticut) we were able to obtain colored lights that could be jumped with an individual, set up after landing, and triggered remotely by code (they were later replaced by infrared lights). For antitank weapons, General Ridgway obtained a company of 57mms from a division newly arrived in North Africa. We also redistributed our individual jump loads so that we could jump seven hundred antitank mines per regiment, and we adopted the British Gammon antitank hand grenade.

The 57mms were the best guns we had, though we rarely had them when we wanted them, since they had to be flown by glider. They had to do until we captured the first German panzerfausts in Holland; these made one man equal to the heaviest German tank and started us on an era of relative prosperity. For the solution to the vehicle problem, we put extra armor plate on jeeps. When equipped with automatic weapons and panzerfausts, they—compared to other forms of mobility in World War II—were the best cavalry known to date. Capable of moving by glider several hundred miles in a few hours, and after they landed of coping with anything they met on favorable terms, they invariably gave a good account of themselves.

THE mission assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division in Normandy was to block all enemy attempts to reinforce the beaches and to attack them from the rear—again a typical cavalry mission. Two months after Normandy the division was in the air once more and on its way to Nijmegen. Much had been learned in the interim. The accuracy of the Holland landings was almost perfect, and antitank weapons were soon obtained in abundance. The division's cavalry troop, the reconnaissance platoon, fully motorized with the new armored jeeps, proved worthy of every confidence. Here was cavalry in the historical sense.

After Holland we began to talk about dropable fuselages, track-laying aircraft, assault transports, helicopters. We were not sure what form the air vehicle would take but we knew that we were on the right track. What we needed next was a closer integration with

the inheritors of the cavalry role, the armored forces, without loss to the highly mobile and aggressive character of the airborne forces, the "lean and mean" philosophy. This at once suggested a future for armor in the air-transportable field, possibly *the* future. Certainly it was the area in which the frontier of military knowledge had to be pushed back.

It should be realized that at this time a complementary development of the greatest significance was taking place in antitank weapons. In several fields of research the antitank weapon was showing itself far superior to the tank, clearly indicating that in the near future antitank weapons would reduce even further the mobility differential enjoyed by armor in the early 1940s. Hence the clear and immediate requirement was for exploration of the airborne-armor field in which a new mobility could be found.

IF we failed to do this, the least that could happen would be a war of stagnation in which our armored forces, our so-called cavalry, would be as immobile as the enemy. At the worst, an enemy would develop it and achieve overwhelming tactical surprise at the opening of hostilities—as the Germans did in 1939 and 1940. We should find it worth remembering that the first maneuver of airborne troops was conducted by the Russians in 1930, and that in 1935 they moved an entire division by air from Moscow to Vladivostok—3,500 miles.

As an enthusiastic supporter of our cavalry arm, I am convinced that we will never win another war without it, and that without it we may very likely lose. Korea is eloquent testimony. My own convictions and experiences in World War II led me to write a brief piece on the subject called "The Future of Armor," which was published in both the *Combat Forces Journal* and *Armored-Cavalry Journal* in November 1947.

It seemed to me, at the time, that we would have to lighten all items of combat armored equipment, and develop and produce the aircraft to carry the new light armored forces into battle. But I accomplished little. The vehicles in our infantry and cavalry units are no lighter now than they were five years ago—in fact, in most cases they are heavier. Currently, the mobility differential between our infantry and our cavalry—in the form of

armored divisions and cavalry regiments—is nil. The same is true of the differential between ourselves and the Russians—unless, of course, if we have to fight them, they will be accommodating enough to walk while we are rolling on wheels and tracks.

And the Big Bombs

THERE is naturally much speculation now over the implications of atomic warfare. In spite of conflicting opinions, it seems clear at least that bombs, guided missiles, and artillery projectiles with destructive power measured in the kilotons and megatons are here to stay. If they are used at all, they will sooner or later be used directly against land forces; and the only counter-measure possible is to reduce drastically the numbers of soldiers per square mile in the battle area, which will itself have to be regarded as a zone hundreds of miles deeper than it is at present. Since fewer soldiers will have to cover much more ground, there will be a proportionately greater need for automatic weapons and for a more rapid and efficient supply system to provide them with ammunition. In the solution of these problems the air vehicle will inevitably play a major part.

Since dispersion—individual and unit—will characterize the defense, the greatest need of all will be for the means of concentrating rapidly in the area, and at the time, of decision. Major reserves will have to move by air, and in the tactical zone smaller units will have to be mutually supporting by air as well as land.

Cavalry-type screening missions will have to be conducted at much greater distances, and with much greater rapidity, than have hitherto been considered acceptable. The mobility differential to make this possible *must* be achieved. It is within our grasp, fortunately, in the air vehicles now being developed—assault transports, light utility planes, helicopters, and convertaplanes.

Forces so organized and equipped will have a predominant influence on future warfare. Their readiness at the very outset of combat is essential, yet unfortunately they cannot be produced, Aladdin-like, overnight. The lead time to their availability could be measured in years while the lead time to disaster could be zero, and this could happen while we

relied almost exclusively on the concept of mass retaliation—a concept which finds no justification in human experience as an exclusive and self-sufficient means to victory.

The appeal of the weapon of mass retaliation is understandable; it is spectacular, it carries the war far away from our homeland, and most people believe it to be uniquely American. It does have a role to play—that of destroying an enemy's strategic forces before they can be brought to bear. Thereafter it must take its place among the resources, human as well as material, that our people provide to make victory possible. The weapons system that encompasses every decisive role which men can play, with the least drain on a nation's economy, will be in the long run the system to survive. For man is a land animal and he remains the common denominator in war, whatever form it takes.

Today, even the most casual awareness of the historical lesson should suggest that in ground combat the mobility differential we lack will be found in the air vehicle. Fully combined with the armored division, it would give us real mobility and momentum. Military tactics are not so recondite that there should be anything mysterious in such a conclusion. We have an apt Americanism that sums it up: "Hit 'em where they ain't!"

ALL of this may seem very remote from the Greeks, with their hoplites and pelasts, the Roman legion, the armored knight, and the combat philosophy of Nathan Bedford Forrest. It is in time but not in substance; for, to survive and win in battle, soldiers have always had to think of these things, and to move along the curves of history, lest they giddily precipitate themselves and their people into oblivion.

When a modern nation embarks on an unwise military course, however, not only its soldiers are at fault. "In our democracy," said General George C. Marshall fifteen years ago, "where the government is truly an agent of the popular will, military policy is dependent on public opinion, and our organization for war will be good or bad as the public is well informed or poorly informed. . . ." What we now need, as a nation, is an understanding of the past that can be converted into tactics and battle hardware, and give its soul back to the cavalry.

No Enemy but Time



A Story by Maurice Rowdon

Drawings by Sol Le Witt

THEY were sitting on a bench at Crewe station, waiting for the train going south, an old man and his wife. Their daughter kept a continual lookout. She was calmer than either of them, middle-aged and rather red in the face. When the old man asked her a question, which he did very frequently, she only nodded dreamily, soothing him.

At last the express train came in to the platform and, after a word from one of the guards, she called out to her parents: "This is the train! Come on!" She took up their cases, which were each of them strapped and labeled most neatly, and carried them onto the train.

But the old man stayed where he was. He always had a little smile on his face, and, strangely, his eyes, which scarcely moved, seemed to be listening rather than looking.

"Is it the right train?"

He asked this question of the air, for his daughter had gone to find his compartment, while his wife, a small woman dressed in black, sat meekly at his side looking the other way, unable to hear his words. Only when he bent toward her and enunciated his words very clearly and slowly could she hear what he said, and then she would smile, just as if someone had given her an affectionate touch. But her face had not the persistent, wondering smile of her husband. He was brown and

fairly agile for his age, while she had become rather helpless, with the years gradually smothering her.

It was clear that he did not believe this to be the train. His smile seemed to say, They are playing some kind of joke, it is a fancy of the young, this cannot be the train. He required courage. He got up from the bench and himself went to speak with one of the guards. Yes, it was the train. He succumbed now. His daughter, coming down from the train again, had seen him ask the porter, but she appeared quite accustomed to his behavior, for she said, with a perfectly serious face: "Well, good-by, Mum. Good-by, Dad. I've put the cases up on the rack."

He climbed into the train slowly, still doubtful. The matter had perhaps passed too smoothly. He peered at all the compartments and the people in them as he went by, with the same smile, not quite sure of his ground but smiling to keep up a certain polite contact with the deceiving world. He caught sight of a dining-car steward and went and touched his arm. He spoke softly, out of earshot of his daughter, who was attending to the old woman: "Excuse me. Is this the nine-thirty?"

The steward nodded and was about to pass on when the old man put to him a statement, more complicated and tentative than the question: "But what I'm looking for is the

through-train to Blacksmith, arriving seven-
teen."

He seemed to be tracking down his train by means of some system of detection rather than catching it, and the steward, with a homely look in his eye, nodded again: "You're all right. This is the train."

They kissed their daughter at the door of the compartment, where a young man and a woman with blond hair were already seated, strangers to each other. The daughter went back to the platform, calmly and seriously, and came level to the window so that she would see them as the train drew out.

The old man looked about the compartment.

"Now where has she put the cases?" he asked.

He looked up at the racks and saw them, one on either side. His smile had something of admiration in it, but always it was the same smile. And though the cases were perfectly secure, fitting squarely into the racks, he went to each one of them and shifted them a little, pushing them with both hands, though the racks were not deep enough for them to go any farther. Then he sat down, opposite his wife. All this time his daughter had watched him. The train drew slowly out of the station, and they waved briefly.

WHEN the platform was no longer in sight he got up and tapped his wife on the knee. He felt it would be better if she sat next to him. He seemed happier with her at his side, and they faced the journey together. Their attitude was now solemn, as if they were present at an event which required tact, sympathy, and a certain poise. They were *waiting*, though the journey must last five hours.

A question posed itself in his mind: What am I to do with my mackintosh? The fields were very green after rain, and the sky was low and dark. He arrived at a decision. He took the mackintosh off and folded it carefully, swaying as he did so. He put the sleeves inside, shaking them down, then placed it on top of the cases. He did everything slowly, giving each of his movements the utmost consideration, as if it were born of long self-scrutiny.

His hands were hard and strong, unlike the skin of his face. They were cruelly cracked

and broken. He had worked for thirty years as clerk to a small engineering firm at the edge of his village, and he had put in almost an equal number of hours during his life as a gardener, doing odd jobs for the bigger houses. He had been sick three times during those thirty years. The first illness had kept him away from work for five days; the second, eight weeks; and the third, not long before his retirement, a month. Each morning he rose at five o'clock, and he was never in bed later than half-past nine. He had been married for the last forty years. The grass outside the window was not lovely to him: it was the world.

THE young man was at his side, near the window, and he was alone, more so than anyone else in the compartment. He was also better dressed, and probably he knew more about the world. The old man watched him for a moment: he gave him a guarded, appraising look, as if he could not properly credit him with existence, as if the young man was so much a foreigner that the thought of him made him giddy. And for a brief moment he did experience a certain giddiness as he looked at the young man's jacket, at his crepe-soled shoes, and saw his frown.

The train passed a small town, and the young man leaned forward suddenly, as if he had caught sight of something in the distance, behind the village. He leaned forward close to the window, then, mistaken perhaps, slowly leaned back again. The old man did not understand the significance of this gesture, though for him it was without doubt a public and professional one.

Sometimes he would speak to his wife. He would bend down to her ear as they passed the freshly watered fields and say his words slowly and loudly: "We have half-an-hour, half-an-hour for the connection"; "We change at Bletchley"; "It is a long journey"; "At Bletchley we must ask."

Whenever one of the other people in the compartment got up to go to the lavatory, he would lean forward and shift his legs, looking up at them as they passed, as if something were now required of him, as part of the dignified ritual of being on a train. He even shifted sometimes when people passed by in the corridor.

A thought occurred to him. Perhaps he was

intended to take an interest in his surroundings, for both the blond woman and the young man were looking through the window—no, more than looking, craning their necks and staring very intently. In fact, they were thinking, and the trees outside were only the cradles of their thoughts. But the old man knew, for himself, that they were closely studying the passing landscape, and with a certain academic intentness. So, accordingly, he leaned forward of a sudden, as if to take a closer look at something that had caught his eyes. And the smile was still there: it was the smile of one who admired himself for having just complied perfectly with a rule of professional and public conduct. He leaned back, for the moment satisfied.

AT ONE of the subsidiary stations his wife made as if to get up, and this move caused him immediate alarm. In one instant all his confident assumptions about the connection to Blacksmith, the length of their wait at Bletchley, and the time of their arrival, folded up and sank in his mind, leaving him sick and anxious. The rituals of this journey, made by *other creatures* than himself, by those who caused him giddiness, were beginning to overpower him, and he felt for the first time that he was fighting a losing battle on this journey.

He drew his wife back in her seat, but this gesture came from his early confidence, which her movement destroyed only a moment later.

"No, no," he told her. "There are two hours more."

The poise he had slowly manufactured from the time they left Crewe had gone, and he was no longer even sure whether they were traveling south. He knew none of the names of the stations, and it was possible that—this was his nightmare fear—they might be voyaging farther and farther into the land of other creatures, and never regain their foothold in the real, but *really* real world, namely, their cottage in Blacksmith.

His wife had not heard him, so he said again: "This isn't our station, I don't believe." His voice was light and subdued; during his life it had commanded nothing, precisely nothing.

The old woman nodded, understanding at last, but his anxiety continued, even as the crisis passed—or abated—and the train drew



out of this nameless station. Simply by shifting in her seat she had banished his composure, and from this moment on nothing could be trusted. For an hour he sat without speaking, as the train gathered speed and his wife, rocking a little at his side, began to doze. She had a broad, old-fashioned hat, and lace about her neck, and in her face there was a weariness too old to repair. She did not go so far into the world as her husband did, perhaps because she was deaf. She had long since lost that will to adventure.

A FURTHER crisis promised itself, but came to nothing, when one of the stewards walked down the corridor calling into every compartment as he passed: "Take your seats for the first lunch, please." It was a part of the ritual for which the old man had not prepared, and when both the young man and the blond-haired woman walked by him on their way to the restaurant-car, he murmured, half to himself, half to them: "Lunch . . ."

It was said in a musing way, almost a question, but far more a flat statement about foreign creatures, like "They mark their faces with blue against the evil eye." He looked up into their faces as they passed, first at the kindly, lady-helper's face of the blond woman, then at the lonely, stern brow of the young man. And he saw them as one: he allowed them no self-identity. They were

government side the impossible. And lunch itself, somewhere in the depths of the train, far down the limitless corridors, among the evil, quaint, and unknowable, lunch itself was impossible, not really real, just between you and me, jokes apart. "Lunch" as said by the steward was only a symbol of a word, like a bell rung by an acolyte, and when the old man musingly repeated it to himself he was only catching at the symbol, turning it over in his hands, wondering at it, before he cast it out on the scrap-heap of dreams most absurd. He did not believe. He refused to be put upon. So there was in his constant smile the confidence of one who *knows*, even while he is obeying, that he is also being deceived. That was why he asked again and again about the train at Crewe, because he so rarely felt able to bestow the gift of his belief.



When the others had left the compartment a proposal formed itself in his mind: Let us eat. It was in no way caused by the dream-word *lunch* which had tinkled down the corridor. It was a proposal issuing out of nothing quite suddenly. He turned to his wife and, bending to her ear, called out: "What about a bite of something?"

She nodded, and he chuckled lightly. There was no need to disturb the two cases on the racks. They were in their final and everlasting form, so to speak. They were strapped round, and from the handle of each hung a label, with the following address written in the neatest and slowest hand: "Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cheameley, 5, Eddison Terrace, Blacksmith. Traveling from Crewe to Blacksmith."

These cases need not be disturbed because there was a sling-bag which the old woman carried, and this contained, in separate paper parcels, their food for the journey. With the most devoted care she unwrapped two of the parcels, and they began to eat. There was also a Thermos flask, and a small silver tin containing saccharine tablets.

This is not to say that his anxiety was over. It was only suspended.

Now came a singular event which took his mind from the journey. It happened when they had poured tea into the small chromium cups. She had placed two saccharine tablets into each, and was now looking for the spoon to stir with. She looked in the side pockets of the sling-bag, then into the body of it, but the search yielded nothing. He watched her hands all this time, holding his own cup, waiting.

For the first time she spoke: "Did you say the side pocket?" He smiled and nodded, so once more she felt inside the two pockets, and once more she found nothing.

"I think it's with the food," she added, almost inaudibly.

"But no," he answered, warming to the joke. "I put it there myself. Lil saw me." Then he put his cup on the floor of the compartment: "Give it to me."

His hands trembled as he took the bag. His search was more careful and slower. He did not look down at the bag, but sat with his abstracted smile, staring in front of him as he fumbled among the little articles. It was again a kind of artful quest, with those same listen-

ing eyes, knowing you for the deceiver you were, clever enough, no doubt, and it was just like his quest for the one and only, the true and proper, the really real train of that day in all the world and the stars beyond.

He was forced to realize that the spoon was in neither of the side pockets, and now he opened the main part and began fumbling among the parcels of food. His first search was useless. A further decision was clearly required. He would take out each parcel in turn and lay it on the seat opposite: the spoon was sure to be there, at the bottom, hidden at present by the paper. "I know it's here," he murmured. "I remember plainly."

But he said this most to himself, and his wife did not look up at him. She was looking at the bag sleepily as he took out each parcel in turn and laid it on the seat opposite. He was most careful not to disarrange these parcels, or to break the thread with which each was tied. She did not touch her tea, being too interested in the outcome of this search. But when the bag was quite empty of parcels he found no spoon, and his smile seemed to say, as he leaned back with the empty bag before him, that at last the deception had been discovered and that it was indeed right to withhold belief. It was almost clear that this latest deception had something to do with the train, and its prohibitive rituals.

His realization that the spoon was lost stunned him. Slowly he put the parcels back into the bag, placing them squarely side by side along the base, then one on top of the other. He took up his tea again and turned to his wife: "The spoon is gone." She had understood him.

"What do we stir with?" he asked.

But this second remark she failed to hear. He bent farther toward her and asked more loudly: "How do we stir?" The sleep did not pass from her face, but there was recognition in her eyes—the trace of cleverness lost long years ago—as she answered: "It'll melt." Nevertheless, the loss of the spoon was like the absence of a favorite companion, and they became thoughtful as they sipped their tea.

WHEN the other occupants had returned to their corner seats after lunch, the old man took out his hand watch and glanced at it. He calculated, still gazing down at the great watch face, that there was little

more than an hour to run, and he realized in the same instant that so far *there had been no indications* of their actually traveling towards Bletchley. Now his anxiety grew. For what indication had the landscape given that this was the true train: what indication had been given by the other people in the compartment, by the passing stewards, by the subsidiary stations with their uncommon names? Now there was only an hour more to run, and the signs were by no means providential, for surely, as the great station drew near, there should be an *increase* of indications, a bustling, as it were, and people warning each other. But there was only the same train on the same course, passing through landscape that looked much the same from hour to hour. The blond woman and the young man seemed in no way disturbed, for they were clearly at one with the train, not at all in his predicament, and almost able, in a mysterious way, so calm and powerful did they appear, to direct themselves of their own accord to their destination, and the train with them. Whereas he would only come upon his station by accident, after skirting many ambushes.

HE FELT that at least he should now prepare himself for the end of the journey. An hour was none too long, and even supposing that the deception was successful and that this train were destined for quite some other place than Bletchley, they would be wise to get down at the next station, whatever its name. So he rose and took his mackintosh from the rack. It was his intention not to wear this mackintosh at the next station, and he realized that, since they had two cases with them, apart from the sling-bag, which his wife always carried, it would be a nuisance: more, it might make the carrying of the cases impossible. It must be remembered that at Crewe there had been his daughter to help.

He took down one of the cases from the rack. He had attracted the notice of the blond-haired woman, and she was looking at him as he unbuckled the strap, clearly wondering whether, being old, he needed her help. Very deliberately, the strap now open, he folded his mackintosh and laid it over the case. He intended to pull the strap tight over it, so that it would no longer be an extra piece of luggage. He was about to buckle the strap



when he grew dissatisfied with the arrangement of the mackintosh and began folding it again. Then it was ready and he slipped the tongue of the strap through the buckle, swaying against the seat, and pulled it as far as he could. He wanted to reach the second hole, since he knew only this would secure the mackintosh beyond all doubt. The third hole would do, it was tight enough, but he wished to be quite sure that, perhaps as he ran for another train, the coat would not slip away from the case and be lost, like the spoon, for ever.

So he released the strap again, rested, then pulled it as hard as he could toward him. This time he reached beyond the third hole, but still he was not strong enough for the second. The blond woman was watching him and at last she put out her hand and helped him with it. Together they pulled the strap to the second hole, and the buckle went home. He looked into her eyes and said: "We have two cases, you see."

She smiled and nodded. It occurred to him that in her lay a means of discovering where the train was going. He was about to put to her his anxious question, but she had already turned away and was looking out of the window. The train began to cross a valley, still and dark under clouds, and he sat quite still, staring before him, being rushed at seventy miles an hour into the unknowable.

When he looked at his watch again the crisis happened for which he had been waiting during the whole trip. For he now *knew*, as a result of suddenly becoming aware of the time, that the train could not be bound for Bletchley. The journey, they had told him,

would last five hours; but five hours had already gone by, ten minutes ago, and still there was this terrifying lack of visible indications. He leaned forward. He wanted to fidget. His wife was quite unaware of his feelings, which were now those of a feverish man, for she only wanted to be allowed her old dreams, and the minimum of worldly events. At last he could no longer prevent himself.

It was the young man with the stern brow. He turned to this young man, as being more reliable than the blond woman, as being calmer and more powerful, more at one with the intentions of the train, more able to understand the impossible.

"Excuse me," he said. The young man turned, his stern eyes full upon him. "We are making for Bletchley. But I don't think this can be the right train. I think we must have passed it."

HE LOOKED from one window to the other, as if to point out that the countryside lacked proper indications. The young man stared into his rather watery blue eyes and asked him: "Bletchley? Is that the station between Oxford and Cambridge?"

But these were only fresh dream-words, much the same as *lunch*, and there was nothing in them for the old man to grasp on. Indeed, he did not really hear the question. His eyes were abstracted, as if his anxiety were now too great for him to meet the world half-way any longer: he could only ask questions, and pass on to a further question before he had a reply. This he did.

"I don't think it can be stopping at Bletchley. It has been five hours already." He shook

his head meekly, and this time he smiled across at the blond woman, involving her. "We should have been there quite a time ago."

"Bletchley?" the blond woman asked. She had the face of a healer as she turned to the window and saw the sign. "This is Bletchley. Look." Among the trees the words in black could be seen, first on one board, then, two hundred yards later, on another: BLETCHLEY. The old man did not answer her, so sudden had been the verdict of providence. He simply looked her in the eyes as the train drew slowly into the waiting station, and at last he began to understand. Suffering a terrible relief, he took down his cases and supervised his wife's departure from the train. It was indeed remarkable that so much deception should, at the very last moment, have worked round to his advantage. He did not speak to his wife as he carried their cases one at a time to the platform, nor did he instantly make his inquiry about the next train. His reprieve required a brief celebration, and this was silence.

THEY reached their village that evening, soon after 7:30. They were both tired as they left the station, among the deep-green, dripping leaves, and the utterly silent bushes. It was an ugly village, with a narrow main street consisting mostly of identical cottages built with red brick. Each cottage had its four windows, its brown front door, and its ornaments in the lower rooms. They saw no one on their way through the village, which lay in an evening repose, quite forlorn after rain. They walked slowly, he with the two cases, and she with the sling-bag.

She opened the door, while he looked for a moment at the geraniums in the front garden

and at the weeds which during their two weeks' absence had begun to put up their heads. He was recollecting gradually how each thing was placed, and once inside the cottage he began to pore over every heavy, aging object there, reviving it, entering the world again, a world at last where things could be touched and not denied. For here he was able to believe. He touched his row of old pipes, which he no longer smoked, and he took a duster devoutly along the crowded mantelpiece, among the ornaments, while the old woman brought him tea. He sat facing the window, sipping.

He had taken down a book belonging to his father, and it lay on the table before him. It was the one book he possessed, and he had never before opened it. Though it was not particularly well bound, it had become one of the accepted ornaments in the room, with its special place near the silver trophy, which was also a gift from his father. He had taken it down quite by accident, and even now he was hardly conscious of it at his elbow. But a moment later he opened it, and before him, near the foot of the page, he saw the words:

The innocent and the beautiful
Have no enemy but time.

His eyes were rested for the first time. They were dreaming. He looked up from the page and stared into the distance, beyond the flowery wall, catching at something, seeking something far beyond himself. And at last his discovery came. He got up from his chair, his eyes still fixed on the wall, and murmured quietly: "That spoon, I've just remembered. I've got it in my mackintosh."

And the evening grew darker.

Easter Morning

BRENDAN GILL

MAGDALENE saw Him first. He called her name. And she ran to meet Him. "Touch me not," He said. Something had happened worse than His being dead. Like any woman, she held herself to blame.

The General who built Sears, Roebuck—and who backed both FDR and Joe McCarthy—is perhaps the most puzzling business man in the U.S.A. He has created vast changes in American society. But is he a radical or a reactionary—or both?

The Baffling Career of Robert E. Wood

Irving Pflaum

THIS month will bring to a close one of the most brilliant and puzzling careers in the history of American business.

General Robert E. Wood will retire after twenty-six years at the head of Sears, Roebuck & Co.—which he ran, not merely as a money-making enterprise, but as his chosen instrument for creating radical changes in American society. By all the conventional yardsticks, he has been hugely successful. He is wealthy and has a wonderfully gratifying family. He has built a unique organization. He has won the awed respect of both his employees and his peers in industry. In addition, he has left a permanent stamp on the life of this country (and, almost incidentally, on several Latin-American nations).

Yet he ends up as a frustrated citizen, criticized, misunderstood, and probably embittered by his political experiences. Moreover, this is only one paradox in a life which has been full of them. None of these paradoxes is easy to understand, but they are all fascinating. And they are worth unraveling, because the Odyssey of General Wood helps to explain the state of mind of contemporary America.

To begin with, we might note a few of the more glaring contradictions:

(1) Although he looks like the very model of a Captain of Industry—handsome, suave, decisive, and still full of vigor at seventy-five—

General Wood has been at least as interested in public affairs as in dollars.

(2) He began life as a soldier; but he deeply distrusts the growing influence of the military.

(3) Often cited as a prime specimen of the blind Midwestern isolationist, General Wood is in fact a cosmopolite, who has spent much of his life abroad. He knows European culture intimately, and enjoys it. He started a kind of Point Four program of his own long before Washington thought of the idea. He is, of course, an isolationist and proud of it—he led the America First movement and he has bitterly opposed the main course of our foreign policy for the last fifteen years—but his position springs from a consistent philosophy, not from mere prejudice and ignorance.

(4) He is an outspoken supporter of Senator Joe McCarthy. Yet he voted twice for Roosevelt, applauded many New Deal reforms, and even helped Harry Hopkins to make them work better.

(5) Many of his closest political allies are rabid conservatives, and most liberals smell brimstone whenever his name is mentioned. Nevertheless, his business record is liberal to the verge of radicalism. He has always kept at least one step in advance of the labor and social security laws. He has conducted a trust-busting campaign, which often has been more effective than Justice Department suits. His

own enterprise—largest of its kind in the world—exploits no one, neither worker, supplier, buyer, community, nor competitor. Profits are shared so fairly among its 190,000 employees that strikes are unknown; but no one has ever called Wood's regime paternalistic. If the management of our big corporations is today practicing a new morality, Wood's example is one of the main reasons. Highly competent observers argue he has done more to democratize industry than any other business leader.

No simple explanation can account for a character as complex as this. If there is an answer, it must be found somewhere along the strange road which General Wood has traveled since he left West Point in 1900.

The Discontented Soldier

THE Army must have seemed a natural career. Wood's father was a Union officer, who settled after the Civil War in Kansas City. His uniformed portrait still hangs in a favored place in the library of the Wood home in Lake Forest, Illinois.

But by the time Robert was graduated from the Academy, and sent to the Philippines for the usual tour of duty, he already knew he didn't like army life. The establishment was a tiny one in those days—costing the nation only \$25 million a year, as Wood recalls it, and offering few opportunities for an ambitious young man. He was proficient enough to be called back to West Point to teach French for two years; and then he managed to get a transfer to Panama, where few junior officers wanted to go.

For ten years Wood worked there, helping General Goethals build the canal. In that time he acquired a wife, his first three children, several promotions, and retirement at thirty-six by special act of Congress. He also picked up two assets which proved of considerable value a little later: the respect of Goethals, and an understanding of certain principles of management. He earned them both by handling a big civilian labor force, which had to be housed, fed, clothed, and kept enthusiastically at work, under miserably discouraging tropical conditions.

By 1915 Wood was out of the army with a major's retirement pay—about \$3,000 a year—and ready for a new career. He started by

writing E. I. Dupont de Nemours Co. to ask for a job. The firm was then swimming in munition orders from both Germany and the Allies, and it was glad to find a man who could recruit workers, house them, and distribute supplies at its new plants. He stayed only six months.

"It was a good job," he explains, "and they raised my pay nearly every week. But I had looked around the company. I saw there was no room at the top. The Dupont family was too able.

"When I told Pierre I was leaving, he was surprised; and when I told him my reason, he called in the rest of the family to hear it. He must have thought me conceited—but I was right."

The next job—with the General Asphalt Company, which apparently offered less competition in the higher echelons—lasted two years. Then in 1917, Wood went back into uniform—reluctantly, because "I couldn't have faced my classmates if I had stayed in business" while the country was at war. After a stretch in France, as a colonel in charge of ports, he was recalled to Washington by General Goethals, who made him a brigadier general and acting quartermaster.

"The quartermaster corps was a mess," Wood recollects, "a haven for the misfits and the lazy."

What he did to this mess impressed not only his superiors, but also a civilian assistant who happened to be president of Montgomery Ward & Co. He took Wood to Chicago with him at the end of the war, and made him Ward's vice president in charge of merchandising.

That job lasted for only three years—all of them unhappy. Wood's friend went into a sanitarium during the postwar slump, and his successor—an Easterner named Theodore Merseles—disagreed with his brash vice president on almost everything. In the autumn of 1924, Wood quit, probably just ahead of a dismissal notice.

The Politics of Big Business

ALMOST at once he went to work for Sears, Roebuck, the chief competitor of his old firm; and three years later he was president. For this he owes considerable thanks to the intuition of Julius Rosenwald,

a man with a nose for talent, who then held the controlling interest. Rosenwald pushed Wood to the top over the heads of three senior officials, including his own son.

On the day when Wood took charge, Sears operated 27 retail stores and sold about \$270 million worth of goods a year, much of it through mail-order catalogues. Its annual profit was \$25 million.

When Wood retires this month, he will hand over more than 700 retail stores; a sales volume around \$3 billion; and annual earnings of \$110 million. The significant point about these figures is not merely the phenomenal growth of the enterprise. It is the fact that sales have multiplied roughly by twelve—while profits have multiplied only by four. High taxes are, of course, part of the explanation. But equally important is Wood's philosophy of a big sales volume and small profit margins.

What happens to the profits is even more interesting. When Wood became president, about \$2 million a year was being ladled into a profit-sharing fund for employees. Today the figure is about \$30 million, and the number of employees who share in the fund has risen from 12,000 to 120,000.

This fund is a trust, which builds up its assets from company contributions, deposits by employees, and dividends on Sears stock which has been purchased by the trustees. It provides a kind of unemployment insurance, a method of spreading stock ownership among the firm's workers, and a pension system.

MORE importantly, it gives a new sense of social and economic status to the lower-paid workers, and a powerful incentive to everybody. The General delights in telling about the woman clerk who started at \$8 a week and retired with \$70,000, or the janitor who accumulated \$50,000 and two paid-up houses. Employees who acquire a considerable stake in the fund are unlikely to leave the firm—as Sears' competitors well know—and most regular workers now have such a stake.

Incidentally, the profit-sharing fund has acquired twenty-six per cent of the company's common stock. This means that management—that is, General Wood—has controlled the largest single block of voting stock, even bigger than that held by the Rosenwald

family. His personal advantage from this arrangement is obvious; but actually it has been a happy by-product of the profit-sharing scheme.

What Wood was seeking, first of all, was a solution for the internal social and political problems of the big corporation. For he realized, well ahead of most executives, that such a corporation is a *political* institution, and that it can thrive only if it earns the enthusiastic support of its rank-and-file citizens.

The Art of Locating Factories

THE impact of Wood's business ideas on the social and political life of the nation is harder to measure, but it obviously has been heavy. For Sears has been a leading influence in the industrial decentralization that has proceeded so rapidly in the last two decades—and in the resultant spreading-out of economic and political power, from the once-dominant East to the South and West.

One nationally-known industrial consultant estimates that General Wood has been responsible for the location of more new, small factories than any other American of our times. These are the plants which supply Sears with its merchandise—thousands of items, ranging from aprons to ice boxes.

In order to save freight, General Wood wanted to buy from many factories, scattered around the country close to his retail stores and mail-order offices. So he launched scores of manufacturers—sometimes loaning them working capital, often buying a share of their capital stock for Sears, nearly always encouraging them with long-term contracts to buy all or most of their output. He advised them where to put their plants, and when necessary provided technical guidance on production method and design.

As a consequence, one brand of batteries, or roofing material, or hardware may be made today in dozens of factories—all working to Sears standards, and all strategically located to channel their goods into the nearest Sears outlets.

In addition to major savings in freight costs, this policy has had at least three far reaching results:

(1) It has created new payrolls—and new Sears customers—in countless communities,

many of which had never had any industry before. (Wood believes that a small town, preferably at least a hundred miles away from the nearest big city, makes the best site for a factory. He can give a number of sound reasons, both economic and sociological.)

(2) It has freed Sears from dependence on a few major suppliers, who might jack up prices at any moment, or who might be closed down by strikes or natural calamities.

(3) It has wrecked a good many cartels and trusts, thus creating lower prices (and bigger purchasing power) for everybody.

"At one time there was a cartel which controlled bathroom fixtures," the General explains. "They refused to sell us supplies, because they knew we would undercut their fixed price. So we had to go out and find someone to make bathtubs for us. Then we did undersell them, and we broke that cartel for good.

"Now we like cartels. They furnish us with a price umbrella."

By this he means that he can always find an undeveloped mass market underneath that kind of umbrella, just waiting for Sears to move in.

"But there are no big monopolies left in America," he says. "The last big one was the Mellons' in aluminum. That's busted now. We buy just about everything in the open market and we know. We would feel a monopoly or a price fix immediately."

How to Run a Successful Chain

IN A different fashion, Sears' retail outlets have affected American society almost as deeply as the Sears-nurtured factories. They include 696 stores (plus 24 outside the country) and 549 mail-order offices and plants; and they have brought about a revolution in merchandising.

They are, of course, a chain—but they have not aroused the antagonism which a chain operation usually engenders. For one, thing, a Sears store never tries to run its local competitors out of business by loss-selling or other cutthroat tactics. Moreover, it always becomes a closely-integrated part of the community. The employees—and usually the manager—are drawn from that community. Their pay is at least as good as the local average, and often better; besides they share in the profits.

The manager is expected to become a civic leader, pulling his full weight in charity campaigns, churches, service clubs, and other community activities.

Each manager, too, is a responsible executive—not simply a mouthpiece for a distant "head office." He makes most of the important decisions: on what merchandise he will sell, on hiring and firing, on what banks he will patronize and which newspapers will carry his advertising. (Often these turn out to be papers which disagree violently with General Wood's political views.) Chicago headquarters leaves him alone—except to set minimum standards for wages, service, and performance, and to offer suggestions for improving his merchandising.

For the General believes passionately in decentralization; and he argues that one of the greatest dangers to big business is the temptation to become top-heavy and brass-bound.

"What is wrong is not size itself," he says, "but what size does to management. When top management gets too far away from operations, it usually tries to make all the decisions itself. This simply won't work. No man in Chicago can run Sears. The man on the spot must make most of the decisions."

A symbol of these convictions is Wood's own office. It is small, pleasant, efficient—and almost ostentatiously unpretentious. So is the building in which it is located, a solid old brick structure in southwestern Chicago which has housed Sears' executive headquarters for many years. A kindred symbol is the car Wood drives: a Ford.

Revolution South of the Border

THE same principles which have worked so well in the United States—decentralization, industrial democracy, low profit margins, local supply, and aggressive merchandising—are largely responsible for the success of General Wood's invasion of Latin America.

The story is a fabulous one, which cannot even be outlined in this space. It should be noted, however, that the General accomplished many things which no other business man—American or Latino—ever dreamed were possible. They add up to the beginnings of a gradual revolution in living standards,

distribution and local manufacture in six nations—Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Venezuela, Columbia, and Peru. And all this was done without the payment of a single bribe, in an area where petty graft is the normal lubricant for virtually all business. Although the social and economic results of this operation are as plain as a neon sign, the General denies that he had any such purposes in mind. He moved south of the border, he says, "simply to make money—and to show other business men how it could be done."

He has made a good deal; Sears' Latin-American profits now exceed \$10 million a year. But Wood has reinvested virtually all of them in the countries where they were earned, in accordance with his theory that money should be plowed back into the soil it springs from. True enough, in some places like Brazil local regulations prevent him from taking out his profits; and so long as U. S. taxes remain high, there is not much point in bringing the money home anyway. Nevertheless, Wood is convinced that in time these investments will pay off handsomely.

For similar reasons, the firm is now moving into Canada. It is significant, however, that Wood has *not* gone into Europe. He regards it as finished—a continent without a future.

The Isolationist's Vision

THIS despair and distrust of Europe offers a key to General Wood's political career. It is part of a political philosophy—a view of the world—which traces its lineage back to the earliest days of the Republic, and which is still strong in the Middle West. Although this philosophy often has been kidnapped by a variety of reactionaries, it was originally a liberal doctrine. Its disciples have ranged from Thomas Jefferson to Charles Beard, William Jennings Bryan to the LaFollettes (father and sons), ex-Senators Borah, Wheeler, Lemke, and Nye, and even that grand old saint of the Liberals, George Norris.

At its core lies an idealistic vision of America as the New Jerusalem, a fresh and gleaming experiment in civilization. This was the vision cherished by generations of immigrants who peopled the center of the continent. They left the Old Country (which might be any place from Minsk to

Dublin) in bitterness; and they believed profoundly that the American Dream could survive only if it avoided all contamination from the corruption, quarrels, and oppression which they had fled.

IT is from this tradition that General Wood draws his passion for isolation. The New World, he believes, can develop its unique destiny only by remaining aloof from the Old. To his mind, therefore, the real reactionaries are those people who seek to entangle us in the hopeless affairs of Europe—thus sidetracking (probably for selfish or sinister reasons) the march of America—from Greenland to Cape Horn—toward liberty, equality, and progress.

In 1940 these views led him naturally to the leadership of America First, dedicated to keeping the United States out of a European war. He soon found himself surrounded by people who had other reasons for wanting a neutral America—among them some Nazis, anti-Semites, and Communists. And soon, too, there began what Wood calls "the smear," to identify him and his organization with these unsavory characters.

The implied attack on the General's loyalty wounded him deeply, and he has never forgiven the people he holds responsible. (He identifies them only as "they"; his friends usually take this term to include Easterners, minorities with strong ties overseas, international bankers, and foreigners.)

If it hadn't been for the dirtiest trick of all, he believes, America First would have won, and the country would have escaped both the war and the postwar commitments which now enmesh us. Here is how Wood bitterly describes what he honestly thinks took place toward the end of 1941:

"President Roosevelt and General Marshall (George C. Marshall, then chief of staff) knew the Japs were coming. We had broken the Japanese code. They let 'em come, to get an incident which would unite the American people behind a war they wanted. They have the blood of Pearl Harbor on their hands."

Moreover, he still believes that the United States would have suffered less by remaining out of the war—whatever its outcome.

"They answered me then," he says, "by warning that if we let Hitler win, we would

have to become an armed camp and spend as much as \$50 billion on armaments. Well, what are we doing today?"

Wood refuses to contemplate war with Russia. He is contemptuous of Soviet power, and believes that the Red army—"a police force"—is incapable of offensive warfare such as the Germans waged. To suggestions that the jet plane, the long-range bomber, and the atomic and hydrogen bombs may have changed the strategic picture, he answers:

"What do we really know about their air force?" And he adds: "I don't believe they are making the bomb."

Wood will concede that perhaps we were right in making alliances, in order to get overseas bases for retaliatory air attack on Russia. We even might leave "a few" American divisions in Europe as a token force—but if the Soviets should march, he is sure they would be lost. For none of our allies would fight, he thinks, except the Germans, the Turks, and the Spaniards.

He is confident, however, that the Russians *won't* march, because our power of atomic retaliation will discourage them. Therefore, he would like to cut our military spending drastically, and spend the money for new roads and schools—"the nation's two greatest needs."

THE General's reasons for supporting McCarthy are complex. For one thing, the Senator exhibits a good deal of Wood's own instinct for Hemisphere isolationism and distrust of Europe. Then, too, they have enemies in common. Out of the bitterness of the America First campaign, Woods finds sympathy for anybody whom "they" are against.

"He was being smeared," Wood explains, "for doing an unpleasant and necessary thing. It took a lot of courage to go after those people the way McCarthy did. I thought I ought to help him."

As he talks, it becomes evident that "they" are essential to the picture of the world that Wood has constructed for himself; and a McCarthy (even if he is a little tricky) is necessary to fight "them." For the General cannot admit that his dream of a pure, care-free, and unentangled America has been shattered for good by the avalanche of history. We could still return to it, he insists, if only "they" would let us.

It would be easy to dismiss Wood as a politically frustrated tycoon, clinging desperately to an indispensable illusion. Yet he is a good deal more than this. He is a kind of symbol of the vision which many Americans once shared—and it was not an ignoble vision.

Speaking as a Republican President . . .

GROSS and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump, or in newspaper, magazine, or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time act as a profound deterrent to . . . men of normal sensitiveness . . . from entering the public service at any price. As an instance I may mention the serious difficulty encountered in getting the right men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without—and I am sorry to say sometimes within—Congress to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity. . . .

To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the condemnation means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude of cynical belief in and indifference to public corruption or else a distrustful inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole.

—President Theodore Roosevelt, at the laying of the cornerstone of the office building of the House of Representatives, April 14, 1906.



F. L. A.
(1890–1954)

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, editor of *Harpers' Magazine* and close friend to his colleagues, died after a short illness on the night of February 13, 1954. Until he went to the hospital on January 29, he had been in excellent health and spirits. He had recently completed a two-part article which will appear in these pages later in the spring; he had started work on a variety of writing projects; and he had been continuously active in both his editorial and independent capacities. Though he had resigned as editor-in-chief on October 1, 1953, he had continued to be consulting editor of *Harper's* and a director of Harper & Brothers. His absence from this office is as unexpected as it is irredeemable.

Mr. Allen will be remembered for more than the editorial skill and acumen which placed him in the first rank of his profession. Though he liked to think of himself as a "retrospective journalist" rather than a historian, he was the leading practitioner—in many respects, an inventor—of the contemporary style of writing informal social history.

His *Only Yesterday* (1931), the classic narrative of the nineteen-twenties, is not only an essential text for the study of that period but a model of artful composition, where the brilliance of major events is prevented from dimming their lesser sidelights. He knew the importance of the ordinary, and little was beneath his attention or above his inquisitive, felicitous regard.

Among his other books were *The Lords of Creation* (1935), a history of American finance; *Since Yesterday* (1940), an account of the Depression decade; and a biography, *The Great Pierpont Morgan* (1949). His most recent, *The Big Change*—a study of the transformation in American life since 1900—has been widely adopted as an academic text and officially used to explain his country abroad. With his wife, Agnes Rogers, he collaborated in another medium where both were innovators—the book of pictures and text combined, as in *The American Procession* (1933), *Metropolis* (1934), and *I Remember Distinctly* (1947). To this demanding if

unregimented technique he brought the deftness of a precise writer-to-space and the eye of a careful painter of luminous water colors—which he also was.

His avocations, like his work, were clothed in a warm respect for the civilized traditions, not least among them that of refusing to let a tradition be an impediment. In his own mind he found few first principles he did not think a "Victorian liberal" might equally have shared, yet he applied them with a live pertinence no more antique than his morning newspaper. It has been said of Mr. Allen that everyone who knew him knew the same man. In his modes of conduct, duty and delight were so intermingled that he seems rarely to have thought of them as anything but complementary.

BORN in Boston in 1890, he attended Groton and Harvard—a background he liked to speak of half-humorously as bending him toward a life of many public services. At the time of his death he was an Overseer of Harvard University and a trustee of the Ford Foundation. Earlier he had been a trustee of Bennington College, a director of the Foreign Policy Association, and a member of the council of the Authors Guild and the Authors League of America. During the first world war—by which time he had taught English at Harvard, and been assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and managing editor of the *Century Magazine*—he worked for the Council of National Defense in Washington. After four years as Secretary to the Harvard

Corporation, he joined the staff of *Harper's* in 1923, becoming associate editor in 1931 and editor-in-chief in 1941.

His associates wish to record their gratitude for a number of his less public accomplishments—for putting up with them, individually and collectively, for more than a dozen years; for arbitrating their differences, smoothing their ruffled egos, and maintaining order in their crises; for being able to do their jobs better than they could, though not admitting it; for copyreading their spelling, correcting their grammar, and bringing clarity to their snarled sentences; for holding the reins on disparate temperaments with a hand that was always sure but never in evidence; for bowing to their majority opinions when he thought he ought to and for not, when he didn't; for causing drudgery to disappear by doing more than his share of it; for holding fast to his own opinions but allowing always for a contrary view; for editing more manuscripts than the rest of his editors together, yet giving them the credit; for writing all the hard letters and leaving them the easy ones; for being interested in everything and for enlivening other imaginations with the vigor of his own; for wit in the presence of embarrassment, for calm in the face of the unexpected, and for durability in the endless exercise of judgment; for being the best editor in the United States and finding the time, without burden to his subordinates, to be the author whose name, whose works, and whose lasting reputation will be their pride.

—*The Editors.*

DURING the autumn of 1953, while visiting England, Mr. and Mrs. Allen noticed—and copied down, for their recollection and pleasure—the following inscription from the tomb in Westminster Abbey of Dr. Charles Burney, musician and historian of music (d. 1814). We reprint it here, as eloquent and fitting:

... High principles and pure benevolence
 Goodness with gaiety, talents with taste,
 Were of his gifted mind the blended attributes;
 While the genial hilarity of his airy spirits
 Animated, or softened, his every earthly toil;
 And a conscience without reproach
 Prepared,
 In the whole tenour of his mortal life,
 Through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 His soul for heaven. Amen.

New findings in linguistics indicate that the way we think is largely determined by the way we talk—and that a Chinese or Eskimo mind really works quite differently from our own.

How Language Shapes Our Thoughts

Stuart Chase

IN THE current mass of talk about talk, communication about communication, the emphasis is generally on the talker's power over his language, and thus over people who hear his words. Students are coached to increase their vocabulary, improve their delivery, and so control their audience. Commentators view with alarm the propaganda victories of Hitler, McCarthy, the Moscow radio.

The reverse of the process is seldom mentioned—the power which language exerts over the talker. The talker (or writer) never feels this power. He is as unconscious of it as of the circulation of his blood. He assumes that he is in command of his thoughts and of the words in which they are clothed.

The idea that the structure of the language we use affects our thought, may even be prior to thought, is beyond the purview of most of us. The first serious modern student to realize the power of a language over its speakers was probably Benjamin Lee Whorf. He was a linguist with imagination.

There are at least a dozen disciplines now contributing to the scientific study of communication—semantics, cybernetics, the mathematical theory of Claude Shannon, the perception theory of Ames and Cantril, and so on. Central in the whole complex is linguistics, probably the most exact of all the social sciences. Developed by Bloomfield, Sapir, Jespersen, and others, both here and abroad, linguistics begins by analyzing the

sounds we make, of which the simplest unit is called a *phoneme*. It finds the actual patterns of spoken sounds in a given language, follows their combinations into words, and so to sentences and to syntax—the basic grammatical structure that carries meaning.

TO COLLECT a new language, the exploring linguist goes into the field like an anthropologist, settles in a native community, establishes a working relationship with the head man, and proceeds to record the sounds the villagers make. He often begins with numbers. "How do you say *one, two, three* in this village?" If he can get these wild flowers of speech upon a sound track, his delight knows no bounds. Many native languages, like the trumpeter swan, are in grave danger of extinction.

The linguist recognizes, as the classical grammarian did not, that people talked long before they wrote. "Noises made with the face" antedated "scratches made with the fist" by a hundred thousand years or more. He begins his researches, accordingly, at the more rewarding end—with live speech. In analyzing the sounds made by speakers of English, for instance, the linguist develops a formula—in a special code looking like algebra—which sums up every combination that one-syllable words, or word-like forms, may have, and bars out every combination they do not, and *cannot*, have. MPST, for example, can be pronounced, as in "glimpsed";

KSTHS is in "sixths." On the other hand, the formula for English speakers rejects sound combinations readily pronounceable in other languages, such as LITK, FPAT, NWENG, DZOGB.

An advertising man in his cubicle on Madison Avenue, after a week of dreaming, may christen a new breakfast food "crunchy, vitamin-packed THRUB," but he cannot call it DLUB, not in English he can't. If he tried to name it NFPK, a common sound in other tongues, he would undoubtedly be fired. Again, English permits no words to begin with NG, but Eskimo is full of them.

From Engineering to Metalinguistics

SOME linguists, having mastered their phonemes and field work, go on to a new dimension in communication. They call it *metalinguistics*, or super-linguistics. After syntax, said Whorf, "then on to further planes still, the full import of which may some day stagger us." I will not deny that, as a student of semantics, their import staggers me. Metalinguistics is the top rung of communication study: it throws the longest shadow. It may be doing for language what relativity did for physics. Furthermore, it is based on linguistic relativity. Metalinguists ask: How does a given language shape the thought of the speaker and his view of nature and the world? How does the structure of English, say, differ from that of Maya, and what are the comparative effects on speakers of the two?

Whorf, had he lived, might have become another William James or Franz Boas, so brilliant were his powers of projecting scientific observations into fruitful generalizations.

Actually, thinking (he says) is most mysterious, and by far the greatest light upon it that we have, is thrown by the study of language. This study shows that the forms of a person's thoughts are controlled by inexorable laws of pattern of which he is unconscious. These patterns are the unperceived intricate systematizations of his own language—shown readily enough by a candid comparison and contrast with other languages, especially those of a different linguistic family. His thinking itself is in a language—in English, in Sanskrit, in Chinese. And every language

is a vast pattern-system, different from others, in which are culturally ordered the forms and categories by which the personality not only communicates, but analyzes nature, makes of his type of relationship, channels his reasoning, and builds the house of his consciousness. This doctrine is new to Western science, but it stands on unimpeachable evidence.

Whorf was born in Boston in 1897 and graduated from MIT as a chemical engineer in 1918. He took a job with a large insurance company in Hartford as a specialist on fire prevention in chemical industries, and remained with the company until his death in 1941. While still in school he developed an interest in language and how it was put together. At Hartford he spent long hours in the Watkinson Library which specializes in Amerindian languages, and his intensive program of independent study won him scientific recognition by 1928. He deciphered certain Aztec inscriptions for the first time. In 1930 he took leave of absence to go to Mexico under a grant from the Social Science Research Council, to study Aztec and Maya inscriptions at first hand. Later he published a brilliant paper on the deciphering of Maya codices.

He spent the best part of two years on the Hopi language, and as we shall see, based some of his most daring speculations upon its remarkable structure. His only book, unfinished and, alas, unpublished, now in the possession of Clyde Kluckhohn, is a Hopi-English dictionary. All this work, remember, was done as an avocation; daytimes he was a chemical engineer.

He often visited Yale, where he became a firm friend of Edward Sapir, the great Amerindian scholar. Sapir encouraged him to carry linguistics into broader fields. At Yale he did his only formal academic work, giving a course of lectures on his consuming interest.

After mastering, through library and field work, the accumulated knowledge in linguistics, he wrote a famous essay in the *Technology Review*, entitled "Linguistics as an Exact Science." In it the reader will find ample justification for the view that prediction fares better here than in the other social sciences. The power to predict, of course, is the test of any science. But linguistics was a

foundations on which he stood to lift his eyes. Only a unique combination of the scientific method and an imagination almost poetic could have produced his great contribution to the study of communication.

In addition to the dictionary, Whorf left a score of papers, upon which I am principally basing this essay. The core of his thinking can be found in "Four Articles on Metalinguistics," issued in reprint form by the Foreign Service Institute in Washington in 1950. The Institute, a kind of university in the State Department, prepares young career men for government service overseas with courses in languages, comparative cultures, economic geography, and so on. In addition, it operates an active research center in linguistics, directed by George Trager and Henry Lee Smith, Jr. (You remember Dr. Smith, the man on the radio who could tell by your accent exactly in what corner of the country you were reared.)

Men Are Language-Bound

LANGUAGE, more than any other trait, makes us human, distinguishes us from all other creatures. The opposed thumb we share with the great apes. We are born with a relatively large area in the brain for manipulating tongue, larynx, and the speech apparatus. We are also endowed with a drive to talk: but the words and the language structure have to be learned. Curiously enough, the first word normally learned in English, "mama," is a sound heard around the world. Many other languages have similar phonemes for mother.

Of all the tens of thousands of behavior patterns and belief systems we learn from the culture, language is far and away the most important. It has long been recognized that every man alive—or who ever lived for that matter—is culture-bound. It remained for Whorf and his group to demonstrate that every one of us is language-bound.

Speech, says Whorf, is the best show man puts on. "It is his own particular act on the stage of evolution, in which he comes before the cosmic backdrop" to play his part. Julian Huxley hazards the guess that culture and language may be displacing evolution in the case of man.

The metalinguists demonstrate that the

forms of a person's thoughts are controlled by patterns learned early, of which he is mostly unconscious. Thinking is a language process, whether in English, Russian, or Hopi. Every language is a complex system, with three main functions:

- (1) To communicate with other persons.
- (2) To communicate with oneself, or, as we say, think.
- (3) To mold one's whole outlook on life.

Thinking follows the tracks laid down in one's own language; these tracks will converge on certain phases of "reality," and completely bypass phases which may be explored in other languages. In English, for instance, we say, "Look at that wave." But a wave in nature never occurs as a single-phenomenon. In the Hopi language they say, "Look at that slosh." The Hopi word, whose nearest equivalent in English is "slosh," gives a closer fit to the actual physics of wave motion, connoting movement in a mass.

Most of us were brought up to believe that talking is merely a tool which something deeper called "thinking" puts to work. Thinking, we have assumed, depends on laws of reason and logic common to all mankind. These laws are said to be implicit in the mental machinery of human beings, whether they speak English or Choctaw. Languages, it follows, are simply parallel methods for expressing this universal logic. On this assumption it also follows that any logical idea can be translated unbroken, or even unbent, into any language. A few minutes in the glass palace of the United Nations in New York will quickly disabuse one of this quaint notion. Even such a common concept as "democracy" may not survive translation.

Our Love Affair with Time

ANOTHER set of assumptions underlying Western culture, says Whorf, imposes upon the universe two grand cosmic forms: *space* and *time*. *Space* in our thinking is static, three-dimensional, and infinite; beyond the last area is always another area. *Time* is kinetic and one-dimensional, flowing perpetually and smoothly from the past to the present and into the future. It took the genius of Einstein to correct these cosmic assumptions, and most of us are still firmly wedded to them.

Linguistic relativity makes it clear that Newton took his concepts of Absolute Space and Absolute Time, not so much out of profound cogitation, as out of the language he spoke. They had been lying there for thousands of years. Both "time" and "space" affect the behavior of every one in Western culture. "Time," especially, causes us to be oriented towards calendars, dates, "the course of history," time tables, clocks, time wages, races against time, accounting, compound interest, actuarial statistics, annals, diaries, the age of the rocks, of the earth, of the solar system, of the universe. The book of Genesis gets the cosmos launched in 4004 B.C. It is difficult for Westerners to conceive of what Fred Hoyle, the astronomer, calls "continuous creation," for we want to start things moving at a definite date, and build up from there. Time impels us to look ahead in planning programs, schedules, appropriations, balanced budgets. Our love affair with time causes other cultures whose languages permit a less hurried outlook, say the Chinese, to regard us as somewhat mad.

THE assumptions underlying the culture of the Hopi also impose two grand cosmic forms upon the universe: the *objective* and the *subjective*; the manifest and the unmanifest. The first is everything accessible to the human senses, without distinction between past and present. The second is "the realm of expectancy, of desire and purpose, of vitalizing life, of efficient causes, of thought thinking itself out . . . into manifestation." It exists in the hearts and minds of animals, plants, mountains, as well as men. This subjective realm is intensely real to a Hopi, "quivering with life, power, and potency."

All languages contain terms of cosmic grandeur. English includes "reality," "matter," "substance," "causation," as well as "space" and "time." Hopi includes the cosmic term *tunátya*, meaning a special and exalted kind of "hope." It is a verb, not a noun—the action of hoping, the stirring toward hope—and is bound up with communal ceremonies, like prayers for the harvest, and for the forming of rain clouds.

The ancient Greeks, with their belief in a universal rule of reason, nevertheless did their thinking in Greek, which, like all Indo-

European tongues, followed what is called the "subject-predicate" form. If there is a verb there must be a noun to make it work; it could not often exist in its own right as pure action. The ancient Greeks, as well as all Western peoples today, say, "The light flashed." Something has to be there to make the flash; "light" is the subject; "flash" is the predicate. The whole trend of modern physics, however, with its emphasis on the *field*, or the whole process, is away from subject-predicate propositions. A Hopi Indian, accordingly, is the better physicist when he says, "*Reh-pi*"—"flash!"—one word for the whole performance, no subject, no predicate, and no time element. (Children tend to do this too.) In Western languages we are constantly reading into nature ghostly entities which flash and perform other acts. Do we supply them because our verbs require substantives in front of them?

Again, the Hopi language does not raise the tough question whether things in a distant village exist at the same present moment as things in one's own village. Thus it avoids the idea of *simultaneity*, which has plagued Western scientists for generations, and was only banished by relativity. The thoughts of a Hopi about events always include *both* space and time, for neither is found alone in his world view. Thus his language gets along adequately without tenses for its verbs, and permits him to think habitually in terms of space-time. For you or me really to understand relativity, we must abandon our spoken tongue altogether and take to the special language of calculus. But a Hopi, Whorf implies, has a sort of calculus built into him.

NO HUMAN being is free to describe nature with strict objectivity, for he is a prisoner of his language. A trained linguist can do better because he, at least, is aware of the bondage, and can look at nature through a variety of frames. A physicist can do better by using the language of mathematics. Semanticists are now painfully learning how to do better. It is not easy for anybody. Says Whorf:

We are thus introduced to a new principle of relativity, which holds that all observers are not led by the same physical evidence to the same picture of the uni-

verse, unless their linguistic backgrounds are similar, or can in some way be calibrated.

Indo-European languages can be calibrated with each other: English, Italian, Spanish, French, Russian, German, Latin, Greek, and the rest, back to Indo-Hittite, all use the subject-predicate form. All speakers of these languages are capable of observing the world in a roughly similar way, at least on the high levels of "time," "space," and "matter." Hopi cannot be calibrated with them; neither can Chinese, nor thousands of other languages, living and dead.

The Paths of Chinese Logic

SPEAKERS of Chinese dissect nature and the universe very differently than Western speakers, with a profound effect upon their systems of belief. A Chinese writer, Chung T'ung-Sun, vigorously supports the thesis of linguistic relativity in a monograph reprinted in the semantic quarterly *ITC*.

Kant imagined that he was dealing in universal categories in *The Critique of Pure Reason*, but actually, says Chang, he was only discussing standard forms of Western thought, a very limited approach. Kant's logic was one of the subject-predicate variety, which is not normal in Chinese. An intelligent Chinese gentleman does not know what Kant is talking about—unless he learns some Western tongue in which to read Kant's words.

Our Western verb "to be," observes Chang, used with an adjective predicate, implies the existence of the adjective as an independent quality. When we say "This is yellow and hard," we tend to assume the existence of two qualities, "yellowness" and "hardness," which suggest to a Chinese something Chang calls a "cosmic substance." "The substance is characterized by its attributes, and the attributes are attributed to the substance," observes Chang, in considerable astonishment at such a circular performance. The verb "to be" creates great congeries of identities, and blossoms in Aristotle's laws of logic, of which the first is the law of identity, "A is A." This "law" is causing a lot of trouble today in charges of guilt by association.

No such law is possible in the Chinese lan-

guage, where logic follows a quite different path. In Chinese, one does not attribute existence to "yellowness" and "hardness," or to polar words like "longness" and "shortness." Rather one says: "the long and the short are mutually related"; "the difficult and easy are mutually complementary"; "the front and the rear are mutually accompanying."

In the West we say, "This is the front of the car, and that is the rear, and let's have no more nonsense about it!" But in the Chinese view, Westerners are guilty of considerable nonsense in creating "frontness" and "rearness" as entities. Even a Westerner can see that if a car is torn in two in a crash, the part with the radiator grille becomes the "front," and the part toward the now severed windshield becomes the "rear"—of *that segment*. We can see, if we work hard enough, that there are no such entities as "frontness" or "rearness," "difficulty" or "easiness," "longness" or "shortness," by themselves out there. The Chinese language has this useful correction built in; we Westerners have to sweat it out with the help of linguistics, semantics, and mathematics.

LINGUISTS have also emphasized that Chinese is a "multi-valued" language, not primarily two-valued like English and Western languages generally. We say that things must be "good" or "bad," "right" or "wrong," "clean" or "dirty," "black" or "white"—ignoring shades of gray. When an economist talks about a middle road between "socialism" and "capitalism," both camps vie in their ferocity to tear him apart. (I have been that unhappy economist.)

Speakers of Chinese set up no such grim dichotomies; they see most situations in shades of gray, and have no difficulty in grasping the significance of a variety of middle roads. As a result, Chinese thought has been traditionally tolerant, not given to the fanatical ideologies of the West. Racial, religious, and doctrinal conflicts have been hard to maintain in China, because a Chinese speaker does not possess an unshakable confidence that he is totally right and that his opponent is totally wrong. Observe that this is not a moral judgment, but structural in the language.

This happy lack of two-valued thinking raises an interesting question. Communism,

as formulated by Marx and developed by Lenin, is rigidly two-valued. The heroic worker stands against the wicked capitalist and one or the other must go down. There is no place for shades of gray or for innocent bystanders. Those who are not with us are against us. Which side are you on?

Russian is an Indo-European language, and the two-sided choice is readily accepted by its speakers. The choice is accepted, too, by top leaders of the Chinese Communists today, for they went to Moscow to be indoctrinated, and to learn the Russian language. But four hundred million Chinese have not been to Moscow or learned Russian, or any other Indo-European language, and there is small prospect of their doing so. How, then, can the Chinese people become good ideological Communists, since it is difficult if not impossible for them to take seriously the central dialectic of Marxism? The structure of their language seems to forbid the idea.

"Reh-pi! It Meteors."

THE Wintu Indians of North America are even more shy of the law of identity than the Chinese, says D. D. Lee, writing in the *International Journal of American Linguistics*. We say, "This is bread," but in Wintu they say, "We call this bread." They avoid the "is of identity," and so are less likely to confuse words with things. When a Wintu speaks of an event not within his own experience, he never affirms it but only suggests, "Perhaps it is so." When Mrs. Lee asked her informant the word for "body," she was given a term signifying "the whole person." Thus the Wintus seem to have antedated the psychosomatic school.

The Coeur d'Alene Indians of Idaho have long antedated other modern scientists. They do not speak in terms of simple cause-and-effect relations as we do, but rather in terms of *process*, as Western scientists are now painfully learning to do. Their language requires speakers to discriminate between three causal processes, denoted by three verb forms: growth, addition, secondary addition. "If, given a more sophisticated culture," says Whorf, "their thinkers erected these now unconscious discriminations into a theory of triadic causality, fitted to scientific observations, they might thereby produce a valuable

intellectual tool for science." Our specialists can do this by taking thought, fortified with mathematics, but the Coeur d'Alenes seem to do it automatically.

Eskimo breaks our single term "snow" into many words for different kinds of snow—a procedure which all skiers can applaud. Aztec, however, goes in the opposite direction; here we find one word for "snow," "ice," and "cold." In Hopi, "wave," "flame," "meteor," and "lightning" are all verbs, suiting their dynamic quality. Looking into the August sky, a Hopi says: "*Reh-pi!* It meteors." (Observe how in English we need a *djin* called "it" to power the meteor.)

It is easier and clearer to recite the story of William Tell in the Algonquin language than in English or French, because it is equipped with enough possessive pronouns to distinguish easily between "his" as applied to Tell, and as applied to his son. Writing in English I must continually watch my step with pronouns, lest I attach them to the wrong person or thing.

Chichewa, spoken by a tribe of unlettered Negroes in East Africa, has two past tenses, one for events which continue to influence the present, and one for events which do not. With this structure, says Whorf, "a new view of time opens before us. . . . It may be that these primitive folks are equipped with a language which, if they were to become philosophers or mathematicians, could make them our foremost thinkers upon *time*."

Language Links Mankind

THE metalinguists cause us to realize that language is not a tool with which to uncover a deeper vein of reason, universal to all thinkers, but a shaper of thought itself. Shaping the thought, it helps to shape the culture, as in the Western cult of the Adoration of Time. They are making us realize that we get our view of the world, our *Weltanschauung*, as much from words inside our heads as from independent observation. When, as scientists, we try to become independent observers, the words may distort the readings, unless we take special precautions. Einstein could not accurately talk about relativity in German or English, he had to talk about it in the calculus of tensors. There is no reason to suppose that English, German,

is not an Indo-European language, with its two-valued logic, its monster-making *non-ordinate form* is the ultimate in communication.

The structure, or grammar, of each language, says Whorf "is not merely a reproducing instrument for voicing ideas but rather is itself the shaper of ideas, the program and guide for the individual's mental activity, for his analysis of impressions." The world is presented to us in a kaleidoscopic flux of impressions which must be organized by our minds, which means by the linguistic system built into our minds. We cut up the seamless web of nature, gather the pieces into concepts, because, within our speech community, we are parties to an agreement to organize things that way, an agreement codified in the patterns of language. This agreement is, of course, an unstated one, but "its terms are absolutely obligatory"; we cannot talk at all except by subscribing to the rules. People who try to avoid them land in mental hospitals.

"A sort of Copernican revolution in communication" is implied by metalinguistics, according to John B. Carroll in his book, *The Study of Language*. Sober scientists are shy of revolutions and we find considerable skepticism among contemporary linguists and social scientists for the *Weltanschauung* view. They may note a trend in that direction, but they want more research—say, the time concept isolated and compared in a hundred different languages. Whorf, one suspects, would be the first to welcome such a project.

CRITICISM comes too from the intellectuals and the literati. It is directed not only at metalinguistics, but at all serious attempts to analyze language, and linguistic relativity, except those inaugurated by classical grammarians. As a student of semantics, and author of *The Tyranny of Words*, I have felt the sting of this criticism. Some men show a strong disposition, says Whorf, to make a virtue of ignorance and denounce any effort to understand the machinery of the mind. To them language is given, and one no more pries into it than into the financial affairs of one's friends.

I doubt whether language makes people of different cultures perceive the space-time world very differently. An Eskimo, I suspect,

sees an iceberg about the way I do—though in more detail, with all its food signals clear. Rather, as Carroll suggests, the particular language we learn causes us to pay attention to some things more than to others; it shifts the emphasis of our perception. Also it certainly influences large, high-order concepts like "time," and gives an illiterate Hopi Indian a better aptitude for grasping the fourth dimension than, say, your author. A multi-valued language like Chinese helps maintain ideological tolerance, and it may be that Chinese speakers will be unable to absorb Marxism in consequence. But we shall have to wait a while for proof of that.

METALINGUISTICS may or may not produce a Copernican revolution, but it will be an important consideration in any workable plan for One World: in the engineering of an acceptable international language; in an understanding of people living in cultures other than our own. (The linguists find serious difficulties with Basic English, Esperanto, and other preliminary attempts.)

There are no languages properly to be termed "primitive." The living standards of Australian bushfellows may leave something to be desired, but the structure of their language is more complicated than English. Though systems differ widely, yet in their order, harmony, and subtle powers of apprehending reality, they demonstrate the link which binds all men together. "The crudest savage," says Whorf, "may unconsciously manipulate with effortless ease a linguistic system so intricate, manifoldly systematized, and intellectually difficult, that it requires the lifetime study of our greatest scholars to describe its workings."

A Papuan head-hunter, similarly conditioned, could mathematize as well as physicists from Princeton, and, conversely, scientist and yokel, scholar and tribesman, may all fall into similar kinds of logical impasse. "They are as unaware of the beautiful and inexorable systems that control them, as a cowherd is of cosmic rays."

Metalinguistics has gone far enough to build a fire under anyone interested in communication. One hopes that other students in many cultures will take up the torch which Whorf laid down.

They had to use everything from sign language and talkie-talkie to artillery fire in order to understand each other—but the UN soldiers fighting in Korea at least knew which side they were on.

Babel Among Friends

John Sack

A BATTALION of Americans, a battalion of Dutchmen, a battalion of French, and a battalion of Siamese—all of them side by side. That is how I remember the western front in Korea last February, between the Hook and Little Gibraltar. You could drive it on a gallon of gas, and what's worse, I did.

"How are you getting along with the Dutch?" I asked at the American battalion.

"Brother, you mean how could we get along without them," said a sergeant from Oklahoma. "We were on a patrol last night and we ran into a slew of Chinese. They had us backed against our mine field, and we had to fight it out. The Dutch heard the shooting and came running to help us. Except for them we'd never got out."

"Okay," I said, "I'll ask the Dutch about it." So I started down the road in the jeep, and got lost.

"Is this the Dutch battalion?" I asked a soldier who looked sort of Dutch.

"*Me ne talkie Inglis so bun,*" he said.

"All right, I'll say it slower. Is this the—hey, what language was that?"

"It's talkie-talkie," said the soldier.

"Do you always speak talkie-talkie?"

"Sure," he said. "Mama, papa, me—where I come from, everybody talk talkie-talkie."

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Dutch Guiana. In South America."

This was the Dutch battalion, then. Maybe.

"Our language kind of mixed up," said the soldier.

"Quite," I agreed. "Do you know where Operations is?"

"Also have five Hindus. Speak Hindu."

When I found Operations, fifteen minutes later, an officer from Rotterdam told me about the patrol.

"The American patrol, and he has troubles," said the officer. "We send advance out so man to help them—give stand by. And the sergeant shoot a light flare and someone say, hey some man already shoot—pfft. pfft. So we save GI American!"

"Well," I said, "I guess that clears *that* up."

THE door to Operations had a sign in Dutch on the outside and a sign in English on the inside. The one on the outside said: "*Wees militair groet en meld je* (Be a good soldier and report)." The one on the inside, under a rather nude pin-up, said, "Say, big boy, I know you are hot to go! But sign out."

"Do you folks get much Dutch food?" I asked the officer.

"Sure," he said. "We get rice twice a week."

"Is *that* Dutch food?"

"Well," he said, "many fought in Indonesia. It comes now, we like rice." He offered me a beer mug, carved like a barrel.

"Heinekens?" I asked.

"Lemonade," he said.

"How do you get along with the French, on your other flank?" I asked.

"We had another case, was this," said the officer. "Dutch patrol go east, French patrol go west. The French report to the radio, we see Chinese! Also the Dutch report to the radio, we see Chinese! We fix bayonets.

"But it is not the Chinese, it is each other."

"My gosh," I said. "What happened?"

"*Attaquer!* yell the French. *Attacken!* yell the Dutch. We charge! But then we think. *Attaquer? Attacken?* So we go to each other, shake hands." He slapped me on the shoulder. "Don't shoot me again."

"I see," I said. "Now I go to the French battalion."

SO I HAD things to tell the French. "Did you know," I told them, "they have men from South America and Hindus in the Dutch battalion?"

"No, no," said a captain. "We have no men here from ze South America."

"No," I said. "Dutch battalion."

"We have men here from ze Africa."

"An Arab?" I asked.

"Most certainly, ze Arab." He whistled, and along came an Arab. "This is Monsieur Medda," the captain said. "He is from ze Algeria. We have hundred of him in the battalion."

"What language does he speak?" I asked.

"Kabyle, of course."

"Please say something in Kabyle," I asked M. Medda. He seemed to gargle briefly.

"What did he say?"

"Ah, I may not tell you," said the captain. "He says bad things about your mother."

"When you pray to Mecca," I asked Medda, "do you face east or west?"

"We face east," he said. "Moslems always face east to Mecca."

"But Mecca is west," I said.

"We face east," said Medda. "We face around the world and there it is again."

"What I really want to know," I told the captain, "is how you folks get along with the Dutch."

"Ah, with ze Hollanders we are great friends. On patrols we—hey!" He whirled to a Korean houseboy who was walking by. "Jimmy!" he said, putting the accent at the end. "I've been looking for you." And he rattled off something in French.

"*Non, mon capitaine,*" replied the Korean, who was about fourteen or fifteen years old. "*C'est de mes camarades.*"

"He says he didn't do it," said the captain disgustedly.

Now about these Dutchmen?"

"Also," said the captain, "we are great

friends with ze Siamese. Often we invite them for wine."

"You have wine here?" I asked.

"But of course!" he said. "Ze men at ze front have ze wine in ze jerry-can. Or in ze canteen."

"I think I'll check with the Siamese," I said.

"The French wine, it goes good," said a Siamese, three miles and ten minutes down the road. "So we come back, invite the French to us."

"What did you serve?" I asked.

"Curry-meat and fish heads," said the Siamese. He paused to reflect on this a while and then announced, "Our French soldier and our Thai soldier don't know each other to the language, but we are good friends."

"How about the Americans on your other flank?"

"I tell you funny story," said the Siamese. "My soldier he drives truck yesterday, he sees some GI hitchhiking. He stops truck; get in my truck, he says. When he gets out of truck, GI says to my soldier, wish you luck! So my soldier says, oh never mind, today hava-no, tomorrow hava-yes."

"Why did he say that?" I asked.

"He thought GI wanted Lucky Strike," said the Siamese.

"I guess that does it," I said. "Thanks a lot." And I started the jeep. "Say, incidentally—which of you is firing the artillery? The Siamese, the French, the Dutch, or the Americans?"

"The artillery?" said the Siamese. "That is from the Scotchmen."

I DROVE away, and picked up a hitchhiker about a mile down the road. He looked a little oriental, but he wore Canadian clothes, a chartreuse scarf, and a beret with a pin bearing the words, "*Ubique, quo fas et gloria ducunt.*" That's Latin.

"Are you a Siamese?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Are you a Korean?"

"No."

"What outfit are you from?"

"No."

"*Parlez-vous français?*"

"No."

He got off at the Second U. S. Division. I don't know. Maybe he was a Communist.

Who—you may have wondered—are those gloomy people you see at business parties, moodily consuming the eats and drinks provided? They are the Free-Loaders, today's descendants of the old-time professional party-goers.

Business Parties . . . and the Free-Loader

John Brooks

SINCE the end of the depression, the end of the war, and the huge rise in corporate and personal taxes, the waves of social evolution have cast up a new institution—the large-scale business party, or junket. In no time at all, it has threatened to replace that ornamental achievement of the times of the Great Gatsby and those of Miss Brenda Diana Duff Frazier—the large and ostentatious private party. (Perhaps “semi-private” would be more exact; evolution is a gradual thing, and toward the bitter end of their ascendancy some hostesses were not above hiring press agents.)

Who now can afford even a modest twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for an evening's conspicuous consumption, non-deductible? On the other hand, corporate spending for entertainment is deductible, on the principle that it falls into the category Uncle Sam still regards as sacrosanct: dollars spent in the pursuit of other dollars. Throwing big parties to encourage members of the press to give you free publicity is, self-evidently, a form of business activity.

It is the form that was indulged in, for example, by Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Inc. in May 1952, when that firm, on the occasion of opening a new factory, chartered two planes; conveyed eighty persons from New York to Louisville, Kentucky; showed them the new factory, Churchill Downs, and a good many local high spots for six days; flew them back to New York; and picked up a check for \$35,000.

Mass junkets put on by radio networks to the West Coast for the opening of new shows or the unveiling of new studios, or

by airlines to Bermuda for lunch, to the Bahamas for the weekend, to Canada for skiing are getting to be commonplace; the cost frequently runs over \$50,000.

Sometimes business parties run to the bizarre. There was, for example, the swimming party for a famous channel swimmer at a New York hotel pool a couple of years ago, with martinis and bathing suits provided. Another time, at a large party for a novel about Hollywood, a screen star and his wife enacted a scene from the book, which purported to be a satire of exactly such hoopla. Wheels within wheels!

In July 1953, Conrad Hilton, the hotel man, opened the Castellana Hilton in Madrid by throwing the business party of the year, and perhaps of the era to date. His guests were flown in chartered planes from New York, London, Paris, Rome, and a few other capital cities for a miniature, three-day, all-expenses-paid vacation that included champagne, bullfights, and the height of Spanish luxury. Among those who filled the hotel's three hundred rooms were Mary Martin, Gary Cooper, Sloan O'Dwyer, Van Heflin, and many others who seem to have considered acting as decoy ducks on the grand scale a part of their duty and privilege as American celebrities. Estimated cost: \$100,000.

A New Breed

THE guests at business parties are not often so glittering as Mr. Hilton's, nor are there many transatlantic flights. The majority of parties are apt to be inconspicuous, somewhat bloodless affairs in rooms

by no means all of the guests are connected in some way with the press. Others are culled from model agencies, from the friends and relatives of press agents, and even from the friends and relatives of the members of the press. They make up a new breed to whom has been given, through the shared genius which rules our language, the name of free-loaders.

Thus the old professional visitor, who lived so long in such happy symbiosis with the professional hostess, has passed under a cloud; his dinner jacket is in mothballs, his racket is warped, the sneakers he left at Sands Point might just as well stay there. The free-loader is his spiritual descendant; although, as we shall see, his habits and his concept of hospitality and gratitude differ markedly, on the surface at least, from those of his ancestor.

The free-loader cannot exactly be accused of taking bribes, since (except in specialized and unsavory cases) nothing definite is, or can be, expected of him in exchange for what he gets. Besides, he is often a minion who couldn't deliver publicity even if he wanted to. He and his gaping mouth are simply an accepted fact of our economic life, beyond moral judgment.

THE attitude of his employer, as might be expected, varies widely. Some newspaper and magazine managements have been known to take the attitude, if tacitly, that a certain amount of free-loading by employees suits them fine and serves as a supplement to low salaries. On publications with higher standards, free-loading is frowned upon except where a story or article is definitely in view. An old newspaperman friend tells me of the charming legend that laborers in the vineyard of the *New York Times* used to be instructed, on all occasions when they were offered anything free, to incant the formula, "No, thank you, I'm from the *Times*." Everyone, so the story goes, always understood perfectly; it was like the minister demurring when the stag party decides to visit a bawdy-house.

In general, most reputable papers and magazines trust their writers and reporters to use discretion, and not to compromise them. At the larger free-loads, there are generally to be found representatives of even the most

staid publications. Although it is understood that they can't be bought, it has clearly been felt that they might as well be fed anyhow.

The free-loader is so new on the scene that his name is not yet in the dictionary. In the latest Webster's Collegiate I find "free lance," "free liver," and "free love," but no free-loader. Yet already his temperament, his attitudes, his reactions to the limited number of situations which can confront him in the pursuit of his avocation, are taking a shape which will doubtless soon be as well recognized as those of, say, the free lance, the free liver, or the free lover.

How to Join the Elect

HE BECOMES a member of this not-quite-respectable elect when his name is first entered on one or more of the classified lists kept by public-relations men. (These curious characters, who may be said to live by suborning the press, are the Elsa Maxwells of business parties; all arrangements are habitually entrusted to a p.r. firm.) When a business party has been decided upon, a certain publicity menial is designated to arrange for the catering, prepare the press releases, and make up a guest list. This last he does by his roll of persons most likely to be helpful in the promotion of a joke book, an electric blanket, or a stock issue, as the case may be. Then the invitations are sent out.

Here a telltale snobbery operates. The invitations are of four kinds: engraved, telegraphed, Hoovenized, or mimeographed. The engraved ones, which at first glance appear to bid the recipient to a wedding and indeed are often from Tiffany's, are reserved for the toniest, most highbrow affairs, often with champagne. (*Rare.*) The telegraphed invitation—always, like the engraved card, followed by a phone call, because free-loaders do not recognize the letters "R.S.V.P."—bespeaks a party of the second order. Then comes the Hoovenized invitation: a letter multigraphed by a process which makes it look somewhat, but not really very much, as if it has been individually typed. Third-class party. At the bottom of the list comes the mimeographed invitation, indicating a party which commands the attention of none but a truly hungry or thirsty man.

Now let us follow an experienced free-loader through a typical afternoon and early evening. He is not one of the aristocrats of the fraternity—a travel, food, or night club editor, whose palate has become jaded from sampling free tidbits, or his soul grown ascetic from refusing them. He is, let's say, a business reporter for a daily newspaper—a run-of-the-mill free-loader, and the free-loading circles he gets around in are run-of-the-mill ones. As the end of the working day draws near he searches his desk drawer and finds, as luck would have it, three invitations. The one he finally decides upon was not even addressed to him, but to one of his colleagues who couldn't use it. Custom sanctions the free exchanging of free-loading invitations.

Arriving at the designated hotel, he proceeds to the Renaissance suite, where (the invitation has promised) the Works-Rite Corp., his host, will demonstrate its new device for both disposing of and making use of old razor blades. The Renaissance suite consists of two large rooms, decorated in vague conformity to the name, which exist for the sole purpose of accommodating such parties as this one. Our friend notices on his way that a similar party is going on right next door in the Louis XIV suite, and for a moment he is tempted to try it instead, even though he isn't invited; but his better nature prevails and he presses on.

AT THE door he is greeted by a pretty girl with an orchid and a button saying she represents Works-Rite. Perhaps she represents it regularly, but more probably she was hired from a model agency to represent it temporarily; only a female free-loader can tell for certain. At any rate, she smiles at our friend and immediately begins introducing him around as "Jim." His name is really Harry—Jim is the colleague who couldn't come—but it doesn't matter. Soon, like any other harried hostess, she gives up with the remark that he probably knows everybody there, anyhow.

The peculiar thing, as a matter of fact, is that he actually does. Hard-core free-loaders in any particular field—in this case, the novelty field—are a small and faithful crew. They meet at party alter party, where they stand around drinking martinis or highballs, trying to eat enough canapés to justify the

trip they made from their offices, and making criticisms. Listen to them now:

"Don't like this anchovy paste—too sticky."

"They'll probably run out of Scotch, too, like they did at the Jayco thing yesterday."

"Works-Rite ought to be ashamed of itself, getting us all the way over here."

"Well, what do you expect of a Hoovenized invitation?"

The free-loader lacks a sense of both guilt and gratitude. It is almost an article of faith with him that a share in the excess profits of American industry is his personal property; therefore he need not pretend to be grateful when it is rendered to him. Indeed, if he were ever caught being polite or speaking well of the product on display, he would be shunned by his fellows as one who had done a dishonest thing.

MILLING around, our friend Harry sees that there is a platform set up in the center of the floor, where the object of the party, a small gadget with a crank, stands on a table. Nobody is paying any attention to it. Fifteen minutes pass, the Renaissance suite fills up, waiters bring more liquor and canapés. Then someone decides that the psychological moment is at hand.

A natty Works-Rite man with a mustache mounts the platform and says, "Ladies and gentlemen," about six times. This does not noticeably dull the roar of the party, so he proceeds as best he can to introduce none other than the lady with the orchid, who will demonstrate the Blade-Saver. The lady mounts the platform, daintily tosses some old razor blades into the machine, turns the crank, and smiles broadly for the photographers hired by the public-relations firm. Out comes a ball of steel wool, ready for use in the kitchen. A dozen or so of the guests turn casually from their conversations to watch; the rest, as likely as not, go home without ever having discovered what the day's new miracle was.

Harry is one of these; he has found an acquaintance. Over their third drink each, he is enthusiastically discussing how he once hit the daily double at Hialeah. The lady remains on the platform to smile and supervise while anyone who wishes to may try the Blade-Saver. A few do try it, but to tell the truth, most of them are from the Works-Rite

copy to its public relations firm. Finally, Harry and his friend decide it is time to catch their commuting trains. Naturally, in leaving they do not endanger their status by thanking anyone for saving good by.

Public Relations-Wise

Why do the boss and his business get out of it? Other than a normally repressed generosity and hospitality, his motive appears to be threefold: first, to get direct publicity, *i.e.*, space in magazines and newspapers, footage in newsreels, time on radio and television; second, to achieve good will among people whose good will is convertible into such publicity; and third, to create deductible expenses. Which motive predominates varies from case to case, and is a hard thing to pin down at best; but it is safe to say that the most obvious one, getting direct news space or time, is seldom the most important.

"If you've got a story, you don't need a party," said a public-relations man to me recently. When a piece of corporate information or a new product has real news value, the p.r. firm feels more inclined merely to call a press conference, to which representatives of the press will come without the inducement of food and drink because they want the news.

Business parties aim at creating a general impression much like that which private parties are intended to create: that the host

is a hail-fellow-well-met, excellently adjusted to his environment and times, and therefore trustworthy. Or, as a press agent would be more apt to put it, that the firm has no intention of fumbling the ball public-relations-wise.

Some people, of whom old-time newspapermen are perhaps the most vocal, feel that all business parties—since they tend to undermine the natural and healthy hostility between publications interested in news and corporations interested in profits—ought to be avoided by the press, if not outlawed by Congress. Such people have got a point.

As for the free-loader, there are some who feel that his odd ethos is increasingly and unattractively being carried over into the realm of private entertaining and being-entertained, and that he and his introduction of the economic *quid pro quo* into social relations represent the final deathblow to good manners.

Perhaps so. But before we are too hard on the free-loader, let us remember that his lineal ancestors were apt to fawn, to make secret deals, to relay gossip, and do other mischief in the interest of maintaining their positions; while he, far more simple of heart, is a tired and often underpaid man who feels he isn't quite getting his share of the boodle. He compensates by accepting what is free simply because it is free. If he is an incorrigible ingrate, he is better than the professional visitor, who was a parasite.

That is progress.

Maine Conclusion

FLORENCE B. JACOBS

MURDERS don't bother us much. People here
Work off their temper with a cross-cut saw,
Harrow it under cornfields; go to law,
Sometimes, if grievances run deep and clear,
Or just stop neighboring. New England air
Is moderate, and maybe holds us back
From all extremes so that we see a lack
In ones who let their feelings show and flare.

But those who get along in years and find
Their folks all gone, no way to keep the place,
Nothing to think of but the days behind,
Nothing ahead but futures they can't face,
Are apt to swing from rafters like a bell
Or step off into some abandoned well.

After Hours



A Lode of Bach

IF YOU act spry you may still be able to get tickets for the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. If, too, you are a Bach fancier, you already know that the Bethlehem Festival is your meat and drink. This year the program includes both the Mass in B Minor and the Passion According to St. Matthew, in full. The program starts on May 13 (a Thursday) at 8:30 P.M. with Chorales, the Concerto in E for Violin and Strings (Jacob Krachmalnick, soloist), and the Cantata "Shout for Joy, Ye Ransomed Band." The Passion, which is too long for one sitting, starts at four the next afternoon and the second half of it is in the evening at 8:30. The Mass is on Saturday afternoon, also in two sessions, with the first starting at 2:00 and the second at 4:30. The whole program is repeated the following weekend.

For tickets write to Mrs. R. N. Freefield, the executive secretary of the Bach Choir, at 528 North New Street, Bethlehem. Most of the seats cost \$18 for the series, though there are some to be had for \$14 and \$9. There are only 1,114 seats in the Packer Memorial Chapel on the Lehigh University campus where the festival is held, and it seems that no matter when you order tickets there are already a great many people who have got ahead of you. Make checks payable to Bach Choir. The May 13 concert is \$2 extra.

The Bach Choir of about 200 voices is one of the really remarkable musical organizations in America. It is conducted by Dr. Ifor Jones, who is director of music at Peabody Academy in Bethlehem. It is made up en-

tirely of volunteers; they buy their own music, but they pay no dues. They give themselves to choral singing with the kind of devotion that is the *sine qua non* of the perfectly balanced and perfectly disciplined choir. They are steelworkers from the open hearth, executives from the front office, housewives, nurses, professors and students from Lehigh University and Moravia College. Six of them are clergymen. Nearly all of them live in the neighborhood or nearby in the Lehigh Valley. The competition for places in the choir is stiff and the *esprit de corps* of the organization is something like that of a religious order.

Indeed the Bach Festival has much more of the air of a devotional observation than of a concert. The audience is made up largely of staunch followers of Bach many of whom come from far off to give themselves up for several days to the hands of the master. The choir rehearses two hours a week during most of the year and has extra rehearsals during April and May. The two groups meet in the Lehigh chapel each May to share in something that is very close to a mystical experience for all of them.

THE first performance of the B Minor Mass ever heard in this country was given by the Bach Choir in 1900, when the chorus numbered only eighty and when it was accompanied by an orchestra of thirty pieces. Last year there were three members of the original chorus who were still performing, but the orchestra is now made up of professional musicians from the Philadelphia Orchestra. Fourteen hundred people came to

—at the windows, who were unable to get seats in the chapel pews sat on the grass under the tall trees that surround the chapel and listened to the music that came through the open windows.

Hotel space in Bethlehem and nearby Allentown is limited, but the townspeople rent rooms to visitors to the Festival at reasonable rates. The accommodations are rigidly supervised by the Choir organization and they are clean and comfortable. Mrs. Freefield, from whom you get the tickets, is also prepared to find rooms for pilgrims. The Saucon Valley Country Club, which is just about four miles from the chapel, makes its dining-room facilities available to Festival guests for all three days. It is a very pleasant place and the food is excellent. And if you can manage it you should take advantage of an outdoor luncheon that is in the good church-supper tradition of competitive cooking. The women of the Moravian church customarily provide such a feast on one of the days of the Festival. There is, incidentally, plenty of space on the Lehigh campus for you to park your car during the performances.

If you want to have the hair on your head stand straight up and cold chills run down your spine, you will get to the major performances ahead of time. Before each of them from the tower of the chapel a brass choir of fourteen trombones, recruited from students of the Liberty high school, plays chorales that Bach wrote especially for that instrument. "It sounds," said a friend of mine who was there last year, "like an angelic brass band conducted by the angel Gabriel."

Sour Grapes

SEVERAL weeks ago I was on Fred Allen's Old Gold TV show where I had the opportunity to win \$1,000 by the simple process of agreeing with three "professional" judges whom I had to choose the best of three entertainment acts that were paraded before us. I got a consolation prize of \$50. Like the other two "guests" on this program I had a few minutes of what is euphemistically known as *ad lib* conversation with Fred Allen, a very nice man, who can pick up a prearranged cue as gracefully as a pool player.

The funniest remark that was made at the studio that night was not on the show. Sev-



eral of my friends came to see what I would look like as a guinea pig; they had waited with a crowd behind a velvet rope in the lobby of the RCA studios and at the word Go were released to jam into the elevators which would take them up to the sixth floor and Studio 6-B. As the elevator operator opened the doors, he announced in a loud but cheerful voice, "All right, folks, stam-pede!"

Realism Revived

LAST year was a bad one for the book-burners. At times, especially in their attacks on the pocket-size paper-backs, they seemed to be getting somewhere, but one by one their efforts came to little. The year 1953, reported the American Book Publishers Council, "showed that the defenders of freedom were far more numerous and vigorous than many people in the U. S. and other countries had believed."

One score remained to be settled. Though paper-bound reprints were not regarded as literature's first line of defense, literary folk in general held fast to the proposition that liberty is indivisible; and they supported the worst along with the best—but with one exception. Scarcely a kind word was heard for what one magazine and reprint distributor described to a Congressional committee as the "sexed-up covers." Even where the contents were applauded, the packaging was treated with a strained, fastidious distress.

At the time, with passions roused and more serious questions at stake than those of taste, there was little to be argued for the covers' sake. Now that everyone is back in a less anxious frame of mind, it might be well to indicate how much can be said for the reprint covers—how much more, in fact, than for many of the reprints themselves. The time

has been particularly propitious from mid-February to mid-March, since an exhibit has been running in New York—at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School—of forty-eight representative paintings from those one paper-back house has commissioned.

The exhibit was sponsored by the New American Library and was limited to the jacket paintings for the Signet and Mentor books it publishes. More than half of them, in fact, were the work of one man—Mr. James Avati, a youthful elder of the Mormon Church who lives in Redbank, New Jersey. Happily there is no unfairness in giving Mr. Avati such prominence, since he—more than any other individual—is responsible for the present high quality of paper-back jacket art. Single-handed he seems to have established the style of realistic, moral, and contemporaneous *genre* painting which now dominates the trade. Established professionals with a respect for price, and enthusiastic beginners looking for opportunity, need no more feel reprint covers beneath contempt. "Within five years," says one of them, "he made us respectable."

WITHIN the commercial art business, Mr. Avati's technique is sometimes called "brush-strokey," meaning that his realism doesn't require hard edges. "Fuzz it up," an agent or an art director may say to an artist he wants to imitate Avati; or, "no look-alikes," meaning "the girl in the picture should look like the man in the street." (Examples of his covers, for reference, can be found on *Invisible Man*, *The Seven Storey Mountain*, *Catcher in the Rye*, *Sanctuary*, *The Fountainhead*, *An American Tragedy*, *The Woman of Rome*, *Tobacco Road*, and many others; he does twenty a year.)

He came to it in 1948 without much training, with art courses only in the Army and architectural ones at Princeton. Luckily the time was ripe. The over-all format of the paper-bound book—pictorial cover, type all over the front, and text on the back—had long been settled, but there was no established style for the picture itself. Its nature had chiefly been determined by the low prices that publishers could pay, and it stood in the low ranks with cheap magazine illustrations. Only a young man with ideas and nothing to lose could be attracted to it, and only a rela-

tively new publisher—without preconceived notions of what a cover looked like—could give him a chance. At this happy moment, Mr. Avati and New American Library came together.

The style he set in the years that followed stems from *genre* painting in the friendly sense of the word; it is concerned with content and saturates itself in a reality X million readers of pocket-size books can recognize. His accomplishment is not just to reproduce the real in four colors but to frame it emotionally, in a way that defines the book inside without letting a prospective reader feel it is defined too completely to bother with. Several million acts of choice per month on the newsstands have helped Mr. Avati feel toward his audience somewhat as Cimabue may have felt when his latest Madonna was paraded through the streets of Florence.



As soon as Avati covers began to sell (and they sold well), they began to be imitated. As soon as there came to be a market for dimensional, carefully painted realism, there appeared the painters to supply it. Where formerly publishers might have used two dozen a month they can now take ten dozen: where the price was once \$250 per cover it is now averaging \$500 to \$750, up to perhaps \$1,500 in the highest bracket. What was once Mr. Avati's trademark is now a flourishing profession, and whatever his personal satisfaction he deserves the thanks of his fellow-realists-craftsmen.

It is the opinion of Stanley Meltzoff, who does both reprint jackets and the extraordinarily skillful covers that appear from time to time in *Newsday*, *American*, *Star*, *Los Angeles Times*, and *Life* back on the track—in the tradition of Eakins, Caleb Bingham, Currier & Ives, and the Rogers Group—where *reality*. With the coming of the camera, Mr. Meltzoff feels, artists became much too self-consciously unreal in the effort not to compete with it. Where realism could survive—as in Andrew Wyeth, the *Saturday Evening Post* covers, or the modern egg-tempera school—it was not so much “realistic” as precisely detailed; and its subject matter—in some cases severely limited—was in others often subordinated to a flashy, painterly display. Much of it was concerned with realism less as a means of communication than of counter-shocking the canons of taste which held realism in low regard.

What Mr. Meltzoff admires in Avati, in a sense, is his “fuzziness”—his ability to sharpen and blur, from detail to generality, in order to filter out the irrelevant and focus on the meaningful. It allows Avati to stretch his world beyond the sensational or the sentimental limits of “realistic” content. “He can handle the discarded, the bystanding, and the average,” says Mr. Meltzoff, who believes that the results surpass photography.

“You make use of photos now,” he says, “since people’s idea of the two-dimensional image is so set by them and you want to work without argument, so to speak. Toward the end of the thirties photos began to be used as a systematic basis for art, a sort of primary bank of visual material, but it was supposed to be a big secret; you didn’t talk about it, the assumption being that a photo was self-sufficient and a drawing from it, only a copy. Then, about ten years ago, it began to be understood that photography was simply another of the ways in which the world comes to the artist to be worked on. Avati’s triumph is in digesting stenographic images and showing that naturalism can be illustrative *and* literary *and* nearly universal in appeal.”

Though he believes the reprint jackets have brought about a much-needed revolution, Mr. Meltzoff is not all-enthusiastic about the jacket business in general. “It ranges from the excellent to the really abominable.” What he most respects about it is the constant discipline

of the marketplace. “The trouble with social-scene painting in the thirties was that it had too small an audience, and it got precious.” Yet he anticipates for the future, and urges on by his own efforts, a “full-bodied and controlled realism” that will develop from the reprint jackets but be independent of their function. The only problem will be how to support it. “Don’t forget,” he adds, “that this kind of painting is pretty expensive. You have to hire models, set up props, do research, and be very patient. That’s why you see a lot of abstractions. They’re for the people who can’t afford realism.”

Rich Uncle

THE eight-year-old daughter of friends of mine, who spent last year in France, made a telling comment on the European attitude toward America to my daughter recently. My child, who is several years older than my friends’ daughter, undertook to entertain her with a game called “Rich Uncle,”



which is a sort of distant cousin of the real estate game called “Monopoly.” At first the little girl, who showed no signs of having been an expatriate at such an impressionable age, seemed quite unfamiliar with “Rich Uncle” and said she had never played it before. Then after a few minutes her face lit up. “I know this game,” she beamed. “In France they call it ‘l’oncle américain.’”

—Mr. Harper



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Welcome Spring

March was the richest month, breeding
Novels out of many lands, mixing
Poetry and fantasy, stirring
Strong thoughts in spring brains.
I read, much of the night, and frequently
overslept.

Invasion

A GERMAN veteran of the second war, Theodor Plievier, has written a fine novel about the first few months of Hitler's invasion of Russia: *Moscow* (Doubleday, \$3.95). The translation by Stuart Hood reads well—except that some readers may find British military terms like *recce* and *MT* (= reconnaissance and motor-transport) a little puzzling at first.

The main theme of this book is Power. In peacetime we easily forget what enormous forces are released and directed in big military operations, what vast and complex organizations armies are, how far above the average man's comprehension they usually remain, how essentially our own individual lives depend on the steady functioning of society, and how bewildering the future becomes when an army or a state is disorganized.

In sheer weight of numbers and range of manoeuvre, the war of Germany and Russia was one of the largest ever fought. The initial effort of Hitler's forces was astounding in its magnitude and drive. Plievier sees it as virtually irresistible: it was scarcely checked until it had rolled to the limit of its momentum. It halted on the outskirts of Moscow, before obstacles which at an earlier stage it could have crushed or penetrated, after four months of almost uninterrupted advance: it had outrun its ammunition and supplies, its reinforcements and its ambulances. By the time winter set in, the German lines of communication were painfully, absurdly, overextended. Their spearheads

fell back on nearly every front, losing masses of men and vehicles and equipment; losing the initiative; losing their own offensive optimism. But before that, they had utterly defeated three Russian armies and four Russian armored corps, plus the military formations of the internal army, the NKVD—about 800,000 men, of whom only 100,000 escaped. On the German side, drive, drive, drive, tremendous power directed to a single purpose, and failing through its own vanity: "vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other." On the Russian side, even greater potential force, but miserably organized, an empire of bosses and slaves filled with unbearable tensions, exploding at the first hard blow, or dissolving under pressure into helpless chaotic fragments without purpose and without hope, objects rather than subjects: convicts who scarcely remembered their homes, peasants who longed for liberation, soldiers who asked:

Why fight when our industry, which only produced for defense and gave it such priority that for thirty years it couldn't let the people have a cooking spoon or shoes or clothing, leaves us without a weapon when it comes to the point?

AND then, after the chaos had spread into the very center, after the gold from the Russian State Bank had been sent eastward, after the staff of Moscow University, and the Comintern, and the ministries, and even the NKVD administration had been evacuated in special limousines, truck convoys, and trains, after preparations for the demolition of all government buildings (including the Kremlin) had been undertaken—then two new powers entered the conflict. It began to rain, in a long unceasing downpour. Gradually the rain turned to

...and the snow to blizzards and the blizzards to frightful, unbelievable cold. And the armies of the Red Army, the German and south-
...promoters of the Russian empire began to
... Although the Russian frontiers were
... still more or less, eight divisions de-
... outside Moscow for one of the most
... massive counterstrokes in history. At this point,
... Plievier's novel comes to an end. It is complete.
... (The end is beautiful.)

THE second theme—Moscow is Folly. Plievier's story of peasants, town and city people, ordinary soldiers, and officers of both sides felt themselves in the grip of two huge and masterful systems, each of which was directed by a group of lunatics. Hitler's invasion of Russia was absurd. The Russian collapse was absurd. The German rulers were fools to brutalize the Russian, Byelorussian, and Ukrainian peoples instead of setting them free. The Russian rulers were fools to execute their own defeated soldiers for "treason" and to oppress so many millions so obstinately and cruelly that they longed for any relief they could find. The only group on both sides who believed they were moved by reason rather than folly were the slave-drivers: the SS and the NKVD, together with the National Socialist German Workers' party and the Communist party (Bolshevik) behind them. All the rest, the vast majority, from generals to farm-laborers, bent their backs, and bled, and died.

Plievier symbolizes part of this folly in his elderly Wehrmacht general, von Bomelbuerg. Brave, efficient, and dedicated, the old fellow is a brilliant tactician and disciplinarian, and it is his division that drives to the outskirts of Moscow. But he is practically blind. He can see little, smell and taste nothing, he has no sense of balance: for he was shot through the lower skull and sensory apparatus during the French campaign. In the final retreat from the Moscow defenses, von Bomelbuerg loses his aides, and taps his way onward through the snow, followed by a group of exhausted soldiers who think he is a madman. He stumbles on into a group of partisans. In a few moments all his men are clubbed or strangled. He himself is tied to a stake and drenched with water, which is his punishment. He remains there. A sleepless. At last he is pointing in the sensible direction.

Moscow is a long, rich, well-constructed novel, full of incidents as macabre and brilliant as that of the punblind general. It is in three parts: the first describes the initial German attack, the second the titanic battles that ended in the destruction of the Russian armies of the west, the third the slowdown, halt, and retreat of the German vanguard. It is told from both German and Russian points of view. We meet all ranks of both armies, together with Russian workers, peasants, and slaves. Stalin himself and his cabi-

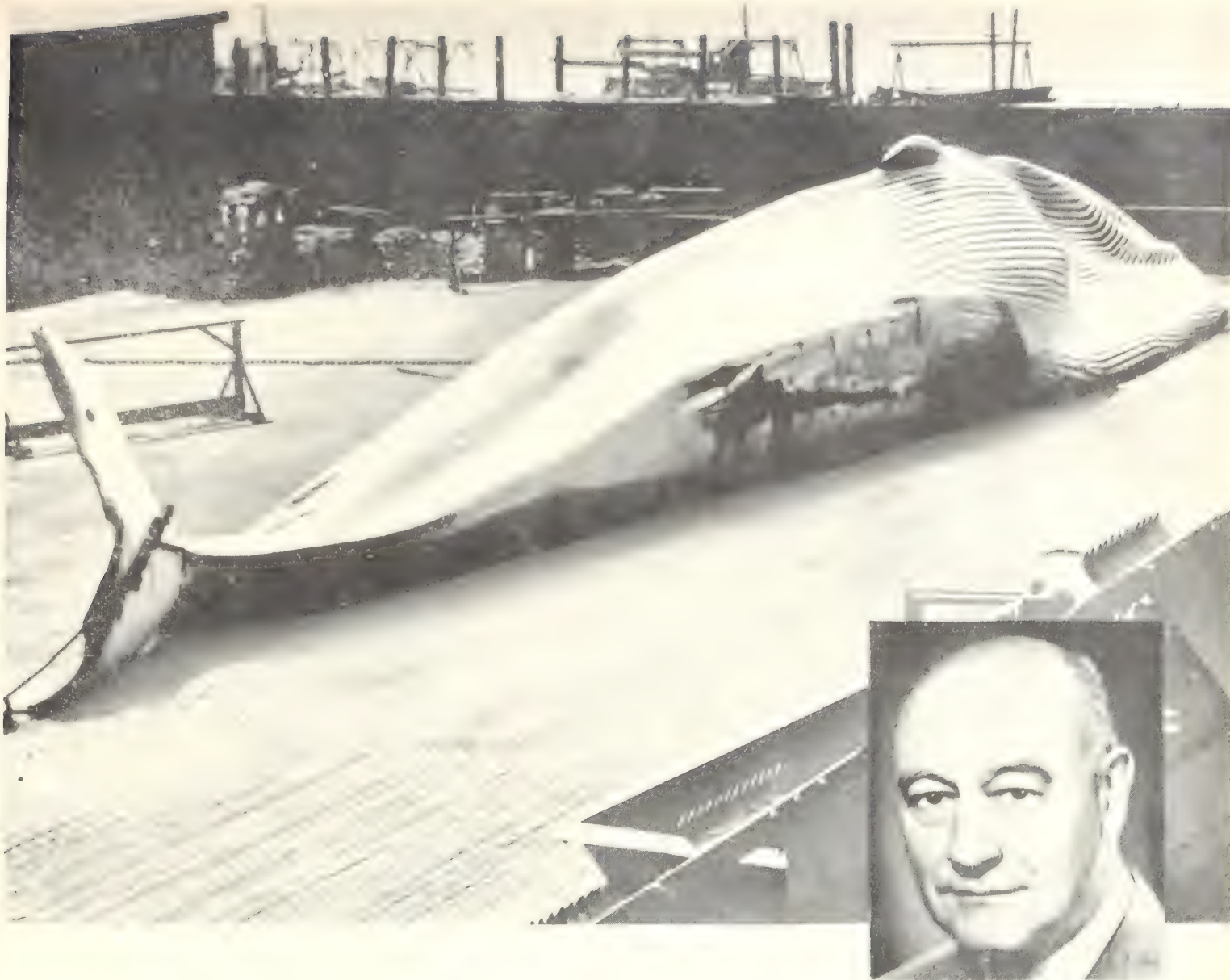
Hitler is mentioned, but does not appear. The book is much better organized than Plievier's earlier work, *Stalingrad* (published in 1948 by Appleton-Century-Crofts), and it is quite as powerful. That ended with a German sergeant, Gnotke, and a German general, Vilshofen, agreeing on the folly of Hitlerism and aggressive nationalism, and trudging off together into the wastes of Russia. In *Moscow* we meet them both at an earlier stage of the conflict and the disillusionment, so that the two books are tied together. It is to be hoped that Plievier will write a third novel covering the final stages of Hitler's war. Very few other writers could adequately describe the tightening of the ring, the advance of the avenging armies, and the climax in Berlin, when the little man with the glassy eyes killed himself among the ruins and flames of his capital.

High Life and Flat Talk

THE new play by T. S. Eliot, *The Confidential Clerk* (Harcourt Brace, \$3), is an ingenious failure. The chief reason for its failure is the style. Mr. Eliot's other plays are most memorable to read or hear when they are lyrical. Sometimes they succeed through dramatic rhetoric, another talent which Mr. Eliot possesses, though less richly than his lyricism. This play has neither the power of rhetoric nor the poignancy of lyric verse. It is written in a soft easy meter virtually indistinguishable from prose. Of course there is no objection to prose as a vehicle for drama; but in a comedy like this we expect wit, or individuality, or both. On the contrary, the conversation is thick with clichés and the speech of the various characters is little diversified. With brilliant acting and elaborate stage emphasis, perhaps they would stand out; but, when read, they sound very like one another, and few of them interesting.

The plot is good. More straightforward than *The Cocktail Party*, it deals with several familiar comic subjects—mistaken identity, substituted babies, and misunderstandings between parents and children. It is worked out with the delightful intricacy of a ballet or a chess problem. Yet it all seems curiously old-fashioned. The noble lady whose illegitimate child is brought up without her knowledge in a lower social class—surely she is at least as old as Honoria Dedlock, in Dickens' *Bleak House* (1853). And this play may irk some readers by its concentration on the

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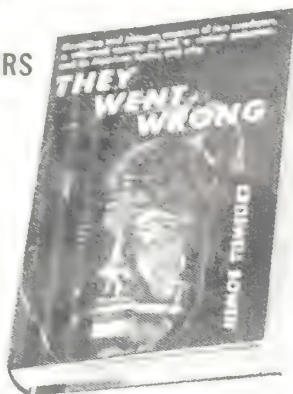
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titled aristocracy. Unless one pays a great deal of attention to ancestral rank, it is rather difficult to believe that it is so terribly important who turns out to be the long-lost heir of Sir Somebody Something. It looks as though Mr. Eliot—like another American author who became a British subject—believed that most people worth writing about were to be found in Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*. In other fields of his work, he has been the pupil of great men like Dante. *The Confidential Clerk* is rather like a minor work of Henry James.

More Art Books?

I have had Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec
Right up to the nec.
Without a puin
I could lose Gauguin,
And let that other man gogh—
You know, Van Gogh.

Crisis

ONE of the most exciting enterprises in recent fiction is John Masters' plan to write an epic-romantic series of novels covering the whole history of the British in India. There is nothing like this for the Roman empire, or the Ottomans, or the Spaniards. If he completes the series satisfactorily, it ought to be a fine achievement. He plans to center the story on a British family of officers and administrators, with all its Indian friends, foes, assistants, comrades, and rivals, through a period of three hundred eventful years. He has already published four novels chosen from different periods: the Mutiny, the Thuggee conspiracy, the frontier incidents of the late nineties, and now the year 1947, the crisis of the transfer of power from the British to the Indians and Pakistanis. His new book, *Bhowani Junction* (Viking, \$3.75), is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and deserves to be widely read.

It is made up of three interlinked stories about three different problems. One is a love story about a handsome girl who has to experiment with several lovers before she can settle down with a large simple man who is meant to be her husband ("He was *such* a fool, and I understood him so well"). The second is

a social problem—about the Eurasians, half-breeds and three-quarter-breeds, who do not consider themselves Indian but who can scarcely be fully British either. Although they speak of Britain as "Home," their accent is a little off, their emotional make-up is different, their color worries them constantly, and they have relatives who chew betel nut and spit and tend to revert to Indian manners. It has been difficult enough for them under the British regime, but what is to happen to them when the subcontinent becomes India and Pakistan? Should they leave and become semi-displaced persons? Or stay, and still feel homeless?

THE third problem is much the most important. This is the problem of the transfer of authority from the British to the two new governments. Looking back on that important transition, we are apt to believe it was merely a matter of mechanical change smoothed by good will—the files and buildings handed by one set of officials to another. So we might think; and yet the transfer was marked by terrible riots approaching civil war, in which Sikhs, Mohammedans, and Hindus savaged each other for weeks with insane, bestial violence. And the Great Soul himself was murdered. Gandhi was shot dead—by whom? By a Hindu who thought he had been *too kind* to other people.

Now, Mr. Masters' thesis is that all this violence was not merely fortuitous: that much of it was fomented by Communist agitators who knew their chances of winning free elections were small, but who hoped, by producing as much disorder as possible, to create their pre-Utopia, a "revolutionary situation," in which their own minority group could seize power and keep it by the methods used so successfully elsewhere.* The principal thread of his story, therefore, carries us through the joint efforts of an Indian official and a British officer of Gurkhas

* He calls his chief Communist triggerman K. P. Roy. On January 25, 1954, the United Press announced from India the death of "M. N. Roy, one-time associate of Leon Trotsky, Nikolai Lenin, and Joseph Stalin," at the age of 61.

THE NEW BOOKS

with many helpers) to prevent riots, to keep the trains running and carrying essential supplies, and to thwart a skillfully-planned sabotage operation intended to create a disaster of national importance. The growing tension as plot after plot fails or succeeds, the violent acts in which all sides are involved, the sense of urgency, and the threat of collapse, make this a brilliantly exciting story.

Nevertheless, after finishing it (twice), I was left dissatisfied. It is not quite a serious novel. The love interest is too elaborate—as though to attract readers of simple tastes. The final solution for the young Eurasian couple is not really a solution, though it is disguised as a happy ending; and the tough Gurkha officer talks far more freely than such a man would ever do. I wish Mr. Masters every success; but I hope he will prefer a permanent success based on true literary values to the quick success of bright colors and immature romance.

Land of Promise

ONE of the wittiest of American intellectuals, Jacques Barzun, has written a book about the United States which combines solid creative appreciation, destructive satire, and constructive criticism in pretty well equal proportions. Mr. Barzun was born in France in 1907, moved to this country in 1919, went through Columbia College and Columbia University, became a citizen in 1933, and is now—not a transplanted European, but an American who has the power to view his own country from a long perspective and to judge it by ample and sensitive standards. His commentary, *God's Country and Mine* (Little, Brown, \$5), is a continuously interesting critique of American ideals and practice. It will irritate some of us, instruct many of us, amuse most of us, and, for many both here and in Europe, serve as a calm and lucid encouragement to appreciate this country through understanding it better.

THE most original and positive part of Mr. Barzun's book comes near its beginning. There, in long, clear, persuasive, frequently amusing, and always honest arguments, he

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makes plain what the United States can claim as a solid social achievement; can pride itself on when attacked by European or Asian critics; can call progress, in comparison with the growth of other lands or with its own inchoate past. First, this country is a democracy—in manners, in morals, in industrial and social behavior, as well as in politics; yes, and in its attitude to art. The result, in every one of those spheres, is positive and valuable. Mr. Barzun dramatizes it by reporting the patronizing and denigratory clichés about “American culture” which are habitually uttered by those who still assume that art is the province of the few, and who—though enjoying life in a political democracy—still feel that the masses are aesthetically contemptible. In Mr. Barzun’s words,

it would make a European shudder or burst out laughing if you told him that one of our great artistic achievements . . . has been to make pretty clothes cheap enough for all young women to buy.

Then further, this country is a unity of groups: its motto being *E Pluribus Unum*, and its aim being to allow many unlike people to live together, rather than to subject them all to a single uniformizing mold, or to set them all at one another's throats in a Balkan particularism. Democracy means an equality that tolerates diversity. Mr. Barzun sensitively describes the value of this pluralism in many fields of American life. At a higher level, it is federalism, that blend of association and independence to which the nations of the whole planet are aspiring, and which we have helped to pattern for them.

More essentially still, democracy means the freedom of the citizen from perpetual interference by officials. Democracy is self-government carried as far as possible: not government by ubiquitous experts wielding rubber stamps, slide rules, and (ultimately) handcuffs. Mr. Barzun gives six admirable tests by which every American may judge his own government:

(1) Does carrying on our affairs require endless waiting in line, for rations, for permits . . . ? (2) Does every move for pleasure or profit entail enormous paper work and public prying into private concerns?

(3) Are the regulations we are compelled to observe counter to logic and common sense? (4) Do our necessary dealings with government officials take inordinate time and depend for their outcome on pull or whim? (5) Do we as law-abiding citizens live under police surveillance? (6) Do we dare, in law and in fact, to speak up for or against our officials, our laws, and matters of belief generally?

"If the answer is Yes to the last question," concludes Mr. Barzun, "and No to the other five, we have a tolerable government of the kind our forefathers left the Old World to bring forth upon this continent."

THIS is a valuable piece of work, because it shows the United States as a country which is consciously trying to produce new and more broadly humane standards of life—and, in astonishingly large measure, succeeding. Most Americans believe that to be true, but few of them can explain it so well.

However, some of them will observe one weakness in this book. When the European visitor enters the United States and makes his first friends, they nearly always say to him, gently but firmly, "Remember, New York Is Not America." Many Europeans forget that. Mr. Barzun has remembered it in principle but forgotten it in detail. His book begins with a splendid description of the huge Western lands and the continental energies of climate and migration; and it closes with a brief but poetic evocation of the vastness and variety of the continent; but much of it, too much of it, is concentrated on the East, and in particular on New York City.

It looks as though he had begun it in the expansive delight of a Western trip, and finished it in the depression of his return to Manhattan, with its filthy streets, its vilely rude bus-drivers, and its mind-benumbing noise. Many of his descriptions of transport problems and shop manners are perfectly true of New York and a few other places, but will not mean so much to San Francisco or Dallas or Cleveland or New Orleans, or to the thousands of medium-sized towns throughout the country. Few people over thirty can live happily in New York unless they escape from it often, to rest,

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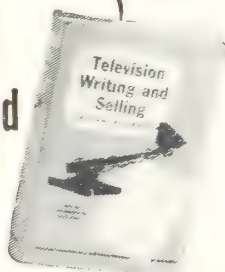
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kind known to me; and *Cassell's Encyclopaedia of World Literature*, edited by S. H. Steinberg (Funk & Wagnalls, \$25), a remarkably comprehensive work which I bought from Britain on its first publication, and strongly recommend to friends of literature.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The End of an Old Song, by J. D. Scott.

This is Mr. Scott's second book about a triangle in human relations. In *The Way to Glory* he wrote of a responsible, conventional, married Englishman who had an affair with a girl in Paris without seriously impairing the happiness of wife, mistress, or himself. Indeed the three became good friends. In this novel, completely different in atmosphere and tone, two boys growing up in Scotland together before World War II fall in love with the same mad but rather wonderful girl. Instead of separating them it binds all three of them together through various adventures for many years. This preoccupation, conscious or not, with squaring the conventional triangle-tragedy into something that also fits human reality gives a Noel-Coward piquancy to what he writes—even when the central theme is the dissolution of the old aristocratic order in Scotland. In addition to the Scottish atmosphere there are in this novel lovable and rakish characters, a drugged weekend, much suspense, and a terrific fire—a fitting end to a story of tempestuous temperaments.

Knopf, \$3.50

The House of Gair, by Eric Linklater.

In the first chapter of this book two novelists with absolutely divergent ideas of their craft meet under the weird conditions of a car breakdown on a lonely road and are irresistibly drawn together in a hair-raising tangle of lives and interests. Again the background is Scottish (the Highlands) and all-pervasive. The literary talk manages to be bright and convincing, not to say stimulating, and

the terrors, at first suggested, then realized, are the kind to keep readers up nights. As in the novel above, the end is full of holocaust and satisfaction, and the narrative is crisp, amusing, and entertaining throughout. It is very stylish melodrama. By the author of *Laxdale Hall* and *Mr. Byculla*.

Harcourt, \$3.50

The Wrong Woman, by Glen Haley. Several years ago we published a story by Mr. Haley about a boot-black—"I'll Call You Eager"—which was full of a fresh narrative excitement. This novel, his first, has in it some of the same excitement. It is about a young man who leaves the family farm in Kansas to cross the Rockies into Colorado and seek his fortune and a wife in the mountain country that has fascinated him since childhood. He gets involved with three women and all kinds of treachery including his own before he finally settles down into just the life he has dreamed of. It's a little pat, a little predictable, but a good story, full of a sense of country.

Dodd-Mead, \$3

The Fascinator, by Theodora Keogh. Mrs. Keogh always writes with great vitality and gusto. But this story of an apparently conventional, happy New York marriage disturbed by the woman's awakening sensuality seems merely great gusto about great unpleasantness. The man who rouses her from her lazy, cat-like lethargy is a deformed and uneducated sculptor and as unsavory a character as I have met in modern fiction. The woman herself is so self-centered and self-conscious that it is impossible to care about her emotions, large or small. *The Tattooed Heart*, her last novel, was full of compassion for human frailty and thoroughly credible. This one—episodic in presentation—in telling all and leaving nothing to the imagination of the reader, loses rather than gains thereby. Interesting line-drawings by her husband Tom Keogh.

Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

A Writer's Diary, by Virginia Woolf, edited by Leonard Woolf.

In these pages from Mrs. Woolf's diary (1918-1941) selected by her hus-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

band, one reads of her writing, her reading, her friends, her excitements, and her despairs. Before and after the publication of each of her books she persuaded herself that she didn't care what anybody said about her writing. She would write as she pleased. But her elaborate self-persuasion shows how much she did care. Here is the picture of a brilliant, critical, creative mind, devoted to her special friends but withdrawn, quite withdrawn, from any common touch. The special friends are often well sketched here—the Strachevs, E. M. Forster, T. S. Eliot, Katherine Mansfield—her talk of publishing (she and her husband founded the Hogarth Press) and her personal criticisms are revealing. Her struggles to estimate the importance of Joyce (*Ulysses* bored her), for instance, go on to the end of the diaries. Because of its intensity it is a book better read in snatches than at length, but absorbing anywhere.

Harcourt, \$5

Forty Plus and Fancy Free, by Emily Kimbrough.

Some time back Miss Kimbrough was co-author with Cornelia Otis Skinner of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. In the same blithe spirit, though now a grandmother, she writes of her summer in Europe (1953) with a couple of other grandmothers. She takes in her stride the Berlitz school (cf. "The Berlitz Affair," *Harper's* for February), the Coronation, Italy, and Paris, as bouncing and resilient as ever.

Harper, \$3

FORECAST

Sea and Ships

The nautical trend is still holding its own in fiction and non-fiction. The Book of the Month has chosen for its May selection *Of Whales and Men*, the story of a British whaling expedition, by **R. B. Robertson**. Knopf will publish it in April. Also in April comes a book that may change forever the stories of those adrift in lifeboats. A **Dr. Alain Stroem**, a Frenchman, believes that the sea provides both food and water enough to keep men alive indefinitely, if they know how to use it, and to prove his point he crossed the Atlantic, alone, in a rubber boat

with neither food nor water. His account of his adventure, *The Voyage of the Hérétique*, will be published by Simon & Schuster. Then in June comes a novel based on the life of John Paul Jones, *Don't Tread on Me*, by **Captain Walter Karig** of the U. S. Navy. From Rinehart.

State of the World


Two tough and stimulating minds, from quite divergent points of view, attack today's problems in books for April and June. The April book is *Springs of Freedom*, by **Barbara Ward** of the *London Economist*, and in it, on the basis of Western values, she "suggests new approaches to the solution of the international situation." (Norton) In June comes **Erich Fromm's** *The Sane Society*, a book which the publishers (Rinehart) say is a kind of continuation of *Escape from Freedom*. He explores the various possibilities of social change which could lead to greater sanity. Good minds on good subjects.

Big Name Novels

The spring lists are dotted with familiar names. In April Scribner will publish **Taylor Caldwell's** newest, *Never Victorious, Never Defeated*. In May comes *The Magicians*, by **J. B. Priestley** (Harper); **Shirley Jackson's** *Elizabeth* (Farrar, Straus, & Young); **William Shriver's** *Stranger Come Home* (Little, Brown); and *A Time to Live and a Time to Die*, by **Erich Maria Remarque** (Harcourt Brace). The last has been chosen as Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June. In June, from Viking, comes *Sweet Thursday*, by **John Steinbeck**. A rich spring harvest.

Memoirs Miscellaneous: Fall 1954

Who must one be, what must one do, to have one's memoirs of book-size interest to the world? Well, **Trygve Lie** is writing of his seven years as Secretary General of the United Nations—Macmillan will publish in the fall. Little Brown is looking forward to publishing the autobiography of **Jacqueline Cochran**, whose contributions to aviation have been both spectacular and useful; and Simon & Schuster's list for autumn includes *The Memoirs of the Aga Khan*.



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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Taking It Straight

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE profound influence of the dynamic art of recording upon our musical life is, I think, largely unsuspected as yet by those most directly concerned, the musicians. The mass of LP records issued and bought—during these past few years has already changed our entire musical receptivity. Without much doubt many an amateur record collector now has a far wider experience of the actual sound of performed music than, I would guess, even the most experienced music critic of the last century.

That of course does not make a professional out of an amateur. There are still the exacting crafts of music writing and performing to be learned. Without them there would be no music. Nevertheless, if we count as part of musical culture a firsthand knowledge of the sound of music in its own terms—equivalent to that adjectival phrase in literature, "well read"—then many a record collector today is a highly cultured person in music. Not all—for it takes an open ear as well as sheer volume of sound; some people can be "exposed" to music for ever and anon and absorb not a thing! But these are not the record collectors. It takes a good receptivity to promote buying and, more important, playing, of an extensive record collection.

Far too many practicing musicians, through no fault of their own, are abysmally uncultured in their own medium. Alas, it's not easy to have this cake and eat it too—most of them have made their choice of an active, productive career, at the cost of that stark necessity to learn the exacting techniques of the trade which precludes anything but the most haphazard "cultural" exploration. Musical literacy is not emphasized by most teachers and there isn't time for it in most conservatories, in spite of the best of intentions. Culture is for the leisurely amateur.

I suspect, then, that musicians will snort as I suggest that when it

comes to really informed judgment on musical performance and especially on musical content, our new amateurs can spot the good and the bad as well as any group of professionally trained musicians you can

musician feels that since he does the work, he has a right to judge the product. The critics be damned!

BUT it doesn't work that way. The critics may be damned, but the critical audience is something else again. A public that can judge better than the performers has never been inconceivable. Now, thanks to records, it is a challenging reality.

I have been to a musician's party and been horrified at the lack of understanding with which a Handel oboe sonata was played by a professional oboist and pianist. Hurt, too, for the players depreciated what to me was music of supreme dignity and worth.

I heard a recent broadcast of a symphony orchestra concert that shocked me, so untidy and dispirited was the playing of one of the standard repertory works. I have been appalled at the lack of style in a few of our "live" opera broadcasts too—Debussy's "Pelleas," Wagner's "Walküre." Were these players and these singers aware of their new and relentless competition? Could they hear, as we do, the echoes of the great orchestras and ensembles of the musical world, performing these same phrases?

I'm aware of the endless debt that we luxurious amateurs always owe to these human beings who turn out our music for us. But the hard fact remains that there are standards of value and of taste that apply to every performance—and the amateurs of recorded music are getting sharper by the day. With time on their hands and the world of music to choose from they make a formidable and increasingly mature force for appreciation and criticism.

To our concert givers: *Don't underestimate this new force!* If your present audiences don't like novelties, perhaps what you need is a new audience. Do record collectors attend concerts? Very few of them do, and all of them should.

Music on records may not be

Worth Looking Into . . .

Modern and Hi-Fi

* **Shostakovich: Concerto for Piano, Trumpet and Strings; Piano Sonata #2.** Menahem Pressler; Harry Glantz; M-G-M Orch., Bloomfield. M-G-M E 3079.

* **Walton: Belshazzar's Feast.** London Philh. Choir, Philh. Promenade Orch., Dennis Noble; cond. Boult. Westminster WL 5248.

Stravinsky: L'Histoire du Soldat (with French narration). Instr. Ensemble cond. Oubradous. Vox PL 7960.

Stravinsky: Apollon Musagète; Pulcinella Suite. Vienna Chamber Orch., Hollreiser. Vox PL 8270.

Copland: Appalachian Spring Suite; El Salon Mexico. Boston Symphony Orch., Koussevitzky (reissue). RCA Victor LCT-1134.

* **Virgil Thomson: Variations on Sunday School Tunes. Roger Sessions: Chorale; Three Chorale Preludes.** Marilyn Mason, organ St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia Univ. Esoteric ES 522.

* **Bloch: String Quartet #2** (1945). Musical Arts Quartet. Vanguard VRS-437.

Copland: Billy the Kid. Schuman: Undertow. Ballet Theater Orch. Levine. Capitol P-8238.

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name—or better. True again, the amateur misses the most fundamental experience in music, the making of music itself, and no scorn can be great enough to encompass that primary fact, from the musician's viewpoint. Naturally the mu-

THE NEW RECORDINGS

"live," but it is the essence of music, and to the point. Record owners take their music straight and no nonsense. If they got it that way in concerts, they might flock to more of them.

Haydn and Mozart

Haydn: Symphonies #96 ("Miracle"), #97. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, van Beinum. London LL 851.

Haydn: Symphonies #11 ("Trauer-symphonies"), #18 ("Maria Theresa"). Danish State Symphony, Wölkke. London LL 844.

Two splendid discs from London, and an interesting contrast in Haydn. The two late works, crisply played with excellent spirit, display the heavy orchestral sound, the overbalancing strings, of our familiar symphony orchestra ensemble—perhaps a bit beyond the requirements of the score, though these are remarkably close to the Romantic period in spirit. The two earlier works, among those resurrected by LP into public favor (credit the Haydn Society for that) are distinctly more brilliant and light-footed—because of the smaller string ensemble and the noticeably more prominent wind backing. It's possible that actual numbers of players are about the same, but in a subtle way the earlier symphonies are far nearer to that modern ideal so lamely called the "chamber symphony." The redoubtable Wölkke understands these works to perfection and the record is a stylistic delight.

Mozart: Symphonies #41 ("Jupiter"), #35 ("Prague"). Pittsburgh Symphony, Steinberg. Capitol P-8242.

OF THESE the "Prague" strikes me as excellent, the "Jupiter" doubtful—the string playing in it is curiously flabby, unphrased, where of all Mozart symphonies this needs the crispest and most accurately phrased playing to carry out its intense dynamism.

Both symphonies, interestingly, reflect immediately the "symphony orchestra" sound referred to above in the Haydn. In part it is perhaps a too-large body of strings, but more directly it is a style of playing that assumes these to be heavier, larger works, more public, more distant, than they are in fact. The symphonies of the Mozart-Haydn period need an intimacy of approach to bring out their power, as no mere accretion of instrumental mass can do. In truth they are not "symphony concert" works at all. Most American-made recordings of these pieces still suffer as a matter of course from this stylistically anachronistic approach.

Recording by Capitol is technically good but acoustically a bit on the dull side. Matter of mike placing.

Mozart: Piano Concerti #20 in D minor, K. 466, #9 in E Flat, K. 271. Novaes; Pro Musica Symphony (Vienna), Swarowsky. Vox PL 8430.

A FINE hi-fi disc as to sound—and one of the most incredibly unperceptive Mozart performances I have yet to hear. Others have praised it—you'll have to try for yourself—but I cannot begin to describe in few words the extent of misapprehension of what seems to me the fairly clear intentions of the D minor concerto, one of Mozart's most electric expressions and a masterpiece that stands out in the entire concerto literature! Mme. Novaes plays it like a Chopin Nocturne—enough said. Try Schnabel, or Serkin, or Fischer, or Kempff (*not* Iturbi) if you want to hear what Mozart had to say.

Mozart: Piano Trios #2, #1, K. 502, 496. Fournier, Janigro, Badura-Skoda. Westminster WL 5242.

IT TAKES a superb pianist-musician to make a success of a Mozart piano trio (and a Beethoven one too); this is to signalize the above, in passing, as another of the long series of Mozart and Schubert piano ensemble works in which Badura-Skoda has done his finest piano work, scarcely surpassed anywhere. An unassuming modesty, a rare understanding of the depth of Mozart's disarmingly simple writing, a consequent intensity that is easily equal to the best in the music, are his unspectacular accomplishments, equaled by the two other members of this team. See other Westminster discs as well.

Mozart: The six "Haydn" Quartets. Budapest Quartet. Columbia SL-187 (3).

THOSE who have for years cherished the old Mozart and Beethoven Budapest recordings, especially the superb Victor 78s (predating the Columbia) of, say, the "Hunt," K. 458, will find technically better wide-range recording here, less intimate and immediate acoustics, the same basic interpretations and phrasings (a pleasure in a good many spots after other readings)—and a cooler approach than before, a less accurately focused tone and ensemble. The old ones were better, younger, more alive.

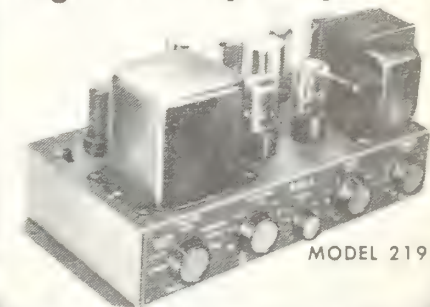
Nevertheless, the Budapest remains the best in over-all interpretation to this pair of ears, in spite of flagging zeal. These players are a kind of collective Lotte Lehmann in the quartet field.

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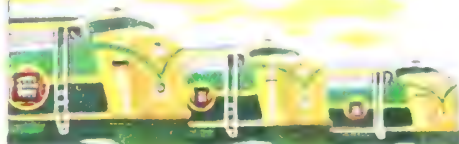
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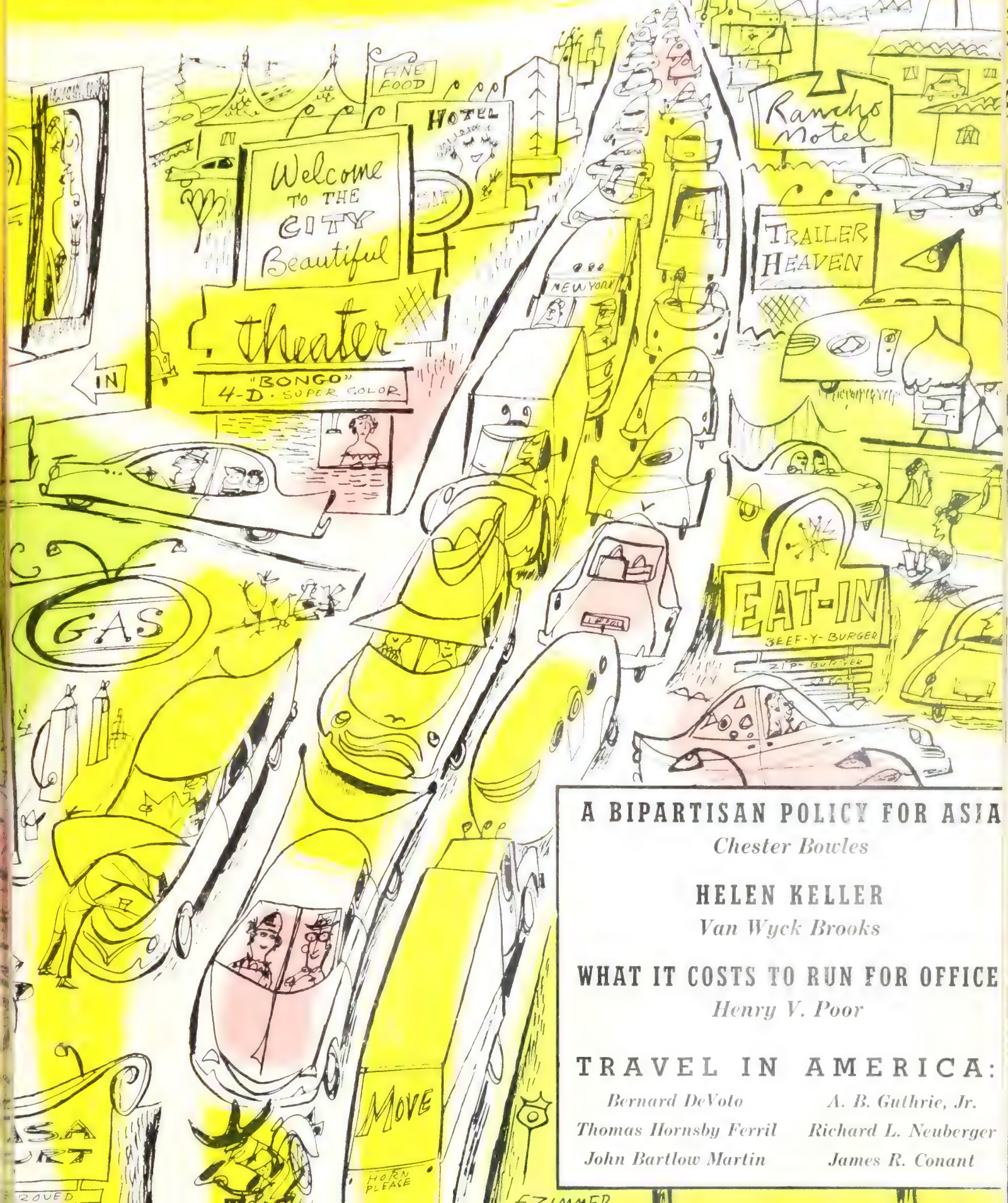
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MAY 1954

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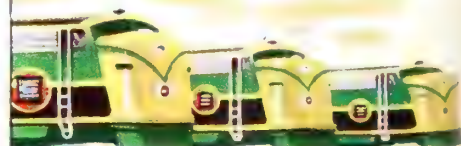
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Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00 one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

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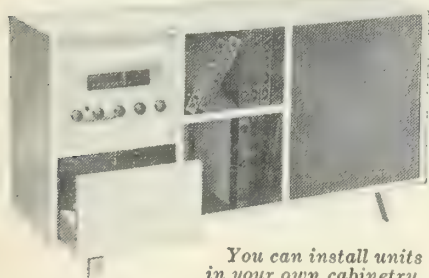
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LETTERS

Tensing of Everest—

To the Editors:

I am sure I am not speaking for myself alone but for a large number of your readers when I ask you to extend to Mr. Norman G. Dyhrenfurth and Mr. Richard G. Hubler a most enthusiastic appreciation of their article in your March issue: "Tensing of Everest."

In a world where it appears important to know who of the two men, Hillary or Tensing, managed first the last fifteen feet of the climb to the top of Mount Everest, and in a world where a unique feat of courage and selfless teamwork could be exploited for purposes of propaganda and race hatred, special recognition needs to be given to an attempt to offer full credit to a man whose inability to speak for himself should not detract from the magnitude of his accomplishments. . . .

Through your article the man Tensing has become alive—probably for the first time for readers within the English-speaking part of the world.

SUSAN JAHODA
Manhasset, N. Y.

my own long-time belief that a strong, independent trade union movement is not only compatible with, but is an integral part of, the free competitive enterprise system in the United States.

IRVING M. IVES
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

. . . The rash of clichés advanced in recent years regarding the "oneness of labor and management" has tended to obscure certain realities of the American socio-economic system. Mr. Hoffer's article should encourage healthy re-examination of a premise that has too frequently remained unquestioned. Failure to acknowledge social conflicts where they exist is dangerous. When such conflicts are recognized, understood, and accepted for what they are, our democratic free enterprise system is strengthened.

PETER FRELINGHUYSEN, JR.
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Reports on the FBI—

To the Editors:

Permit me to express appreciation to you for publishing Alan Barth's "How Good Is an FBI Report?" in your March issue. The FBI has a fine record as an efficient police organization, and it is too bad that this record has been damaged by its political police spying.

B. F. JAKOBSEN
Menlo Park, Calif.

To the Editors:

Mr. Barth's article is shallow beyond belief. He takes only the most fragmentary data from thousands of reports comprising millions of words. . . . If he had wanted to make a fair appraisal of FBI reports, he could have obtained access to a mass of them by methods well known to newspaper reporters. No city editor on any newspaper of importance would stand for such a poor job of reporting. . . .

Judge Thomas F. Murphy, who prosecuted Hiss, told me he had never been disappointed in an FBI agent or the character of his work. I can back Judge Murphy's statement from sixteen years

Workingman & Boss—

To the Editors:

I was gratified to find in Eric Hoffer's "The Workingman Looks at the Boss" [March] an excellent example of the profound social commentary I used to admire *Harper's* so much for. To my mind this type of article is *Harper's* most distinctive contribution to American thought, and I have missed it recently.

JANICE A. OSER
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. Hoffer's article is both an interesting and convincing argument for our way of life. It is always helpful to have workingmen expose the falseness of the Communist doctrine.

JAMES P. MITCHELL
Secretary of Labor
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

I found Mr. Hoffer's article extremely interesting, corroborating, as it does,

LETTERS

working with these boys. Indeed, I never heard any federal judge criticize of G Men. . . .

CLAUDE MCCOLLOUGH

United States District Judge
Portland, Ore.

Editors:

In Barth's brilliant, wonderful has. I think, one flaw. . . . He mentions a statement by Mr. Brownell that one could, with any validity, suggest today that there is any doubt that "he was in the espionage ring" and goes on to say that this statement by any criteria of the American contemptible."

What authority does Mr. Barth assert that all the criteria of the past condemn this horrible statement of Mr. Brownell's? Our past is replete with equally contemptible statements—the Know-Nothings to A. Mitchell Palmer. I see little evidence that our country is filled with awareness of the essential nature of justice and intellectual honesty. . . .

It is at least an arguable proposition that McCarthy is what he is because he is fell on fertile ground. This is not peculiar to America, but it would seem a bit peculiar in some other nations. All I know is that very few people who would dream that Mr. Brownell's statement was "contemptible."

EDWIN L. DALE, JR.
Washington, D. C.

Editors:

One point made crystal-clear by Barth in "How Good Is an FBI Report?" is that it must certainly be better than a Barth report. . . .

WILLIAM SCHLABACH
Canton, Ohio

Editors:

In years past J. Edgar Hoover had a respectable record as a police officer. I can't believe he really wants to be a politician.

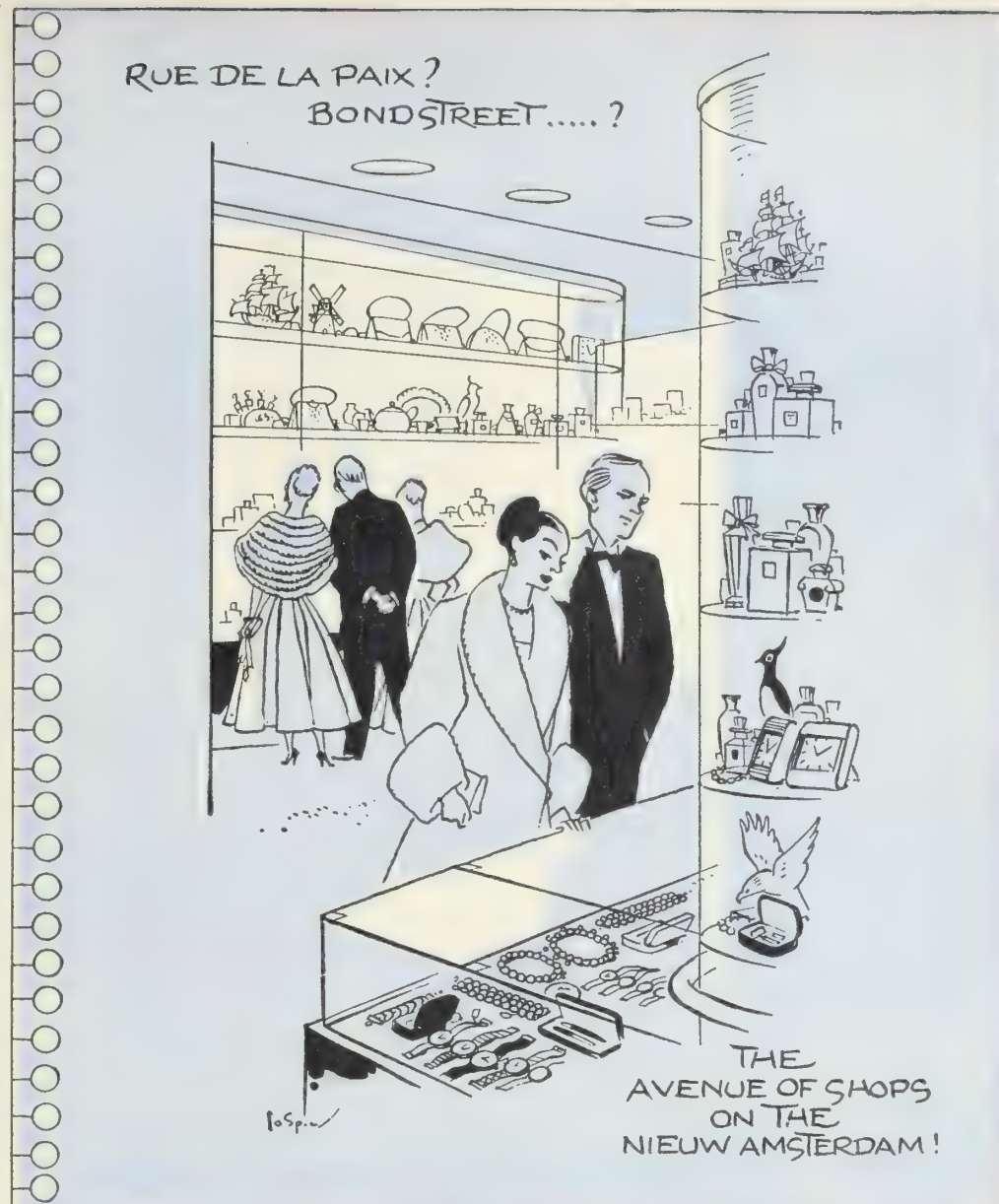
My advice to Mr. Hoover is to concentrate on police work, forget his political companions, and confine his future political activity to voting the straight Democratic ticket.

YANDELL BOAINER, JR.
Denver, Colo.

Editors:

How can a magazine like *Harper's* be so far in one month—from the excellent "Syngman Rhee: The Free Press Burden" by Frank Gibney (February) to "How Good is an FBI Report" by Alan Barth (March)?

JOSEPH HOSIE
Scranton, Pa.



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From this *Rue de la Paix* at sea, on the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, you can wander into the ship's theater to take in a first-run movie, browse among classics and best sellers in the library, prepare leisurely for a dinner of unsurpassed excellence and variety, then dance to smooth rhythms in a modern, oceanic night club.

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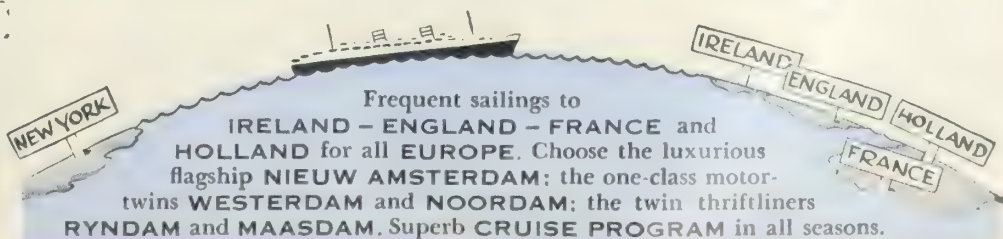
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Demon Vermont—

To the Editors:

Vermont preachers also do against Demon Rum [Ter Preachers and the Demon Rum, ruary]. Each town has the right of option and the issue is decided by ballot on Town Meeting day.

Voting on the liquor question be over, by virtue of a 1934 statute at 3:00 P.M., while the ballot open until 6:00 P.M. on all other towns. Obviously this aids the Preachers, grim-faced ladies, bootl and others who stand to gain in way from a dry town find it ea attend town meetings and pick up ballots before three. The bulk wet voters—those who work for a—find it inconvenient, if not impe

In 1953 a bill was introduced State Legislature to abolish th law. A compromise was enacted mitting each town to decide b whether it will retain the 3:00 c This local option on democracy v voted on in many towns this sp

WILLIAM O. M
Springfield, Vt

Culture Dropper—

To the Editors:

I am particularly indebted t for "America's Passion for Cultu the March issue. Following Mr zun's suggestion, "You take up c at your peril," and following ap mately seven of my twenty-three y an unsuccessful pursuit thereof dropping the effort. But not He

This fellow Barzun is a jewel. have a great deal more of him.

PAUL L. ?
Shrevepor

A Word for Greece—

To the Editors:

Your March issue, with its fine on travel in Europe, has moved indignation. How could you o reference to Greece?

My indignation is righteous as recently returned from living f years as an ordinary Americ Greece. . . . The Greeks are a fi people. Travel is now possible places of special interest, and places are so numerous that only of two months would be sufficien the mainland, such places ca reached by car. For the nu islands there are almost daily sma from Piraeus. . . .

There are few luxury hotels, sufficient number of modest one scenery is breath-taking, the

LETTERS

...of the village. Common
ic monuments are on every hand.

EVANGELINE ARCHER
Fayetteville, Ark.

Yugoslavia—

Editor:
I am a retired workingman who has
ed through most of Europe during
ast three summers. Last summer
ded to take a run to Yugoslavia.
ng as Mr. Laurence Lafore has
n about his impressions of that
y is a summer in your "Adventures"
I would like to tell my experience
l and boat.

t of all, I found the information
by the Yugoslav Travel Agencies
and to be relied upon.

about two dollars one can get a
rom any Yugoslav consul which
es one to a 25 per cent reduction
fare on railroads and boats. . . .
ound the people friendly and al-
willing to assist one. The prices
ared to a low standard of living,
hing you cannot fail to notice.
for one, three meals a day, costs
a day or even less. I found the
clean and well run.

every part of the country that
rly belonged to the Austrian Em-
one meets older and some younger
who speak German. In Dal-
there are many Italians. And,
everywhere in Europe, the intellec-
speak French. . . .

ing talked to people in all walks
e in English and German. I can
ement what Mr. Lafore saw and

The most important thing to me
at everybody I talked to told me
ever since Tito and the West got
er, conditions have been a little

Yugoslavs can again talk to
ners, and they pray that they will
again have to look north and east

Editor:
I am from
Miami, Fla.

Editor:
We were extremely disappointed to
Laurence Lafore's "One Man's
lavia" so misleading and in some
ts totally false. . . . Nothing
be further from the truth than La-
implication that the Serbo-Cro-
language is composed of unpro-
vable clusters of consonants. Of all
lavic languages it is almost uni-
versally agreed to be the richest in
s and expressive tonal qualities.
We suggest Mr. Lafore not only
a some competent cultural his-
of this beautiful country, but
e also read them. Submitted in
mous protest.

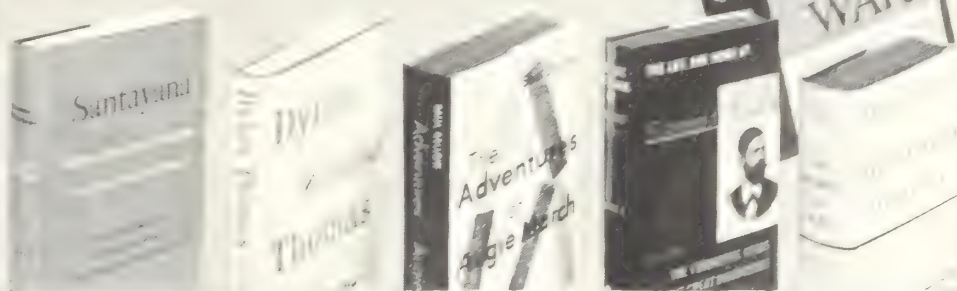
BREKID SLAV CILIC
University of California, Calif.

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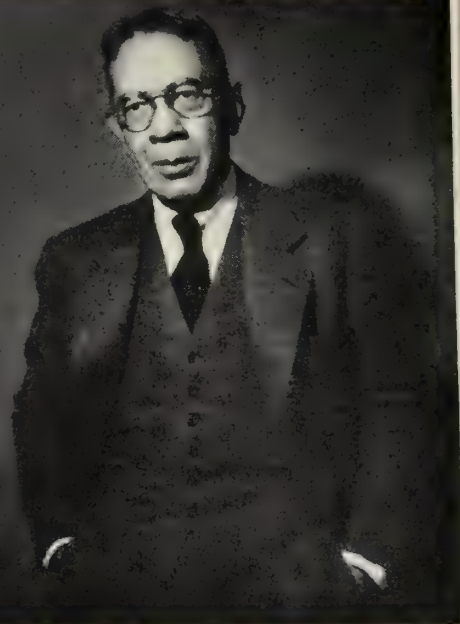
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Fantasy at Noonday

ON MARCH 2, the day after Puerto Rican terrorists fired their maniac fusillade in the House of Representatives, there was an interesting juxtaposition on the editorial page of the New York *Herald Tribune*. In the course of the lead editorial on the violence at the Capitol, the writer remarked, "Popular institutions, civil liberties, and judicial guarantees have assured that discussion and debate shall take the place of bullets." Another editorial, headed "Mr. Warren Confirmed," denounced Senator Langer's "airing of scandalous and unevaluated charges" against the new Chief Justice; the writer took occasion to declare, "There are limits which if they are passed over, can make fear, suspicion, jealousy, and vindictiveness undermine the very foundations of the national life." Finally, Mr. Walter Millis said in his column that the McCarthy-Stevens episode was "extremely illuminating of the fantastic messes into which unrestrained demagogic Red-baiting has been getting us."

Now I have the highest respect for Chief Justice Warren; I rejoiced in his appointment to the Court; I regard it as one of the best appointments the President has made . . . and let's pause here. For the next word is to be "but" and we have arrived at one of the touchstones of this crazy and craven era of the Republic.

In order to be heard on any subject that is related to the freedoms and immunities of American citizens, in order to be heard on any subject about which he may express an opinion that someone might not like, a speaker or writer must first proclaim himself aseptic. He must allay the anxiety or neutralize the malice of his listeners by affirming that he is not, by God!, a Communist sympathizer. We are forever in the posi-

tion of having to say, Now of course I'm not in the least Red, but I am in favor of UNESCO. Now don't get me wrong, I hate Communism, but the First Amendment forbids Congress to make any law abridging freedom of speech. Now I have never belonged to an organization on the Attorney General's list but I think that a police chief who takes bribes from gamblers ought to be fired. Now I have never advocated the overthrow of the government by force but I believe that florists have a stake in Mother's Day, and moreover, without ever having contributed a dime to a Communist-front drive, I am convinced that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Ah, the unterrified, Americans, the eagle nation Milton saw, mewing its mighty youth—nor fears to shake the iron hand of Fate or match with Destiny for beers.

I AM glad that Mr. Warren was appointed to his high office. But there is an ellipsis in the *Herald Tribune's* editorial. Ask the Chief Justice what his status before a court would have been if he had been accused there of a misdemeanor or a felony. Warren, CJ: exactly that of the editorial writer, of John Smith, or for that matter of someone with a prison record. A court is a tribunal established to do justice; all persons accused before it have the same rights, privileges, and immunities. Until recent years, so long as Congressional investigations were assumed to be conducted in the interest of justice, the principle was that all persons they inquired into were on the same basis.

We have slipped a long way and the *Herald Tribune's* sense of shock shows how accustomed we have become to our low estate. Last year Congressman Jackson of the Un-American Ac-

tivities Committee apologized to Miss Lucille Ball for having aired scandalous charges about her; he hoped, he said, that no one believed them for a minute. Another gauge of our decline is that jeers, catcalls, and belly laughs did not resound across the country in our newspapers, places of worship, public forums, and barber shops. Injure the reputation of a remarkably well-known woman who has an audience of millions, each one with a vote, and who is connected with an industry which at any moment might turn over a national hookup to a Congressman free of charge? God and political sagacity forbid. Here was a skit that once would have wowed burleycue but who laughed at it?

CERTAINLY the accusations aimed at Mr. Warren which Senator Langer aired before his committee were scandalous and unevaluated. Certainly they injured Mr. Warren if anyone believed them, and nowadays millions of people will believe anything that anyone says about anyone else, before a microphone or in a Senate committee room. That may be the point Mr. Langer was making and at any rate it's mine. We did not veer toward the limits which the *Herald Tribune* was talking about on the day when Mr. Warren was besmirched. We started toward them long ago, when the first orator or investigating committee made a circus out of attacking John Smith with the same kind of accusations and found that neither Congress nor the public conscience would close the show. Now that the night carts are being dumped on the Republican Chief Justice and Secretaries of State and of the Army, with the President likely to be next, I might as a Democrat inquire why Republican voices that are so angry now maintained a tone of judicious calm when the targets were Dean Acheson, George Marshall, Harry Truman, and a lot of others as eminent as Mr. Warren. Democrats who remember Mr. Dies and Mr. McCarran must withhold that jeer, however, and this is not a question of parties or of eminence. It is all of us. It is the Americans sharing a common guilt, a common cynicism, or a common cravenness. Nobody is more eminent than John Smith when Senators bear false witness against him. That it took Mr. Warren to shock us merely shows the size of our scare.

An awkwardness of due bills is that they are eventually presented for payment. We let soap-boxers assail undistinguished people with impunity; having tested the defenses, they moved on to distinguished people. When the bill is presented, Mr. Warren's good name turns out to be worth exactly as much as John Smith's and not a cent more. Scores of John Smiths have had their lives blasted, their livelihood taken away from them, and the respect of their neighbors forfeited because a publicity-hungry clown, or a power-hungry yahoo, could get a vote or a

headline by making scandalous charges against them. Of scores can you remember half a dozen names? The John Smiths and their children remember and so do the "patriotic" organizations that sell lists of befouled reputations to aseptic employers. But the clown and the yahoo were able to count on the rest of us not to remember. Last year Lucille Ball, or maybe the television industry, was too far. This year the Chief Justice is too far. How far will be too far next year?

Maybe the *Herald Tribune* was implying that question. "Fear, suspicion, jealousy, and vindictiveness can undermine the very foundations of the national life." Quite suddenly in March 1954 a lot of people were making that assertion who had had only derision for those of us who have been making it for years. The editorial stopped with "can undermine"; it did not predict. But any reader with a speculative turn of mind could extrapolate the line it laid down, so let's carry the editorial writer's suggestion a little farther. First, however, let's look at the dictionary. "Subversion: Act of subverting, or state of being subverted; overthrow from the foundation . . . as, *subversion* of a government." Overthrow from the foundation of a government, perhaps by undermining. Webster says that the most dangerous subversives operating in the United States today are in Congress.

The *Herald Tribune's* assertion is that fear, suspicion, and jealousy of and vindictiveness toward one another can loosen the cement and weaken the girders of society. A hard but realistic sentence in Elmer Davis's new book says that the incitement of these emotions among us has already produced a state of cold civil war in the United States. So, the speculation runs, there comes a point where the structure will no longer hold together; it falls apart. Bullets take the place of discussion and debate. The cold war becomes a shooting war.

IT BEGINS as civil disorder. Over a century and three-quarters we have managed to contain enormous amounts of it within bounds. Our generation can recall Bloody Williamson, the Ku Klux Klan, Everett and the IWW lynchings, many clashes between strikers and goons, much night-riding, the milk riots and foreclosure riots at the depths of the Depression. Nobody was afraid that such disorders would lead to anything worse or more widespread. They could be contained easily because we were not afraid of discussion and debate, and because popular institutions and judicial guarantees had not been undermined. But we assume now that at a given point they will be undermined, as the editorial says they can be. Enough people have been convinced that popular discussion and debate are treasonous. Enough have been convinced that constitutional guarantees of individual and civil

THE EASY CHAIR

freedoms are the last refuge of Reds. A judicial guarantee merely open the bench to Communism. Anyone who supports the Bill of Rights is a traitor. That includes our neighbor down the streets; the VFW have suspected them for a long time and now we're afraid of them.

We begin with a group of sufficiently scared people and the outbreak comes when they collide with a group who have got their backs up because they think (correctly, we are assuming) that the subversion of popular institutions has gone too far. The first scene is like one of the exhilarating town riots that follow a high school basketball game or the first spring day at a co-educational college. Where is it set? Detroit is a natural: a city with strong labor unions which are used to the vigilant defense of their civil rights and which also nourishes some of the slimiest groups of totalitarianism we have ever had to suffer. Or it might begin in a Southern town anywhere down South except in Texas, which is leading California by a length as the most terrified state. I think of the South because a lot of Southerners still object, as we used to say Americans in general did, to being pushed around. To assist the speculation we may remember that down South the right of citizens to bear arms has been less abridged than elsewhere.

THERE is a collision between the group of angry citizens, who will certainly be called the Reds, and the group of sufficiently scared ones who may as well be called the Yellows. There are fist fights, then some waylaying, and presently a mobbing. Then the shooting starts. It starts because the Reds have no recourse but arms and the Yellows have been taught that no other can be trusted. Peaceable assembly and petition for the redress of grievances are treason, due process is a Communist snare, civil liberties cannot be granted to traitors. If the clergy preach discussion and debate, they only remind the Yellows that Communists have taken over the churches. If the mayor is a Yellow he will not order out the police; if he isn't, his order merely splits the force into two factions which fight each other for the tea



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THE EASY CHAIR

bombs. The *posse comitatus* cannot be raised for it would be twins at each other's throats; so would the militia, which is full of Fifth Amendment dermatologists. What good will it do for the Governor to call on the President for troops? The Yellows know that large parts of it have been infiltrated by Communists and only certain organizations will be loyal. (From these pronouncements will be expected.) The same must be true of the Air Force, and the Navy can't get up Muddy Creek.

FROM the first center shock waves travel across the United States on the cleavage lines of our competing interests and of our fears and passions. Cleavage has never opened up before because of our popular institutions, civil liberties, and judicial guarantees. But these have been undermined now and so the destructive forces increase by the square as they travel. As they do, those who first incited the Yellows now make plain to them that every voice raised against their patriotic endeavor to save the United States, that is every effort to invoke once-constitutional means, is treason. In 1954 that has already been the initiators' teaching for nine years.

Here we may iris out. As we do so, some think they hear a voice against the uproar of the sound track which is not much different from the uproar round us now. The words it is speaking are too blurred for anyone to be sure just what they are.

One member of the audience says he heard something that sounded like "a Jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution and unacknowledged by our Laws." Another says so, it was "For depriving us, in many Cases, of the Benefits of Trial by Jury." One man thought the voice was saying that "a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, induces a Design to reduce them under absolute Despotism." The witnesses agree that there was some who from our past.

This is the *Herald Tribune's* fantasy projected, not mine. It is not going to be cast and produced. But certainly the Americans are more frightened today than they ever



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peel, no ice.



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one-half dry vermouth
serve well chilled,
add twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet ON-THE-ROCKS
one-half Dubonnet
one-half dry vermouth
serve well chilled,
add twist of lemon peel.

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THE EASY CHAIR

have been before. Look down the long corridor of history. Through every kind of danger, including the recurrent danger of annihilation by war, the nation bore itself with courage and confidence. Remember the afternoon of Pearl Harbor? We were not afraid we would lose the war it was beginning; there was no day, even after our most terrible defeats, when we were afraid that Japan and Germany would win. We are not afraid now that Russia would defeat us if it should come to war.

We are afraid only of our inheritance, our institutions, our processes of popular government, our freedoms under the Constitution, and one another.

It is true that this cravenness did not result from a single cause but from many. Nevertheless, incomparably the greatest cause has been "unrestrained demagogic Red-baiters." To whose advantage has it been, who has profited from it? Russia and the demagogic Red-baiters. But the latter did not have Russia's advantage in view and their service to it has been inadvertent? Inadvertence of that degree merely labels them fools as well as demagogues. If Kremlin-trained agents had been given their rostrums and sounding boards they would have worked to exactly the same end: to increase fear of one another among us and to create distrust of our institutions, liberties, and judicial guarantees.

BUT the fantasy envisages widespread fear becoming panic and it is not going to go that far. We are sick of a systemic infection but it is building up its own antibodies which in the end will overcome it. The process has proved slower than one would have thought possible and has not yet made itself felt.

There is no sign that the perilous night is breaking; anyone who thinks that the events of late February and early March herald the dawn's early light is kidding himself. We will accept much more humiliation before saying, All right, it stops here. But in the end we will say it. The pattern of popular association cannot be broken and its reflexes killed in nine years; a people who lately conferred town-meet-

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EASY CHAIR

ernment on the German pris-
t war will eventually return
hemselves. On some great
p morning the courage and
a sense among us will come
and reverse the battle.

infection of such malig-
power is bound to have se-
a people are not likely to
from a war, even a cold one.
me people who went into it.
emagogues were to be stilled
w. if the forces of restoration
air were to be freed without
t, it would take us a long
perhaps a generation, to re-
recovering, we might find our-
permanently changed.

EADY our picture of ourselves
seems to have changed. Uncle
am in a beaver hat and star-
l coattails, the Americans as
orse and half alligator, as
rockett and Mike Fink and
Paul Bunyan—it was bois-
and no doubt offensive sym-
it signified confidence and
igness to be shut up. Today
avior manifests an image of
ericans as men afraid to let
e read or words spoken, lest
ul and cunning outwit us.
o let the Bill of Rights oper-
we be wasted at noonday.
to impose the order of law
servants or to make ourselves
in our persons and homes
olution follow. Beginning to
id of thought itself. Mike
coming Caspar Milquetoast,
le-screamers becoming pol-
he tradition of popular free-
coming a box of sawdust for
Carthy to spit in.

possible for our children to
this period of funk the
that noncommittal courage
politic freedom are best. If
a wherewith shall their gen-
be salted? It is also possible
n to read the lesson that the
ins who stood erect, thought
they pleased, said what they
to, pushed back when some-
ed to push them around.
not retreat and would be
that these oldtimers were bet-
than we are currently show-
selves to be. What were
Latimer's words to his fellow
Master Ridley?

Do YOU Set Meat Prices?



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"We set meat prices? That's ridic-
ulous! When I want meat I have to
pay whatever the price tags say.
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wise it would spoil. And I've got to
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will go to some other store."



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lose money, I've got to cut back."

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And 5 million farmers and ranchers, who decide for them-
selves how many meat animals to raise and when to sell
them, have an effect on prices. Their *collective* decisions de-
termine the *supply* of meat.

Demand, matched against supply, determines price. When
there is less of any kind of meat than people want, the price
goes up if it didn't retailers would run out of meat. When
there is more than people want, the price goes down if it
didn't some of the meat would spoil.

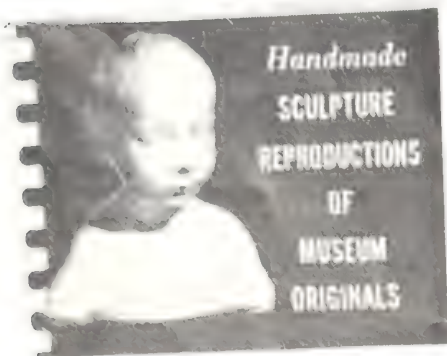
It's an economic law, and competition among retailers
and meat packers helps to enforce it.

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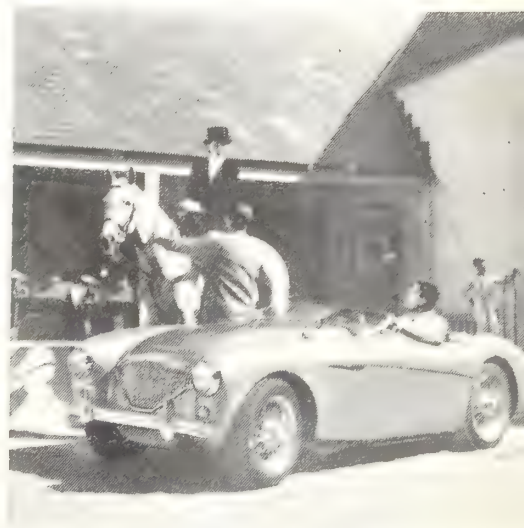
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All this tends to make our poli-

Maybe nothing will, short of Second Coming. But it would be a lot if we would make it easier for an honest man to stay in politics and to stay honest. Some fundamental, highly practical suggestions to this end are offered on page 100.

Henry V. Poor, one of the promising young Republican politicians in New York. He is a graduate of Harvard and the Yale Law School, who served with the Navy on the Pacific during World War II, has worked for the Foreign Service, the Central Intelligence Agency, and several other federal and state agencies; and he ran for Congress in the last election—unsuccessfully for reasons he mentions in his article. Mr. Poor now practices law in Mineola, New York, with the firm of Sprague and Stern, which takes a traditional interest in Republican politics.

•••While watching fellow-reviewer on the *Hollywood Reporter* and *Saturday Review*, **Lee Rogow** wise to the prevalence of the s metaphor (see page 38). Mr. Ro writes for magazines, television, s movies, advertising, and Broad shows. During the war he c manded a PC and an LSM (R). chaser and rocket-firing sup cratt. He now spends winters Manhattan, summers on Fire Is is married, and has what he c metaphorically, a brace of kids.

•••**Van Wyck Brooks**—"a writer born," as he calls himself in his recently published *Scenes and Portraits*, has had the good luck in his later years to be a Connecticut neighbor of one of the great women of the twentieth century. Helen Keller, Miss Keller, who had become blind and deaf at the age of two, attended Radcliffe, and was graduated in 1904, just four years before the young Brooks received his A.B. from Harvard.

The first of Miss Keller's books, *The Story of My Life*, appeared while she was in college: so she was already a famous person at that time. By 1932, when Mr. Brooks first heard her speak, he had achieved prominence as a critic and literary historian, though his memorable series of books now known as *Makers and Finders* was yet to appear. Mr. Brooks's portrait of Miss Keller on page 40 is a unique reflection of two remarkable minds.

•••There is reason for calling the second installment of *Sigmund Freud's* letters (p. 53) "The Interpretation of Dreams" in the fact that so much of them is taken up with the writing and publication of that book. They present a fascinating picture of a creative mind at work—a mind that was literary as well as scientific, and that concerned itself with form and style as well as with ideas. Like perhaps all true writers, Freud found that the final version of the book fell far short of his own standards. "The tortuous sentences," he wrote candidly, "have sorely offended one of my ideals."

The first installment of the letters ended on November 5, 1897, with Freud temporarily "in the dark" over the further development of his work. As this month's installment demonstrates, suddenly, a week later, he took an exciting stride forward. On May 27 Basic Books, Inc., will publish the full correspondence as *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*.

•••Born in Utah, *Bernard DeVoto* has made Cambridge, Massachusetts, his home for, roughly, a quarter-century. He has spent much time traveling West—as readers of the *Easy Chair* know—and in writing the great history of the opening of the West which was completed with his

book, *The Course of Empire*. But during all of those years, Mr. DeVoto has also loved and explored the land of his adoption, and he takes you through his New England in his article on page 61.

•••Nobody has a better right to talk about "Roads Running West" (p. 68) than **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.**, the author of *The Big Sky* and *The Way West*. Not just because of those books either. As he explained it himself in a note to P & O a short time ago:

After twenty-six years in Kentucky I returned just last spring to my not quite native Montana here to make my home. Friends in both states think I am crazy, Kentuckians because I took leave of Kentucky, Montanans because I lived away from Montana so long. Indiana, the place of my birth, undoubtedly joins in the verdict if it thinks of me at all, for I headed West from the Hoosiers at the age of six months.

I accept the decision but with a last word. Kentucky was fun but Montana was home, and finally I had to go home. The West is like undulant fever. Let it get in the blood and no medicine or medicine man can remove it. Nor would I have them. I'm crazy maybe, but certainly I'm where I belong. Here's my asylum.

•••The Upper Peninsula of Michigan is one of the few wilderness areas within easy reach of millions of city-dwellers in the United States. *John Bartlow Martin*, a Chicagoan who tells why he loves this Midwest backwoods (p. 71), has been exploring and summering there since 1940—first with just his wife and now with the whole family.

Mr. Martin's first book (1944) was about Upper Michigan, *Call It North Country*; his most recent (the seventh) is just out, *Break Down the Walls: The Story of America's Prisons*. He was recently engaged by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to prepare a screen play for their series of movies about contemporary American life.

•••*Thomas Hornsby Ferril's* cautious cordiality in "Tourists, Stay Away from My Door" (p. 77) does not disguise his keen delight in telling people about the mountain country. A sense of that country and



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I had been nothing. No
ads for some time. One d
answered one. I received
apitude test and filled it
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passed. Although not quite
satisfied with my course, I h
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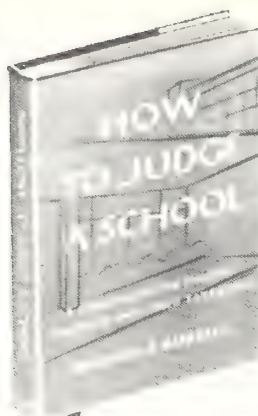
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its past is a source of much of Mr. Ferril's poetry, which is becoming widely recognized as a remarkably authentic and personal voice of America. His *New and Selected Poems* (his fourth book of verse) was published last year, keeps on stirring up enthusiastic reviews, and is now in a new printing.

With his wife, Helen, Tom Ferril edits Colorado's famously readable legal weekly, the *Rocky Mountain Herald*—she *actually* edits it, he says—and he carries out a full-time industrial job, runs a farm magazine, and makes industrial and technical movies.

•••**James R. Conant** writes about French Canada (p. 82) from his home at Pointe Claire, just outside Montreal. Mr. Conant, who has been in Canada for several years, likes the country and the people; but he sees them still with the traveler's fresh eye, for he is an American (born in Cambridge, grown up in the Midwest) and a veteran of two and a half years in the U. S. Navy Submarine Service. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and has worked on the *Boston Globe* and for *Time* magazine. He now writes for the Canadian and American press and for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

•••**Richard L. Neuberger**, whose guided tour through the Pacific Northwest (p. 85) includes the smallest trout and the highest peak in three states (plus the Province of British Columbia), is not only the most famous reporter in his region but also a State Senator in the Oregon legislature and right now a candidate for U. S. Senator on the Democratic ticket. (Incidentally, Oregon hasn't elected a Democrat to the Senate since 1914.)

•••**Sylvia Plath** ("Doomsday," p. 29) is a Smith College junior and has had poems and stories published in *Mademoiselle* and other magazines.

Just Friends

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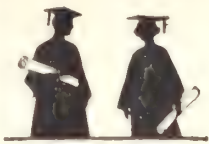
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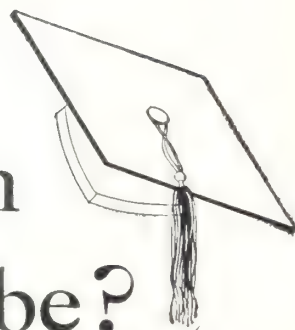
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Harper's MAGAZINE

A Bipartisan Policy for Asia

Chester Bowles

A former Ambassador to India suggests a new line of action to break the deadlock with Red China—and to win 500 million wavering Asians to the side of freedom.

IN EUROPE, logic aided by bold imagination, has led us along the path marked by the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the European Defense Community. This course has checked Communist expansion on the continent and helped to put Western Europe's economy on its feet. If it has not been wholly successful, most Americans agree that it has been on the right track.

In Asia, however, where the situation has been more complex and equally demanding, we have applied little such logic or imagination. As a result our objectives of stability, peace, and effective defense against aggression are in grave jeopardy, and it is time that we bluntly faced the facts. I say this not as a carping critic, but as an American citizen who believes that—for better or for worse—history will largely be written in Asia in the coming years and as one who is deeply concerned with the present course of events.

At least one thing is certain. The future of Asia will not be decided on the Korean peninsula or on the island of Formosa, or in Thailand or the Philippines. These four friendly nations with a total population of only 70 million, do not have half the power to shape Asia's future that is held by the industrially powerful 85 million people of Japan,

who can by no means be counted as our allies. And to the South there is "neutralist" Indonesia, Burma, and India with a total population of 500 million people, which our present strategy seems almost completely to ignore.

When Nationalist China fell the United States suffered a shattering defeat. But even more worrisome is the fact that we have failed thus far to take the lesson to heart. Instead we have wasted our energies in a partisan search for American scapegoats that has not only paralyzed our thinking about China, but has kept us from acting constructively in the remaining non-Communist two-thirds of Asia whose future still hangs in the balance.

If we are to avoid new and even greater disasters we must put aside partisanship and muster the will to break this paralysis before it is too late. The following are some of the pertinent facts which I believe most experienced observers in Asia would agree are undeniable. Agreeable or not, they must soon be faced.

I *Communist power is well entrenched in China.* The almost unanimous although unhappy verdict of Asians, Europeans, and Americans who have come out of China is that the Communist regime by ruthless organization has achieved an unprecedentedly

powerful hold on the mainland. With the Communist party of five million members, a Red Army of some 175 divisions, and a security police force of nearly two million, Mao's government has established the kind of tough, centralized rule which China has not known in many generations.

The Korean war added to the pitch of national fervor and strengthened the ties between China and Russia. If the Soviet Union and its East European satellites are able to maintain unified foreign and economic policies with China, the West will find itself faced with a nearly self-sufficient colossus of 800 million people—stretching from Canton to Prague, and dedicated to the destruction of free governments everywhere.

To assume that the Communist system will not work because it is morally wrong is to multiply the danger. The rapid growth of the Soviet Union within thirty years to become the second greatest industrial power in the world is a sober indication of what totalitarian techniques may achieve on the vast Chinese-Russian heartland, if final consolidation takes place.

2 *Military measures against China itself would be extremely costly and probably ineffective.* Both Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee have repeatedly urged us to embark on an all-out war with China, and have stated that they intend to attack China without us. Many Americans sincerely believe that Chiang Kai-shek would be able successfully to invade the Chinese mainland.

But on careful analysis this assumption falls to pieces. Four hundred thousand veteran American and UN troops on a limited front in Korea—plus 600,000 South Korean troops—with unchallenged air power and both flanks guarded by the United States Navy—did not achieve a decisive victory. How then can we expect a Chinese Nationalist Army of less than half that number (with an average age of twenty-nine years) to bring about the downfall of the entire Chinese Red Army, even with the support of our Air Force and Navy?

Japanese experience in the 1940s should alone give us pause in considering this adventure. With a mechanized army of three million men and total air control, and after thirteen dreary years of warfare, the Japanese

could do no better than occupy Chinese cities and dominate the major railroads. Behind the Japanese lines, Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla forces grew into the Red Army that finally took over the entire country.

It may be argued that these comparisons are not pertinent, because once Chiang's forces reach the mainland the Chinese people would rise in rebellion against the Communists. But I have never seen any objective evidence that supports this hope.

What about atomic retaliation on the center of Communist power as an inexpensive method of destroying the Communist government of China? This again seems to be a case of wishful thinking.

The atomic bomb would be devastating if used against a concentrated, integrated industrial country such as Japan, England, Russia, or the United States. But how effective would it be against a vast, sprawling agrarian country, almost devoid of industry, where three-fourths of the people live in villages? How would it serve to get rid of Mao? And would not the Soviet Union, in line with its military pact with the Communist China, promptly "retaliate" on us?

Moreover, nothing could do more to set non-Communist Asia against us than a seemingly wanton atomic attack on crowded Chinese cities in which there are practically no military targets. Already millions of racially sensitive Asians believe the fantastic Soviet charge that we dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and not on Berlin, because we looked on the Japanese as Asians and second-class human beings.

Others have suggested that a naval blockade might suffice to bring China to her knees. Such a blockade would probably hamper China. But it would create many difficulties for our allies in Europe, and it would force China into complete dependence on the Soviet economy. There is the added consideration that if China were really hurt, the result might be, not less intransigence, but new adventures into South Asia to capture the rich rice surplus areas of Burma, Thailand, and Indochina.

3 *Our inability to recognize Red China and support her admission to the UN cuts both ways.* China's entrance into the Korean War made it impossible for the

United States to recognize the new Communist regime or to vote for her admission to the United Nations. China's continued belligerence will make the relaxation of this policy impossible.

Unhappily this continuing impasse has tended to increase China's ties to Russia, and to establish the Soviet Union as sole spokesman for the entire Communist world.

"Why does Russia think she benefits by bringing the emotion-packed issue of China into UN discussions at every possible occasion?" a Yugoslav diplomat, who knows the Soviet Union intimately, once said to me. "Obviously because she thinks the effect in China will be to increase anti-Western sentiment. And why does she always seem to bring it up at a time when it is most likely to call for a particularly sharp turn-down from the United States? Obviously to create trouble between the Western allies and to convince the world that America is anti-Asian."

Throughout non Communist Asia our position is poorly understood. When we point out that the source of the Communist world conspiracy is the Kremlin, most Asians agree. And yet they see us recognize Russia and negotiate with her in the UN and in international conferences, while refusing to deal with Russia's junior partner, China. So when Communist propagandists say that our refusal to accept the Communist government of China as an accomplished fact is solely because it is Asian and colored, many millions of non-Communist Asians accept their explanation.

For Americans, with our fresh and bitter memories of Chinese aggression and American casualty lists in Korea, this situation poses a cruel and complex dilemma.

4 *The Chinese-Russian relationship is new in the Soviet World.* No informed person can doubt the full Communist convictions of Mao Tse-tung and his associates. They have never made any secret of their belief in Marx as translated by Lenin. In fact, it is likely that the Chinese Communists—still in the young dynamic grip of their revolution—are more militant, irresponsible, and in a sense, more dangerous than the second generation bureaucrats now seated in the Kremlin, who are accustomed to the studied calculations of the Cold War.

But Mao owes Russia very little. Not only did Russia not give all-out aid to Mao until the final stage of his struggle, but the Kremlin has consistently guessed wrong about China. In 1923 Lenin's mission to China was ordered to concentrate on organizing the city proletariat, in traditional, doctrinaire Marxist fashion.

Mao refused to follow this policy and went to the villages where he built his power and ultimately triumphed. Not until January 1950 did Moscow admit that Mao's strategy for China and Asia had been the right one.

China's very size makes it improbable that any Soviet show of force can whip the Peking government into line. In Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Romania the Russian army on the border is the central fact of Communist power. But Soviet armies would be as lost in China as were Napoleon's and Hitler's in Russia. If Russia tried to invade China by force it might well be her fatal mistake.

The strength of Chinese nationalism makes subversion by Soviet agents equally difficult. Competent observers coming out of China agree that the Chinese are as passionately sensitive to the threat of foreign pressure as are other Asians. Russian assistance which does not help build China as an independent modern power in its own right will be suspect by the Chinese.

In time, even Russian spokesmanship for world Communism may become increasingly galling. It will never be easy for Mao Tse-tung, the "old revolutionary," to swallow the world leadership of Malenkov, who was only fifteen years old when Lenin crushed the last loyal regiments of the Tsars. At the very least, the Chinese will insist more and more on their pre-eminence in Asian strategy and in the control of Asian Communist parties.

Certainly it would be foolhardy for Malenkov to ignore Chinese opinions. For generations the Tsars and later the Soviet leaders set their foreign policy without reference to the impotent and divided China on the Asian flank and rear. Today the very existence of a unified China, with the longest common boundary line in the world with the Soviet Union, will make Russia reluctant to arouse Chinese antagonism.

Another thing which may make for trouble

...a good deal of the Chinese economy. Mao's demands may well be immense, and the tensions growing out of this situation may often run high. Already Russia has promised China more than eight times what the United States has given to India, and the Chinese say this is not enough. China may maneuver to increase her trade with Japan and other non-Communist countries, if only to strengthen still further her bargaining position with Russia.

Thus the Soviet Union faces a totally new and complex situation. There are now two poles inside the Communist orbit, and bargaining and compromise seem to be the only process by which they can maintain their unity.

But it would be foolhardy for us to forget that Mao chose to join Stalin of his own free will, and in spite of considerable Soviet floundering. And he consummated this decision when he threw his military forces solidly behind the crumbling North Korean puppet troops in September 1950 to pull Stalin's bacon out of the fire.

Certainly China will not break toward the West, as Yugoslavia did in 1948. Tito allied himself with the NATO nations because he was too weak to stand as an independent nation between these two great blocs.

It is possible, however, that China may eventually work her way into an intermediate position. The present pattern suggests that she may remain a loyal member of the Soviet bloc, but an *independent* member always holding out the possibility of change.

5 *China is one-third of Asia; the crucial test is the rest of Asia.* Even if China remains firmly in the Soviet world, this great force can still be balanced by achieving stability in the remainder of Asia. If Japan, Indonesia, India, and Pakistan, in particular, become strong internally and succeed with their efforts to improve the lot of their people, the outlook for peace in Asia will improve spectacularly. Ultimately their success may exert a powerful pull on the Chinese themselves.

But if these four key nations fail, free Asia will fall, and the balance of world power will shift disastrously toward Moscow and Peking—without a shot being fired. Thus the chief test of our Asian policies will come not

in China, where our present influence over events is strictly limited, but in what remains of free Asia.

What We Can Do About It

WHAT conclusions can be drawn from this analysis to help guide our own policy in Asia? At one extreme, we could yield to Red China, grant her immediate recognition, admit her to the U.N., give her a permanent seat with veto on the Security Council, and abandon Formosa to her fate.

We rejected this course in 1950 when President Truman decided to defend South Korea and to protect Formosa from attack by the Communist forces. By this bold action we stopped Communist military expansion. At heavy cost to the world. Hitler taught us that dishonorable appeasement never pays.

At the other extreme, we could announce that we will be satisfied with nothing less than the total destruction of Mao's government. This course would call for an attempt to overthrow him by major, costly military action—with the strong likelihood that we would thereby disrupt the Western alliance, turn most of the world against us, and set off World War III.

Between these two impossible extremes lies a broad field for creative statesmanship.

From my reading of the facts, our policy toward China should be firm in resistance to any further aggression, but flexible in its efforts to open the door for a loosening of the Chinese-Soviet alliance. It should never retreat from a concern for the freedom and welfare of the Chinese; but it should be made clear that we do not intend to wage war in China in order to change its present government.

Indeed, the very principle that the line between Communist and non-Communist worlds must not be changed by force was what we defended in Korea. A clear restatement of our continuing commitment to this principle would help to reassure our allies and friends throughout the world.

The principal focus of our policy, then, must be on the vast non-Communist territory stretching from Tokyo to Casablanca. It should seek to make the free nations of this area so strong in their faith and independence

—and in their economic, political, and military ability to protect their independence—that neither Communist aggression nor successful subversion would be likely. History will be concerned, not with our disagreements with Nehru over current world problems, but with the fundamental question: Did the Indian Republic survive as a free nation?

How could such a general policy be spelled out? While there is still time, how can the present Administration (with Democratic support) seize the initiative in Asia, and apply the same bold imagination there that the last Administration (with Republican support) applied in Europe?

A speech by the President of the United States along the following lines would have a profoundly constructive effect in Asia:

"The American people, who fought and won with their own revolution against colonialism 175 years ago, greet the people of free Asia who for so long suffered foreign domination but who now stand straight and independent.

"We know that the people of Asia are determined to develop their lands and to apply modern science and technology, so that every child will have a fair opportunity to grow in health and in human dignity. Unhappily these efforts have been hampered by armed conflicts in Korea and Indochina, by violent campaigns of subversion and civil war elsewhere, and by bitter divisions and propaganda.

"The United States deplores this situation and pledges itself to do all in its power to relieve the present tension, so that Asia may make a fresh start. Our aim can be simply stated: to stop aggression and to ensure that Asians themselves can freely and peacefully decide their future.

"It is our hope that the Communist government of China is now prepared to join with us in establishing the peace and stability which Communist action has so long prevented. If so, the United States proposes the following basis for an all-Asia settlement:

"In Korea, a settlement must be reached that will unite the people, North and South. It also must eliminate any legitimate fears, by the Soviet Union and Communist China on the one hand, and Japan and the United States on the other, that Korea may be used

for a jumping-off point for attack in either direction. We believe that under United Nations supervision guarantees can also be worked out that would lead to the prompt removal of all foreign troops, the repairing of war damage, and the restoration of the Korean economy.

"In Indochina we will support a solution—again preferably under the supervision of the United Nations—that will guarantee the complete independence of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, and protect the people of these new states from colonial domination, or from conquest or subversion from any source.

"Throughout Asia we propose that agreements be made that will guarantee Asian nations against the subversive activities of any foreign power or world organization, and that all nations call an immediate halt to propaganda designed to create hatred and distrust between peoples.

"Such agreements could lead to the recognition of Formosa as a separate, independent sovereignty, with a seat in the UN. With peace thus restored, the United States would not veto the admission of the Peking government to the United Nations, if the majority so voted. Since the permanent seat on the Security Council would be claimed by both these governments, that seat could be declared vacant. Instead, we propose that a major Asian nation, such as India, be given a permanent seat. We also propose that Japan, Ceylon, and Nepal be granted full United Nations membership."

An Asia Defended by Asians

IF THE President outlined such a program it is doubtful that the Communist Chinese, in their present mood, would accept. Surely the Russians would throw every obstacle in the way—for the last development that Moscow wants to see is stability in Asia and any sort of agreement between China and the West.

However, such a proposal would have several clear advantages.

(1) It would be likely to create divisions in China between whatever moderate groups may still exist and the more dedicated bitter-end Communists.

(2) It could result in difficult discussions between Moscow and Peking.

After the Chinese turn down, if the door were left open, Mao would be given a continuing alternative to a tight Soviet relationship which may eventually prove irksome.

4. The two-thirds of Asia which is not Communist would be convinced that America had made a sober, honest, effort to create stability in Asia and to bring about a relaxation of tensions. Regardless of the response of Communist China, this bold forward step would go far to restore free Asia's confidence in the United States.

Even in the unlikely event that the Chinese did accept our proposals, it would be foolhardy to assume that they would abide by any such agreement over a period of years, as long as the enticing vacuums of South Asia remain unfilled. To discourage future attack or internal subversion in this area the President might suggest that the free Asian nations themselves form a regional defense organization inside the UN, *but fully independent of the Western powers.*

The President might describe the origin and purpose of our Monroe Doctrine, which was directed against any intrusion of European colonialism in South America. At the time we had only a weak navy and an army of 23,000, but the declaration itself had an important deterrent effect. If the countries of free Asia should join in a multilateral "Monroe Doctrine" of their own—directed against aggression or subversion by any foreign powers, East or West—the United States should not only respect it but welcome it.

"What the United States seeks," the President might say, "is not your approval, not your agreement, certainly not your subservience. If you succeed in building independent, stable, more prosperous nations, this will spell peace with freedom for your vital part of the world. That is the sole objective of the American people in Asia."

AN ESSENTIAL part of this suggested new policy would have to be a proposal for the economic development of free Asia. An expanding Soviet economic effort in Asia seems to be in the cards. Already much fanfare has been given to the arrival of thousands of Soviet technicians in China, and to the Soviet promise to provide over a billion dollars of equipment for Chinese industrialization.

Whatever the Soviet does, the main competition between Communism and democracy in Asia for many years to come will be in the field of economic development, for that is the main concern of all these countries. If the President wants America to join hands with free Asia, he must speak boldly to this issue in the best American tradition. He must approach Asia not in the spirit of charity, but in the pioneering spirit of participating in a great constructive endeavor, for which the skills of Americans are peculiarly well suited.

"We are aware of the meaning of colonialism under which you have lived," the President might add. "For generations your riches and resources have been taken out of Asia to help build the prosperity of Europe and the West. Some of this wealth found its way to America as investments in our railroads and our own national development. As a matter of simple justice we now wish to contribute 5 per cent of our military budget in long-term loans and grants without political strings of any kind, to the development of the free Asian nations."

A Way Out of the Stalemate

ALREADY President Eisenhower has stirred the world with his proposal for a world agency for peaceful application of atomic energy, and his earlier promise that the United States would contribute a substantial part of any savings on armaments to a world program against poverty. But these ideas will be stillborn if they are made dependent on Soviet acceptance. The last thing the Communists want to see is American embarkment on either of those ventures which would so immeasurably strengthen democracy everywhere. Thus the test for a new policy is the President's readiness to go ahead, without Russia or China if necessary.

"It is our hope," he might say, "that the Communist governments will wish to join in these constructive programs through the United Nations. But we propose to get on with the world's main business in co-operation with whatever governments are prepared to join us. Particularly, we wish to help free Asia develop a decent future, with both bread and freedom for all.

"Therefore we invite the free Asian nations

to join together in regional economic development organizations, to plan together their joint needs and to pool their joint resources. This is what the nations of Europe did, and this is what free Asia can do, no matter who tries to stop it. In addition to American assistance, the world atomic agency which I have proposed can provide atomic power to serve the needs and not the fears of mankind."

When the day comes that I hear some such Presidential address—with, I hope, both better prose and better proposals—I will know in my heart that America is at last on the road to close and friendly relations with free Asia, and to vastly increased democratic strength throughout the world. In Asia they do not have television sets, but its gospel of hope would quickly spread from Tokyo to Cairo.

A continuation of our present paralysis, on the other hand, can lead only to disaster. If we fail to take Point Four in our two hands

and run with it: if we delay world development until disarmament arrives and thus wait forever: if we come to think of Asians, not as people struggling to create a better life, but as pawns in the military chess game: if we limit our Asian strategy to atomic retaliation against teeming Asian cities: if we remain trapped in the hypnotic spell of Communist China and the Kremlin and fail to see the vast potentialities in the uncommitted world—then a painful prediction is possible.

It takes no crystal ball to imagine future Congressional investigations headed by bitter, startled men seeking answers to the question: "Who lost South Asia?" With the lessons of China available there will be little excuse for such mistakes, and the architects of inadequate policies, however honest and well intentioned, will not get off lightly.

But it will be an investigation in which America and the world will have little interest, for the old dismal story of "too little and too late" will then have reached its final tragic act.

Doomsday

SYLVIA PLATH

THE idiot bird leaps out and drunken leans
Atop the broken universal clock;
The hour is crowed in lunatic thirteens.

The painted stages fall apart by scenes
And all the actors halt in mortal shock:
The idiot bird leaps out and drunken leans.

The streets crack through in havoc-split ravines,
The doomstruck city crumbles block by block;
The hour is crowed in lunatic thirteens.

The fractured glass flies down in smithereens
Our lucky relics have been put in hock:
The idiot bird leaps out and drunken leans.

God's monkey wrench has blasted all machines.
We never thought to hear the holy cock;
The hour is crowed in lunatic thirteens.

Too late to ask if end was worth the means,
Too late to calculate the toppling stock:
The idiot bird leaps out and drunken leans.
The hour is crowed in lunatic thirteens.



The Operator

A Story by
Elizabeth Enright

Drawings by
Arthur Marokvia

THE strange things you want in this life! . . . When I was nine or ten years old I wanted a middy blouse more than anything on earth. I wanted it so badly that I dreamed about it; whined through my nose for it. But my mother shook all her blond curls in a sort of vivacious horror: "No, honey! Never! Heavens, shades of Radcliffe girls with chafing dishes and bulging calves all leaping at a basketball together and having a corking time. Corking! That's the sort of word that goes with middy blouses. No, Baby. Over my dead body . . ." And since my mother was the one sun in my sky (my father had been killed in Belleau Wood) I resigned myself to the quaint little smocked dresses that she chose for me.

I did not realize at the time that the way I was dressed bore a relationship to two other things I did not care for: my nickname and my face, but I tolerated them with the enforced philosophy of childhood, sensing that the day would surely come when I could *outrage all three*.

Only now, in looking at old photographs can I see that there was justice in the nickname at least: that I was called "Granny" not only because my own true name was Grania. The face that I examine as I might a stranger's seems to predict a weight of age on its small features, and nothing was done to lessen the effect by the way I wore my hair,

earnestly strained back from my forehead with a round comb.

I think that my mother unconsciously emphasized the precocious elderly quality of my looks because she was Adair Lovett, the actress, and so young, so young to look at for so long, that the contrast between us must have had a certain humorous originality and she, naturally, was conditioned to audiences. At the time I speak of, 1920 or thereabouts, Mary Pickford wilderness-curls were still the vogue for ingénues, and my mother often wore her hair in this fashion. I used to love to watch her brushing it, and then dipping her comb into the teacup of warm water and curling the tip-ends around her finger till they strutted on her shoulders like little pantalette legs. I was spellbound by all her formidable technique of enhancement, and asked nothing better than to be allowed to watch in the theater dressing-room as she put on her make-up: a long, grave ritual starting with her flawless naked face and ending up with the mask of a candy doll.

"Oh, Mama, you look so pretty!"

"Do I, Baby? Well I have to look pretty, after all. It's what pays the darn bills, isn't it? And buys your roller skates and Tootsie Rolls. Now run on home, honey; get to bed. Take her, Mademoiselle."

Her cheek would touch mine, smelling strong of make-up and delicious, like a whole

barber shop, and she was gone. Hissing and resisting as Mademoiselle tried to get my arms into my coat sleeves, I would stand at the door of the dressing-room, listening to the last bars of the overture; then a great heart-beat interval of silence . . . and all at once a sound as though a door had opened onto the world! It was applause, but at this distance it seemed like a wind from the desert or the sea, huge and thrilling. Then silence again and a tiny voice began to speak, my mother's voice. All the winds and waves were still, and I was proud and jealous and exalted.

"Now, Granny, you *come!*" Mademoiselle would bang my blue beaver hat, also quaint, onto my head, and there was nothing for it but to return to the unreal, unlovable world of reality.

So it came as a bolt from the blue when one day Mademoiselle told my mother that she was leaving immediately to get married. Mademoiselle, that bundle of Gallic twigs! No one had ever considered such a possibility.

"Now what on earth are we going to do!" cried my mother crossly. "Who's going to stay with you at night?"

"Mama, I don't *need* anybody any more."

"Granny baby, don't be so silly. You know I can never get home before eleven-thirty."

"Well, Lutie's here till seven; no, now, Mama, *wait!* Listen. If I get lonesome or anything I can talk to the switchboard lady. She's a very nice lady and she's right downstairs."

"And she doesn't go home till twelve," mused my mother. "Oh, no, honey, I don't think so. . . ."

But I saw that I would soon win my point.

AT THAT time we were living in a second-floor apartment in West 10th Street. The lobby was an asset to the tenants: large, faintly grand, a polished place that smelled strongly of Liquid Veneer and dimly of cats. It was illuminated by paired bracket-lamps, each with one eye blinded by economy, and the melting hues of their Tiffany glass shades reminded me of half-sucked candy. Two staircases—one for the tenants on the east side of the building and one for the tenants on the west—opened out and upward with expansive, old-fashioned gestures; and in each French window stood a twirled iron tripod holding

a pot of those plants which somehow cling to life through all: spitting radiators, north light, neglect of janitors. For me the lobby had a soothing elegance; it brought to mind the baronial halls in illustrations by Reginald Birch: I did not see the cracks or feel the drafts. There must have been drafts, for the switchboard stood sheltered in a grotto of burlap screens, and whatever operator worked there wore a sweater on her shoulders.

There, night after night, she sat, in a puddle of Rembrandt light, ministering to the irascible instrument in her charge, and there beside her, perhaps to her secret desperation, I sat, too.

AT FIRST there was Miss Delevant, a tall, refined woman in her early fifties who wore silver bangles and Venetian beads, and rattled when she moved even slightly, like a horse in its harness. Indignation was her preferred climate.

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I distinctly *understood* you to say Stuyvesant," she would tell the mouthpiece. "He did, too, Stuyvesant!" she would hiss at me, her face deeply impressed with outrage. When a caller came to see one of the tenants she would look at him narrowly. "Are you expected?" And somewhere, remotely, there was an implication that she did not believe this possible. "Name, please," was the next question if he was *not* expected, and then the name was appraised silently and repeated as if a little soiled, into the mouthpiece. "A Mr. Crouch to see you," she would announce daintily, while Mr. Crouch stood listening to his name recede, flapping his derby nervously against his thigh, until told he might go up. "Oh, no, not that staircase, the *other* one!"

As his footsteps rang out lonely on the stair-treads she would look at me and wink, for I, it seemed, was her one ally. "Crouch," she would repeat, and we would laugh maliciously. Undoubtedly the poor man could hear us on his way up, and this, I understood tacitly, was part of the plan.

The janitress in those days was a Scandinavian woman named Helga who flapped up and down the basement stairs in dun-colored garments and gray Comfy slippers. Her pale green hair was stuck to her head with big steel pins like croquet wickets that were always falling out onto the floor with a

clang. She loved to laugh, and laughed often. Her little eyes would close up, watering, and her wide-open mouth turned down at the corners in a pain of mirth. She and Miss Delevant hated each other.

"Aw, she don't got no red blut, that old mait, she only got winegar in her weins," Helga said; and Miss Delevant said of Helga: "It's so easy for a person to keep themselves clean and daintý. I just don't understand disorder."

Helga, perhaps, was instrumental in getting Miss Delevant dismissed; for one night when I came downstairs I found that there was a new operator, a fat young man named Nigel Eliscue, who talked as though his mouth were full of cake. He was a ballet enthusiast, and we spent many happy evenings discussing Pavlova, of whom I owned thirty-seven photographs, and who I planned to be when I grew up. It was Nigel who, for my benefit, attempted *entrechats* that made the lampshades tingle and brought Helga up from her cozy realm of cats and coffee.

"Cut it out, fella, the plaster's busting down."

Nigel lasted two weeks, and after him came old Mrs. Pohd who handled the switchboard as if it were a loom to weave veils on. And then, after Mrs. Pohd, came Gerald.

I CANNOT remember his last name though I have tried. Perhaps I never knew it: from the first I called him Gerald. He was young, but younger, and in a different way, than Nigel Eliscue. I do not think that he was more than twenty-two; a handsome boy with dark crisp hair and clear-cut features.

To each of the switchboard operators my mother had given certain directions, disguised as gentle requests, and now she gave them to Gerald, possibly with some misgiving.

"Would you mind if my little girl sits with you a while after the maid goes home? Oh, that's awfully sweet of you, it keeps her from being lonesome. But promise me, won't you, not to let her be a bother, and *promise me, please*, that you'll send her up at nine o'clock!"

"I certainly will, Miss Lovett, you can count on me," said Gerald, standing up and staring radiantly at my mother. (He wanted

to be an actor, he told me later; was theater mad. "But meantime I have to live, don't I? So that's why I learned this stuff . . . just filling in, honey, just filling in.")

All the other operators had kept these promises faithfully; I never could wheedle more than fifteen extra minutes out of any of them, but Gerald was another story; sometimes he let me stay in the lobby till after eleven. Then he would glance at the prissy little clock in its case on top of the switchboard.

"You better vamoose, Cinderella. And don't leave any glass footgear on the stairs, either, or I'll be in Dutch."

"All right, I won't. Good night, Gerald!"

Upstairs in my bed I would fall into sleep as a stone falls into a well, and often I dreamed of my new friend.

Each evening when Lutie, the maid, was gone I came down the broad east staircase. Halfway down I would pause and lean on the balustrade, staring down at Gerald in his grotto. If he was not busy he would look up, smiling.

"Hello, Melisande."

"Who's that?" I asked suspiciously, the first evening.

"A girl with long hair like yours that looked down from a balcony."

"I thought that was what's-her-name; you know. *Juliette*."

"She did, too. Girls are always leaning over balconies and switching their hair around, but I never cared for Juliet."

"I didn't either. Too fat."

"She was?"

"In the opera of her that I saw, she was."

"Fat, huh? Maybe that's why she never appealed to me. Well, come on down. Step into my parlor."

I GIGGLED, went down, and took my place in the little rocker where I had already spent so many evenings. The switchboard lights were very becoming to him; so were the earphones on his head. He looked like Satan as a youth, before his evil had become serious. His hands moved dextrously among the tubes and plugs; I noticed that his fingers were extremely long and supple, with tips that turned back a little, like those of an African or Hindu boy. He spoke to the switchboard as if it were alive: "Quiet

now, kid, take it easy, don't get hysterical,"

he said. "Take it low high C, Amelia."

Nearly every night he told me a chapter of his life's history, not his *real* life history—of that I seldom found a word—but an imaginary one.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was making veterinary surgery at Wessington? No? Honest? Well, it's kind of interesting. The Great Ampere's favorite horse was sick, see. It had horse hives. You've never heard of *horse hives*? They're fierce. They come up all over in ranges like the Appalachians and the horse is in agony: you can't really scratch with a hoof. So . . ."

Naturally he had cured the horse—by giving it injections of turpitude. I think—and had been rewarded handsomely.

"You know what he did for me? He gave me his *extra* fangs. The fangs and fangs of teeth. Well, tell you the truth, I wasn't too pleased: the youngest one was forty, and all their teeth had been filled with emeralds: when they smiled it was like a lot of Lenox Avenue locals were coming at you. But nobody can refuse a present from the Great Ampere, of course. So I brought them all back with me and turned them over to Cartier's. Got a very nice price for them, too."

"Oh, Gerald, you're so crazy," I protested admiringly. It never mattered to me that his stories were told as if someone else, someone more important, were listening. . . . My mother, at times, gave me the same feeling.

Another of his lives had been spent as organist of the great cathedral of Our Lady of Chevrolet. "See, this is how it goes," he said, demonstrating on the switchboard. "Say you're playing the Fugue by Jules Bache, for instance. This plug here, is called the Vox Humana (see, here's the Vox Angelica (Mrs. Dunphy's. Can you beat it!—and *this* one is the Vox Populi. . . . Now, see you pull this stop out (they're called stops)—and push this one in (Oh, sorry Mrs. Dunphy, my mistake)—all the time working the pedals, and pretty soon the music begins to build up and get strength, and the organ pipes are standing up there like the Ku Klux Klan, all gold and all roaring, and after a while the whole doggone church starts to rattle . . . and you feel as if you're making so much racket that you're drowning out the



noise of everything that could ever scare you or hurt you in the world. As if you were murdering those things!"

A quality in the way he spoke made me feel that at that moment we were in shoal water, somewhere just above the truth.

"I bet you really have played the organ, haven't you, Gerald?" I said. "Honestly, now, cross your heart, haven't you?"

"So it's facts we're after now, is it? Everyone's always nosing after facts, and *they* aren't anything. Sure, I have. But it was a one-horse

town; and it was the old kind that has to have the air pumped into it by hand: a thing like a pair of bellows. A fat kid used to do it for me, and every now and then he'd get lazy or forget and then the organ would kind of die out loud, w-a-a-a-h, like a mule. . . . So one day, though, who should come to town but Geraldine Farrar . . . you know who she is don't you?"

"I know *her*. Once I sat on her lap."

I had to tell him all about it before he



would go on. This was the currency with which I paid for my entertainment: descriptions of my encounters with the great. "And what's more, Mama has her signed picture right on her bedroom wall!"

"Some day I'm going to sneak some time away from this Medusa and come up and see all these pictures."

"Yes, but now go on, Gerald."

"Well, it seems Geraldine is in desperate need of an accompanist (the old one died)—and not only an accompanist, but an instrument to sing *to*. The Steinway at Weaver Brothers Auditorium has had an acute attack of mice in its felts. . . ."

By this turn of events I could see that he had safely steered his craft away from the reef and I was contented that this should be so. Gerald was my first experience of that person who seduces by withholding, whose whole personality, while trimmed with lures of wit and physical beauty, is always kept at a distance. Because of my age I not only accepted but enjoyed this, wishing nothing more; had I been older I might have joined the ranks of women who would inevitably break their ties with him by their need to draw close; who by loving the spell would break the spell.

It did not trouble me that I knew almost nothing about his true life; that he never mentioned his family or any friend. He had told me that he eked out his income by ushering at a concert hall in the afternoons, but that was all I knew about his life. It was enough for me that he was there, made me laugh, and kept me company; and that he never called me Granny, but wonderful names like Esmeralda, and Melisande.

The other tenants liked him too, and often stopped to chat on the way in or out. Even Judge Howley, an old throat-clearing, slowly petrifying magistrate, would pause and make

statuesque utterances, and Miss Geary from the third floor would shift her bundles, or set them down, and give way to conversation as swimmers give way to a strong current. In Miss Geary's case it was agreed that after ten minutes I was to slip up to our apartment, and take down the telephone receiver.

"Get me Syracuse." I would then direct, trying not to laugh.

"Syracuse? Yes sir, right away." Gerald's voice sounded very businesslike, and in another moment I could hear Miss Geary creaking her big soft self up the stairs to the floor above, and soon, drunk with conspiracy, I would tiptoe down again.

Helga adored Gerald and often brought him snacks, coffee and damp fungoid crullers, which he shared with me, and her soiled, scarred cats crept up the stairs to fawn and gargle against his legs.

My mother who had at first taken a wary view of our relationship now reassured herself as she reassured her friends, on the telephone: "Oh, Granny adores him; he's such a lovable boy. And *responsible*. Isn't he, baby?" she would ask, turning to me, and warmly I added my share to her confidence.

MY MARKS at school took a bracing turn for the better, too. The first time my report card came home with nothing but A's on it my mother took me to Schrafft's for a chocolate Luxuro Sundae. She did not know and I did not tell her that Gerald had been "helping" me with my homework. "Why strain yourself?" he said magnanimously. "I've been through all this stuff in my time, someone might as well profit by it. You have to help some, though, or they'll smell a rat. Come on, now, define a participle." He exacted a certain amount of co-operation from me, and saw to it that I copied, in my own handwriting, the themes he wrote for me. My English teacher began to single me out for praise.

Gerald always brought a book with him; for a long time it was *Jean Cristophe*, I remember, and as I scratched away with my chewed cedar pencil he would read on, doggedly. From time to time our studies were interrupted, not unpleasantly, by the staccato demands of the switchboard; by the plate-glass shudder of the vestibule door as the tenants came home, bringing with them a whiff of cold street air. Between these minor

events our silence was peaceful: the little clock hurried along its narrow path, the cooling radiator knocked with a metal knuckle.

THE one ground-floor apartment that opened onto the lobby was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Decatur, a gay pair who often went out in the evenings: Mr. Decatur with an opera hat and white scarf; his wife in a brocaded coat.

"Good evening, Gerald; good evening, dear."

Mrs. Decatur's silver slippers blinked across the parquet, and Mr. Decatur stalked at her side with the gait of a Caspian crane. For a few minutes after they had left the whole lobby smelled of *Quelques Fleurs*.

One night in May they gave a party.

"Killing all their birds with one stone," Gerald surmised, and we gaped with pleasure, as first the caterers and musicians, and then the guests, arrived. Often there were parties in the building, but this was in a different class. "They got the rugs rolled up," Helga said, "and vax on the floor slippery like ice!"

From nine o'clock on, the bell kept ringing and I opened the front door to admit the guests. I soared on a wave of narcissistic pleasure the whole evening. All the men and the fragrant ladies smiled at me, and my greedy ego feasted on praise overheard. "What a charming child!" "So *quaint*. . ."

It was a warm night. The Decatur's door was left ajar releasing sounds of gabble and music and popping corks.

At half-past-ten Mrs. Decatur came into the lobby wearing a dress of rose-colored tulle and walking rather carefully. In one hand she carried a lily-stemmed glass and in the other a plate of *petit fours*.

"Here, children, here's a little party for you, too. Such good quiet little mice. . . The champagne's for you, Gerald. Don't you go and report us to the mean old blue-noses!"

"Silent unto death!" vowed Gerald, standing up and bowing.

Mrs. Decatur blew us a kiss and returned to her party.

"Sort of like cider," Gerald said, and drank his wine at a gulp, as if he were thirsty. I concentrated on the little cakes, and when Helga came up, sloppy and agog, we gave her some, too.

"It's a real *Affair*," she said admiringly.

"The cars they got, some of them people; and shoofers! And listen to that band!"

The orchestra was playing the waltz from Sari, and suddenly Gerald leaped to his feet and grabbed Helga around the waist. "Come on, Leonora Hughes, let's show them!" He swept her into his arms and loped gracefully about the lobby carting her with him like a bundle of wash, as her Comfy slippers skidded and the hairpins rang. I jumped up and down in an ecstasy of mirth, stuffing my hair into my mouth, as though laughter must always be kept confined. The switchboard, luxuriously abandoned, buzzed and glared and all the lamp shades jingled. What joy! What madness! This was life!

How unfortunate it was that the landlord, Mr. Brainard, should have been invited to the party; that he should have let himself in at the front door just as Gerald had lifted Helga up in his arms and was doing a series of dervish turns to the accompaniment of her maniac shrieks. How unfortunate it was that at the instant of his entrance one of her gray ghastly slippers, the color and texture of lint under a bed, should have flown from her foot in a graceless arc to strike his starched white shirt front.

"Gerald!!"

"Oh, my God," said Helga. Gerald set her down, and still unsteady from the turns, they faced him.

"Finish your week out and that's the end," Mr. Brainard said in a still, furious voice. "Now get the hell over to that switchboard."

"Aw, he yust a kid," protested Helga. "He yust play, like . . ."

"You, too," Mr. Brainard said. "End of the week. You and your cats. I *relied* on you."

Helga gave him a slow northern look, and lifted one shoulder in a shrug. "Ishkabibble. Let somebody else grow mushrooms in your damn cellar," she said; then she retrieved her slipper, took her time about adjusting it to her candid bunioned foot, and left the lobby at a comfortable pace.

Mr. Brainard turned his attention to me: "And you, Grania—that's your name, isn't it? What're you doing down here? What's the matter with your mother, letting you stay up all night like this? With a grown-up man, like this?"

It felt cold, suddenly, and dirty. I wanted to defend my mother, but at the same time I was conscious of a puzzling, treasonous anger toward her, too. I said nothing, and stared at Mr. Brainard's evening shoes which after a moment walked away and in at the Decatur's door.

"Never mind, Esmeralda," Gerald said.

"He's horrid and I hate him!"

"Me, too, the dirty bastard, but never you mind. Look, you better go up. I'll come with you, shall I? It'll be my last chance to see those photographs."

"All right."

The north wall of my mother's room was covered with pictures of her theater friends, all signed with names and endearments in bold handwriting planned for the public eye.

"Sa-a-y, she's really got the whole stable, hasn't she? Mrs. Fiske! . . . Gee, and Elsie Janis. Who's this—Oh, William Faversham. . . . But where's the photo of her best beau?"

"What beau? She's got millions of them but she hasn't any *best* one."

"Sure she has. I mean the one that brings her home every night. A big man; good-looking. With a mustache. I see them out in the vestibule talking and talking."

"I never saw him."

"Honest? Oh, well, it's probably nobody. . . . Look at John Drew. He's got a profile like a codfish."

But soon Gerald's attention seemed to flag. He wandered aimlessly around the room. "I lost my ushering job last week, too," he said.

"Oh, no!"

"Yep. It ended in a mess, too. It always ends in a mess. Now this one has. And I tried. This time I honest to God tried, and still it ends in a mess. The hell with trying."

"Gerald, I can't *stand* it that you won't be here any more."

"Where will I be, I wonder? I haven't got a bean."

As I myself had not a bean there was nothing I could do to help him. But his mood changed suddenly and he smiled.

"Forget it kid. I just blew off some steam. . . . Say, who's that fellow in the uniform, without a name on him?"

I turned to look. "Oh, that's my father."

"Nice. That's a good portrait job, too. Who did it?"

I leaned toward the picture. "Somebody

spelled S-T-E-I-C-H-E-N. I don't know how you say it."

My father had been a handsome man I could see, now that time had removed him from me. He wore his lieutenant's cap at an angle. His mouth smiled. But suddenly my eye was diverted from the face in the photograph to that which was moving on its surface; I could see Gerald behind me, clearly reflected in the glass, and what was he doing so quietly and quickly? He had half turned away, and with those supple fingers of his was scooping something into his pocket from the dressing table. My memory related to me the fact that there under the light I had just seen my mother's emerald ring and her pearl necklace. Frozen, I stared at the picture and the picture in the picture. I did not turn, and the whole incident took no more than a second.

GERALD came and stood beside me. He put his hand on my shoulder, turning me toward him gently, but my shoulder knew how to slide out from under. Then he picked up a lock of my long hair and twirled it idly in his fingers. I stood patiently tethered, waiting to be released. Above his collar I could see a little pulse, a little pump in the blood, ticking steadily.

"I guess I won't see you again, Melisande."

I said nothing, waiting.

"Miss me?"

"Gerald, listen to the switchboard! You better go!"

"Oh, let it choke itself to death."

"But Mr. Brainard's down there."

"Well, all he can do is fire me and he's fired me. If he thinks I'm going to finish out the week he's crazy."

Remembering his voice it seems to me, now, that it was light and rather nasal. Was it perhaps a touch effeminate? How strange that memory can store impressions until, years later, one is ready to appraise them. And then, of course, there is the possibility that the impressions are not valid; that the emotions have discolored them, for vengeance. . . .

"Maybe I *had* better get out of here," Gerald said. "Can I give you a kiss good-by?"

"I guess so."

Cool lips touched my cheek.

"So long, Melisande."

"So long."

He hesitated, with a flicker of concern. "You're tired. Go to bed now, won't you, like a good kid?"

"All right."

When he had left I stood where I was, and soon I began to shiver. If I lifted the receiver of the telephone whose voice would answer me but his?

After a while I got into my nightgown but I did not go to bed. Instead I went into the living room to wait for my mother. From the Decatur's apartment just below came shreds of music and a sprawled sound of laughing.

At last, with terrible relief, I heard the quake of glass in the front door's closing, and in a moment not one, but two pairs of foot-steps on the stairs; two pairs on the bare hall floor outside. Then my mother's voice.

"But he's never left the switchboard before twelve—"

"Oh, sweetheart, it's all right. You'll see." This voice, a man's, I had not heard before.

"Leaving her all alone with a boy like that. I never did feel —" The key that had been rattling in the lock performed its task; the door swung open. Beside my mother, holding her against him with his arm, was a tall man with a dark mustache.

"Granny! What! What's wrong, why are you still up?" Terrified, my mother ran to me and put her arms around me.

"I thought I heard a noise," I said.

"Where, honey? Where?"

"I think . . . on the fire escape."

"Ken, go see! Off the bedroom—back there." The tall man dropped his hat on a chair and strode into the bedroom.

"Who's he?" I said.

"His name is Ken, dear. Mr. Kenneth Purdue; he's an awfully nice man, Granny, you're going to just love him. . . . Are you sure you're all right, honey?"

"Yes." The man came back again. He smiled at me.

"Nothing there now, anyway. Maybe it was a cat, Granny. Maybe it was a dream, h-m? . . . I'm glad to meet you, little girl. We're going to be great pals, did you know that?"

"All right," I said.

When I went to bed the sheets were cold; the shivering came back again in grinding spasms.

In the living-room I could hear two voices but no words, and from far away the Decatur's sickening music. All men were thieves.

LATER, when they asked me questions, I lied and said that Gerald had never been in our apartment. I repeated my story about a noise on the fire escape; and the guilt of my knowledge lodged under my ribs in an undigested lump. But in the end the summer came, the show closed, and we went to the seashore. In the fall when my mother married again, I was sent to a school in the country, and after a while I was happy enough to be able to tell them the truth; and they were happy enough to be able to leave it alone.

The apartment house still stands in 10th Street. Now and then I pass it and glance into the lobby I once knew so well. Unlike most childhood scenes viewed in maturity it has hardly shrunk at all. But there are changes. The switchboard vanished years ago; in its place a suitable Edwardian Diana bares her bronze breasts and navel to the drafts. The Tiffany glass lampshades have been replaced with plastic ones, and the plants are gone; yet the place retains its luster and decrepit style. Probably it still smells of polish; perhaps of cats. But I am never tempted to investigate.



Prose of Champions

Or, The Literary Fist in the Boxing Glove

Lee Rogow

A WORSHIP of muscularity by writers has often accompanied the sedentary, literary life, but I think I detect an upsurge in agonologophilia (a Greek term which may roughly be translated as "love of sports words"). The sports metaphor is thriving everywhere but in the sports sections, and nowhere does it flourish more verdantly than in the pages devoted to literary criticism.

Here, to define our terms, is an example of agonologophilia from a review of *Prince Bart*, in the *New York Times*, by Budd Schulberg:

This bruising novel tries to knock you down on the first page and keeps punching hard for the next 439.

The image might be forgiven Schulberg, who has written a novel about prize fighting himself, but agonologophiles are not to be found only among ring buffs. Witness the first sentence of our second example, with its delicately accentuated contrast between the language of sports and the expected preciousness of book-reviewing. This is Frederic Morton in the *New York Herald Tribune*, discussing John Phillips' *The Second Happest Day*:

Is this first novel already in the *Brideshead* league? Not quite. Mr. Waugh can needlepoint his satire. But Mr. Phillips cannot. He settles in the armchair and infuses his prose with historicity instead of life.

T. S. Eliot once wrote of the "heightened effect" of spoken poetry as compared to prose, and it may be that the use of sports words is an attempt to "heighten" the normally drab experience of reading and writing. Quentin Reynolds seemed to be making some such effort in his comments on a new novel by James Michener.

A sharp blow to the stomach doesn't hurt much; it makes you gasp, and for a moment you may lose your breath and afterwards you may feel a little shaken. Once in a great while you read a book that has the same kind of impact. As far as this observer is concerned, James A. Michener in *The Bridges at Toko-ri* has shown himself to be a master of the body blow.

UNFORTUNATELY agonologophilia, like many literary devices, has a tendency to run away with itself. Only a master hand can afford to let up on the reins, as Charles Poore did in his review of *The Return of Lanny Budd* by Upton Sinclair:

The fact that Lanny Budd has entered the international ring again (and is swinging from the floor as usual) will be cheering news for his fans the world over. . . . Lanny is the sort of fighter who couldn't hang up his gloves for long—especially nowadays with the contenders who are turning up. . . . It is a pleasure to report that Lanny has returned with the same set of reflexes and the same agile footwork and that his one-two punch is still intact. . . .

Not all sources of sports imagery, on the other hand, are at the whim of the writer. Sometimes there would seem to be little choice, as Robert Sylvester of the *New York Daily News* demonstrated when he covered a ballet called "The Filly." Who can blame him for writing his entire review in the spirit of the occasion, beginning as follows:

Dance Stakes. For maidens. Time: 25 min., 32 sec. Start good from gate. Won ridden out. Second and third driving. Winner b.f. by Todd Bolender out of Ballet Society by John Colman. Trainer, Peter Larkin.

Nor do all agonologophiles, for that matter, stick to the prize ring or the turf. They also favor the baseball diamond—as Gene Fowler, quoted on a dust jacket of *Stay Away, Joe*, by Dan Cushman, likens the author to Mickey Mantle. Such comparisons are of particular interest to students of the trend, or agonologophobes. Imagine their delight in finding one made by the patron saint, or tsar, of agonologophilia, as quoted by Leonard Lyons:

The Champ: Ernest Hemingway was asked last week whether he plans to take a rest after his long siege of work, climaxed recently by his Pulitzer Prize award. "Not for a while," said Hemingway. "I'm like a ball player who hates to change his uniform while he is winning. I'm three books ahead of the batter now, and want to try three more stories before I go in for overhaul."*

WHILE the reviewers of books, plays, ballets, etc., seem to draw imagery from any sport at random, political commentators—with few exceptions, and for reasons I am unable to discover—rely on the

*The custom of retiring a pitcher for overhaul after every six—what? throws, innings, games?—is, as far as I know, Mr. Hemingway's own contribution to the literature.

gridiron. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writing in the *New York Post*, provides the following all-inclusive example:

What is the President's attitude toward McCarthy? One student of the White House offers the following explanation: "The President," this observer suggests, "regards McCarthy as a brilliant but wayward halfback. You wouldn't want him on the first team; you certainly wouldn't want him as a quarterback; and, when he is given the ball, he is capable of running toward the wrong goal line. Also he is offside a good deal of the time. But he is a brilliant broken field runner, a daring passer, a great man for recovering fumbles, an audacious and ruthless tackler; he has piled up a lot of yardage and scored many touchdowns. He's the kind of man that the President feels that you certainly want to keep on the squad."

Since the *New York Post* opposes McCarthy, it is worth noting as an example of bipartisan agonologophilia, or fair-playmanship, that Mr. Schlesinger's colleague Barry Gray later used the same term in connection with Rudolph Halley, whom the *Post* supported. Mr. Gray uses the rare construction in which *a* is likened not only to *b* but also to *c*, though *b* and *c* are dissimilar:

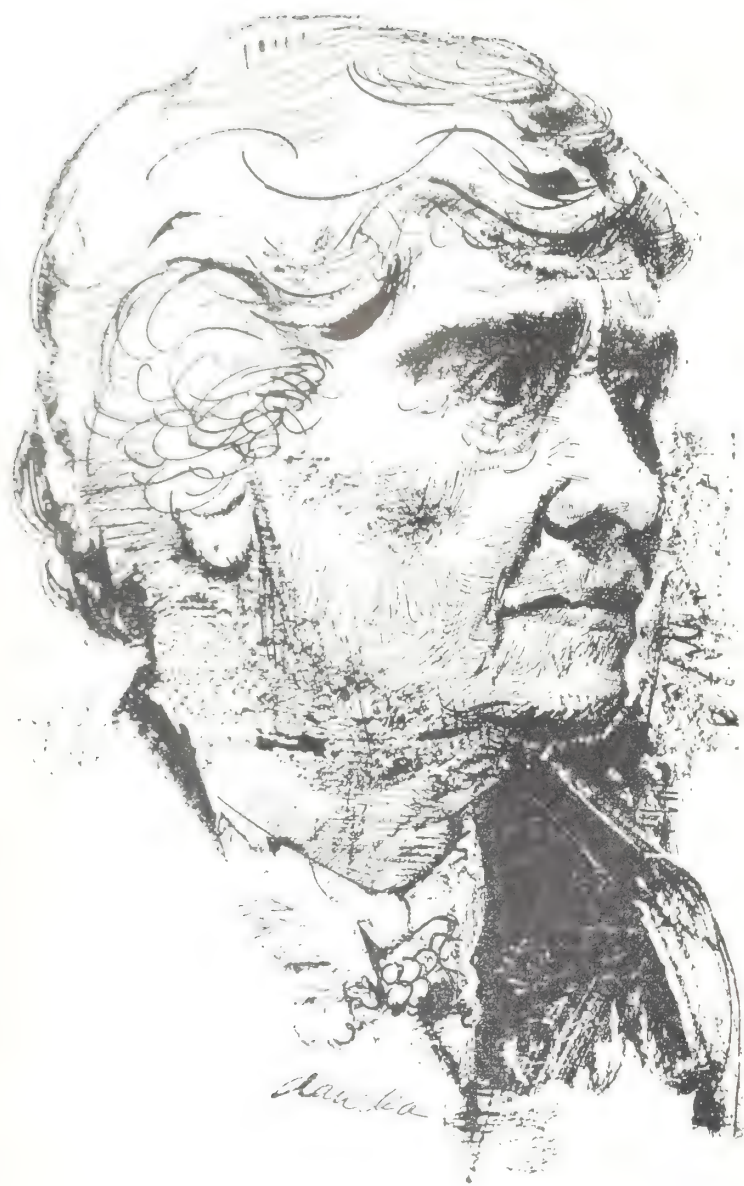
Rudolph Halley is one of the most adept broken field runners in local politics. Halley . . . has not yet dropped the ball. The opening in the line this week was wide enough for the proverbial truck. Halley ran through for a touchdown without even bruising his fenders.

This clearly gives Halley the edge over McCarthy, who has been called many things but not—up to the moment of writing—a truck. It also shows Gray to be a terrific infighter, since he was able to meet the ball solidly while clearing the water jump without being thrown for a loss. Any questions?

Bargain

There never is trouble in finding a spouse
For the ebriated man with the lapidated house.

—Felicia Lamport



Helen Keller

Van Wyck Brooks

poleon and Helen Keller. Yet there she was in St. Augustine, still young, in 1932, and here she continues to be twenty-two years later.

I remember one phrase she uttered then, interpreted by her companion (for, never having heard her own voice, her speech was turbid): a phrase referring to the subway in New York that "opened its jaws like a great beast," which struck me at the moment as reminiscent of the prophets in the Bible. I was not aware then how steeped she was in the language of the Bible, which I later heard her expound with Biblical scholars; nor did I know how familiar she was, literally, with the jaws of beasts, for she had once stroked a lion's mouth. The lion, it is true, was young and well fed in advance, but nevertheless she entered its cage boldly; for her "teacher," as she always called Anne Sullivan, the extraordinary woman who developed her mind, wished her to meet experiences of every sort.

WHEN I was in St. Augustine, Florida, in the winter of 1932, Helen Keller appeared at the Cathedral Lyceum, and I went to see and hear her there, drawn by curiosity, such as one feels for any world-famous person. For Helen Keller was not only famous but she had been so from the age of ten, when she had sat on Edward Everett Hale's knee and Queen Victoria asked Phillips Brooks about her. A ship was named after her in 1890, and, while Oliver Wendell Holmes had published a letter of hers in one of his books, she had visited Whittier in his house on the Merrimac river. President Grover Cleveland had received her in the White House, as other presidents were to do in after years, and Mark Twain had said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century were, quite simply, Na-

The daughter of a Confederate officer, Miss Keller was born on an Alabama farm and knew cows, mules, and horses from her earliest childhood; they had eaten apples from her hand and never harmed her; and her teacher, feeling that she should know wild animals as well, introduced her early to the zoo of a circus. She shook hands with a bear, she patted a leopard, she was lifted up to feel the ears of a giraffe. She encouraged elephants to wind their trunks about her neck and big snakes wrapped their coils about her, so that Helen Keller, for this reason partly, grew up without fear, and she has remained both physically and morally fearless. The only animals she has not touched are the panther and the tiger, for the tiger is "wanton," as I once heard her say, an appropriate word but characteristic of a mind that has been fed from books instead of the give-and-take of everyday talk.

At that time I knew little of Helen Keller's life and mind, and I could not have guessed that a few years later I was to be her neighbor, seeing her often. My old friend the sculptor Jo Davidson brought us together, just as her own feeling for sculpture had drawn her to Jo Davidson, because Helen Keller "saw" with her hands. She has "ten eyes for sculpture," as Professor Gaetano Salvemini said when, in 1950, she visited Florence, and he arranged for her to see Michelangelo's Medici tombs and the sculpture of Donatello in the Bargello. Salvemini had movable scaffolds set up so that she could pass her hands over the Medici heads and St. John the Baptist, the figures of Night and Day and the Madonna and Child; and our friend Jo, who was present, said he had never seen these sculptures before as when he watched her hands wandering over the forms. She peered as it were into every crevice and the subtlest modulations, exclaiming with pleasure as she divined the open mouth of the singing youth and murmuring over the suckling infant, "Innocent greed!" She had quoted in *The World I Live In* a saying of Ghiberti about some sculptured figure he had seen in Rome, that "its most exquisite beauties could not be discovered by the sight but only by the touch of the hand passed over it." To how much else and to how many others her "seeing hand" has led her first or last! It has been her passport to the world outside her.

FOR the world in which she lives herself is built of touch-sensations, devoid of physical color and devoid of sound, and she has written much about the hand by which she lives and which takes the place of the hearing and sight of others. Exploring the faces of her friends and people whom she has just met, she reads them as if she were clairvoyant, and she can distinguish the Yankee twang and the Southern drawl she has never heard by touching two or three spots on the throats of the speakers.

She says that hands are quite as easy to recognize as faces and reveal the secrets of the character more openly, in fact, and she can tell from hands at once whether people have large natures or whether they have only "dormouse valor." In the soft smooth roundness of certain hands, especially of the rich who have never known toil, she feels a certain chaos of the undeveloped; and, in her land of

darkness and silence, she can feel with her own hands the beautiful, the strong, the weak, the comic.

She had early learned geography from maps that her teacher made out of clay or sand on the banks of the Tennessee river, feeling mountains and valleys and following the course of other rivers, and she relates in *The Story of My Life* how, in 1893, she virtually saw with her fingers the World's Fair in Chicago. It is true that the inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, one of her early admirers, was there with her and described to her some of the sights in the deaf-and-dumb "system," but he had arranged for her to touch all the objects in the bazaars, the relics of ancient Mexico, the Viking ship. She had taken in with her finger tips the Arabian Nights of the fair as she had learned to read from the raised letters of Braille.

IT is natural that Helen Keller has dwelt at length in her books on the hand by which alone the blind are able to see. She very early dedicated her own life to the cause of the education of the blind—doubly handicapped as she was and the only one so handicapped who has ever become a thoroughly well-educated person. (The only possible exception is Robert Smithdas, who graduated from St. John's University in 1952.) Because she was handicapped, because two of her senses were cut off, nature augmented her three remaining senses, not the sense of touch alone but the sense of taste and the sense of smell, which others regard, she says, as a "fallen angel."

In her these are all exceptionally acute and alert. She tells in her *Journal* how in London, passing through a gate, she knew at once by the smell of burning leaves, with the smell of the grass, that she was in Green Park, and she says she can always distinguish Fifth Avenue from humbler New York streets by the odors issuing from the doors as she walks past. She knows the cosmetics that women are using and the kind of coffee they are roasting within and whether they use candles and burn soft coal or wood, just as she recognized St. Louis from the smell of the breweries miles away and Peoria from the smell of the whisky stills. "Listening" with her feet, she says, in a hotel dining-room, she knows the moods and characters of people who walk past her, whether

thing or form or indecisive, active or lazy, careless, timid, weary, angry, or sad; and she will exclaim, "What lovely white lilacs!", knowing they are white by touch or smell, for the texture and perfume white lilacs differ from purple. Sometimes, hearing her say these things, I have thought of Edward Sheldon, my blind friend who remarked to Cornelia Otis Skinner, "Your hair is dark, isn't it? I can tell from your voice." Helen Keller, who cannot hear voices, feels vibrations. When an orchestra plays, she follows the music waves along the floor; and, detecting on her desk upstairs the vibration of the bell from the pantry below, she answers with a shuffle of the feet, "Coming down!"

All this gave rise in early years to legends of a "wonder girl" that always annoyed Helen Keller—for she is the embodiment of humor and simple good sense—as well as to rumors in Europe that she was the last word in "American bluff," which led to various efforts to discredit and expose her. The girl who had "found the Blue Bird," as Maeterlinck put it, was said never to be tired or discouraged or sad, and all sorts of supernatural faculties were attributed to her, especially the gift of making uncanny predictions.

BUT, while Anne Sullivan took pains to keep her from being a prodigy, and no one found anything to expose, it was impossible to conceal the fact that she had a remarkable mind and even perhaps a still more remarkable will. Speaking of this, Emma Goldman said she proved that the human will had "an almost illimitable power"; and what could one say of an intellect as handicapped as hers that, at eighteen, carried her so far in so many directions? If she did not master, she learned much of geometry, algebra, physics, with botany, zoology, and the philosophy that she knew well, while she wrote good letters in French, as later she spoke German, reading Latin too when she went to college. Unable to hear lectures or take notes, she graduated with honors at Radcliffe, where she wrote her autobiography in the class of Mr. Copeland, the famous "Copey" who said she showed that she could write better, in some of her work, than any other man or woman he had had as a pupil.

It was Anne Sullivan who had invented the methods of connecting mind with mind that

made all this possible, of course—and that seemed to be "superhuman," as Einstein remarked; although Helen all but outstripped her perceptive teacher and retained all that she took in. Few of the required books were printed for the blind, and she had to have whole books spelled into her hand, while, always examining, observing, reflecting, surrounded by darkness and silence, she wrote that she found music and brightness within. Through all her thoughts flashed what she supposed was color. With her native traits of pluck and courage, energy, tenacity, she was tough-minded and independent also, and her only fear was of writing something that she had been told or that she had read, something that was not out of her own life and mind.

II

THIS was the girl who had evolved from the headstrong child whom Anne Sullivan had found in Alabama and whom she had taken at the age of eight to the Perkins Institution in Boston where Helen afterward visited off and on. There she encountered Laura Bridgman, the first deaf-and-dumb person who had ever been taught to communicate with her fellow-creatures, Dr. Howe's celebrated pupil whom Dickens had written about and who was a contrast indeed to the "young colt" Helen. Laura Bridgman was shocked, in fact, by her impulsive movements and rebuked her for being too forward, robust as she was, while the statue-like motionless Laura, with her cool hands, struck Helen as like a flower that has grown in the shade.

A much more interesting personality, and ruddily healthy from the start, Helen herself was to grow up fond of sports, riding a horse and a bicycle tandem, playing cards and chess and all but completely self-reliant. Moreover, she was never guarded from the knowledge of evil, and, fully informed as she always was about the seamy sides of life, the mind that she developed was realistic. Nothing could have been more tonic than Helen Keller's bringing up, under the guidance of Anne Sullivan, on the farm in Alabama. They read and studied out of doors on the riverbank, in the woods, in the fields, in the shade, as Helen remembered, of a wild tulip tree, and the fragrance of the mimosa blossoms, the pine needles, and the grapes were blended

with all her early lessons. She learned about the sun and rain, and how birds build their nests, about squirrels, frogs, wild flowers, rabbits, and insects; and, as it came back to her, everything that sang or bloomed, buzzed or hummed was part of her education.

It might have been supposed, meanwhile, that the Perkins Institution also influenced Helen in various ways, for she carried through life what seemed to be the stamp of the reformist mind that the great Dr. Howe represented. An old Yankee abolitionist, Samuel Gridley Howe was concerned for all the desolate and all the oppressed, and Helen has written with the same indignation and grief about lynching and anti-Semitism and the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. Usually on the unpopular side, and for years a follower of Debs, she was almost a social outcast in certain circles when Mark Twain, who hated injustice—and was a special friend of hers—said there were worse things than being blind. It was worse to have eyes and not to see. Helen liked Mark Twain all the better because, as she wrote in *Midstream*, he did not temper his words to suit feminine ears, because “his talk was fragrant with tobacco and flamboyant with profanity,” while, with his tender heart, he matched her tough mind. It pleased her when, bidding her good night, he said she would find in the bathroom not only Bourbon and Scotch but plenty of cigars.

HELEN’S realism, along with her social imagination, developed in her the planetary mind, so that on her tours to help the blind in all the six continents she has read in every country the signs of the times. With an outlook that was molded more or less by Emerson and Whitman, along with the New Church doctrines that are her religion—for she was early convinced by Swedenborg’s writings—she has become a world citizen who stands for the real America that public men so often misrepresent. She has understood Japan and Greece and especially perhaps the Bible lands, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Israel, where she has lectured at universities from Cairo to Jerusalem and where new schools for the blind have risen as she passed. Reaching out to meet the minds of all sorts and conditions of men, she comprehends their needs and aspirations, so that she is a true spokesman of our multiracial country

that is already a vestibule of the coming “one world.”

III

Now it happens that, living myself in Connecticut, not far from Helen Keller, I have taken a few notes about her in recent years, jotting down chance remarks of hers and other memoranda, comments that from time to time she has suggested. I offer some of these, unconnected as they are, as follows:

July 1945

Helen has been out picking blueberries today. She has only to touch them to know when they are ripe.

The paths and garden at her house are all so perfectly kept that I exclaimed over them. Helen does it. In summer she is up at five every morning, edging the driveway and the paths. She asks Herbert [Herbert Haas, who drives the car and runs the house] what she should do next. Then she weeds the flower beds. She distinguishes by touch between the flowers and the weeds.

Helen comes to dinner, bringing her checkerboard for a little game.

I had happened on a poem “To Helen Keller” by Edmund Clarence Stedman, published in 1888, fifty-seven years ago. Richard Watson Gilder also addressed a poem to her, and both these poets had written sonnets and odes to Lincoln at the time of his death. Now, halfway through another century, Helen looks at times, and even very often, like a young girl. How many poems were written to her by Robert Frost and others in the good old days when poetry was still “public.”

Dinner with Helen and Salvemini at Professor Robert Pfeiffer’s. Our Florentine hostess Mrs. Pfeiffer played an Italian song. Helen stood by with her left hand on the piano top, waving her right hand, keeping time. In this way she knows by heart Beethoven’s “Ninth Symphony” and recognizes many other compositions.

Someone asked her how she tells the difference between day and night. “Oh,” she said, “in the day the air is lighter, odors are lighter, and there is more motion and more vibration in the atmosphere. At night there is less vibration; the air is dense and one feels less motion in things.”

With Helen and Polly Thomson [Anne Sullivan’s successor] in New York, at a small political meeting in the Hotel Astor. Maury

William was with us, just back from England, marveling over the work of the English surgeons in the war. Vice-President Truman had come up from Washington to make a short speech, and we were all introduced to him. Later Helen said, "He has an open hand. There are no crooks in his fingers." She grasps character instantly. Truman was deeply touched by Helen. He was in tears when she spoke to him.

SEPTEMBER 1945

Today, more than usually, an air of Scotland pervades Helen's house. In the first place, it is called Arcan Ridge after an old farmhouse in the Scottish Highlands, and Polly Thomson, who has been with Helen since 1914, speaks with a livelier than ever Scottish accent. But this evening William Allan Neilson comes to dinner, the president of Smith College who was one of Helen's professors at Radcliffe and learned the manual alphabet to talk with her there. (He was one of my old professors at Harvard too, and now he is the only person living who, meeting me, aged sixty, invariably addresses me as "Boy.") Neilson still speaks broad Scots, almost every word with "hair on it," as Rudolph Ruzicka said of another Scotsman.

After dinner the talk fell on Scottish songs. Helen went upstairs to her study—for she knows her way perfectly about the house—and brought down a two-volume collection of Scottish songs in Braille which the publishers in Edinburgh had sent her. She read the table of contents with her fingers rapidly, found a song she wanted, turned the pages and read it out to us—a Highland "wail from Skye," as Polly put it.

With Helen and Polly to the harvest festival at the Jewish Theological Seminary far uptown in New York. Midday meal in the Sukkah, the festival tent set up in the quadrangle. The walls were hung with all the fruits of the season, or all the fruits of the Holy Land that are mentioned in the Bible. We sat with the president of the Seminary, Dr. Louis Finkelstein, and the famous Hebrew scholar, Dr. Saul Lieberman. For a moment I thought of the New Testament scene in the Temple at Jerusalem, for Helen surprised these great Jewish doctors with her knowledge of the Bible. I remembered what she wrote in *Midstream*: she had read her Braille Bible so often that in many places the dots had been rubbed off.

Listening to the Hebrew grace with her fingers on Dr. Finkelstein's lips, she said, "It is like the voice of the Lord upon many waters, the Lord of Glory, thundering."

Then she said, "The Bible is the only book that reaches up to the times in which we live. It

speaks knowingly of the sun, the skies, the sea, and the beauty of distant stars. . . . There are no differences in men. Differences are only as the variation in shadows cast by the sun."

After lunch we rode down town in a Broadway bus to the Grand Central Station. Helen likes to feel the crowd around her. Suddenly she said, "There is a painter in the bus." I looked around and, sure enough, there was a house painter sitting in a corner at the other end of the bus, twenty feet away.

July 1946

Dinner at Helen's. She is ready for any adventure. We talked about the gypsies and Conrad Bercovici, and I told her how Bercovici had taken me through the East Side one night where the gypsies were camping out in the cellars of old warehouses. Obligated to come into the city so that their children could go to school, they lived in these abandoned cellars just as they lived on the road in summer. They even set up tents and built campfires on the concrete floors, while their young women told fortunes on the streets.

In Polly's hand Helen's fingers rippled with excitement. She asked me to remind Bercovici of his promise to take her though the East Side and show her the gypsies.

October 1949

Helen comes to dinner. . . . One of our friends asked Helen how she had come to understand abstractions. She said she had found that good apples were sweet and that there were also bad apples that were bitter. Then she learned to think of the sweetness and bitterness apart from the apples. She grasped the idea of sweetness and bitterness in themselves. Sir Alfred Zimmern, at dinner with us, my friend since the days when he wrote *The Greek Commonwealth* forty years ago, listening to Helen, exclaimed, "She is exactly following the method of Plato's dialogues." And indeed her words and their rhythm were Platonic.

The fact is that Helen has a philosophic mind. She relates in her little book *My Religion* how, when she was twelve or so, she suddenly said to her teacher, "I have been in Athens." She meant, of course, in imagination, for she had been reading about Greece, but observe what followed in her thinking. She instantly perceived that the "realness" of her mind was independent of conditions of place and body, that she had vividly seen and felt a place thousands of miles away precisely because she had a mind. How else could one explain this being "in Athens"? From that moment, she continued, "Deafness and blindness were of no real account. They were to be relegated to the outer circle of my life."

Is not that real philosophy, the life of reason?

Christmas 1951

Helen has a way of bursting out with the most surprising remarks at table. Today she was full of Thucydides and the Peloponnesian war, about which she had been reading this Christmas morning. "What a stupid war!—the stupidest war in history," she said, shaking her head in mournful disapproval. She had been brooding and grieving over this war, which destroyed the democracy of Athens. For the rest, she was sure there was nothing about war that Thucydides did not know.

The other day she burst out about a certain Evelyn Cheesman, an English entomologist who had written wonderful things, she said, about insects. Helen had read her in one of the Braille magazines, no doubt—whether English, American, French, or German, for Helen reads them all.

Polly took her up. "What's this, Helen? Who is this Evelyn Cheesman?" Polly likes to tease her, and she is sometimes severe with her. For instance, if Helen makes a mistake in typewriting one of her letters Polly makes her copy the page again. (Usually Helen's typing is like an expert stenographer's, but the other day there were a few dim lines in one of her letters and she added this postscript: "Polly says the writing of this machine doesn't please her critical eye. My apologies. H.K.")

To return to the lady entomologist, Helen is charmingly eager about these shining new bits of knowledge. She has the earnest innocence of a ten-year-old child. Often, on the other hand, she speaks like an oracle, or, as one might say, an Asiatic sage. In spite of her incessant work, much of her life is still spent in solitary meditation, alone in the dark with her own thoughts, or with the Bible or the classics; and, as she lives in her way as the old prophets lived in the desert, many of her words inspire a kind of reverential wonder. She naturally uses archaic and poetic expressions of the sort that children pick up in their reading, words that are seldom heard in the ordinary talk that she only hears when the ever-alert Polly passes it on to her.

(I must add, what all their friends know, that Polly is in her way as extraordinary a person as Helen. Without her vitality and her diplomatic sense what could Helen do in her journeys about the world? And what inexhaustible buoyancy both of them have! I have seen them together on a midnight train, when everyone else was asleep, smiling and chatting like birds on a branch in the morning.)

lives much in eternity and much in history, but she only lives in time when she is able to keep up with the news. This week she returned from a two-months' absence in South America, and she has not had a moment yet to catch up with the newspapers and magazines. Unable to talk politics, she talks at table about Pepys's Diary, which our host Stuart Grummon is reading. She fishes up two or three facts about Pepys that I had forgotten or never knew, remembered from her own reading twenty years ago.

What variety there is in her mind! She is interested in everything. One day she recalled to me the dancing of La Argentina, though how she conceived of this so well I cannot imagine. Another day she quoted at length from a poem by Robinson Jeffers, who once told me he had seen Helen's name in the register of a hotel in the Orkney Islands. And what happy phrases come to her mind. Some children spelled words into her hand and she said their small fingers were like "the wild flowers of conversation."

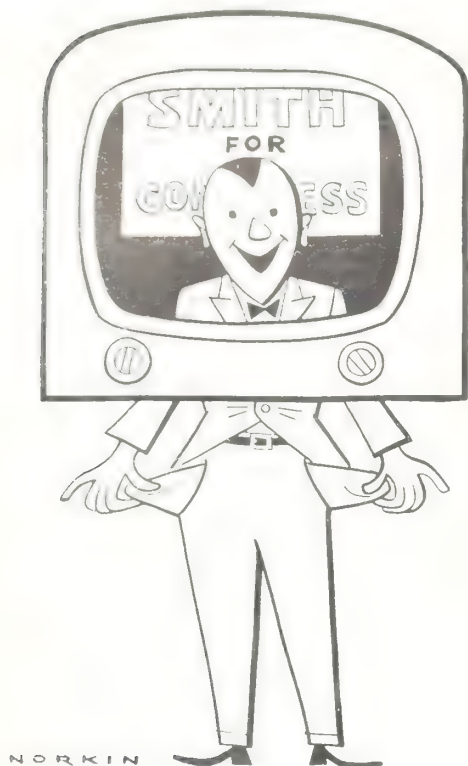
ABOUT Helen Keller, it seems to me, William James uttered the last word when he wrote, "The sum of it is that you are a *blessing*": a verdict that has been ratified in hundreds of hospitals throughout the world where she has all but raised the dead. Some day the story will be told of the miracles she has performed, or what would have passed for miracles in less case-hardened ages, when the blind have opened inward eyes and really seen life for the first time after Helen Keller has walked and talked with them.

How many, meanwhile, may have thought of her while reading the colonel's soliloquy at the end of Arthur Koestler's *The Age of Longing*, observing that American women are all too busy "playing bridge" to be "cut out for the part of martyrs and saints. . . . American womanhood," the colonel went on, "has produced no Maid of Orleans, no Rosa Luxembourgs or Madame Curies, no Brontës or Florence Nightingales or Krupskayas," and one might add that it seldom produces anyone as rash as various people who generalize about it. For how many types there are in our teeming population! One might easily suggest a list to set beside the list this fictional colonel has drawn from three or four countries. The names of Jane Addams and Emily Dickinson would appear somewhere on such a list, and I dare say that for not a few the name of Helen Keller would figure as leading all the rest.

June 1953

Helen is seventy-three years old today. She

A leading young Republican adds up the price of running for office—in dollars and in personal sacrifice. Where the money comes from . . . what strings are tied to it . . . and why most Americans can't afford to help run their government.



What It Costs to Run for Office

Henry V. Poor

be worth undertaking only if I could raise enough money to attract attention: to get my name before the voters, to get Roosevelt to debate some live issues, and to restore some semblance of a two-party system in the District he represented. But I had no idea what amount of money was involved.

I had seen a good deal of politics from the sidelines, as an active amateur, in Young Republican circles. I knew it was expensive. I was giving far more time to it than I had any right to do in the interests of my family—and I could not afford to sink into my campaign, funds I had to spend on rent, food, and education for my children.

ONE midsummer Friday in 1950, Thomas J. Curran, the Republican County Chairman of New York County, telephoned to ask whether I would accept his party's nomination as its candidate for Congress from New York's 20th Congressional District. (This District comprises the west side of Manhattan Island, from 26th to 116th Streets, west of Eighth and Columbus Avenues. It was—and still is—represented in Congress by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. The District has not had a Republican Congressman within recent memory.) The telephone call was as unexpected as it was unsolicited—so much so I thought Curran was kidding. He told me I could have the weekend to think over his proposal, but I must let him know in a few days because the time for putting in the official slate of candidates would soon expire.

I had a wife, three children, and a law practice that might have been called budding. My prospective opponent's name was a household word all over the country. I knew that my chances of winning were nil. Inasmuch as mine would be a sacrifice candidacy, it would

ACCORDINGLY, I devoted the first part of the weekend to the telephone, asking friends in and out of politics how much money I would have to raise to fight a creditable campaign. Those with most experience agreed that I ought to have \$25,000, but that \$15,000 was an absolute minimum.

The rest of the weekend I spent, also on the telephone, trying to raise the \$15,000. Since it was late July most of my friends were vacationing, and when Monday morning came around, I had raised none of it. I got through to the chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee to ascertain what might be expected from his Committee's funds. He hedged but implied I might expect to receive up to \$500 (which never materialized). Tom Curran promised to, and did, pay

a few bills—for posters and other kinds of traditional political advertising. I knew these bills wouldn't amount to more than \$500. Several more days' telephoning (which probably cost ten dollars) gave hopes of barely \$1,000—or a fifteenth of the agreed minimum.

Because I was young, and had the bug, I accepted the nomination. The generosity of relatives and friends, prodded by volunteer helpers, actually brought in nearly \$15,000—and I don't believe one contributor thought I had a chance of winning. I didn't win. I got soundly beaten—not so badly as I'd feared, but soundly. I enjoyed every moment of the campaign, got a feeling of being close to the people as a whole which I shall never forget—and received some wonderful publicity, including gratifying editorial support.

Getting Started in Politics

BUT ever since, I've thought of that mid-summer weekend, and the \$15,000. I was startled by the discovery that a campaign so unimportant as mine could cost so much. I was disturbed by the minute assistance I got from my party (I received exactly nothing from the Congressional Campaign Committee). I have made a point of talking finances with my more successful political friends. I've found that it's not a popular topic with them.

As my own living expenses have increased, and as I watched developments during the 1952 campaign, with the outcry over the Nixon affair and the Stevenson funds, I've done some hard thinking about money and politics. I've wondered how I'd have fared financially if I had been elected. I've had to revise many of my own ideas, alter some convictions about doing what one seems suited to, letting finances take care of themselves. This kind of thinking isn't always pleasant.

I have reluctantly concluded that American politics is either a rich man's business, or the business of the venturesome political careerist who seeks to acquire fame that will enable him, when defeated, to move into a position at least as well paying as he might have been able to achieve outside of politics. Something seems to have gone out of politics as a result: the concept of politics as public service in the highest sense. If present trends continue, politics can be pursued only at the end of a financially successful

career elsewhere, or as a highly risky means of self-advancement. I have found so much ignorance of the basic facts of politics, so little public concern regarding the inter-relationship of money and politics, that it seems useful to try to pass on some of the things I've learned through my own experience.

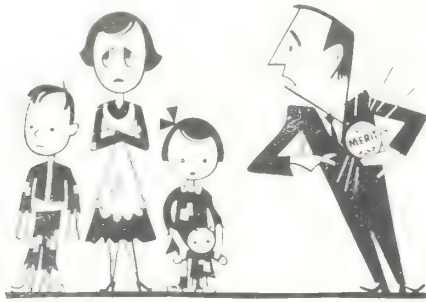
Political activity is a field closed to many persons, and the reason is basically financial. It requires either leisure—more than most people enjoy—or independence that comes only when one is one's own boss. Many employers don't favor their employees' engaging in politics, particularly employers such as banks and utilities, who fear their public relations will suffer if the company is identified as either Republican or Democratic. My brother, who lives in a typical well-to-do suburb of a large city, told the utility for which he worked that he was helping a group of neighbors who were trying to persuade the party leaders to nominate someone other than the local Congressman; he was told, quite firmly, that such activity was inconsistent with his employment. Law firms, whose junior associates become politically active, are likely to be concerned lest a junior think of his future before the firm's. The fortunes of politics are so varied that most employers find it hard to appreciate the value to them of a politically active subordinate.

Getting Nominated

RIGHT at the start, then, the man who needs to earn his living by working for someone else finds restrictions on his political doings. If he is determined that politics is his best outlet, he must either move directly into the ranks of the careerists, subjecting himself and his family to the threat of losing his job when his party loses at the polls; or he must put his political ambitions on ice and trust they can be thawed out when he has made enough money or entrenched himself in an association where he can control his own time—and this will take him many years. The financial problem is with him from the earliest stages.

Political parties don't give their nominations to people who merely show an interest. To convince the local leader that you have earned a nomination—and can be trusted with it—long, hard work is re-

quired, mostly at night: serving the party at the lowest level by stamping envelopes, working on campaign rallies, talking with voters and doing them small favors. (Such work is too humdrum for many persons, particularly the average intellectual who soon lets it be known it is beneath his brain power. And it is hard for a man well up the ladder of his own profession to realize that the business of politics has its own ladder, and that everyone is expected to start at the bottom.)



THEREFORE, time rather than cash is the basic ingredient in the nomination process—time that if spent earning money would have a decided dollar value.

Here again the conflict cannot be avoided. There are only twenty-four hours in the day. If eight go for sleeping, eight for earning a living, three for eating, one for getting to and from work, only four hours remain. Who gets them? The employer, or politics? The family, or the public? And here is where the careerist has the edge. He may be a clerk in an assessor's office, or in the courts. He has no long-range security, but while his party is in power he has a rare advantage over the insurance salesman, or the newspaper reporter, or even the young lawyer who probably has few clients and therefore has a boss. The careerist learns who the powers in his party are, and how they operate—he gets to know them personally. They come to know who the careerist is, how he reacts, how far he can be trusted. They have an opportunity to discipline him to their way of thinking, to instill in him the conviction that party loyalty is the inviolable principle of political life.

Is there much question which of the two the political leader will select as the party's nominee? The careerist is a known quantity, whereas the politically ambitious insurance salesman, or cub reporter, or young lawyer is a gamble.

There are, of course, situations where the

usual rules don't apply. My candidacy was one such: (a) the careerists were reluctant to tangle with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who is both glib and adept at persuading audiences that all Republicans are either Neanderthal or naïve; (b) accordingly, a logical Republican opponent was someone who was not a professional, and who belonged somewhere to the left of the Republican center, wherever that may be; (c) my previous political activities, although unorthodox, had shown no disrespect for the role of a party organization. Tom Curran may have gambled in nominating me, but the stakes were low because of the virtual certainty that I would be defeated.

From the leader's viewpoint, the elderly or retired man of affairs, who has kept his political ambition alive in the process of making a fortune, is just as great a risk as the young lawyer, if not more so. Men who make fortunes are likely to be positive, disinclined to follow the dictates of any political leader or party committee, sure they know all the answers, and unpracticed in the political arts of compromise, conciliation, charm, and loyalty.

Under the best of circumstances, therefore, nomination is the culmination of a process of building political capital. Like any capital asset, its acquisition takes time and money—usually more time than money, but in a very real sense, a lot of both.

These remarks apply *only* to getting nominated the *easy* way: designation by the party officials without any contest. There are many districts in the United States where nomination is a fought-for prize. These are either one-party districts where nomination by the dominant party is tantamount to election, or closely contested districts where nomination by Republicans or Democrats can equally well result in election. In 1950 a friend of mine spent some \$20,000 on a fight for his party's nomination in a municipal Midwestern district, only to lose the election itself after spending almost as much more. And when Clifford P. Case, the popular Republican Congressman from Rahway, New Jersey, was denied his party's nomination for Governor by the Republican organization in 1953, and decided to fight for the nomination in the primary, he found that all the pledges of financial help he could obtain were seri-

ously short of what he would need for the primary alone—to say nothing of the election campaign. Case withdrew from the race, and later resigned his seat in Congress. The result was that a Democratic candidate who had the imagination to back Case's record was elected, and the Republican party suffered a heavy blow to its prestige. Money and politics were certainly intertwined in New Jersey in 1953.

Getting Elected

GETTING elected to Congress may cost anywhere from nothing to a small fortune. This is a fact often lost sight of in discussions of American politics.

The only inexpensive way of getting elected is to receive an uncontested nomination from the dominant party in a one-party area like Georgia or Maine. In other areas, a pattern of campaigning has developed which is extremely expensive. First, a campaign for Congress takes the candidate's full time. Right away, therefore, the candidate moves into another world from the one he has known. He must have the funds to support himself and his family during the campaign.

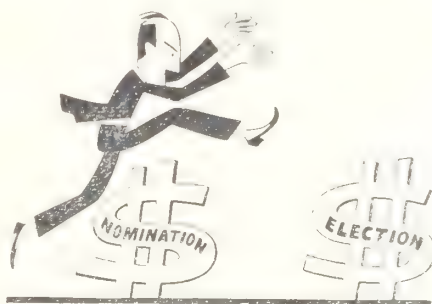
Second, he must establish a headquarters. In some cases, the party organization may find a room for the candidate in its headquarters, but he will usually need his own separate space, for a variety of reasons. "Headquarters" means rent, furniture, typewriters, at least one telephone—and personnel to attend to the innumerable details that come up daily, personnel to shield the candidate from favor-seekers and crackpots. Such personnel can seldom be obtained for nothing. Not everyone can serve in a headquarters with the necessary tact and patience.

Third, therefore, paid workers are needed to staff the headquarters, and they are expensive. (I was lucky: both the Young Men's and Young Women's Republican Clubs in New York City contributed literally thousands of hours to my campaign, free. They addressed envelopes, and canvassed the voters by telephone. They appeared with me, and for me, on street corners. To attract crowds, they even heckled me when I was speaking—one of them so well I had trouble answering his questions. But even so, I had to pay several workers in my headquarters.)

Fourth, literature about the candidate must

be (a) prepared, (b) printed, and (c) distributed throughout the district. The expense involved is startling, although anyone can figure it out: it costs at least five cents to print and mail one piece of literature or "throwaway." The average Congressional district contains 150,000 voters, so that to distribute a single sheet of paper costs \$7,500. Direct mailing is the only sure way of getting the candidate's personal platform or message into the home, but \$7,500 is a lot of money.

Fifth, with radio and television becoming increasingly the media for talking to the voter, most candidates are unable to avoid the expense of going on the air. The growing use of television for campaign purposes may well revolutionize campaigns as a whole. (Radio, lacking the visual impact of television, had only a moderate effect in replacing old-time methods such as literature, parades, and rallies.)



IT WAS so hard put to it to stir up interest in my campaign that I went on the air over a New York City station for fifteen minutes a week for *fourteen* weeks before Election Day. In these programs, which cost \$150 each, I discussed issues from food prices to foreign policy, and developed what seemed an unchallengeable issue: Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.'s strikingly low attendance record in Congress. I presented this issue from every conceivable angle. I asked the people of the district whether they wanted to be represented in Washington or not, whether they thought their Congressman should be there at least a third of the time to speak up for them.

Except for these radio programs, however, my campaign tactics were geared to my low budget. They consisted, first, of standing on different street corners night after night (on a small platform with an American flag and a sign bearing my name), answering *all* questions, making a speech only in response to a

question, trying to show the people of the District that although I was a Republican, (a) there were no horns growing on my head, and (b) I had done some thinking of my own on key issues.

Then I had four or five indoor debates with Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., which he invariably closed with skillful bows to the flag, to the founding fathers—and to the common man. Finally, I met personally as many as possible of the rabbis, priests, and ministers in the District—as well as the editors of all city newspapers. In these interviews, I never mentioned politics, and made it clear that I'd asked to meet them just because of their prominence in the community I might conceivably represent in Congress. They understood, of course—and I learned much from talking with them.

WITH the exception of purchasing newspaper space for statements by prominent citizens and groups backing the candidate—itself an expensive item—I have mentioned the major items that drive the cost of an aggressive campaign, for each candidate, to \$15,000 to \$25,000. Where does the money come from?

It can only come from (a) individuals, relatives and friends of the candidate, and persons who contribute voluntarily in response to appeals for funds, or (b) the party organizations, or (c) labor unions. It can *not* come from corporations. In New York and many other states, corporate political contributions are against the law, although there is no limit on the amount of money labor unions may give.

State and federal laws make a half-hearted attempt to restrict what a candidate may receive and spend. Through well-established loopholes, however (chief among them being the formation of committees created to aid the candidate, each committee then "raising" the prescribed amount in its own right), the attempts have failed. There is, practically speaking, no limit today on the amount of money that may be spent on a campaign for Congress. This is a serious situation, which in my opinion should be changed, by closely-drawn legislation which sets real limits.

The situation is serious, because it makes it virtually impossible for anyone to run for Congress unless he is either wealthy or

has access to large funds—and such access is likely to lead to strings on the funds thus raised. No group of people is likely to give a man fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars without feeling it has thereby acquired a vested interest in him. The temptation to seek to influence his votes is only human—and the Congressman would be less than human who ignored the views of those who played a crucial role in putting him in Congress. Despite occasional freak campaigns, the fact remains that many campaigns for Congress are big business, and money casts a heavy pall over politics.

The cost of seeking nomination and election to an office larger than a Congressional district is correspondingly great. The Democratic organization of New York City recently admitted it spent \$750,000 to elect Robert F. Wagner Jr. as Mayor—from which I think it reasonable to assume it actually spent a much larger amount. The cost of campaigning for state-wide office, such as Senator or Governor, is at least as great, if not greater. And he would be a bold man who would estimate the amount of money that goes into a campaign for the Presidency. Twenty-five million dollars for each party is probably a low figure.

Staying in Office

SUPPOSE a man is actually elected to Congress. Are his money troubles over? Far from it. Few Americans realize that he must go on running for renomination and re-election 365 days a year. The reasons for his predicament are many. Chief among them is the fact that we in this country have developed little sense of party discipline. We feel free to move about from one party to another; we frequently split our ballots, and feel self-righteous when we do—little realizing that the Congressman from a closely-contested district suffers keenly from our self-indulgence, because it requires him, independent of his party's record in the Congress, to make a record of his own. He will be judged, on specific votes, not by whether he supported his party's leaders, but by the voters' personal interpretation of how his votes furthered what they think are the best interests of the district. Therefore he will need a great deal of research on questions ranging from atomic energy to harbors; and that costs money.

Moreover, the Congressman never knows when some group in his own party may decide to try to unseat him. If the Congressman is a powerful, decisive figure, he has made enemies in the process of getting elected. If these enemies are angry enough, and have enough funds, they may keep up a running fire of comment and criticism from shortly after election. Under such circumstances he must make frequent and regular trips back home to keep his fences mended. He may even have to keep a separate office in his district: an office where constituents can come to ask favors (not all of them proper), and to talk with him—an office which will keep him informed on developments in the district, both within his party and in other political circles.

To meet these expenses, what does a Congressman receive? *Salary*, \$13,500; *Expense Account*, \$2,500; *Stationery*, \$800; *Rental of Office in his District*, \$900. In addition, the Congressman can engage an office staff which will be paid a total of \$22,500 by the House of Representatives; this money funnels through him but must be spent for office salaries, or he may wind up in court. (Several Congressmen have.)

ALL this adds up to a pretty impressive amount of money. But consider what he faces. First, all Congressmen have to decide whether to maintain one or two residences. For the representative of a doubtful or marginal district to pull up stakes and move his family to Washington is not only inconvenient but politically risky. Absence may make the lover's heart grow fonder, but the same seems not to be true of the voter's affection for his Congressman. The Washington whirl is so different from life in most districts that it is likely to sever the Congressman from his followers. If the number of his followers is too small for comfort, he simply cannot afford, politically, to move his home away from his district.

Whether he can afford to keep an apartment in Washington—on top of the expense of maintaining his home in his district—is another matter. The chances are that unless the Congressman is independently wealthy, the added expense of a Washington home will be hard to meet. Congressmen from points over fifty miles from Washington all face this decision. Because most Congressmen

hope to stay in Congress, and a Washington home is advantageous politically, they are likely to take apartments and thus add to the many causes of their financial insecurity.

Second, an ambitious Congressman who wants to make the most of the opportunity of becoming a relatively important Washington figure, will almost invariably find himself living on a more elaborate scale than other business or professional men who receive \$15,000 a year.



THIRD, the Congressman who lives in Washington must frequently return to his District, for political meetings, conventions, rallies, and simply to keep his fences mended. Air travel makes frequent trips possible, but no less expensive. Only one trip a year is paid for by the government.

The Congressman is an employee who never knows where he stands with his employer—except for a few moments every two years, just after election—and who has to spend more than he earns to keep in his employer's good graces. Despite the premium on the Congressman's making his own record, he has no assurance of not being the victim of a major shift against his party, in which the voters turn on even their most faithful and effective representatives and eject them from office after many years of service.

Financial insecurity is the lot of any Congressman who lacks a private income, or who may feel it improper to accept financial assistance from other sources such as a business which may wish to help him, or a labor union which may want a spokesman, or just plain friends who may be willing to help him with unavoidable expenses. The Nixon case has highlighted the perils of accepting the assistance of friends. The fact that Nixon had nothing back of him financially, had shot to eminence in his party and in his state, and had, therefore, more demands on his pocket-book than most Congressmen—all were for-

gotten in the orgy of political hypocrisy that too many Americans indulged in when the summer broke.

Is There a Remedy?

Would it not be well for the American people to do some hard thinking regarding the expense of public life as a whole? Legislators are not the only public servants who live in an atmosphere of constant, nagging financial insecurity. The same is true of most judges. The federal judiciary is seriously underpaid in terms of the responsibility of the position and its meaning to all of us. A federal district court judge receives only \$15,000 per year, and no expense account. Even our United States Supreme Court judges are paid only \$25,000 per year.

And as for the men and women who occupy positions in the executive departments—federal, state, and local—many of them are responsible for the expenditure of millions of dollars, and make decisions of importance in the lives of everyone; yet they receive salaries of \$8,500 to \$15,000—small by comparison with the salaries private industry pays to persons who exercise comparable responsibility—and in many cases they have no security of tenure except as their party is in control.

For a host of persons in public life, therefore, insecurity is part of their job. That they do so well, that they can be at all objective in reaching policy decisions, is remarkable. But should they be subjected to this financial pressure, and the temptation it entails?

What right have we to expect our most talented young men and women to enter politics when by the exercise of simple arithmetic they can prove to themselves that they cannot afford it for its own sake? What right had we to point the finger at Richard Nixon for accepting financial help from his friends with no evidence whatever that those funds had been improperly used? What right had we to criticize Adlai Stevenson for trying to persuade wealthy Chicagoans to contribute to a fund designed to make it more possible than it is now for able citizens to enter state government? State government is a big business. One would think the people of Illinois deserve to have it conducted by state officials at least as able as the executives of their steel mills, their utilities, their universities.

Unfortunately, children can be neither fed nor educated, nor can most wives be kept happy, by a man's prestige or gratification in doing something *pro bono publico*. The public servant is entitled to at least enough financial return to enable him to do his job effectively.

Do we Americans really want to limit political activity to the very rich—who have no monopoly on either wisdom or responsibility—or to the careerists, who are understandably prone to play for the headlines in order to stay in office? Are we not capable of devising a method of enabling our politically talented young men and women to enter politics, to serve in our legislatures, courts, and appointive offices, without worrying either about basic expenses or what will become of their families if the wheel of political fortune turns against them, as from time to time it is bound to do?



MY CONCERN in this article is with the expense of becoming and remaining a Congressman. The amount of a Congressman's salary is not the crucial matter. The crucial matter is the expense of campaigning—at all levels, from city or county council, through the State Legislature to Congress, to Mayor, Governor, Senator, and the Presidency. Let us, as Americans, survey this problem soberly. Let us examine other systems of handling the problem. Let us look, dispassionately, at the British system of limiting not only the length of political campaigns but also the amount of money that may be spent at various levels of political activity. And if we enact new legislation on expenditures, let us make it air-tight.

But whatever we do, let us not make the tail wag the dog. We must not—as we are now doing—slide unthinking into a situation in which the ability to finance a campaign replaces performance in office as the criterion of election, or re-election.

These self-revealing letters to Wilhelm Fliess, the Berlin doctor who was for many years Freud's closest friend, were written during Freud's early forties—the period of some of his greatest discoveries and of the writing and publication of his first major work.

The Interpretation of Dreams

Unpublished Personal Letters, Part II

Sigmund Freud

Translated by Eric Mosbacher and James Strachey

Vienna, November 14, 1897

MY DEAR WILHELM:

"It was November 12, 1897: the sun was in the eastern quarter, and Mercury and Venus in conjunction—" no, birth announcements do not begin like that any more. It was on November 12, a day under the influence of a left-sided migraine, on the afternoon of which Martin sat down to write a new poem and on the evening of which Oli lost his second tooth, when, after the terrible pangs of the last few weeks, a new piece of knowledge was born to me. Truth to tell, it was not entirely new: it had repeatedly shown and then withdrawn itself again, but this time it remained and saw the light of day. . . .

I have often suspected that something organic played a part in repression: I have told you before that it is a question of the attitude adopted in former sexual zones, and I added that I had been pleased to come across the same idea in Moll. Privately, I would not concede priority in the idea to anyone: in my case the suggestion was linked to the changed part played by sensations of smell: upright carriage was adopted, the nose was raised from the ground, and at the same time a number of what had formerly been interesting sensations connected with the earth became repellent—by a process of which I am still ignorant. ("He turns up his nose" = "he regards himself as something particularly noble.") Now, the zones which no longer produce a release of sexuality in normal

and mature human beings must be the regions of the anus and of the mouth and throat. This is to be understood in two senses: first, that the appearance and idea of these zones no longer produce any exciting effect, and secondly, that the internal sensations arising from them no longer make any contribution to the libido like the sexual organs proper. In animals these sexual zones retain their power in both respects: where they do so in human beings, the result is perversion. We must suppose that in infancy sexual release is not so much localized as it becomes later, so that zones which are later abandoned (and possibly the whole surface of the body) stimulate to some extent the production of something that is analogous to the later release of sexuality. . . . Now, the release of sexuality (as you know, I have in mind a secretion, which we correctly perceive as an internal state of libido) comes about not only (1) through peripheral stimulation of the sexual organs and (2) through internal excitations arising from those organs, but also (3) from ideas (from memory traces)—that is to say, by deferred action. . . . Deferred action of this kind, however, operates also in connection with memories of excitation arising from the abandoned sexual zones. The consequence, however, is not a release of libido but a release of unpleasure, an internal sensation analogous to the disgust felt when an object is concerned.

To put it crudely, the current memory

... just as an actual object may stink; and just as we turn away our sense organ (the head and nose) in disgust, do so the preconscious and our conscious apprehension turn away from the memory. This is *repression*. . . .

The choice of neurosis (the decision whether hysteria, obsessional neurosis, or paranoia is to emerge) probably depends on the nature (that is, the chronological relation) of the step in development which enables repression to occur, *i.e.*, which transforms a source of internal pleasure into one of internal disgust.

This is where I have got to, then—with all the obscurities involved. I have decided, then, henceforth to regard as separate factors what causes libido and what causes anxiety. I have also given up the idea of explaining libido as the masculine factor and repression as the feminine one. . . . The main value of my synthesis lies in its linking together the neurotic and normal processes.

My self-analysis is still interrupted. I have now seen why. I can only analyze myself with objectively acquired knowledge (as if I were a stranger); self-analysis is really impossible, otherwise there would be no illness. As I've come across some puzzles in my own case, it is bound to hold up the self-analysis.

II

January 16, 1898

. . . ALL SORTS OF little things are happening: dreams and hysteria are fitting in with each other even more neatly. These details are now standing in the way of the great problems touched on in Breslau. One must take it as it comes, and be glad that it does come. I send you herewith the definition of happiness (or did I tell you a long time ago?)

Happiness is the deferred fulfillment of a prehistoric wish. That is why wealth brings so little happiness; money is not an infantile wish. . . .

Aussee, August 31, 1898

AT MIDDAY TODAY I leave with Martha for the Adriatic; we shall decide on the way whether to go to Ragusa, Grado, or possibly somewhere else. The way to grow rich, according to an apparently eccentric but wise saying, is to sell your last shirt. The secret

of this restlessness is hysteria. In the inactivity here and the lack of any interesting novelty the whole thing has come to weigh heavily on my mind. My work seems to me now to be far less valuable, my disorientation is complete, and time—a whole year has gone by without any tangible advance in the principles of the thing—seems hopelessly inadequate for what the problem demands. . . .

The great news of the day, the Tsar's manifesto, stirred me personally. I diagnosed the young man years ago as—fortunately for us—suffering from obsessional ideas, being “unable to bear the sight of blood,” like Koko, the Lord High Executioner in “The Mikado.” If I could be put in touch with him, two people would be helped. I should go to Russia for a year and cure him sufficiently to prevent him from suffering any more but leave him with enough to make sure that he would not start a war. After that you and I would have three congresses* a year, on Italian soil *only*, and I should treat all my patients for nothing. . . .

The most extraordinary thing about the manifesto is its revolutionary language. The use of such language about militarism by a leader-writer in a democratic power like Austria would lead immediately to its confiscation; in Russia itself he would be sent to Siberia.

Vienna, October 23, 1898

. . . THE DREAM BOOK is irremediably at a standstill.

One thing I have learned, however, which makes an old man of me. If the ascertaining of the few points required for the explanation of the neuroses involves so much work, time, and error, how can I ever hope to gain an insight into the whole of mental activity, which was once something I proudly looked forward to? . . .

III

Vienna, January 3, 1899

. . . FIRST OF ALL I have accomplished a piece of self-analysis which has confirmed that phantasies are products of later periods which project themselves back from the present into earliest childhood; and I have also found out how it happens, again by verbal association.

* Freud's term for his meetings with Fliess.

The answer to the question of what happened in infancy is: nothing, but the germ of a sexual impulse was there. The whole thing would be easy and interesting to tell, but it would take many pages to write, so I shall keep it for the Easter congress. . . .

January 4. I stopped here yesterday because I was tired, and today I cannot go on writing any more in the direction I intended, because the thing is growing. There is something in it. It is dawning. In the next few days there'll certainly be something to add. I shall write to you when it has grown clear. All I shall disclose to you is that the dream pattern is capable of universal application, and that the key to hysteria really lies in dreams. I understand now why, in spite of all my efforts, I was unable to finish the dream book. If I wait a little longer I shall be able to describe the mental process in dreams in such a way as to include the process in hysterical symptom-formation. So let us wait.

A pleasing thing which I meant to write to you about yesterday is something from Gibraltar, from Mr. Havelock Ellis, an author who concerns himself with the subject of sex and is obviously a highly intelligent man, as his paper in the *Alienist and Neurologist* (October 1898), which deals with the connection between hysteria and sexual life, begins with Plato and ends with Freud. He gives a good deal of credit to the latter, and writes a very intelligent appreciation of *Studies on Hysteria* and later publications. . . . At the end he retracts some of his praise. But something remains, and the good impression is not entirely obliterated. . . .

Vienna, February 6, 1899

. . . THE ART OF DECEIVING patients is certainly not very desirable. What has the individual come to, how slight must be the influence of the religion of science, which is supposed to have replaced the old religion, if one no longer dare disclose that it is this man's or that man's turn to die. . . . The Christian at least has the last sacrament administered a few hours in advance. Shakespeare says: "Thou owest Nature (God) a death."

I hope that when my time comes I shall find someone who will treat me with more respect and tell me when to be ready. My father knew that he was dying, did not

speak about it, and retained his composure to the end. . . .

Vienna, March 2, 1899

"WRITING HE HAS quite forgotten." Why? And with a plausible theory of forgetfulness fresh in your mind as a warning!

Perhaps our letters will cross again? Mine shall stand over for another day.

Things are going almost uniformly well with me. I cannot wait for Easter to show you in detail one of the principal features—that of wish-fulfillment and the coupling of opposites. I am getting a good deal of satisfaction from old cases and I have two new ones, not of the most favorable prognosis. The realm of uncertainty is still enormous, problems abound, and I understand theoretically only the smallest fraction of what I do. But every few days light dawns, now here, now there, and I have grown modest and count on long years of work and patient compilation, backed by a few serviceable ideas after the holidays, after our meetings.

Rome is still far away; you know my Roman dreams.

March 5. . . . I can very clearly distinguish two different intellectual states in myself. In the first I pay very careful attention to everything that my patients tell me and have new ideas during the work itself, but outside it cannot think and can do no other work. In the other I draw conclusions, make notes, have interest to spare for other things but am really farther away from things and do not concentrate properly on the work with my patients. From time to time I visualize a second part of the method treatment—provoking patients' feelings as well as their ideas, as if that were quite indispensable. The outstanding feature of the year's work seems to me to have been the solution of the phantasy problem. I have let myself be lured a long way from reality. All this work has done a lot of good to my own mental life. I am obviously much more normal than I was four or five years ago.

I have given up my lectures this year in spite of numerous enrollments, and do not propose to resume them in the immediate future. I have the same horror of the uncritical adulation of the very young that I used to have for the hostility of their elders. . . .

Vienna, May 28, 1899

... THE DREAMS HAVE SUDDENLY taken shape without any special reason, but this time for good! I have decided that all the efforts at disguise will not do, and that giving it all up will not do either, because I cannot afford to keep to myself the finest—and probably the only lasting—discovery that I have made. . . .

... So the dreams will be done. . . . Alas! That the gods should have set up the existing literature on a subject to frighten off the would-be contributor to it! The first time I tackled it I got stuck, but this time I shall work my way through it; there is nothing that matters in it anyway. None of my works has been so completely my own as this; it is my own dung-heap, my own seedling and a *nova species mihi* [sic]. After the reading will come the blue-pencilings, insertions, etc., and the whole thing should be ready by the end of July, when I go to the country. I may try a change of publisher if I see that Deuticke is not prepared to pay much or is not very enthusiastic about it.* . . .

IV

July 3, 1899

... THE AUTHOR OF the "extremely important book on dreams, which is still, unfortunately, insufficiently appreciated by scientists," greatly enjoyed himself for four days in Berchtesgaden *au sein de sa famille*; and only a remnant of shame prevented him from sending you picture postcards of the Königsee. The house is a little gem of cleanliness, loneliness, and beautiful views; the women and children are very happy in it and look very well. Little Anna is positively beautified by naughtiness. The boys are already civilized members of society, able to appreciate things. . . .

Berchtesgaden, August 6, 1899

AS USUAL, you are right. You have said exactly what I have been thinking myself, that the first chapter may put many readers off. But there is not much to be done about it, except to put a note in the preface, which we shall write last of all. You did not want me to deal with the literature in the body of

the book, and you were right, and you do not want it at the beginning, and you are right again. You feel about it as I do; the secret must be that we do not want it all. But, if we do not want to put a weapon into the hands of the "learned," we must put up with it somewhere. The whole thing is planned on the model of an imaginary walk. First comes the dark wood of the authorities (who cannot see the trees), where there is no clear view and it is very easy to go astray. Then there is a cavernous defile through which I lead my readers—my specimen with its peculiarities, its details, its indiscretions, and its bad jokes—and then, all at once, the high ground and the prospect, and the question: "Which way do you want to go?"

There is no need to return the proof-sheets I am sending you. As you have not objected to anything in Chapter I, I shall pass the proofs of it. None of the rest is yet in type. You will get the proofs as soon as they are pulled, with the new parts marked. I am putting in a lot of new dreams, which I hope you will delete. *Pour faire une omelette il faut casser des oeufs*. . . . During the last few days I have liked the book very much. "I like it," says Uncle Jonas,* which, if experience is any guide, augurs ill for its success. . . . Some time attention must be paid to "bigness" in children's dreams: it is connected with the wish to be big and to be able to do things like eating a whole dish of salad like Papa; a child never has enough, even of repetitions. For a child, like a neurotic, the hardest thing is moderation. . . .

Berchtesgaden, August 20, 1899

I HAVE BEEN HERE for four weeks now, and am regretting that this happy time is passing so quickly. In another four weeks my holiday will be over, and it is all too short. I have got on so well with my work here, in peace and with nothing to disturb me, and in almost complete health; and in between times I have gone for walks, and enjoyed the mountains and woods.

The setting is going on slowly. I sent you the latest proofs yesterday. Please only send back the proof-sheets on which there is some-

* Freud's characteristically humorous way of expressing a specific thought was often to put it in the mouth of "Uncle Jonas."

thing to which you object and with your comments in the margin; and later on, when you are in a position to, correct any wrong quotations or references which you may come across; here, of course, I have no books available. . . .

Vienna, September 21, 1899

HERE I AM AFTER a horrible thirty-two hour journey through water, sitting again in the familiar place with seven signatures of proofs in front of me, no medical intelligence, and feeling very pleased over your letter with its good news. . . . As you rightly suspected, my depression left me, not after one migraine, but after a whole series of such states. But I do not think that my self-criticism was wholly unjustified. Somewhere inside me there is a feeling for form, an appreciation of beauty as a kind of perfection, and the tortuous sentences of the dream-book, with its high-flown, indirect phraseology, its squinting at the point, have sorely offended one of my ideals. And I do not think I am going far wrong if I interpret this lack of form as a sign of deficient mastery of the material. You must have felt this just as much as I did, and we have always been too honest with each other for either of us to have to resort to pretence in front of the other. The consolation lies in its inevitability—it just did not turn out any better. I'm still sorry that I had to spoil it for my best and favorite reader by giving him the proofs to read, for how can one enjoy anything one has to read as a proofreader? But unfortunately I cannot do without you as the representative of "other people," and—I have another sixty galleys for you. . . .

My state of mind also depends very much on my earnings. . . . A thing I remember from my boyhood is that when wild horses on the pampas have been once lassoed, they retain a certain nervousness for life. In the same way I once knew helpless poverty and have a constant fear of it. You will see that my style will improve and my ideas be better when this town affords me a prosperous livelihood.

Do not trouble this time over checking quotations, etc., I have all the necessary literary aids at hand again. The climax of my achievements in dream interpretations comes in this installment. Absurdity in dreams! It is astonishing how often you

appear in them. In the *non vixit* dream I find I am delighted to have survived you. . . .

October 11, 1899

CURIOUS THINGS ARE at work in the bottom story. A sexual theory may be the immediate successor to the dream-book. Several very curious things struck me today, which I still do not properly understand. With me there can be no talk of steady deliberation. This kind of work advances intermittently. Heaven alone knows the date of the next surge. . . .

Vienna, December 21, 1899

ANOTHER LINE of best wishes for Christmas—which used to be one of our congress times. I am not without *one* happy prospect. You remember (among the absurd dreams) my dream which so daringly promised an end of E.'s treatment, and you can imagine how important this one continuing patient has become to me. Well, the dream seems to be coming true. I say cautiously "seems" so, but I am pretty confident about it. Buried deep beneath all his phantasies we found a scene from his primal period (before twenty-two months) which meets all requirements and into which all the surviving puzzles flow. It is everything at the same time—sexual, innocent, natural, etc. I can hardly bring myself to believe it yet. It is as if Schliemann had dug up another Troy which had hitherto been believed to be mythical. Also the fellow is feeling shamelessly well. He has demonstrated the truth of my theories in my own person, for with a surprising turn (in his analysis) he provided me with the solution of my own railway phobia (which I had overlooked). . . . My phobia, if you please, was a poverty, or rather a hunger phobia, arising out of my infantile gluttony and called up by the circumstance that my wife had no dowry (of which I am proud). You will hear more about all this at our next congress.

Otherwise there is little news. The book has had just one notice, in the *Gegenwart*. As criticism it is empty and as a review inadequate. It is just a bad patchwork of my own fragments, but I forgive it everything because of the one word "epoch-making." Otherwise the attitude of people here in Vienna is very negative. I do not believe I shall get a review here. We are terribly far ahead of our time. . . .

V

Vienna, January 8, 1900

THE NEW CENTURY—the most interesting thing about which for us is, I dare say, that it contains the dates of our death—has brought me nothing but a stupid review in the *Zeit* by Bückhard, the former director of the Burgtheater (not to be confused with our old Jacob). It is unflattering, uncommonly lacking in understanding, and—most annoying of all—is to be continued in the next number.

I do not count on recognition, at any rate in my lifetime. . . .

March 11, 1900

. . . I HAVE BEEN as good as cut off from the outside world; not a leaf has stirred to show that the interpretation of dreams meant anything to anyone. But yesterday I was astonished to find a really friendly *feuilleton* article in a newspaper, the *Weiner Fremdenblatt*. . . .

On the whole things are going well with my patients. It is my busy time now, 70 to 80 florins a day, about 500 a week. This, to judge by experience, will be cut short at Easter.

I should like to go away for three days at Easter, and most of all I should like to see you. But I am as hungry as a young man for the spring, and sun, and flowers, and a stretch of blue water. . . .

If you want to hear any more about me, listen to this. After the exaltation and feverish activity in which I finished the dreams last summer, I was stupid enough to be intoxicated with the hope that it meant a step toward freedom and prosperity. The book's reception, and the silence since, have once more destroyed any budding relationship with my environment.

My second iron in the fire is my daily work, the prospect of reaching an end somewhere, solving many doubts, and then knowing what to think of the therapeutic outlook. Prospects seemed most favorable in E.'s case, and it was there that I had the heaviest blow. Just when I thought I had the solution it eluded my grasp, and I was confronted with the necessity of turning everything upside down and putting it together again afresh, losing all the hypotheses that until then had seemed plausible in the process. I could not

stand up to the depression of all this. I soon found that it was impossible to continue the really difficult work in the face of depression and lurking doubts. When I am not cheerful and master of myself, every single one of my patients is a tormenting spirit to me. I really thought I should have to give in. I adopted the expedient of renouncing working by conscious thought, so as to grope my way further into the riddles only by blind touch. Since I started this I have been doing my work, perhaps more skillfully than before, but I do not really know what I am doing. I could not give an account of how matters really stand. . . .

Vienna, May 7, 1900

. . . NO CRITIC . . . can see more clearly than I the disproportion there is between the problems and my answers to them, and it will be a fitting punishment for me that none of the unexplored regions of the mind in which I have been the first mortal to set foot will ever bear my name or submit to my laws. . . . Well, I really am forty-four now, a rather shabby old Jew, as you will see for yourself in the summer or autumn. My family insisted on celebrating my birthday. My own best consolation is that I have not stolen a march on them in respect of the whole future. The world is still there for them to conquer, so far as may be in their power. I only leave them a foothold: I have not led them to a mountain peak from which they could climb no higher. . . .

VI

Vienna, February 15, 1901

. . . I DID NOT GIVE the lecture announced last Monday in the *Neue Freie Presse*. It was . . . Breuer, who had been badgered by the Philosophical Society, who pestered me to do it. I reluctantly agreed, and then, when I came to preparing it, I found I should have to bring in all sorts of intimate and sexual things which would be quite unsuitable for a mixed audience of people who were strangers to me. So I wrote a letter calling it off. That was the first week. Thereupon a delegation of two called on me and pressed me to deliver it after all. I warned them very seriously to do nothing of the sort, and suggested that they should come and hear the lecture themselves one evening at my house (second week).

During the third week I gave the two of them the lecture. They said it was wonderful and that their audience would take no exception to it, etc. The lecture was therefore arranged for the fourth week. A few hours beforehand, however, I received an express letter, saying that some members had objected after all and asking me to be kind enough to start by illustrating my theory with inoffensive examples and then announce that I was coming to objectionable matter and make a pause, during which the ladies could leave the hall. Of course I immediately cried off, and the letter in which I did so at any rate did not lack pepper and salt. Such is scientific life in Vienna!

September 19, 1901

I RECEIVED your card a few hours before I left. I ought to write to you about Rome, but it is difficult. It was an overwhelming experience for me, and, as you know, the fulfillment of a long-cherished wish. It was slightly disappointing, as all such fulfillments are when one has waited for them too long, but it was a high spot in my life all the same. But, while I contemplated ancient Rome undisturbed (I could have worshipped the humble and mutilated remnant of the Temple of Minerva near the forum of Nerva), I found I could not freely enjoy the second Rome: I was disturbed by its meaning, and, being incapable of putting out of my mind my own misery and all the other misery which I know to exist, I found almost intolerable the lie of the salvation of mankind which rears its head so proudly to heaven. I found the third, Italian, Rome hopeful and likable.

I was modest in my pleasures, and did not try to see everything in twelve days. I not only bribed Trevi, as everyone does, but also—a thing I found out for myself—I dipped my hand into the Bocca della Verità at Santa Maria Cosmedin and swore to come again. . . .

VII

March 8, 1902

I AM GLAD TO BE able to tell you that at last the long-withheld and recently really desirable professorship has been conferred on me. The *Wiener Zeitung* will next week announce the fact to the public, which I hope will take note of this seal of official approval.

It is a long time since I have been able to send you any news with which pleasant anticipations could be associated.

Vienna, March 11, 1902

JUST THINK WHAT an "excellency" can do! He can even cause me to hear your welcome voice again in a letter. But as you talk about such grand things in connection with the news—recognition, mastery, etc.—my usual compulsion to honesty which is so detrimental to my interests makes me feel it incumbent on me to tell you exactly how it finally came about.

It was my own doing, in fact. When I got back from Rome, my zest for life and work had somewhat grown and my zest for martyrdom had somewhat diminished. I found that my practice had melted away and I withdrew my last work from publication because in you I had recently lost my only remaining audience. I reflected that waiting for recognition might take up a good portion of the remainder of my life, and that in the meantime none of my fellow men were likely to trouble about me. And I wanted to see Rome again and look after my patients and keep my children happy.

So I made up my mind to break with my strict scruples and take appropriate steps, as others do after all. One must look somewhere for one's salvation, and the salvation I chose was the title of professor. For four whole years I had not put in a word about it, but now I betook myself to my old teacher, Exner. He was as disagreeable as could be, almost rude, did not want to let out anything about the reasons for my having been passed over, and generally played the high official. Only after I had really roused him by a few disparaging remarks about the activity of those in high office did he let fall something obscure about personal influences which appeared to be at work against me with his Excellency, and he advised me to seek a personal counter-influence. I was able to tell him that I could approach my old friend and former patient, the wife of Hofsat Gomperz. This seemed to impress him.

Frau Elise was very kind and took up the matter warmly. She called on the Minister and the reply to what she said was a look of astonishment and the answer: "Four years? And who is he?" The old fox acted as if I

be necessary to have me proposed all over again. So I wrote to Nothnagel and to Krafft-Ebing (who was about to retire) and asked them to renew their previous proposal. Both behaved delightfully. Nothnagel wrote a few days later and said that they had sent it in. But the Minister obstinately avoided Gompertz, and it looked as if nothing was going to come of it again.

Then another force came into play. One of my patients . . . heard about the matter and went into action on her own. She did not rest until she had made the Minister's acquaintance at a party, made herself agreeable to him, and secured a promise from him through a mutual woman friend that he would give a professorship to the doctor who had cured her. But, being sufficiently well-informed to know that a first promise from him meant nothing at all, she approached him personally, and I believe that if a certain Böcklin had been in her possession instead of in that of her aunt . . . I should have been appointed three months earlier. As it is, his Excellency will have to satisfy himself with a modern picture for the gallery which he intends to open, naturally not for himself. Anyway, in the end the Minister most graciously announced to my patient while he was having dinner at her house that the appointment had gone to the Emperor for signature, and that she would be the first to hear when the matter was completed.

So one day she came to her appointment beaming and waving an express letter from

the Minister. It was done. The *Wiener Zeitung* has not yet published it, but the news spread quickly from the Ministry. The public enthusiasm is immense. Congratulations and bouquets keep pouring in, as if the role of sexuality had been suddenly recognized by His Majesty, the interpretation of dreams confirmed by the Council of Ministers, and the necessity of the psychanalytic therapy of hysteria carried by a two-thirds majority in Parliament.

I have obviously become reputable again, and my shyest admirers now greet me from a distance in the street.

I myself would still gladly exchange five congratulations for one good case coming for extensive treatment. I have learned that the old world is governed by authority just as the new is governed by the dollar. I have made my first bow to authority, and am entitled to hope to reap my reward. If the effect in a wider circle is as great as in the immediate one, I may well hope so.

In the whole affair there is one person with very long ears, who was not sufficiently allowed for in your letter, and that is myself. If I had taken those few steps three years ago I should have been appointed three years earlier, and should have spared myself much. Others are just as clever, without having to go to Rome first. That, then, was the glorious process to which, among other things, I owe your kind letter. Please keep the contents of this one to yourself.

Your

Sigm.

Sic Semper . . .

NOWADAYS, the Chairman sends you a letter "inviting" you to appear before his committee on a certain date. Then he starts issuing a barrage of statements to the newspapers telling the world what a dangerous and nefarious character you are. When you no longer have a friend left in the world, the hearing begins, and the Chairman starts out by reading a statement in which he finds you guilty and pronounces sentence upon you. Then he announces that the committee will proceed to a full and "impartial"

investigation of the facts, which seems to be a great waste of everybody's time, because when the evidence has been fully presented, the Chairman ignores it completely, writes a report setting forth all of his preconceived notions, and quotes at length from his opening statement to prove he was right all the time.

—From a speech made in 1950 by Benjamin F. Fairless, president of United States Steel Corporation, who complained that his firm had "been subjected to almost constant investigation" for fifty years and that in the past decade, "I have been through so many Congressional inquiries that no self-respecting skeleton would hide in my closet on a bet."

Travel in Northern America

On the simple (but possibly debatable) theory that most people like to spend their summer vacations in the cooler parts of the country, we offer in the following pages a breath of fresh air. Here the breezes blow from New England, from the Rockies, the tall trees of the Northwest, from Canada (east and west), along the Pacific coast, and from many places in between.

As guides we offer you a group of writers—incorrigible trippers themselves—who are well-known to Harper's readers. You will find their enthusiasms tempered with practical advice. Their eyes light up with equal brightness at a wonder of nature, a historical monument, at a good meal, and at a comfortable bed. So, we believe, will yours.

De Voto's New England



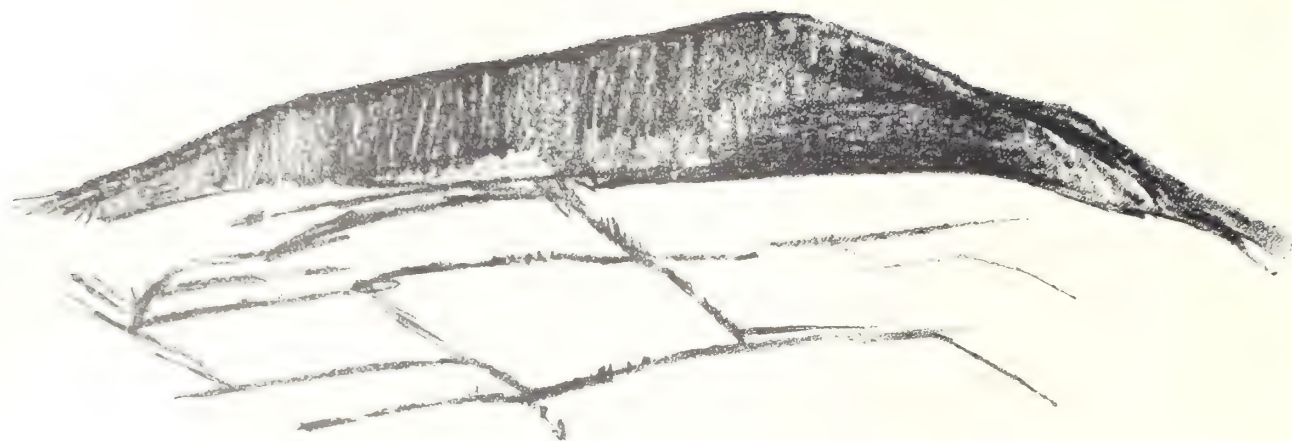
Bernard DeVoto

Drawings by Robert Osborn

LET'S grant that we badly need a *Guide Michelin: Etats-Unis* and a set of regional guides like those which stem from Michelin's master volume; also that we will never get them. It is sound business ethics to fill the ads with declarations that Mountain View House is the finest hotel in the state, but would be pure communism to assert editorially that any hotel or restaurant was better than any other. The six WPA guides which cover New England are among the best in that uneven series. They are at least twice as long as they need be, but I recommend taking all of them with you. I also suggest some home work before you start, *The Hill Country of Northern New England* by Harold Fisher Wilson (Columbia University Press) and *The Yankee Exodus* by Stewart Holbrook (Macmillan).

I assume that I am addressing people who will have only a limited time in New England, and that they will come here as tourists,

that is, moved primarily by a desire to see the region, not as vacationists primarily interested in summer sports. I skip the historical interest with which the region is crammed: the WPA Guides amply take care of it and in most places there are informative pamphlets for tourists. (Only Massachusetts has adequate historical road signs—and they can't be read without blocking traffic. Visitors used to Southern and Western standards will be surprised by the inadequate care taken of historical buildings and sites: it is due to the fact that mostly they are in the charge of private, which is to say socially competitive, organizations, not of the states.) There is only one National Park in the region, Acadia, at Bar Harbor. There are two National Forests, the Green Mountain in Vermont and the White Mountain in New Hampshire. The latter crosses the Maine border and an Acquisition Tract in northeastern Maine is marked for purchase. State parks are excellent



(especially in New Hampshire) but remarkably small, and the statement holds for state forests.

The grand tour of New England would probably run to this: the Berkshire Hills and a traverse of Massachusetts to Boston; Vermont; the northern two-thirds of New Hampshire; northern Maine, down East, and the Maine coast from Eastport to Portland; the Boston area; Narragansett Bay; the Connecticut shore west to New Haven; Connecticut north and west of Hartford; the Connecticut River valley from Hartford north to the river's sources. To get to either Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard is time-consuming; the former is the more rewarding to a tourist but won't be much longer, for it is getting more resolutely and damnably quaint year by year. To the tour I have sketched much more may be added at one's convenience. How to shorten it will be apparent in what I proceed to say.

Hills, mountains, and seashore, New England has been a summer resort for a good deal more than a century. The institutions and habits developed long ago still dominate, and the tourist has to conform to them. In the spacious days you brought your trunks and settled down for at least a month; if you amounted to anything, for the whole summer. You believed in the healthy outdoor life, hiked, botanized, sketched, photographed, swam, played quoits and croquet, practiced archery. So you were tired at night, all you wanted to do was to go to bed, and it followed that you didn't need pleasant or even comfortable surroundings. When tennis and cow-pasture golf came in, and when the weekend vacationist came gradually to be recognized, it was still assumed that open-air exercise was what counted. Few services need be

provided, money need not be wasted on decoration or excess furniture, nothing need be kept open past an early bedtime. These assumptions account for rigidities that seem to the tourist a kind of cultural lag. They also explain why accommodations cluster at lakes and other sports areas and why little provision is made for the transient wayfarer—why, for instance, there are so few motels.

MOTELS are slowly increasing in number and the *AAA Tour Book* is a trustworthy guide to them. But the basic form of accommodations for transients is the cabin camp. In the main, cabins are small, crude, uncomfortable, and greatly overpriced. There are some good ones and a few better than good, but that you see so many with signs saying "Modern" reveals that a lot of others have neither showers nor toilets. I have had to stay at some that even lacked nails to hang a coat on. Look for a camp that is open winters as well as summers; it will be wind-proof and rain-proof though probably not mosquito-proof. Take it for granted that any given one is bad till you have investigated and found out otherwise.

New England differs sharply from other regions in that the average year-round hotel in a small town is pretty good. Its exterior is apt to be dingy and its furniture probably dates back a long time, but it is usually clean, neat, and comfortable; frequently too its restaurant is open past 8:00 P.M. (In the Connecticut Valley, pick one well back from the river or you will be sleeping by the railroad tracks.) But typical of the region and once its pride and grandeur is the "summer hotel." It is of frame and invariably ugly, and comes in all sizes up to the gigantic. It is identifiable at sight by its architectural felonies and

by the family groups and clusters of old ladies on the long front porch. I suspect that some of its furniture is more recent than it looks—that some firms specialize in manufacturing replicas of the mode of Chester B. Arthur's time. Few of its habits and rules have changed since President Arthur.

SUMMER hotels are run on "the American Plan." Meals are at fixed hours with not a moment's leeway; at dinner there is a sad string orchestra, which will play in the lobby afterward. Meals are also table-d'hôte, heavy, and with a very large menu. Some of them are celebrated for their cooking, but I have never understood why. Staffs are slow and inefficient; they are likely to have the snootiness that the (perhaps temporarily) plutocratic think proper in servants. The reputations of some go back four generations. The most exalted can be identified by the legend in the *Tour Book*, "Rates on request," but in spite of it they all take transients nowadays. The legend means twenty to forty dollars a day, which would buy luxury anywhere else but falls far short of it here. I suppose that everyone should experience one of the real behemoths at least once.

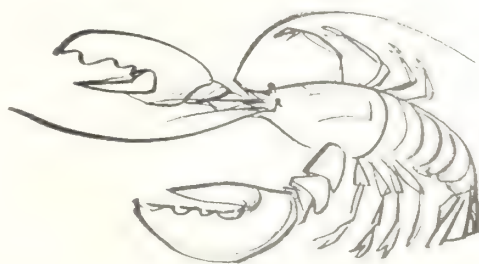
If this note sounds sour it is because of the summer hotel's irritating, ceremonious delay. These places simply are not adapted to the tourist trade, and they have still to learn that a guest is a patron, not a petitioner. The time it takes to get out of one in the morning would get you fifty miles down the road, and almost as long is required to get to your room after registering. But from all these strictures let me except the Equinox House at Manchester, Vermont. It has been drawing the New York City crowd for a long time and is prompt and courteous, a fine place.

In New England the word "inn" has a specific and readily recognizable meaning, and an inn is the average tourist's best bet. The blight of the American plan is still on them, with enormous meals at fixed prices and the dining rooms closing at 8:00 P.M. on the dot. But otherwise they are run for the pleasure and convenience of the guests. Considerably less expensive than the summer hotels, they are far more attractive and more comfortable. There is a well-known chain, the Treadway Inns, all of which are excel-

lent; the best one, to my taste, is the Williams Inn at Williamstown, Massachusetts. There are many comparable independents nearly everywhere in the region; surely one of the best anywhere is the Woodstock Inn, Woodstock, Vermont. The *Tour Book* by no means lists them all, but you learn to identify them at sight.

It is sound not to take lodgings at any heavily resorted place, and this holds for restaurants too. I am glad to say, however, that the run of the road is much better in New England than anywhere else in the United States; the wayfarer has an excellent chance of finding a good meal wherever he may stop. Sensible people, however, will avoid the wayside joint and, at lunch time, will look for something like a Howard Johnson's. Some summer hotels and restaurants import chefs from the East Fifties, but they leave their art at home.

IT is a pleasant fact that you may encounter in the unlikeliest places small unpretentious restaurants with sound French or German cooking. The Coolidge Hotel at White River Junction, Vermont, is a small commercial hotel, but it has a Swiss chef who provides not only an excellent menu of the kind expected but several dishes of his own which are remarkable, and has several good wines as well. There are two standard types of restaurants which can usually be depended on and which one soon learns to identify. One is large, unceremonious, of good repute for a considerable time. The Treadway chain's Publick House (the name is the only quaint thing about it) at Sturbridge, Massachusetts is one such, the Yale Barn at Canaan, Connecticut, another (insist that the bartender make the martini your way). The other type is a small, family-run restaurant where the phrase "home cooking" has a real and admirable meaning. I mention the Abigail Webster House at Franklin, New Hamp-



sture and could name a great many more.

The blight of New England—the equivalent of Southern Fried Chicken elsewhere—is fried clams. Clams should be fried, if at all, only at home. Those sold at most roadside stands are an abomination; three such stands in a row emit a stench of rancid fat that makes itself known for miles. Otherwise the sea food is likely to be good anywhere in the region, even far inland; clam chowder is commonly very good. Along the waterfront small places that look like dives are apt to be dependable, and on the Maine coast they are preferable to the big hotels, some of which seldom serve sea food, not even the ubiquitous lobster. (Remember that a sound man wants his lobster boiled, not broiled, and that any spiced sauce hides the flavor.) The regional equivalent of a barbecue is the clambake, and any of them, commercial or amateur, may be ventured on with complete confidence, if you can contemplate without a shudder seeing so much food at a time. This is a foolproof way of cooking and it makes an inexpensive meal too, considering that it consists of clams, lobsters, various fish, clam fritters, corn, potatoes, perhaps other vegetables, the contents of the local bakery, and watermelons and other fruits.

Baked beans have practically disappeared from the New England public cuisine, though happily fish cakes have not. When you do find beans on a menu, they are almost always from a can and almost never baked. Having written to make sure for this announcement, I can say that those at the lunch counter of the Vermont Country Store at Weston are genuine. There are always baked beans at a local church supper, too. If you can get yourself accepted—there is of course no presumptive reason why you should be—church suppers always are admirable meals.

THE tour I have sketched treats New England as three regions: the hill country, including Massachusetts west of the Connecticut River and the northwestern quarter of Connecticut; the seashore; and a less sharply differentiated zone between them. The part of the Maine coast I have named, from Eastport to Portland or somewhere north of it, is a must. It is best seen, of course, from a boat but nevertheless is remarkably fine touring by car. The peninsulas, instantly

identifiable on a road map, provide the famous and memorable glimpses of inlets, shipping, rocks, and cliffs. Drive along both shores of Penobscot Bay and do not miss Acadia National Park, at Bar Harbor. The towns where a genuine economic life survives—fishing, lobstering, shipbuilding—are a good deal more interesting than those which have become mere resorts. A particular interest is the Maine variations on the classic types of New England architecture. Michelin would double-star Wiscasset.

South of Portland the shore can hardly be called scenic. One wants to see Newburyport and Marblehead and to spend some time at Portsmouth and Salem. In fact Salem is in the must column and the more time you have, the better. Cape Cod is a fine place for the vacationist but the tourist can pass it up. Scenically it is just a sand spit covered with jack pine, and the shoreline is uninteresting even from the water, except in the vicinity of Orleans. (It is fascinating from a plane, however.) A round trip from Boston would require two days: make pietà's pilgrimage to Plymouth and then turn back. South of the Cape there is no scenic interest except Narragansett Bay, but much maritime interest.

And Newport is certainly to be seen. What counts here is not the "cottages" of the vanished era—convulsions in stone which can all be glanced at, and Bailey's Beach as well, in twenty minutes—but the old town. It is worth lingering in. Its houses and public buildings are a reminder that in Colonial times there was a freer, more gracious, more elegant culture than Boston's. The museums are absorbing (those at Salem are too) and save some time for the Redwood Library. A decent regard for the conventions of tourism necessitates a stop at the Round Tower, locally called "the old mill," though visually it is as lamentable an anticlimax as Plymouth Rock. Several summers back it was—once more—conclusively proved not to be Norse, but the demonstration means nothing to true believers and this statement will bring me a hundred fiery letters.

On the way to Newport one should have seen Providence, which most tourists pass up, thereby missing much, but which requires a good deal of prowling on foot, and New Bedford if only for the whaling museum. Perhaps too one should make a detour to Pawtucket

or Fall River, to see the horrors of New England's black country. Beyond Providence U.S. 1 is a pretty continuous industrial slum and junkyard, but there are inlets and towns one wants to see, especially Stonington and New London. The latter is one of the most interesting towns on the Sound and, though spattered with decay and modern jerry-building, in places one of the most charming. (In this area good lodgings are hard to come by.)

AT NEW HAVEN, turn inland—the shore beyond it to the west is nothing but more industry and suburban New York. The beautiful part of Connecticut is the northwestern quarter, particularly the Litchfield Hills, a gentler, more open extension of the Berkshires, sharply individual in character. Indeed the whole area is a distinct *pays*, unmistakably Yankee but full of variations on the familiar themes. The rolling countryside is opulent and seems always to have been, for there is an abundance of large, gracious houses. The well-heeled who have bought so many of them for summer estates have not marred the setting as their predecessors did pretty widely in the Berkshires. The towns tend not to be built round the elm-bordered common that is everyone's symbol of New England. In fact the village green with its elms, town hall, and meeting-house spire, is commonest in Vermont and New Hampshire.

The tour reaches the hill country with the Berkshires (and the Taconics just west of them) and here is where wisdom bids you begin traveling back roads. Here too it pays to study the WPA guide (*Massachusetts*) intensively. Tourist information can be had in abundance at Great Barrington, Lenox, Pittsfield, Stockbridge, and similar towns. But innumerable scenic, historic, and artistic sites are deep in the hills and go unmentioned by the tourist bureaus.

I say nothing about Massachusetts east of the Berkshires for this is the one part of the region everyone is sure to at least cross, and the part most plentifully supplied with tourist aids. (You might miss the fact that Phillips Academy, at Andover, has a fine archaeological museum and a remarkable gallery of American art.)

There is a transverse belt of mountains all the way across New Hampshire, and so the



state has three distinct *pays*. The southern zone is a commonplace landscape, a jack pine country, uninteresting except in the Mt. Monadnock region of the southwest corner. It can be skipped entirely or crossed as expeditiously as possible. The central zone of mountains is beautiful country and contains all the famous ranges and lakes. The Presidentials are the most rugged mountains and the ones which draw from Westerners the condescending and irrelevant remark that here at last are some peaks that look like the Rockies, but the Franconias are memorable and Mt. Moosilauke is second only to Mt. Washington in the respect and affection of mountain climbers.

This region is heavily resorted and in the summertime thickly populated. For that reason, though Lake Winnepesaukee is the most beautiful body of water in New England, I think you do not want to spend a night there. If you must, look for accommodations along the eastern shore, not the western one or the southern end. Lake Sunapee can be ruled out on the same ground (try Newfound Lake instead); so can the Conway region (though Lake Chocorua is a must) and the stretch between Plymouth and Franconia Notch which looks like a wartime housing development. Just to the east of the latter, however, a back road from Lincoln leads to a hidden and lovely valley in the town (town means township throughout New England) of Waterville, where there is an excellent inn, and on to the Pemigewasset Wilderness Area, the only stand of virgin timber south of the Maine woods. There are similar little visited but delightful areas between U.S. 3 and U.S. 5; the moral is to travel the back roads.

Franconia was the most picturesque of the three famous Notches, but the state has come

use to making it mediocre by straightening the road. (The Old Man of the Mountains and the persistently advertised ice caves, Flume, and Lost River, are nothing much—the mountains themselves are what one wants to see.) Crawford Notch is the most rugged and precipitous, Pinkham Notch the most beautiful. The country just to the north of the Notches, from Littleton on the west to Gorham on the east, is continuously lovely, one of the most beautiful parts of New England.

Beyond it is "north of the mountains," which actually means north of U.S. 2, for there are plenty of peaks still. I find this area the most interesting part of the state. It is heavily wooded, but thinly settled, tranquil and quiet; it seems far more remote from metropolitan New England than it actually is. It is obligatory, especially Dixville Notch and the Connecticut Lakes.



ACTUALLY "north of the mountains" is a part of the North Country and the empty corner of Vermont—such towns as Averill and Canaan—belongs with it. A natural way to reach it, in fact, is to return from northern Vermont by way of it, crossing from Averill to the Connecticut Lakes and traveling Dixville Notch from the north. Then at Gorham one can turn east to interior Maine, the true North Woods.

This region is New England's only wilderness, so heavily forested that you drive through unbroken woods for hours at a time, and with innumerable lakes, many of whose names are familiar to fishermen everywhere. Roads are infrequent and since they run mostly north and south one must do a lot of driving to see the region. Plan to come out

of it at Presque Isle or Holton and drive south on U.S. 1 to Calais and on to Eastport, where you will be as far down east as it is possible to get. Here you are on the edge of New Brunswick, and it would be a mistake not to see as much of it as you have time for. The intermingling of Canadian and American societies along the border is endlessly interesting, and it is a region of much folklore. Also, it is wholesome to be reminded by the examples at hand that the Canadians take better care of their historical sites than we do and behave better when visiting them.

THERE remains Vermont and, in my judgment, half of your stay should be spent here. If it is not the most beautiful state in the union, which is? A few towns are far from lovely—Barre, for instance, or White River Junction, Bellows Falls, or Island Pond—but even these lose their mediocrity a mile away from the center. The kind of New England town of which every American has an idealized mental image whether or not he has ever seen one is commoner in Vermont than anywhere else. To get a realization of this gently ordered village, and of the swept and garnished landscape it is set in, is the tourist's principal objective. He wants, too, to see as much of the Connecticut Valley, the Green Mountains, and Lake Champlain as he can. Let him diligently study the WPA Guide or he will miss much.

Here even more than elsewhere it is wise to travel by back roads, the dirt roads that sometimes you may even now hear spoken of as "shunpikes." They take you along the hillsides whose history Mr. Wilson tells in the book I have mentioned, through the woods, past the farms, into the hidden valleys. And it is essential to travel unhurriedly, to take your time. Photographer, contemporary archaeologist, student of gravestones or architectural styles or handicrafts, lovers of landscapes—they all need leisure. One must also get into the woods and especially into the woods that have reclaimed abandoned fields, where cellar holes and old stone walls are deep under brush, and fruit trees and strayed garden flowers blossom amidst poplar and maples. It would be idle here to name special roads or special sites. On the back of the state highway commission's map there is a list of seventy-five "historic sites." I would take

about half of these secondary to at least seventy-five others and everyone who knows Vermont could do the same. But for a specimen back country trip try this: at East Arlington take an unnumbered dirt road that leads east to Kelley Stand (a ghost village), to Stratton, and on to Wardsboro and then south to East Dover.

While preparing to write this piece, I asked a native, learned Vermonter to sketch a tour that would reveal his state as he would like to have a tourist see it. His answer is an admirable tour but it leaves out too much—it shows that a single tour will not suffice. I suggest that the reader look it up on a road map or, better still, study it in the *Guide*. It runs: Bennington to Danby by U.S. 7; back road through Weston and Andover to Chester; State 11 to Springfield; back road to Tyson; State 100 and 100-A through Plymouth (Calvin Coolidge) to West Bridgewater; back road to Norwich; back road to South Royalton (Joseph Smith); State 110 to Barre (granite) and U.S. 2 to Orleans, State 58 to Montgomery Center; State 118 and 109 to Cambridge Junction; through the mountains by State 15 to Cambridge (Mt. Mansfield); by a road east of State 15 to Underhill Center and 15 to Burlington (Lake Champlain); U.S. 7 to Vergennes, and then presumably across the lake to New York or south on 7 to Bennington (though if the latter, then certainly a detour that would take in Dorset).

NO, THIS is too severe a deprivation. It gives you only one of the interior north-south valleys which are the state's most beautiful scenery. I insist on at least two more. A short loop would lead up one, Bethel to Montpelier, and down another one, Barre to Royalton. A longer one which would intersect part of my friend's tour would take in two other, even lovelier ones: Stockbridge to Warren (going through Granville Gulf on the way); west through Lincoln Gap, by what is surely the ruggedest road in the state and leads through the wildest scenery, thence to Cambridge Junction and south on State 108 through Smuggler's Notch and Stowe to Waterbury.

I have said that the Connecticut Valley is a must and this takes in Thetford Hill, Fairlee (cross the river to Orford with its imposing mall and the row of houses which



have been called the most distinguished group in New England), and Newbury. Professorial apprentice-Vermonters would be outraged if one failed to visit Newfane, Greensboro, and Peacham. It would be a mistake not to travel at least one of the slantwise, cross-state highways, Cambridge to St. Johnsbury (both Lake Willoughby and Lake Memphremagog are within easy reach to the north), or Rutland to Bellows Falls, or Manchester to Brattleboro. And surely the briefest tour must include the short southern traverse of the state, Bennington to Brattleboro. Southern Vermont, like the northern end, is going back to the forest except at the edges, and back roads lead into marvelously interesting country, where the wilderness has grown over the nineteenth century.

Any of the trips I have suggested would be thick with double and triple stars in a Michelin guide. More to the point, all of them will add to your realization of Vermont.

From the northern end of Lake Champlain it is a leisurely two-hour drive down the Richelieu River to Chambly and west to Montreal. No one should be so near without going on. Montreal and Quebec, especially the latter, are among the most fascinating cities in North America and there is no more beautiful river than the St. Lawrence. Perhaps it is even more beautiful as it widens east of Quebec. This, however, is outside my topic and I add only that the enthusiasm of those who talk about the Gaspé Peninsula is justified. But they seldom warn the tourist that the roads range from bad to dreadful.

A footloose Pulitzer-prize winner—author of The Way West and The Big Sky—tells how to follow the track of the covered wagons along one of the oldest of the transcontinental routes.

Roads Running West

A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

ON THE loose, I head west. Not all the reasons are mine alone. For too many years too many men from too many places have faced the sunset, not the dawn. Nor can mere economics or geography explain entirely. Some element of the mystic enters here. The way of the sun is our way.

Let it go at that. More to the point are roads taken and things seen and still to see there; more useful is a trick or two of travel learned in years of driving.

I have rolled west from the Upper South by many routes, and the one I like best overlays or holds close to the old Oregon Trail. You strike the trail these days at Kansas City, Missouri—the old Westport which superseded Independence as the place of origin. It leads you to Lawrence and Topeka, to Marysville, Kansas, and Hebron, Nebraska, and to Grand Island on the Platte. Or, if convenience puts you farther north, you can travel by way of Omaha or Lincoln to Grand Island, and then follow the Platte and North Platte rivers clear to Casper, Wyoming.

This is a long haul and often a monotonous one to travelers without some knowledge of history. Others see the old ox trains and smell the smoke of long-struck evening camps and feel the anxious purpose of men and women bound bravely for unpromised land.

The Platte, that lazy washer of the primal thoroughfare, is the first great landmark and the greatest of them all. Towns and farms and greenery on its once-bald banks have softened it, but it is still a wondrous sight.

Here, now, is distance. Rolling along the trail as the traffic thins and space flows into farther space, somehow you feel exultant and free. It is as if, like the emigrants, you were about to start life anew.

JUST outside Kearney, Nebraska, is the site of old Fort Kearney. Save for a noble stand of cottonwoods planted more than a hundred years ago, only earthen humps and hollows are left of what it was.

Near the little town of Lewellen, also in Nebraska, are Ash Hollow and Windless Hill, both places of old note and both still scarred by cloven hoof and wagon wheel.

Ahead, now, rises Courthouse Rock, which ox-slow travelers strained to see, and, beyond it, the fine spire of the Chimney. These are visible from U. S. Highway 26, which you'll be following to the north of them. They're not far from Bridgeport, which is just a hop-skip off your course.

On course, Scott's Bluffs lift raggedly near the town that spells its name Scottsbluff. A national monument, complete with museum, has been established there.

Old Fort Laramie lies south of the main highway, at the junction of the North Platte and the Laramie. No place was more important to the early emigrants. In the beginning years of the trail it was the first source of supplies and repairs. Standing there, with the tawny uplands of the trail reaching away and away, you will know with what pleasure the dusty, dog-tired Oregoners descended.

Fort Laramie, too, is a national monument, managed in the usual good and friendly fashion of the National Park Service.

YOU'RE in Wyoming now. The pavement leads through Guernsey, hard by Register Cliffs, where the names of old-time journeyers are inscribed. It threads Casper and arrives at the Red Buttes and goes on to Independence Rock, where you'll stop, or should. Here was one of the most

famous of the landmarks. Here, today, are chiseled names and names of people long since dead. The Great Register of the Desert, a venturesome priest called it. And here is the Sweetwater and, upstream, the mountain crack called Devil's Gate through which it pours. Still farther, in the broken drainage of the river, Split Rock lifts its fractured head.

Without a wagon or a jeep you can't climb South Pass as did your predecessors. You have to angle off northwest, toward Lander, until

TRAVEL GUIDES: CANADA AND THE U.S.A.

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Rivers of America Series: Rinehart & Co. has published a still-growing library on American rivers (\$4 each with three exceptions). The list now numbers 46: *The Hudson*, by Carl Carmer, *Powder River* by Struthers Burt, *The Winooski* by Ralph Nading Hill, and *The Housatonic* by Chard Powers Smith are especially recommended.

American Folkways Series: This series, edited by Erskine Caldwell and published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce/Little, Brown, covers 22 sections of the country. For instance, there is *Mormon Country* by Wallace Stegner, *Redwood Country* by Alfred Powers, *Town Meeting Country* by Clarence Webster. Try out the publishers for the area you plan to visit. All \$4, except *Adirondack Country* by William Chapman White, \$4.50.

General Background

Look at America, facts and pictures by the editors of *Look Magazine*. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50.

Inside U.S.A. by John Gunther. A classic brought up to date with 40,000 new words. Harper, \$3.

The American Guide, edited by Henry G. Alsparg. Called "a living portrait of a great land." Hastings, \$7.50.

Cities

Fabulous Chicago, by Emmett Dedmon. Random, \$5.

Here is New York, by E. B. White, Harper, \$1.
Incredible New York, by Lloyd Morris. Random, \$5.

Miami, U.S.A. by Helen Muir. Holt, \$3.95.

Western Gates: A San Francisco Reader, edited by Joseph Henry Jackson. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$4.50.

Dining Out in America's Cities, by Raymond Ewell. Little, Brown. Cloth \$3.50, Paper, \$2.

Your Washington, by Tristram Coffin. A new guide to the Capital. Duell, Sloan & Pearce/Little, Brown, \$3.

The Boston Book, by Esther Forbes and Arthur Griffin. Houghton, Mifflin, \$5.

Spots

The Black Hills, edited by Roderick Peattie. Vanguard, \$5.

This is Nova Scotia, by Will R. Bird. Macrae-Smith, \$3.50.

Kaleidoscopic Quebec, by Amy Oakley. Longmans, \$3.75.

Colonial Williamsburg: Its Buildings and Gardens, by A. Lawrence Kocher and Howard Dearstyne. Colonial Williamsburg, \$2.50.

Islands of New England, by Hazel Young. Unusual pilgrimage. Eastport to Block Island. Atlantic/Little, Brown, \$5.

Alaska: A guide to the Last American Frontier, by Merle Colby. Macmillan, \$6.

Down East, by Sargent Collier. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.

Roads

U.S. 40, by George Stewart. Story of the road that crossed America, with maps and pictures. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.

Rand McNally Road Atlas: Complete detailed road maps of all 48 states, and separate maps of 48 major cities; new maps of the national parks; a table of motor, fish, and game laws of all states. Essential. And all for \$1.50.

Traveling by Car: A Family Guide to Better Vacations, by Carol Lane. Simon & Schuster, \$1.

National Parks

Exploring Our National Parks, by Devereaux Butcher. Official National Parks Association Guide. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.

The National Parks, by Freeman Tilden. Personal, informative, illustrated book about 60 of our national parks. Knopf. Paper (without illustrations) \$1, cloth, \$5.

you reach a road that veers to south and west and takes you through two so-called cities, Atlantic and South Pass. They're ghost gold camps of later times. Almost without knowing when, you're on the backbone of the continent—Wind mountains to the right, Oregon buttes to the left, and, ahead, the first drop of Western water.

Fort Bridger, deep in the southwest corner of Wyoming, was the second main stop for early overlanders. It supports a museum and stands shaded with cottonwoods and pines and aspens, an oasis in the sandy, sage-brushed wastes.

The trail leads on to Soda Springs, to old Fort Hall near Pocatello, along the rugged Snake River plains, across Three Island ford near Glenns Ferry, Idaho, to Boise, to The Dalles, Oregon, to Portland and to Oregon City.

ANY number of books chart the course. Still available, I hope, are Irene Paden's *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* and *The Oregon Trail* in the American Guide series and DeVoto's *Across the Wide Missouri*, which deals more with mountain man than emigrant but, since they went the same way, is rich with pertinent information. In the hard-to-come-by books I have found a section of Chittenden's *History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West* the most condensed and accurate. It treats, however, only the earlier days of American migration.

Once across South Pass and sometimes earlier I usually cut north, to visit the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone or to see again the Black Hills and the old town of Deadwood where lie buried Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok. (He was shot in the back there while at poker and so gave the name of Dead Man's Hand to aces and eights.) Of the parks I know, the little reservation of the Grand Tetons comes first. No mountains in America are more spectacular, no lakes bluer, no spots more suggestive of sanctuary.

I am disposed to leave the trail short of its terminus because the coastal country is not West save by the narrow definition of direction. Make no mistake. There are things of interest farther on. There is magnificence like the great gorge of the Columbia. There are poignant vestiges of yesterday's westering.

There are good cities and good towns. But the coast has moved far from its origins. What remains of the Old West lies inland.

Closer to the early days, more remindful of the youth of the land, are towns like Cheyenne and Sheridan in Wyoming, like Billings and Great Falls in Montana, though they are off the trail and subsequent to its great years. These are places still of generous gesture and natural informality. Not that they are alone. All through the interior West you encounter little spots in which the frontier manifests itself in a sort of free-and-easy sociability, in democracy residual from old-time cow town and gold camp. But of the bigger places I think first of the four named here.

WE COME now to that pair of tips for tourists. Whatever else it does, the American Automobile Association, although a great bargain for the tourist, doesn't always chart the route best for him. It likes to keep him on main-traveled roads, federal highways usually, for on them are concentrated the chief sources of its income. In populous sections particularly the ignored state roads are sometimes shorter, very often better, and just about always far less congested.

Do you like to drive in the late, relaxed summer afternoon just as the no-vacancy signs are about to go up? Can you tolerate the advance registrations that take the fun out of wayfaring by fixing daily destinations?

If the answers are yes and no respectively, here's help, I hope. It is, say, 4:00 P.M. and time to shack up if you are to be certain of a shack; but the heat is off the road and yonder lies another town, and wouldn't it be nice to ease two hours or so along to it?

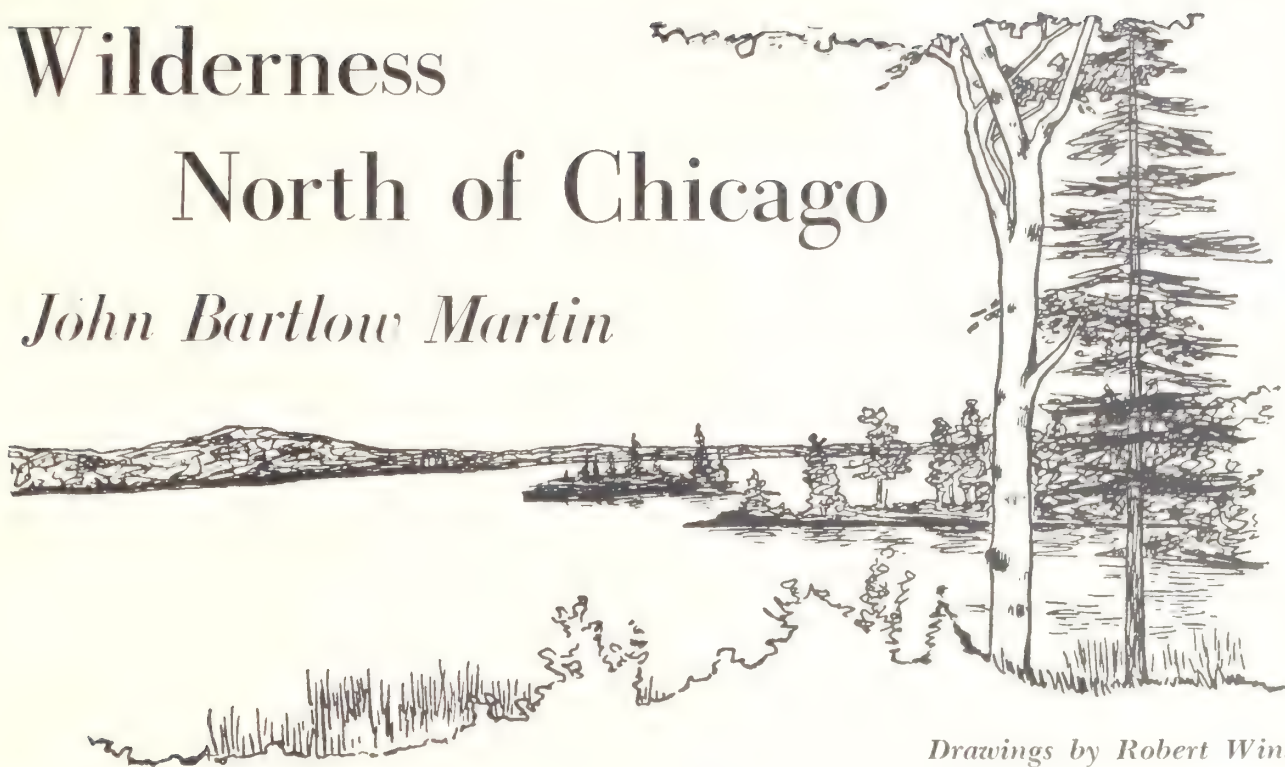
All right. Find a telephone. Call Operator in the yonder town. State your problem. Operators, often damned, are most obliging people. Informed, too. Chances are she'll ask you to hang on while she rings a first-rate court. Chances are she'll come back on to say okay, you have a reservation.

West of the wide Missouri, though not elsewhere, I've used this method more than once and never scored a miss. I just hope that Bell *et al.* won't foul it up now that the secret is made known.

Wilderness

North of Chicago

John Bartlow Martin



Drawings by Robert Winsor

THE way we start out for the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is to head straight north of Chicago on U.S. 41. Michigan, the state with more coastline than any other, consists of two peninsulas—the lower, or Detroit, one, which lies vertically between Lake Michigan and Lake Huron; and the upper, or forgotten, one, which lies horizontally across the top of Wisconsin. The Upper Peninsula ought to belong to Wisconsin, but it was given to Michigan—in lieu of another strip of territory Michigan claimed—when Michigan was admitted to the union. Michigan accepted the gift with ill grace, one writer describing the land as “a wild and comparative Scandinavian tract—20,000 square miles of howling wilderness on the shores of Lake Superior.”

The Upper Peninsula is not tourist country in any ordinary sense of the words. It is in some respects a second-rate wilderness. The bass fishing is not so good as it ought to be. The trout streams are small and brushy. The rivers are too swift and rocky for good canoeing. The trees are not so big as one might wish. The lakes are too cold and boggy for the best swimming. The scenery is not spectacularly beautiful. It is, then, for a Midwesterner who likes the woods but lacks the time to go to Canada, or enjoys scenery but can't go to the Far West, something of a compromise. And yet, in other respects Upper

Michigan is not a compromise at all, as I shall hope to show you.

U.S. 41 is dual-lane between Chicago and Milwaukee, and what little countryside you see looks more like a rolling country estate than farmland. We by-pass Milwaukee on Wis. 100, then continue straight north on Wis. 57, which runs across the rolling dairy region of Wisconsin. I have always thought Wisconsin and Iowa two of the loveliest of the states and, with parts of Indiana, surely the most bucolic. The farms are neat here, small, tightly-fenced, carefully-tended, and the names emblazoned on the enormous barns that house the fat black cattle are German names. The Germans, those wise choosers of land, took up much of the best soil between here and the Rockies. Their little towns along the road look scrubbed. Their churches—some are lettered “*Kirche*”—are unpretentious and quite beautiful. This is the native habitat of what is often called “Midwest isolationism.”

While observing the beauties, you must watch the side roads; the people are excellent farmers, thrifty citizens, and upright vestrymen, but they are lousy drivers.

Just short of Kiel we take a shortcut on Wis. 32 to DePere and Green Bay, then leave Green Bay on U. S. 141 and 41, and when they separate, take 141. Beyond that junction, the north seems to begin. You see patches of



white birch and dark green pine; fences are fewer and cattle leaner, the barns grayer and the soil stonier.

A little above Pembine you will see (if you are not on a detour) a big boulder at the edge of the woods, and on it is painted in crude letters "VOIE PROGRESSIVE." Coming on it suddenly as you round a curve you may sense the shock and fear of the Wisconsin lumber and railroad barons when the Progressive party first burst upon them from the backlands.

Not far beyond the boulder is Niagara, the last town in Wisconsin. In a few minutes you will cross the Menominee River on a long bridge into Michigan. I always feel better at this point. But my wife says that when *she* gets to this point, the sun darkens, the weather turns cold, and it rains or snows.

If You Prefer the Lincoln Country . . .

You ought not make this journey at all much earlier than July 1. The chambers of commerce in Upper Michigan may have me indicted for saying so, but you really cannot count on good weather up here till about the Fourth of July. Further, you should come to Michigan no later than the middle of August, surely no later than Labor Day. ("Ten months of winter and two months of poor sledding." is an old-timer's description of Upper Michigan's climate.)

If you must come to the Midwest much earlier than July 1, I would advise you to make a wholly different trip. In late April or in May, for example, you could tour southern

Indiana and southern Illinois. This, too, is not conventional tourist country, but in the spring—or early fall—it is grand country: hilly, remote, strange, wildly beautiful.

Spring, too, is the time of year to go touring in the Abraham Lincoln country or the Mark Twain country. If you are interested in Lincoln, never go direct to Springfield: Lincolniana there is a business. Go, rather, to the Cumberland Gap where Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia meet, and through which Lincoln's father passed on his way west. Go thence along the Lincoln trail, through central Kentucky, the dark and ancient place where Abraham was born (stopping if you wish at the Talbott Tavern in Bardstown, built in 1779 and all dark wood and stone walls and copperware), and across the Ohio River into Spencer County, Indiana, where Nancy Hanks died, and cross the Wabash to emerge at last, as Lincoln the young man did, into the fertile rolling prairie of central Illinois. Only thus—noting how, as you travel northwest, the soil changes from the stubborn stony clay of Kentucky to the fat black dirt of Illinois—can you really understand Lincoln's path.

Or at this springtime go to southern Illinois, to Cairo, on the delta where the Ohio joins the western waters of the Mississippi: or to any part of Egypt, as the Ozark foothills of southern Illinois are called—hard-shell Baptist country, hillbilly country, harsh coal-mining country once gangster-ridden and strike-torn and the scene of the Herrin Massacre and many another bloody feud, yet country where the redbud and dogwood blossom on the hillsides in the spring. In any case, wherever you tour in the Midwest, follow the great rivers and bear them in mind: the settlers came by river.

BUT I take it you are coming to the Midwest in the summer, so it will be all right to go to Upper Michigan. Iron Mountain is about 300 miles and 6½ hours out of Chicago. Unless you feel like driving another 75 miles you had better stop here at a good hotel in midtown or at tourist cabins north of town.

You leave Iron Mountain on Mich. 95, still heading due north. The countryside has changed again. As far as Channing it is cut-over country and farmland, some of the farms

abandoned. The farmers who broke this soil had to root out stumps and boulders; the stumps and boulders make their fences yet. But a little north of Channing the woods begin—no fences, no houses, nothing but dark conifer swamps, dark-water lakes, and bald rock bluffs, high rocky hills, and dark trout streams. The vehicles you meet will be loggers' trucks, fishermen's Model-A's, prospectors' jeeps. Deer forage in the second-growth—there are more deer in Upper Michigan now than when the Indians were here, for second-growth is better forage than virgin timber—and you should, after dark, watch out for them. Towns are few and small and resemble frontier towns, looking as though they were nailed up by prospectors in haste. The sawmill is at the edge of town, and the woods come right down to it.

Iron Mines, Fishing, and Wilderness

REPUBLIC is an iron town, and a good one. It stands beside the backwater of a dam on the Michigamme River, and as you follow the road out of the hills you will see a mountainous pile of rock from the famed Republic Mine. When the Republic Mine was opened in 1872, men came from afar to see it, for its ore, black glistening specular hematite, was some of the richest ever found anywhere; Republic boomed. But the mine shut down, and Republic went into a long slumber. Now suddenly the mine is reopening, and Republic is abustle. This is the stuff of the history of every town on the Michigan mineral range—boom and bust and a prospector's dream.

As you leave Republic you will pass the Park Hotel, on a rocky knob overlooking the river, and it is worth a stop if only to see its woodwork: tables carved out of a single slice from a great pine. A few hundred yards farther along the road is a lane to the left leading to Bert Anderson's place. Bert is one of the nicest fellows up here, and his camps—cabins or cottages are called camps up here—are for rent and are comfortable. (A good place to sleep is going to be one of your big problems in Upper Michigan. There are few resort hotels. You will be staying mostly in hotels in town, in tourist cabins, or in camps owned by private individuals. So I'll mention places I know personally.)

At the junction with U. S. 41, if you turn east you will reach Ishpeming, 15 miles away, the center of the Marquette Iron Range. Ishpeming is an old town with steep crooked streets, old-fashioned saloons frequented by miners and lumberjacks, and sturdy buildings made of stone as red as iron ore. Gravel roads hereabouts are stained red with ore, and so are the hands and clothing of men on the street. At Ishpeming is the best hotel in the region, possibly the best in all Upper Michigan, the Mather Inn.

Marquette, 15 miles east of Ishpeming on Lake Superior, is the official capital of the Marquette Range. Here you will see the great ore docks and boats; here are two good hotels, the Northland and the Clifton; from here you can go deep-sea trolling for lake trout in Lake Superior; and from here you can drive northwest along the lonely coast of Lake Superior to the Yellow Dog River (a trout stream).

East of Marquette lies the long narrow tongue of land stretching 168 miles to the Soo. It is more settled than the western half of Upper Michigan, it is flatter land, and in it is the Two Hearted River of the Hemingway story.



TRAVELING westward, however, on U. S. 41 after you pass the junction with Mich. 95, you are entering one of the wildest regions of the Midwest. It will not look it from the highway; the roadside is dotted with houses, filling stations, hamlets, stores selling "Gen'l. Mdse."; but behind this thin screen of civilization is nothing but the woods—1,700 square miles of wilderness traversed only by this single road, U. S. 41. Pay no attention to oil company maps which show local roads leading north and south off U. S. 41. Most of these are passable only by jeep. There are a few passable ones probing a few miles into the woods that are not on the maps. Built by loggers, they are intermittent roads, which suddenly appear one year as logging begins, are dangerous while the loggers are hauling on them, are safe after the loggers have moved on, and in a few years are reclaimed by the wilderness.

West of the Peshekee, U. S. 41 runs for several miles along the shore of Lake Michigamme. The highway then descends a steep hill and at the bottom of the hill, sitting atop the abandoned Michigamme Mine, is the best place to eat and drink between Ishpeming and Baraga. Maurice Ball's Shasta Lodge. Maurice Ball, an accommodating man and a good source of tourist information, can recommend several places to stay in the town of Michigamme.

FIVE miles west of Michigamme is Three Lakes, which is on the map as a town but is really just three lakes, some camps on the shore. Jim Vilona's tavern (which serves excellent spaghetti), and Earl Numinen's store, filling station, and tourist cabins. Earl Numinen, like Maurice Ball, is one of our best friends: a short, stocky, round-faced man who came to Three Lakes from Finland with his family when he was a boy. His father, a woodsman, speaks no English. (Most of the permanent residents of Three Lakes are Finnish. In this part of Upper Michigan is the largest colony of Finns in America.) Earl went to work for the State Highway Department. When the pavement on U. S. 41 reached Michigamme he was a rodman for the surveyors; by the time it reached L'Anse, 31 miles west, Earl was a project engineer, a rise that can be attributed only to ability. He still works for the Highway Department and, with his wife, Hilma, runs this store.

The Numinens have tourist cabins here. So do Leo Tourtillot and his wife. Some of the privately-owned camps at Three Lakes also are for rent; Earl and his wife always know what's available.

The fishing near Three Lakes is not so good as it was fourteen years ago when I first arrived. At least not the lake fishing for bass and pike. Possibly this is because the State of Michigan has quit stocking the lakes (except for a few it stocks with rainbow trout). The state does stock the streams with brook trout, and the trout fishing is at least as good as it used to be. But I will not tell you where to fish; to do so would clearly be a violation of the Fisherman's Code (Title 1209, Ch. 32—it is a long Code), which states, "Whosoever shall fish for and find fish, or whosoever shall be guided to a place to fish for and shall find fish, and shall then impart, convey, or disclose

to another the site of said fishing for and finding, shall be deemed guilty of the crime of treason, and shall be hung from the nearest tag alder without trial or other formal proceeding." So rigorous is the application of this Code that friends of mine have all but blindfolded me before taking me to their favorite fishing places; and it is said that John Voelker, a lawyer from Ishpeming (and, as "Robert Traver," the author of a good book about this region, *Troubleshooter*) carries a broom in his Model-A fishcar, with which, after turning down a side road on his way to a secret fishing place, he erases the marks of his tires so he cannot be followed. I do not doubt it for a minute. Storekeepers, however, are specifically exempted from the chapter of the Code quoted above; so maybe Earl Numinen will tell you where to fish. At least he can tell you where to get a boat, no small item (and so can Maurice Ball).

Do not, however, approach Earl in peremptory fashion—nor anyone else around here. I must remind you that this is not tourist country, it is mining and logging country, and though the local entrepreneurs *think* they like to cater to tourists, they actually do not but, rather, consider them of distinctly secondary importance; further, they pride themselves on a stiff-backed independence, and will not really cater to anybody as successful resort proprietors must. These people are among the finest, friendliest on earth, and when they know and like you there is absolutely nothing they will not do for you. But this takes time, you must not push, they have to find out about you.

Partridge Hunting by Jeep

FIVE miles west of Three Lakes is Nestoria, or at least the map says so. That part of Nestoria visible from the highway is nothing but a tavern and filling station owned by Joe and Gwen Heikkinen, also among our best friends. Joe is without doubt the best woodsman I know. To watch him stalk a partridge is a pleasure. (You may think stalking a partridge an odd and even dubious pursuit. But up here we hunt partridge by driving down logging roads in a jeep, and sometimes we see a partridge step off the road as we approach. He will not fly from the car but will hide near the road. We must

dismount and look for him, and he is hard to see and is easily frightened into flight by human footstep.)

Joe also operates a garage and he can fix anything. He is one of the few men up here who earns a part of his income by trapping beaver. The beaver, once nearly extinct, is coming back.

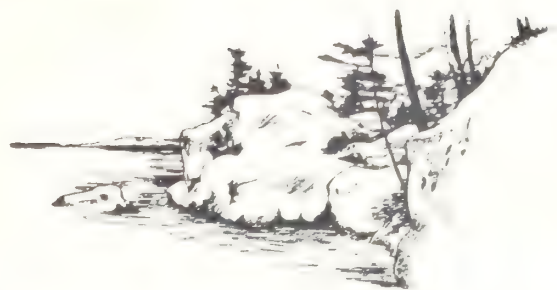
Most men up here who are neither miners nor lumberjacks are obliged to work at two or three jobs to earn a living. Joe traps, and runs a garage and tavern; Earl works for the Highway Department, and runs a store.

Three Lakes marks the western end of the Marquette Iron Range. Westward from Joe's the highway runs for 25 miles through unbroken forestland, crossing such trout streams as the Tioga and the Pelkie, passing Henry Ford's "model logging town" of Alberta, and reaching L'Anse, a not-so-model logging town on Lake Superior, midway between the iron range and the copper range. The first of the permanent Jesuit missions in Michigan was established here in 1660 by Father René Ménard; from here Father Ménard, his teachings rejected by the savages, set out overland westward and never was seen alive again by civilized man. Here too the American Fur Company maintained a post; so young is this region that Nels Crebassa, who works at the Conservation Headquarters here today, is only the fur agent's grandson.

The Uranium Hunters

NORTHEAST of L'Anse in the Huron foothills, legend says, lies gold. But there in 1950 prospectors for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation found uranium. Immediately every bartender became a nuclear physicist and every barfly with \$200 bought a Geiger counter; and all summer long the rock cuts along the highways were parked full of automobiles whose drivers were chipping away with picks and listening to their Geiger counters click. They quarried enough rock that summer to make a good-sized rock cut of their own. Today Geiger counters are for sale cheap in Michigan, and only the AEC itself is still prospecting.

From L'Anse U. S. 41 rounds the foot of the bay of Lake Superior and passes Baraga, home of the Bayview Hotel, which is an



excellent place to eat. If you head southwest from Baraga you will skirt the Burnt Plains, a vast strange sandy upland uninhabited since the Indians burned the pine to drive deer to slaughter, and you will come at length to the Sturgeon River gorge. (Waterfalls are numerous throughout Upper Michigan; you can locate them easily in the "Lure Book," a tourist guide obtainable free by writing to the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau at Marquette.)

Beyond Baraga, U. S. 41 runs almost due north 29 miles to Houghton, the capital of Michigan's copper range. Copper glints on its steep streets, copper pennies are set into the floor of the ancient but excellent Douglass House. The first mining boom in America took place here in the 1840s. This is the only place in the world where men have found copper in commercial quantities in its native state—that is, pure, not mingled with other chemicals to form ores.

North from Houghton U. S. 41 zigzags up the bald face of Quincy Hill, then runs past the corrugated iron shaft house of the Quincy mine, past row upon row of unpainted company houses and great heaps of rusting scrap iron and wrecked ore cars and twisted cables, past gaunt cattle browsing in weed patches and brushpiles, past abandoned farms, and on to a cluster of mining towns, Calumet and Laurium and Lake Linden, and a heavy industrial area of great smelters and stamp-mills and powerhouses and reclamation plants. Clear-cut logging, ill-advised farming, and copper mining have combined to lay waste this region.

But not far north of Calumet mining has ceased, and the country changes—it is forest-clad, hilly, lake-strewn, and lovely, and the Brockway Mountain Drive runs over the hills and clear on up to the tip of the Keeweenaw Peninsula, Copper Harbor. Copper Harbor is a tourist center, and among its attractions is an excellent lodge.

RAKING your way southward through Houghton you can take Mich. 26 and U. S. 45 to Ontonagon, a sawmill town at the mouth of the Ontonagon River. Near here a prospector found one of the richest copper mines, the Minesota (so spelled originally and never corrected), by examining a curious depression in the earth in the woods. Excavated, it yielded wagonloads of weapons and tools and, beneath them, the copper lode. These artifacts at first were thought to have been made by the Indians. But it turned out that the Indians had no knowledge of them. A great many more have since been found—last summer Earl Numinen's highway crew dug up a long narrow axhead, and I have it now at camp—but nobody has been able to say more of their origin than that they are pre-Columbian.

These mysterious aboriginal miners evidently did not live here—they just came to mine the copper and take it home (thus establishing a pattern for later American iron and copper men). They may have been the Aztecs; they may have been the Phoenicians; they may have been the early men who came across the Bering Strait from Siberia; they may have been the American mound builders (whoever they were).

Some years ago a friend of mine at Three Lakes found on the Sturgeon River an axhead made of pure iron and gave it to me, and it may somehow be connected with this prehistoric copper mining, for the Chippewa, so far as I know, made their axheads of stone. Last summer I took my daughter to the Sturgeon to try to find another like it, in place; we failed, but we had a nice day trout-fishing and we also found the spoor of a great bear.

South from Ontonagon you can drive on a pleasant road, Mich. 64, to the Porcupine Mountains. They rise 1,500 feet above Lake Superior, dotted with little lakes and abandoned copper and silver mines. A road runs up from Silver City close to the top. Here the state, which intends to preserve the mountains from exploitation, has cut some trails and built some cabins. (To reserve a cabin, address Knox Jamison, Porcupine Mountain State Park Superintendent, Ontonagon. An interesting book about this region is *This Ontonagon Country*, by James K. Jamison, published by the Ontonagon *Herald*, 1939.

Angus Murdoch's *Boom Copper*, Macmillan, 1943, deals with the Copper Country as a whole.)

To all this I would add a couple of general warnings. Do not in Upper Michigan order what are called here "mixed drinks"—martinis, for example—for they are likely to be canned or, even worse, the bartender will improvise them. Do not order "Scotch and soda"; soda up here means a sweet soft drink; you have to specify Seltzer. Don't throw lighted cigarettes out of your car. Put out your fires.

FINALLY, this article, which has concentrated on auto routes, may lead you to believe that Upper Michigan is a good place for motor touring. It isn't. The only way to see and understand Upper Michigan is to get off the highway—to fish the dark red lakes, to wade the trout streams, to walk the trails and old abandoned logging roads, to talk to lumberjacks and sawmill men and miners. So I strongly urge you to drive only a part of the route I have outlined, or to drive it all quickly and somewhere along the way stop and spend most of your time.

Stop, for example, at the town of Michigamme, once a boom town but today a sleepy village of 300 people and one saloon. They are fine people, and it is a fine saloon; the church on the hilltop is a beauty, and the old frontier boarding houses are there yet. The people have been here a long time, they are the ones who had faith in the town, who would not leave when times got hard. It is odd the hold this region has on people. Boys who grow up in Upper Michigan, at least in this part of it, have little to look forward to but work in the mines or the logging camps, hard, dangerous work unattractive to many young men; and the girls have little prospect of marrying anyone but a miner or a lumberjack; but few are willing to seek opportunity in Detroit or Chicago, and many of those who do leave return.

It is not opportunity that holds them, and the rocky hills and dark forests look so bleak and hard you would not think it was that either, but it must be, it must be the country itself, and its people. It is the same thing that brings me, and many others, back year after year, though the fishing is better and the beds are softer elsewhere.

Tourists, Stay Away from My Door

Thomas Hornsby Ferril

I was born in Denver. I love every square inch of Colorado's 66,718,080 acres, but when somebody writes to me, asking how to spend a pleasant vacation in our wonderful Rocky Mountains, my innards tie up into knots. I loathe tourists, I hate myself when I get crowded into being one; my dearest friend, in the role of tourist, becomes leprous in my sight.

Our newspapers, bless them, do a commendable job in scaring off several thousand tourists a year by morbidly glorifying the highway death toll, but actually our 12,000 miles of highways are very safe. In 1953, for example, Colorado's resident population of some 1,400,000 souls suffered a record infestation by 3,705,000 tourists. It was worse than the Goths pouring in on Rome. Yet in the entire year "motor murder" accounted for only 337. Rigid law enforcement could reduce our smashups materially, but efforts in this direction have a way of backfiring. When Governor Dan Thornton recently ordered a few roadblocks for checking on cars and drivers, he was reminded that it might give Colorado a bad name. After all, the tourists spent \$265,000,000 here last year.

The tourist business in the eleven Western states is a highly competitive, multi-million-dollar industry, keyed closely to automobiles and roads. More and more tourists tend to camp out; more than a fourth of them did so in, Colorado last year, while over half stayed at roadside hotels and auto courts. There is some complaining on their part, chiefly against the highways, high prices, and poor fishing. They want more golf courses and swimming pools and some now insist on sponge rubber seats for Western saddles—but



on the whole they seem to have a pretty good time. About a third want to return, according to studies by the University of Colorado, while two out of five insist that they are coming back to become permanent residents.

My antipathy to the whole business arises in part from this last point, but I don't blame the tourists half as much as I blame us Westerners ourselves. Our whole idea is to lure as many people as possible and get them to live here for keeps. *The plain truth is that we are overloading a most tenuous water supply with people and industries—in an area that depends fundamentally, and must continue to depend, on agriculture.*

The Art of Denvertising

THE Southwest and Rocky Mountain states experienced the largest relative rise in births in 1953, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Colorado's population—a state where 43 per cent of the area is government land and the people live along trickles of water called rivers—increased 18 per cent in the decade before the 1950 census; while Denver mushroomed 29 per cent.

Denver amazes me, I cannot understand it; the Denver area now has more than half a million people with large suburban business centers and supermarkets sprawling out over the once remote prairies where I used to hunt rabbits. From my window, as I write, I see two huge new skyscrapers and more are on their way. They too must have water.

Every drop of water out in this country is already appropriated. Speculative cloud seeding is very popular; the water table is sinking

as competition for underground water increases; and at the moment, Coloradans on both side of the mountains are fighting like wildcats over transmountain diversion of water. But if Colorado's water war seems insoluble, there is unanimous agreement between the warriors, civic boosters all: we simply *must* have more people and more industries; we must lure more tourists and corral as many as we can to stay forever.

But this is no way for me to be going on because, after all, I am a member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Denver Advertising Club. I should be Denvertising, as we say, the glories of our 52 peaks over 14,000 feet, our 583 peaks between 12,000 and 14,000 feet, our 13,697,257 acres of national forests, our 35 ski areas, our 3,333 hours of sunshine a year, and our 13,022 miles of open, unposted streams, and 2,311 clear lakes that "offer every kind of trout fishing."

AH, YES! Every kind! How true! Modestly, may I claim to be an expert trout fisherman, having fished since I was four years old from the Platte to the Gunnison and the Rio Grande to the Laramie. So I make this solemn pledge to any tourist: Not counting the early hours of the opening season when the legal limit of planted nursery trout can be yanked out easily by any ignoramus, I can demonstrate that it is possible for even me, a celebrated master of the art, under favorable conditions on unposted, accessible water, without use of jeep or helicopter, fishing all day with a No. 12 dry fly and tapered nylon leader, to catch not less than two trout and, under extremely favorable conditions, seven or more. Rarely am I goose-egged entirely, if I put in enough hours.

Moreover, I welcome the presence of inexperienced tourists who catch nothing, particularly in my beloved waters of Platte Canyon. They slug the river with grappling hooks and serve as African beaters, driving the frightened fish to willow sanctuaries where an accurate underslung cast by my unerring wrist will do the business.

I should, I suppose, have deep sympathy for tourists. At a distance sometimes, as you see them crawling bumper-to-bumper across the ridgepole of America. Berthoud pass, Loveland pass, or Trail Ridge Road, you are reminded of an endless, aimless caterpillar;

but, alas, my prejudices are too deeply seated. Not that I have any grudge against the intelligent traveler; he is a welcome guest and rewarding companion. Yet even he is subject to corruption. I've known him to degenerate to abject touristhood over night. He has lost what self-reliance he ever had, he has capitulated to the beckonings of Elsewhere. Spiritual vagrancy is in direct ratio to increased horsepower; migratory affluence is today as serious a problem as migratory poverty in the 1930s.

A Letter to a Friend

THIS vague groping for Elsewhere is illustrated by the letters that come from people who want to take in the Rocky Mountains. We all get them. They used to start in March and taper off toward October but now—and I blame winter sports and open highways in the mountains—they come every month in the year. The letter writers don't trust the professionals in the tourist business but want the personal advice of a good friend or, more often, a remote acquaintance. A typical letter goes like this—only I'm putting it in reverse English, as if I were a Westerner about to go East:

Dear Russell:

Hellie and I are planning a little trip East in June and I hope you won't consider it an imposition if I ask you to give us a lift. We want to forget everything for three weeks and keep off the beaten path as much as possible, although we might break over and take in a show or two in New York if we can get tickets. You would know about that and perhaps what we ought to see, and maybe some good hotel with a view of the ocean, not too far from the theater district.

We don't want to make the mistake of trying to cover too much ground, so we thought we'd fly to Williamsburg, Virginia, then sort of mosey up the back roads in a rented car to a camp some old Colorado friends of ours have at Lake Mooselookmeguntic, Maine, just "vagabond our way," as Hellie puts it. I know you are terribly busy but we certainly would appreciate it if you could suggest just a few of the better places to stop; you know what I mean, just good food and good beds and, heaven forbid, nothing quaint or picturesque.

Not that we'd dream of asking you to help us work out a day-by-day itinerary

because actually we don't want to be pinned down, but somehow a person does feel so helpless what with everything so commercialized these days. A Denver friend told me that somebody named Johnson, Howard Johnson, I think, rents rooms and serves decent food at Ausable Chasm, N. Y. Do I have it right? Hellie and I might surprise the Johnsons some evening and give them the good wishes of our mutual Denver friend.

Hellie and I agree on one thing—that we should not entirely avoid the popular places. After all, when in Rome, why pass up the Colosseum? I think every American should visit Plymouth Rock and in Boston, of course, we want to see the North Church, Concord Bridge, and the old doorways on Benevolent Street. If it isn't too far to Salem—actually how far is it?—we'd like to drop in on the House of Seven Gables because Hellie is a real Emerson fan. Darn it, I wish I had more time to read.

Well, Russell, I've sort of been rambling on, but that's what we want to do, just ramble, and any advice you have will certainly be welcome. Incidentally, if there's any good fishing along the line, I'd like to take a whirl at it. What lures do you recommend?

Sincerely,
TOM

P.S. If we leave our car in Washington, we may arrive in New York the morning of the 21st on that Pennsylvania train that gets in early, but don't bother to meet us. We'll call you up when we arrive.

If the foregoing letter seems unreasonable, I can only protest that it isn't nearly as bad as many of the letters we receive in Denver. If the letters are answerable, we beat our brains out trying to reply intelligently; if unanswerable, we make courteous acknowledgment and turn them over to the Denver Convention and Visitors' Bureau, 225 West Colfax Avenue.

The Lady from Ohio

IT is obvious that anybody seeking a vacation from himself would also take a vacation from good manners, but once in a blue moon comes a shocking surprise. One evening a lady from Ohio called up. We had known she was coming; all the overtures had

been made by mail. We shuddered when she identified herself—but, bless her forever, all she wanted to do was make a report. She had been to Rocky Mountain National Park, she had been up Mount Evans, she had gone up Lookout Mountain to Buffalo Bill's grave and down Mount Vernon Canyon past the shrine of Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini; she had been to the top of Pike's Peak and through the Garden of the Gods, she had dined at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs and the Brown Palace in Denver—and now, so help me, would Hellie and I accept a quart of drinking-whisky and be her guests for dinner? All she wanted was a few of our ideas in order to nail down what she was pretty sure she had experienced.

What's more, when she got back to Ohio, she wrote a thank-you letter, a subject on which we have been mean enough to keep tab for years.

THE tourist business, I repeat, is a multi-million-dollar industry and the prospective visitor who has only vague notions of what he wants to do should take fullest advantage of its facilities. Accessible to him is all the propaganda put out by travel departments of magazines and newspapers, travel bureaus, express companies, railroads, airlines, bus lines, park service, forest service, oil companies, automobile companies, state highway departments, game and fish departments, dude ranch, hotel, and motel associations. Blindfold yourself, stick a pin in any Western map, and send a letter to anybody from mayor to dog-catcher in the nearest town and your letter will promptly reach some agency committed to persuading you that this particular area excels all others for whatever you want to do. And for the deserving—those prospective travelers who can read words and maps—there is that magnificent, patient lady who heads the reference department in the home-town library. She is the gateway to Everywhere!

For the aimless creature who isn't resourceful enough to work things out for himself, I certainly recommend the professionals in the tourist business. They have had long experience. They know how and why the Rocky Mountains were invented (that is, the mountains the tourist is enchanted by, which I will touch on in a moment) and they are

thoroughly familiar with the two-fold responses to landscape that account for all tourist behavior.

The Sex Life of Mountaineers

THE passive behavior, literally inspiration—the sucking in of landscape—is more significant than the active behavior and, in a way, underlies it. A recent survey indicated that 95 per cent of the tourists came for “sight-seeing,” 80 per cent were interested in taking pictures of what they were looking at, 74 per cent just wanted to take it easy in the presence of the mountains, while only 18 per cent were interested in horse and dog racing. The expression “sight-seeing,” becomes more profound the more you get into it, because landscape—or *apparent* nature as distinguished from the ecological realities of nature—is always dominant. In other words, how the country looks to the eye invariably dictates the kind of ideas it ought to deserve, compelling actual history to adapt itself speciously to what must have happened in such a spectacular environment.

These responses are reflected in costume, speech, folklore, religious and contemplative manifestations, and explain the important anachronism by which the Old West must always continue as a contemporary presence. Religious ideas based on causation are universal and account for hundreds of place designations such as Garden of the Gods, God's Country, etc. These ideas, suggested by the appearance of great mountains, contribute to peace and repose in people whose religious emotions are not stimulated by a hummock in New Jersey or a dune in Michigan. Mere size of scenery does it—yet it is hardly complimentary to God that He has to slug the mind with Pike's Peak to evoke the profound queries that, in any blade of grass, confound all philosophers.

The active response to what landscape deserves is expressed in all the youthful joys of hiking, climbing, riding, swimming, skiing, sports-car rallies, and for people of all ages, hunting and fishing. Romanticized costume and paraphernalia add to the pleasure. This is all naïve and beautiful.

I emphasize carefree youth especially with respect to mountain climbing because if a mountain persists as a challenge to a man

over twenty-six, it is a bad sign. The passion to lick mountains and philosophize about it implies some psychic deficiency or sex frustration. Having read many of the books by mature mountain climbers, I am convinced that no philosophy of mountain conquering makes the slightest sense whatever. I am further convinced that the adult who feels under compulsion to lick formidable mountains invariably enjoys as unsatisfactory a love life as a lady harp player.

How Germans Invented the Rockies

I MENTIONED a while back that the professionals in the travel business know how and why the Rocky Mountains were invented for the special benefit of tourists. Art critics have overlooked this rather interesting footnote to the theory that nature sometimes imitates art, but a great deal of evidence has been turned up by an electronics engineer, Robert A. LeMassena. Mr. LeMassena has a large collection of early Western prints and particularly railroad advertising from the 1870s through about 1910. For Eastern consumption the terrifying aspects of the mountains were enormously exaggerated. Millions of mailing pieces went out, showing trains mastering corkscrew peaks and precipices that couldn't possibly have been scaled by a jackass with hinges. Since superior lithography and color work could be done in Germany, photographs—such as the superb ones taken by W. H. Jackson in the 1880s—were used as the basis for elaboration. Many of the most hair-raising representations of the Rockies were actually modeled after the Bavarian Alps by lithographers who had never seen the Rockies at all. As a child, traveling over the narrow gauge roads of Colorado, I well remember holding in my lap some terrifying pamphlet supplied by the train butcher and forcing my imagination to convince me that what I was looking at from the window somehow *must* live up to the picture. The passes we traveled on in those days were signed by S. K. Hooper. Shadrack Kemp Hooper was the Barnum of mountain press agency. He coined the slogan “See America First” at the same time that he was hiring German artists to invent Colorado scenery.

Even when literal photographs became

used extensively for half-tone engravings, distorted camera angles were employed to create illusions no tourist would ever encounter, yet to fortify his memory of what he must have seen. Since perspectives fall away and flatten out disappointingly in ordinary photography, telephoto lenses are now used to pull the mountains in and make them higher. These are favored by travel magazines. For years the Denver Chamber of Commerce has publicized a ridiculous photograph that gives you the impression that Mont Blanc itself towers majestically over the viaduct at the very foot of Sixteenth Street.

But knowing how the West works on the mind has never disillusioned me. I love it more every day, and if I loathe collective tourist invasions, I delight especially in what the youngsters get out of it. For this is a land where the air breathes better, the stars hang down like chandeliers, and it's more fun to hold hands and kiss than anywhere else.

For those who have never been out here and want to achieve complete fatigue, convalescence from which back home is perhaps the most rewarding pleasure of any vacation. I recommend the conventional things: the Yellowstone, the Tetons, Cheyenne Frontier Days, Rocky Mountain National Park, Grand Lake, Long's Peak, Mount Evans, the Denver Mountain Parks, Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, the beautiful Western slope, the Grand Mesa, the San Juan mountains, Mesa Verde, then down to what's left of the primitive glories of New Mexico now that the atomic boys have taken over. Or even get in on it. No doubt the Indians could rent you a Geiger counter.

From Culture to Ferril's

THERE are innumerable opportunities to mix culture with Westering. Many writers' conferences offer mountain side trips, typified by the conference at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Aspen, Colorado, is something rather special—an old mining town, where Walter and Elizabeth Paepcke of Chicago have been the moving spirits in establishing magnificent music, plus all sorts of forums and lectures in summer and excellent skiing in winter. And by all means, one should take in Central City—a few

miles west of Denver near the original diggings of the gold-rush days—where each summer an opera with Metropolitan stars is followed by an outstanding Broadway play.

For the elect (and I wouldn't let you in on this unless I had selfish motives) I will disclose my favorite one-day excursion which crosses the continental divide twice and shows more variety of Colorado's glories, past and present, than can be taken in.

Come into Denver the night before and don't bother anybody. Spend most of the day at the Museum of Natural History in City Park, studying the superb ecological groups, then drop down to Johnny Ott's old Navarre for dinner. Next morning, go to Max Hummel's for a picnic lunch, and, if you want a cold bottle, go to Harry Hoffman's.

Then drift out toward Golden and up Clear Creek canyon. Enjoy the calico Gothic of Central City and Blackhawk, then coast down Virginia Canyon (which may scare the pants off the timid) to Idaho Springs and up through Georgetown and Silver Plume to the summit of Loveland pass. Meander down the Snake to Dillon on the Blue, and up the Blue to ancient Breckenridge, where the novelists Helen Rich and Belle Turnbull will be too busy baking bread to bother with visitors. Then go up the Blue with the unanswerable Ten-Mile Range knifing the sky at your right—such peaks, Helen, Crystal, Quandary, North Star—and over Hoosier Pass into fabulous South Park, to me the most beautiful place in the world where the place names make poetry—Garo, Antero, Fairplay, Tarryall, Como. Finally, over Red Hill pass and Kenosha pass and down Platte Canyon.

It's dusk now and you inquire at Glenisle how to get to Ferril's cabin on the old Leadville Road. On the way you will pass only one lonely habitation where, likely as not, Hugh Lawrence Nelson will be feeding his tame deer. A coyote will call from Grouse Mountain and, as you drive up our brook, friendly smoke from our fireplace will be curling into the primeval spruces. So, dear stranger, if you can play the guitar or mandolin, or read poetry or listen to it, and if you are willing to cook a good trout dinner, and wash the dishes and fill the wood box, say an early farewell and run on down to Denver, minding your own damned business—ah, bless you, you are most welcome!



Montreal—and Beyond

James R. Conant

Drawings by Fred Zimmer

MONTREAL is jammed every summer with sweltering, Kodak-carrying Americans who are searching desperately for a Paris in the New World, twenty-five miles north of the New York State border. But Montreal is not Paris, and these tourists often go away disappointed, without even a glimpse of those parts of French Canada which are worth coming a long way to see.

Like Canada itself, Montreal suffers from a bad case of schizophrenia: its soul is divided between the business efficiency and the cool politeness of the English-speaking, Protestant Canadian, and the individualistic, devoutly Catholic French-Canadian, who admires his own traditions and large families greatly but Big Business and "*les anglais*" very little.

French-Canadians are provincial—insular, if you like; they stubbornly keep on speaking French. It may not be Parisian French, whatever that is, but it's good, understandable French, if you'll bother to listen to it. In the country districts the strong regional accents may throw you, but you'd be well advised to trot out a few sentences of your own French, if you have some left; it can make a lot of difference in the kind of reception you meet. French-Canadians still call their cultural son their own, in spite of the pressures of movies, juke boxes, and mass-circulation magazines.

Anyway, though you'll find plenty of good restaurants within a few blocks of your hotel, don't stick to them exclusively. Try Chez Pierre, in the heart of the French-speaking city. It's a little restaurant tucked away in a corner, on Labelle Street, with absolutely no swank, with coat racks instead of a check room, but with French-Canadian cooking which can't be matched. And be sure to see Notre-Dame de Bonsecours, more commonly known as the "Sailors' Church," which nestles among the docks and the grain elevators of the Montreal waterfront.

IN QUEBEC, however, you don't have to search for the cachet of French Canada: it hits you the moment you begin winding your way up the high hill, from the rich farming country below. You start to think about Wolfe, and Montcalm, and how this walled cluster of buildings on a rock once represented the might and glory of France in the New World. Then you come to, suddenly, and lean on your horn: the narrow streets of Quebec add plenty to the atmosphere, but detract considerably from the pleasure of driving.

You'll come at last upon the Château Frontenac, a hotel which is a gray and green conglomeration of spires, archways, and turrets. The Château bestrides Quebec, and from its

board walk you can see up and down the broad St. Lawrence—if you're able to press past hundreds of other visitors to the rail.

Behind the Château stretches the "Upper Town," and, if you walk far enough, the Plains of Abraham. You'd be well advised, though, to hire one of the "*calèches*," the horse-and-buggy contraptions which ply a lively summer trade. Tourist bait, if you will; but, somehow, in this quiet, ancient city, a *calèche* seems like a natural way to travel. The driver will deliver a running commentary.

French Canada is a country within a country, and it has fought off the cultural invasion from the South with admirable gallantry. Yet, you wonder if perhaps it is only a rear-guard action. I remember a young barber named Lucien Lessard, who set up shop in the little town of St. Evariste, in the rolling farm country of the Beauce. (On your way, if you happen to be driving up from Maine, and well worth a leisurely visit.)

In such a setting, the sign on Lessard's barber shop—"Coupe Hollywood"—is startling, to say the least. Lessard explained to me that the Hollywood cut was theatrical style, short in front, and long in back—the rage in Montreal, where he had learned his trade. But there was little demand for it in St. Evariste, he added sadly. In fact, business was not brisk in St. Evariste, he said: people have their hair cut only once a month.

IF YOU want to see this side of French Canada, you need plenty of time. The roads are narrow, winding, and—when you get off the main highway—frequently in bad condition. Take the "Gaspé tour," for instance—the drive around that huge peninsula, with its rocky headlands and its simple farming and fishing villages. It can be a delightful trip, if you allot a week, or even four days, to it. But it's sheer hell if you try to make it in two. And it would be best to take the Gaspé clockwise; that is, starting from Quebec, to head in the direction of Rivière-du-Loup, Rimouski, and Matane. That way the cliff will be on your right and the sea on your left, where the road gets very narrow, and you will be in a better frame of mind to enjoy your journey.

This might be the time to warn you that hotel reservations in Montreal and Quebec,

in the summer, should always be made well in advance. If you have any connections, use them. In the country, however, it's usually less difficult. To give you an idea of hotels and prices, the encyclopedic *Répertoire du Logement Touristique*, which you can obtain from the provincial Tourist Bureau in either Montreal or Quebec, will help considerably. The *Répertoire* covers everything down to the smallest hamlets, like Sainte-Cécile-de-Milton and Saint-Michel-du-Squatec.

I seem to have skipped over the Laurentians. Well, skiers will know them already. For me, winter is the best time of the year in that stretch of mountains and lakes north of Montreal. Fishermen, however, might think differently, and any visitor headed up that way would be wise to avoid the big hotels, and take refuge in one of the smaller spots—like the Lac Ouimet Club, where the owner, Tom Wheeler, will have pressed a drink in your hand almost before you have time to put down your suitcase. Tom maintains his own airline and his own network of guides and



camp, to provide the best available fishing (at a price) for his guests.

But I think the real attraction of this part of Canada lies in the little French-Canadian villages of the province of Quebec. Sometimes their charm is well-concealed—as on Route



Two, on the north side of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec—by Coca-Cola signs and garish, box-like tourist camps. But even on this ugly road, there are bright spots. You should stop for a moment at Donnacona, where a mountainous cone of logs ready for the mill makes a startling foreground for a view across the St. Lawrence.

If you have the time, you might think about taking the South Shore route, between Montreal and Quebec. The roads aren't as good, but you'll find the towns and

villages less spoiled, and loaded with atmosphere: Pierreville, which will celebrate its centenary this year; or Nicolet, where the blue of the Quebec provincial flag, the fleur-de-lis, and the white and gold of the Papacy, flutter from so many buildings that the whole town seems one vast seminary.

Or leave the main road for a bit, and take a look at St. Wenceslas. What's there? Nothing much—nothing except a broad village square, a pleasant little inn for lunch, and a church—a typical Quebec village church, with its steeple towering over St. Wenceslas as a monument to the all-importance of the hereafter. And the name of the town.

Anyway, if you do decide to travel along the South Shore, be sure to end up with a ferry trip across the St. Lawrence, from Lévis to Quebec. You'll approach Quebec from the water. And you'll get a sense—if you've had it nowhere else—of what French Canada must have been like in the days of its glory, when this fortress on a rock was the outpost of France, and of Christendom, in the wilderness.

That, of course, was before the "Coupe Hollywood" came along, to threaten a civilization which neither the savage Indians nor the conquering British were ever able to master.

A Young Man of Promise

IT is generally believed that Lady Randolph Churchill is far more devoted to her clever son, Winston Churchill, than to her still more youthful husband, Cornwallis West. At all events, it is furthering the former's interests that she finds her chief occupation. Her frequent appearances in Bloomsbury district lent some color for a time to the story that she intended to set up a residence in that neighborhood, but the fact is that it is the British Museum which has been the object of her frequent visits to that region in the last few years. She has sought this great storehouse of knowledge to look up historical facts and data for her son to enable him to carry on his literary labors while still attending closely to politics. She is convinced that Winston has sufficient ability and ambition to make him Prime Minister some day. . . .

Meanwhile Winston Churchill has made the pleasing discovery that the political prominence which he has achieved has greatly advanced the value of his literary products. Only a few weeks ago, he was offered \$250 for a 1,000-word article by a leading morning newspaper. He is now under secretary for the colonies and [in] that role may expect to command a higher figure than Kipling when he becomes Prime Minister—if he ever does.

—Atlanta Constitution, January 4, 1906.

Even since Lewis and Clark made the first excursion to the Pacific Northwest, this country has been bewitching the tourists. Its best known reporter—now a candidate for the U. S. Senate—presents a highly biased inventory of its enchantments.

The Northwest— Tailored to All Tastes

Richard L. Neuberger

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago this spring the first overland tourists in our history started for the Pacific Northwest. Preoccupied though Lewis and Clark were with the urgent task of staying alive, they enjoyed the scenery just fine. And they forgot their monotonous diet of fish and roots long enough to take appreciative note of foaming rivers, immense conical peaks forever blanketed by snow, and a coastline guarded by majestic headlands.

When you visit the Northwest today, you will probably come away with the same general impressions, right down to the gastronomical pangs. Imaginative restaurants in our region are comparatively few. And except for the swaths left here and there by ruthless timber cutting, all the original scenery still exists.

The Northwest is tailored to all pocket-books, all physiques, and every possible taste. You can stay in a hotel like the Davenport in Spokane, where coins are scoured before being returned to the guests, or you can pitch camp in any of a dozen National Forests, no bivouacking fee required. You can loll comfortably on the deck of a Canadian Pacific steamer, or you can risk your neck ascending a rocky tusk which thrusts above the ever-green trees on shore. You can glide along aboard some of the sweetest trains ever built, or you can jolt the family jalopy through backwoods ruts.

The astonishing variety of the Northwest is symbolized to me by the dilettante Easterner who visited us for a "good long rest." We happened to tell him about the semi-monthly project of the Mazamas, a mountain

climbing club in Portland. (Mazama is the Spanish word meaning "mountain goat.") Anyone stout of legs and sound of heart the Mazamas virtually guarantee to get to the 11,245-foot summit of Mount Hood. Our house guest could not resist the chance to return to Manhattan with tales of such a feat. He let the Mazamas make a hero of him—after which he was a Mazama himself, for he had qualified by attaining the top of a mountain with "living glaciers" on its ramparts. He has never been the same since. He wears his Mazama pin on lounging robe and full dress, impartially. The Northwest does that to people.

I KNOW of no place where reveling in the outdoors is so easy. Ten minutes from delicatessens, you can picnic in fir and cedar groves. Puget Sound caresses Seattle's busiest streets and trollers can hook 50-pound Chinook salmon within sight of the Olympic Hotel. While San Francisco is celebrated for 900-foot Nob Hill, it must still yield supremacy to 1,073-foot Council Crest, within the boundaries of Portland.

Mount Rainier is not quite the highest peak in the United States. But Rainier's 14,408 feet swoop up breath-takingly, almost from sea level. Not even Everest looms much further above the Rongbuk Glacier than Rainier does over the entrance city of Tacoma (pop. 145,000), beside the Sound. In my opinion, it is the foremost mountain spectacle of the United States.

When you come to the Northwest, bring all the outdoor paraphernalia you can. It all has its uses—fishing poles, crampons, spiked

...canning suits, ropes, Thermos jugs, kit-bags, waterproof containers for matches, oil lanterns, sleeping bags, blanket rolls, an ax to build a campfire, and a shovel to cover the
 ruins

What to See in Washington

You probably will roll westward into Spokane from Missoula, Montana, over U.S. 10. Even if you need water wings, swim in Lake Coeur d'Alene, just before you come to the Washington state boundary. Although it is fed by some of the highest navigable rivers in the nation, its pleasant water will not chill you. Coeur d'Alene is also one place where native foods are honored. The restaurants emphasize not-to-be-missed lake trout.

Travelers are often surprised to find a hotel of the Davenport's size and service in a city of 165,000, like Spokane. The Desert Caravan Inn, located in the hills west of Spokane, is a flossy motel along Palm Springs lines. And I would suggest eating at least one meal in the unpretentious Spokane Hotel, which has a chef who knows his sauces.

Spokane is the portal to Grand Coulee on the upper Columbia River, 88 miles off to the west. I defy the most blasé pilgrim to eat a sandwich at the Green Hut, in Coulee's plumes of spray, and not marvel that man, rather than nature, created this masterpiece among cataracts. On a scorching day it is still delightfully cool in the mist from the great dam, and the tumult from the spillway sounds across the sagebrush like artillery.

You can drive to Moses Lake through the Grand Coulee itself, a boxed-in trench where the Columbia River flowed during prehistoric times. At Moses Lake, irrigation ditches creep over the desert where ex-GIs are diverting water onto homestead land. If you are of a sociological bent, this will surely stop you for a day or so. Pioneering in our time consists mainly in getting water onto the West's arid but fertile soil. It is happening in the Coulee area on the largest scale possible anywhere in the United States. Eventually 1,100,000 acres will be brought under cultivation.

Wenatchee and Yakima, Washington's orchard communities, demonstrate what irrigation can mean. Above the canals the deso-

late tumbleweed blows. Below, the trees are heavy with apples, peaches, pears. Berries flourish as well, and the jams are superb.

I prefer Wenatchee, the smaller of the two towns, because of Lake Chelan 39 miles off to the north. In Wenatchee I stop at the Cascadian Hotel and see if I can be at Campbell's Landing in Chelan in time to catch the morning departure of the mailboat *Lady of the Lake*. Chelan is one of the most picturesque lakes I know, with a terrifying depth of 1,500 feet. *Lady of the Lake* is a comfortable little craft, and it offers a fine all-day round-trip cruise for a family at \$5.50 a person. You will find the voyage even more enjoyable if you can stay overnight at Golden West Lodge, nestled among Chelan's northern inlets.

Yakima has a hotel, the Chinook, which gleams with aluminum. I usually eat in the Chinook's air-conditioned dining-room and then dash for the meadows of Indian paintbrush and fireweed which fringe Mount Adams. This is one of the extinct volcanoes that distinguish the Cascades from other Western ranges. Chinook Pass and White Pass, in the Yakima area, are two of the most spectacular mountain crossings in the country, and creeks full of trout rib the ravines near these highways.

ALL westbound roads in Washington lead to Seattle. The queen city of the Northwest ripples with vitality. The principal thoroughfare along the waterfront is Alaskan Way. Totem poles glare down on the public squares. The White Pass & Yukon Railroad has its head office not in Alaska but in Seattle. Freighters stand out through the narrows, with tonnage consigned to Nome and Seward and other legendary ports. You can have a high old time in Seattle, because that is where most of the sourdoughs come to get rid of their stake, whether it was made in pelts, salmon, pulp timber, or gold dust.

The Olympic is Seattle's biggest hotel, with the Edmond Meany a competitor in the quiet University district, overlooking Lake Washington. Restaurants in Seattle lack the atmosphere of those in San Francisco, but they have their points. I would recommend Canlis' Broiler for expensive steaks, Von's for trenchermen's portions of short ribs and pot roast, the Camlin Roof for exotic soups and

salads, Crawford's and Ivar's Acres of Clams for sea food, King Oscar's for a bulging Swedish Smorgasbord, and Rosellini's for the closest that a city like Seattle could ever approximate an "intimate" buffet and bar.

But who goes to the Northwest to eat, except over a campfire? Across the Sound, directly opposite Seattle, lies the Olympic Range. This 8,000-foot mountain fortress contains primeval forests which, in their dark way, exceed even the glory of the red woods. Some of the trees of the Olympics are 300 feet tall, equaling the height of twenty-floor office buildings. Lake Crescent Lodge, Lake Quinalt Lodge, and Rosemary Inn are the stopping places I suggest for parties without their own tenting facilities. The Olympic is a National Park which blends mountains with sea. Most of the trails are gentle and easy for older people.

IF YOU are of a sedentary turn, I advise a boat ride on Puget Sound before you quit the Seattle neighborhood. The diesel ferry *Kalakala* is ideal for a short jaunt to Bremerton and other suburbs. The real tourist voyage out of Seattle, however, is to Victoria, British Columbia, where many female residents of the Northwest make annual excursions to invest in Spode and Wedgwood chinaware. This argosy is through the San Juans, 172 wooded islands which dot the Sound like big green lily pads. If you want to pause on one of these sanctuaries, Orcas Island offers the widest variety of attractions, including a flask-sized peak all its own, Mount Constitution.

For the more robust traveler I would recommend the Mount Baker National Forest. This lies north of Seattle via U.S. 99 and then by a good state highway into the wilderness. Mount Baker Lodge, framed by meadows of heather, will put you up for \$4 a night between the lodge's sheets and blankets, and for \$2 in the dormitory if you have your own bedroll. Plain meals in the dining-room are sold at reasonable prices. Of course, the inevitable camp grounds sprawl all about the meadows and Sunrise Lake.

If you must climb, this is a good place to do it. Mount Baker, 10,750 feet, and Mount Shuksan, 9,038 feet, would not ruffle a Tensing, but there are many couloirs and steepes where the pulse of the average Amer-

ican commuter is sure to quicken. Shuksan consists of solid granite and lava. Stay off of its precipices unless you are immune to vertigo.

Spirit Lake represents a compromise between the rugged ascents in the Mount Baker region and the Sybaritic pleasures of a cruise to Victoria. This is the traditional picture-postcard view of Washington: a vanilla-ice-cream mountain standing up nobly behind a lake cradled in fir forests. Generally I am wary of a panorama so trite and charming, but Spirit Lake rarely disappoints travelers. My favorite stopping place there is Harmony Falls Lodge, accessible only by outboard motorboat.

Hikes in the crags above the lake are just the thing for amateur adventurers. They give the appearance of danger without being downright dangerous. The family of America's first Chief Forester selected this spectacular wilderness to be known as the "Gifford Pinchot National Forest" after studying more than 160 National Forests throughout the nation. If you go there you will understand why.

What to See in Oregon

PORTLAND is more of a home town than Seattle. Being inland and farther south, it lacks Seattle's Yukon and salt-water flavoring. In Portland the night clubs are tamer and less expensive, the strip-teasers more concealed, the restaurants less pretentious. The Multnomah is Portland's biggest and best hotel, but a substantial distance from the shopping district. The Benson and Heathman, although smaller, are located centrally. If you eat out in Portland I would counsel the Oyster Loaf and Oyster Bar for fish and sea foods, Thiele's for German pancakes, Jake's and the Broiler for steaks, the two Bohemians' for low-priced *table d'hôte*, the Top Notch for hamburgers, Bart's for candle-lighted atmosphere, Amato's for dinner with a tolerable floor show.

If I were you, I would also take a cold lunch to Macleay Forest Park. There, beside a brook, at the foot of trees with trunks like Corinthian columns, you might try such indigenous Oregon foods as Langlois Roquefort-type cheese, Tillamook seacoast cheddar, Honeymoon berry wines from the Willamette

Valley, and the two finest brands of tinned salmon I ever have tasted—Bumble Bee and Gill-Netter's.

Portland, where roses flourish prodigiously at the end of the cool spring season, is the taking-off point for a multitude of scenic trips. No. 1 on any list is the Columbia River Highway, labeled as U.S. 30. Go up the river by the old road, which winds among spires and rock pinnacles, and return via the new express route along the river.

This is a combination of all the dazzling drives on the planet. The Columbia's immense chasm has the wooded hills of the Hudson and the Rhine, the waterfalls of the Yosemite, the cliffs of the Colorado, and the Royal Gorge. Stop at 620-foot Multnomah Falls for lunch, either on outdoor tables or in the stout stone coffee shop. Be sure to budget plenty of time at Bonneville Dam, forty-two miles from Portland. This federal power project is barely a rail fence compared with Grand Coulee, but it has something which Grand Coulee lacks—fish ladders.

If you go further eastward, there are two excellent eating places past the divide of the Cascade Range—the Pheasant Grille in Arlington and the Temple Room in Pendleton. Ordinarily I do not relish rodeos, for I think when you have seen one cowboy show you have seen them all. But the Pendleton Round-Up, usually scheduled for early in September, is something special.

Wedge into the northeastern corner of Oregon is the Wallowa Range, a labyrinth of domes and sheer granite that flanks the 6,500-foot-deep Hell's Canyon of the Snake River. The Wallowas are wild and remote with lakes and peaks unnamed. I suggest driving on State Highway 82 to Enterprise, and there bargaining with any of several dude ranches for pack animals.

BUT Oregon is not only mountains and chasms. It also is a shoreline of headlands, climaxed by Cape Blanco, most westerly point in the United States. U.S. 101 hugs this coast for 400 miles, starting in a colorful town of salmon canneries, Astoria. The counties along this highway produce more lumber than any other part of the country, and I know of no better place to see the men of the tall timber at their perilous work. But you had better contact either the

U. S. Forest Service or the West Coast Lumbermen's Association in Portland to find out which logging camps welcome visitors.

A side trip from the ocean threads inland to Oregon's only National Park—the blue bowl of Crater Lake, deepest body of water on the continent. This vast tureen, pocked with island croutons of lava rock, occupies the pit left when a 12,000-foot volcano blew off its summit during prehistoric times.

If you take the coastal route, these overnight stopping places are conveniently spaced: Hotel Gearhart in Gearhart, Dorchester House in Ocean Lake, Deane's Oceanside Lodge at Waldport, Sherwood Lodge in Yachats, and Singing Springs Ranch up the Rogue River from Gold Beach. The Rogue River voyage, on the mailboat *Copper Canyon*, is an exhilarating daily dash through rapids that teem with steelhead trout. Ireland's Rustic Cottages, with ponderous stone fireplaces, are a *gemütlich* sanctuary if you prefer to fish on one of Zane Grey's old sandbars, where the Rogue joins the sea.

ONE part of Oregon nearly all sight-seers miss—the state's southeastern quadrant, a domain of vast ranches, antelope refuges, and grassy cordilleras. Distances are so enormous that the counties run boarding schools, where the children live from September until June. It would take jet-propelled planes, substituting for school buses, to get them from home to class each day.

Because I have not been in this isolated section for a number of years, I am indebted for specific recommendations to Miss Elizabeth C. Ducey, a friend who has recently returned from there and in whose taste I have confidence.

As you come in on U.S. 395, she suggests the hotel at Hunters' Hot Springs, two miles north of Lakeview. In Paisley she endorses the Chewaucan Hotel, "Victorian and colorful," and the Chuck Wagon Restaurant, "simple food served in white spotlessness."

"The dominating feature of my journey," Miss Ducey's report added, "was the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge, established by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1908. One hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, it encloses a system of lakes and marshes, criss-crossed by dike roads. The meadows are sown with native grasses most valuable to birds.

"In September I saw countless numbers of sandhill cranes, egrets, herons; pelicans, all kinds of ducks and geese and gulls, quail, sage hens, loons, and many other species.

"As one drives or walks along the dikes, everywhere the small game starts up, attracted by the myriad of birds—deer, raccoons, beavers, porcupines, badgers, coyotes, prong-horned antelope."

Traveling by Rail

RAILROADS have a habit of running their crack trains through all the best scenery at night. Tourists see the factories and the suburbs. They sleep past the crags and gorges. The Union Pacific's luxurious City of Portland rumbles through the abyss of the Columbia River as the shades of evening fall. The Empire Builder of the Great Northern and the Cascade Limited of the Southern Pacific probe the marvels of the Cascade Range after darkness has muffled the landscape.

In my opinion, a train is often one of the most satisfactory grand stands from which to appreciate scenery. You are free of driving worries. You are never remote and distant, as in an airplane. You are not squashed into the cell-like confines of a bus seat. Train windows are large and, happily, getting larger. But most of my friends who come to the Northwest by train take the de luxe streamliner recommended to them by travel bureaus. They have a fine train ride, but they don't see the best of the Northwest.

Here are some of my specific railroad suggestions for seeing the Pacific Northwest:

(1) *The Union Pacific's Idahoan, No. 11 westbound, No. 12 eastbound.* This train traverses the entire Columbia River Gorge, in both directions, in broad daylight. It follows the West's greatest river for 165 miles. Get a seat on the water side of your car, if you can.

(2) *The Southern Pacific's Shasta Daylight, No. 9 southbound, No. 10 northbound.* This streamlined all-coach train travels between Portland and San Francisco on a single long day. Passengers can see the ascent of the Cascade Range, via spectacular switchbacks and through a continuous assortment of snowsheds and tunnels.

(3) *The Great Northern's Cascadian, No. 5 westbound, No. 6 eastbound.* This is the local train which runs between Seattle and Spokane, across the state of Washington. During daylight it spans the mountains behind electric locomotives, passing through Cascade Tunnel.

(4) *The Great Northern's International, No. 355 southbound, No. 356 northbound.* These are the trains between Seattle and **Vancouver, B.C.**, which take best advantage of the daylight hours for the shore-line run beside Puget Sound, with the Olympic Range and the San Juan Islands in view off to the westward.

A Note on British Columbia

WONDERFUL though our Pacific Northwest is, it still suffers by comparison with its brother across the boundary, British Columbia.

Mount Shuksan is difficult to climb, but Mount Robson near Jasper has turned back even climbers who were with Leigh-Mallory on Everest. Multnomah Falls tumbles 620 feet; Takakkaw Falls in the Yoho Valley pours a greater volume of water more than 1,200 feet. The Northwest teems with deer; British Columbia, with moose. The Columbia's chasm is wild but that of the Fraser River is wilder. No hotel on our own side of the border can compare with the Vancouver in that city or the Empress in Victoria. And the finest of our Northwest train routes are mere trolley rides contrasted with the spiral tunnels, dizzy trestles, and peaks which dot the main line of the Canadian Pacific, from Hector to Revelstoke.

On the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, from Squamish near Vancouver to Quesnel in the Cariboo region, there are times when you could drop your valise out the sleeping-car window 2,000 sheer feet below into the Fraser's cold reaches. And the fiords of British Columbia make those of our own Northwest—indeed, even of Norway—seem relatively faint and modest.

Essentially, British Columbia is another story. But it is good to be aware of it, to realize there is always a bigger and more dazzling Northwest which lurks tantalizingly across the international line. Tourists have a frontier, too.

After Hours



Man in a White Shirt

LAUNDRY, let us admit, is the voyager's nightmare. Where to get it done at all, not to say quickly, is his constant concern. In the centers of true civilization such as New York City the miracle of three-hour dry-cleaning is commonplace, but such rapidity is unheard-of elsewhere and in any case does not apply to laundry. For a clean shirt one still must wait, and wait, and there are many who cannot count on doing so. It is to these harried unfortunates in grimy collars that there has come the mixed blessing of nylon and its sister fabrics.

My qualifications to advise on this topic are best stated now: I am a washable shirt buff. Nothing draws me to a store more precipitately than an announcement of a new fabric with hitherto unimaginable virtues. There is no excuse for this: I travel all too rarely, have no prejudice against laundered cotton, and cannot truly say that I prefer washing my own dirty linen to letting someone else do it. But to all novelty I have a low threshold of sales resistance. My newest is really an excellent shirt—well, with certain minor reservations.

We began with nylon, as did the women. Stockings started it, followed by various unmentionables. Gradually, over an infinity of washings, they turned a new color which was neither the original nor a faded version thereof, but something previously unobserved—nylon-color. But, outside of the bathrooms in which female garments are hung to dry, this fact was never made public. When the men came to nylon, they came as innocents.

They made a number of shocked discoveries. One of them I'll save until later, since it is a uniform weakness of every synthetic garment I have yet to wear. Others were equally in evidence. Nylon, in whatever weave, is a remarkably *hard* material. I have, or had, two nylon shirts—one in the basic, or chain-mail, cloth in which the threads lay close to one another; the

other a kind of wire mosquito-netting in which there were porous openings. Both had the extraordinary ability, while making the wearer's skin hot, of being both cold and slimy to the touch. The feel of nylon, in winter, was simply unpleasant; in summer it was unbearable. (This applies to shirts; for reasons I do not understand, there can now be underwear and socks in an open-weave nylon that is comfortable in the hottest weather, and seems never to wear out.)

WHILE we tried to recover from these disappointments, and all our nylon turned slowly dingy, they hit us with another—*orlon*. Though shiny, it was much softer to the skin than nylon. When it was hung up to dry, without pressing, it looked a little less unpressed than its predecessors. But, to be candid, on a hot day it was still clammy. Next was an orlon shirt in a light challis-like material that was really not impossible to bear on a hot August noon in the city. It was airy and open, it did not get too soggy, and from the distance it almost looked like a shirt. The only difficulty was that up close it looked less like a shirt than a film of transparent gauze. It wasn't hot, but the T-shirt you had to wear under it was.

We come now to the triumph of the shirt-makers' art, the mixture of dacron and cotton. To be fair, this *is* a triumph; it is comfortable and it looks more or less like cloth—several different kinds of cloth. The first weave on the market was oxford, with the same heavy and matted texture of previously successful shirts in Egyptian (for which, read "Sudanese") cotton. The new mix had several of the virtues of both. It did wash, it did dry quickly without too many wrinkles, and it didn't let the torso shine through. There was some question how well it looked. One of my colleagues, not unkindly, described it as a fabric woven by someone who had heard cloth described but had never actually seen it.

The second cotton-and-dacron mix was in

broadcloth, and that's the one I'm working on now. It is available in several more colors than usual (for some reason, the early experiments were limited mostly to white, which was not exactly fair). In appearance, it is virtually indistinguishable from the non-plastic equivalents, as much after several washings as after the first. It has much less tendency—oh, those first nylons—to pucker around the seams and button holes. It can be, like cotton, both light and opaque. Its only real drawbacks are those of all synthetics, to which we may as well now proceed. They (1) fuzz up on the surface, and (2) grab hold of dirt with a grip of iron.

THE idea of any material being “washable”—that is, not requiring professional laundering—is so attractive in itself that we tend not to inquire into it too deeply. Synthetic fabrics wash beautifully at first, in the sense that you can always get the black patches off the collars and cuffs with a nail-brush and a little effort. As one scrubs more frequently, however, the cloth begins to change in texture—to ball up in fuzz, each cluster more unbearably attractive to grime than the smooth, open surface.

The fact is, as women discovered long ago, you end up using bleach. The shirts can be washed several times a week in a detergent (now and then, in emergencies and hotel bathrooms, with toilet soap) without too much change in tone, *provided* they get into a whitening bleach on weekends. This is an unpleasant fact but a fact, nonetheless; the wonder is that the manufacturers have not leaped sooner into the business of making washable shirts in the non-white colors. The colored oxford weave, especially, has a traditional blue-one-way-white-the-other mixture that has so far been used in dacron-and-cotton only for womens' shirts; until shown otherwise, I intend to believe that it is being kept from men only to clear inventory.

Why is the dirt so adhesive? Well, by now everyone must know that the villain is static electricity and that a fortune awaits anyone who can figure out how to get rid of it. Everything that makes for quick drying, or so I understand the physics of the matter, is against the equalizing of the static charge—as, at the end of the day, you soon discover when you pull off the shirt to the snap, crackle, pop of its accumulated energies. Answers to this embarrassment are being sought vigorously in the trade, but so far without success. The only proposals I have heard are frivolous—that the shirts be wiped off with the chemical rags that clean phonograph records, or that wearers of synthetic shirts drag a chain behind them on the ground.

Until a solution is found, however, I am frank to say—as a synthetic shirt fan of long standing—that I am not a permanent convert. We New Yorkers, like tourists, have a need for laundry; into each square mile of our megalop-

olis, every month, fall more than a hundred tons of soot. How I would like, at the end of each radiant day, to slough this coat of carbon into the washbowl and be done with it! There is something self-reliant in the prospect that the new materials open up—of a society without slaveys, in which a gentleman might keep himself presentable without causing indignity to others. But can Utopia be achieved through these present plastics that seem to vibrate in a magnetic grip with grease and dust? Any substance that can so love dirt electrically should be able so to hate it. I look forward to the day when a shirt manufacturer has the courage to solve this problem and put himself out of business.

That, to be sure, has been the catch all along. Synthetics have been priced high—higher, surely, than they should be—so as not to cave in the market for other materials. Figure the cost of the new shirts, plus the time and trouble it takes to wash them, against the number of old ones you would need to replace them and their costs at the laundry, and you come out about twice as well off with the synthetics. The margin is too large to allow a demand for quality to operate; as yet there is far less competition between the new shirts than between them and the old ones. Their merits will be shaken down only after they have cleared the field for themselves and can establish relative distinctions. I find myself arguing the immoral case that you should help push the plastics in order to improve them.

Happy scrubbing.

Light-Weight Champion

AT THE risk of being accused of having a financial as well as a heart interest in the Phoenix Theater, I should like to report that my love affair with that group continues unabated. They have produced a musical called “The Golden Apple” as part of their repertory, and unlike their first two productions, it promises to be too big for its own boot straps. Somewhat to its embarrassment, the Phoenix has a hit on its hands. “The Golden Apple” opened on March 11 and the producers, after the first few days, realized they'd have to move it uptown about May first.

But the point is not that a theater off the track (and 12th Street and Second Avenue in New York is certainly off the track) should produce a hit, but that “The Golden Apple” is a brand new sort of musical. Its theme is based on the Ulysses myth transplanted to the State of Washington at the time of the Spanish-American War. Nothing new about musicals based on Greek myths; we've had several—such as “Out of this World”—and nothing new either about a small town setting with the local boys and girls every now and then turning out to be ballet dancers. But it is worth noting that here is an

...is completely unpretentious, an... and is meant to be straight popular theater. It has a good old moral built into it, good enough for the Greeks, but it doesn't... Messrs. Hammerstein and Rodgers have taken to doing in recent years in their amiable but somewhat less original dramas-punctuated-by-song. It doesn't pretend to be high art. It merely pretends to entertain, and its pretensions are justified.

The "Golden Apple" is mostly in verse, but do not be alarmed; it never descends to poetry and most of it is witty without being either coy or crusty. It is grown-up without worrying about the level of its brow (or yours), and the music canters along gaily with apparent unconcern for what is commonly called a "hit tune." There are some exceedingly engaging tunes but they happen quite naturally in the course of events. There are no spoken lines in the show—it seems quite natural that there shouldn't be—and one of the leading characters, Paris, a traveling salesman who descends from the sky in a balloon, never opens his mouth; he dances instead.



The ballet, which in my estimation was the greatest calamity ever to hit the musical comedy, runs through this production as an inseparable part of it, not as laid-on dance numbers, and it... In other words, the... sometimes to hilarity as in a hula-hula satire that may well cost Hawaii its statehood without interrupting the flow of the action. I believe this is known as

integration. The integrators are John Latouche, who wrote the story and lyrics, Jerome Moross, the composer, Hanya Holm, choreographer, and Norman Lloyd, the director. The sets by William and Jean Eckart have a gay, ingenuous charm and simplicity—something like a modern version of medieval miniatures, but without a trace of phony primitivism.

I said that this was a brand new sort of musical. It's not, of course. It is just that it has been a very long time since anybody has written an opera just for the hell of it, and there is no better indication of the low state to which opera has fallen (we'll leave the Metropolitan out of this) than the simple fact that the producers carefully fail to disclose in their advertisements that this is one. The word has all the connotations of antiquarianism, pretension, stuffiness, artiness, and cultural uplift that this little number at the Phoenix completely escapes. In its amiable way "The Golden Apple" may well be the strongest blow that has been struck for opera as popular entertainment since that famous middle-weight, Verdi, hung up his gloves.*

The Way East

If you ask a New Yorker who has traveled far on this continent in what city he would like to live if he couldn't live in New York, he is more than likely to say without hesitation San Francisco. His reasons are simple enough. It is, first of all, cosmopolitan in much the same way as his own city. His second reason is a starry-eyed appreciation of its physical and man-made beauty.

If you ask a San Franciscan why he likes it, the answer is different only in degree, not in kind. I have asked a San Franciscan, Dick Pearce, an accomplished newspaper man (San Francisco Examiner) and writer of popular fiction, to tell why a traveler should visit his city, what he should do while he's there, and how, if he's an Easterner, he should head for home. Here's his advice:

THREE qualities distinguish San Francisco: its tolerance, its worldliness, its endless big and little vistas. Why it doesn't sell climate as Los Angeles does, instead of pretending its summer fogs don't exist, I'll never know. When you come out of the sizzling interior valleys and get your first whiff of that wet stuff, it's like finding a mint julep in the Gobi. San Francisco's average maximum in summer is 64.8 degrees, the minimum 53.3. The winters are warm with an average minimum of 46.3, maximum of 57.

Living here, I wear medium weight wools the year round. Include something warm in your wardrobe for a summer evening in my town.

If you don't know what to see, stop any San Franciscan. He'll tell you. And tell you. Include

* See "Prose of Champions," page 38.

these: ride a cable car up to Nob Hill and have a drink in the glass-enclosed Top of the Mark at sundown, with the city spread below you; ask to see the jade collection at Gump's; have tea in the Japanese Garden at Golden Gate Park; gaze upon Rodin's bronze Thinker, one of the five original castings, in its superb setting at the Palace of the Legion of Honor; eat a hamburger on Italian bread at New Joe's on Broadway; look over the Wells Fargo Bank's collection of early Californiana with its many Mother Lode items; visit the handicrafts studio of Jade Snow Wong (*Fifth Chinese Daughter*). Avoid taxis when you can; they're quite high.

It's a town of fine eating. Any restaurant list will get you an argument. So let's argue. For *Italian* food, Larry's or Ernie's in North Beach; top it off with a *cappuccino* (a steaming concoction of brandy and chocolate and goodness knows what else) at Larry's. *French* food: Jack's or Camille's, both downtown. *Chinese* (the genuine thing): Shanghai Lil's; take courage in hand and try the Cantonese lobster curry. *Japanese*: Yamato Sukiyaki House (sit on a mat with your shoes off). For *South Seas*, *Hawaiian*, and *exotic* foods and drinks generally: Trader Vic's. *Armenian*: George Mardikian's Omar Khavvam. For a variety of *Near East* foods: Alexis' Tangiers. For sea food, Castagnola's at Fisherman's Wharf or Tadich's off the financial district. For grand curries, the India House. For a business lunch, either the Palace Hotel Palm Court or El Prado. Go easy on Palace Hotel martinis: they're wonderful, but liquid dynamite. This list avoids the showiest places and all night clubs.

IF YOUR intention is to go into the Pacific Northwest, take the Redwood Highway (U.S. 101) out of San Francisco. It's slower than the valley route (U.S. 99), but worth it. I'm assuming, however, that you're ready to head East again, so I'll send you back via U.S. 40 and 50. But not directly. Start out on U.S. 101. Cross the Golden Gate Bridge. It's thrilling the first time, and the hundredth. A half-mile north of the bridge is a tunnel. Pull off the road just before you get to it and look back at tranquil San Francisco, agleam on her hilltops. That sight will make you promise yourself to return one day. Beyond San Rafael, take State Highway 48 to your right. This will carry you around the north end of San Francisco Bay to U.S. 40. By taking this route you will have missed some nasty traffic congestion and have seen countryside worth your while.

About an hour and a half out of San Francisco on U.S. 40 is the Nut Tree, a particularly fine roadside eating place. Stop for a second breakfast, or for lunch if you got a late start. Try the vagabond sandwich. They bring you meats, cheeses, a loaf of their own bread and a knife: the rest is up to you. The fruits and nuts you'll see displayed here will give you an



idea of the agricultural richness of the region.

Sacramento is only three hours from San Francisco. On its western outskirts is the El Rancho Hotel. If you're spending the night in the region, it's best for bed, board, and pool. Bedell's is a good eating place downtown, with free parking.

Switch at Sacramento from U.S. 40 to U.S. 50. It will take you past the Sutter's Mill area, where Marshall discovered gold in 1848; through the twisting streets of Placerville (the Hangtown of Forty-niner days) in the Mother Lode country, and up to the south shore of Lake Tahoe. Spend at least a night and a day around the lake.

The California-Nevada line runs through the middle of the lake. On the Nevada side gambling hells cling like leeches to the line. Around the lake are resorts scaled to every purpose. For a short stay pick a good motor court like Lakeland Village. If you visit the north end of the lake, ride up the Squaw Valley ski lift; it runs in the summer too. From the top you'll get a panorama of 10,000-foot peaks.

Stay on U.S. 50 to Carson City. A little detour east of there will carry you to Virginia City. In late years this biggest of the old ghost towns has begun to stir as a tourist attraction and writers' habitat.

It's a short run from there north to Reno, where you pick up U.S. 40 again. Surely you'll need no guide for Reno. The Mapes downtown is a good luxury hotel. Motor courts are numerous and comfortable. Wander through Harold's Club; it's the Macy's or Marshall Field's of gambling emporiums. More innocently, take a picnic lunch to the city park beside the Truckee River and watch the thousands of trout at play.

From here you're on your own eastbound. You can turn north at Wells, Nevada, for Idaho, the Jackson Hole country, Yellowstone National Park, Glacier National Park, etc. Or make the north turn at Salt Lake City for the same areas. Or stay on U.S. 40 for Estes Park and Denver. Or shift to U.S. 30 for a more northerly route home. Remember, any road you take, it's a long, long way to the west portal of the Holland Tunnel.

—Mr. Harper



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Whales, Gypsies, Children

April was a rather cruel month, bringing some disappointing novels by authors who are well known or are considered promising. Still, there were some solidly readable books, and a number of strongly original works to interest people with special tastes.

Adventure

It is not really possible to write an absorbing book, either of fiction or of fact, unless one has not only undergone many unusual experiences but thought long and profoundly about them. That is why so many of the reports produced by adventurous men and called by titles like *I Was an Abominable Snow-Man* turn out to be thin and soon leave the memory: their authors have been more concerned with doing than with thinking, and care little for the art of literary style. Books combining exciting reminiscence and measured meditation are rare: the most satisfying which have been published in the last few years are surely Jim Corbett's tales of Indian jungle life and death.

A new book distinguished by both these merits is a description of an eight-month expedition to the Antarctic Ocean with a group of whale-hunters. It is called (with appropriate clumsiness) *Of Whales and Men* (Knopf, \$4.50, Book-of-the-Month choice for May). Its author, R. B. Robertson, must be an interesting fellow, for he was the chief medical officer for the entire expedition, has seen much war service, and is also an experienced psychiatrist. A documentary film about these whale-hunts, which passed briefly through a few theaters about a year ago, showed the whole thing to have lost most of the glamour of hunting. It seems more like organized slaughter. The whale can seldom escape. He is chased by fast motorships and shot with har-

poons carrying grenades to explode deep in his vitals. Then he is towed back to the central factory-ship, hauled aboard, rapidly dissected, reduced to oil, meat, meat-meal, and by-products, and then forgotten—except that he represents a possible bonus for the crew and a probable profit for the owners. The chase, where accidents may always happen and the gunner may conceivably miss the target, is exciting in its speed and energy; but there is nothing now like the perilous pursuits of *Moby Dick*, in tiny boats which might easily be overset by the waves or overwhelmed by the struggling whale itself.

This is a commercial enterprise. It is still dangerous, but the danger comes from the wild weather, from the difficulty of managing complex machinery in heavy seas, and from the lonely, unnatural conditions under which the crew lives. The whale is no longer the almost fabulous monster which Melville hunted: it is so many tons of margarine, soap, and glycerin. And it is a fat dividend for the whaleship-owners, of whom Dr. Robertson speaks with recurrent bitterness, as breaking laws of sanitation and medical care whenever it suits them, and flouting the authority of the government representative in the Falkland Islands whaling harbor.

All this sounds gloomy. But the book is far from gloomy. It is an absorbing account of a difficult technical operation; a fine series of pictures of lands and seas that most of us will never visit; and a penetrating study of the peculiar kind of man which chooses exploration and adventure and the chance of drowning or mutilation rather than the safe regular landward life of the business man. Dr. Robertson met some magnificent types, and some startling eccentrics: he analyzed many of them and describes them here with sympathetic care. There is enough

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gatherings when Hartmann's alleged friends met to pay him ribald homage, to outdrink each other when possible, and to indulge in some of the funniest and wildest discussions ever to be set down in a book.

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BHOWANI JUNCTION

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material in his book for a dozen Kiplingesque tales. Instead of cooking it and decorating it, he dissected it so calmly and rendered it down into such convincing and convincing.

The Romany

FOR many years the Irish scholar Walter D. Howells, following the gypsies. All over Europe and into North Africa he has been following them, recording their life and their customs, writing up word stories of their exploits, telling them their own history, joining in their festivals, and playing their music on his agile violin. The fact that he is a musician (as Borrow was not) and a scholar who has not (like Arnold's Scholar Gypsy) cast off his academic life makes him better able than most admirers of the gypsy folk to describe their life. His new book, *In Sara's Tents* (Dutton, \$6), contains scores of wonderful anecdotes and impressions of the Romany. A particularly touching account of a party at which the members of a British women's club visiting Hungary, soaked through by a storm, were stirred by Tokay and gypsy violins to strip and dance gaily before a blazing fire; a story about some Croat gypsies who taught Starkie a "lucky tune," which proved to be the original of the main theme of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." (Dr. Starkie is sure it is a traditional South Slav tune, but you know how gypsies steal. . . .)

This book is as confusing as a gypsy caravan's wanderings: here a modern trick, there an ancient piece of magic, memory and the present and the haunting superstition all intermingled. But it is a book that will on romantic pictures and moving evocations of the past. For six pages it revives the poet Federico Garcia Lorca, haunted by his demons of poetry and music; and so it sent me back to the magnificent version of Lorca's *Gypsy Ballads*, published last year by Rolfe Humphries (Indiana University Press, \$2.75, with a brilliant introduction by L. R. Lind). This is one of the few wholly successful poetic translations issued in the past twenty years. It deserves to be studied both by translators and by poets.

Exploration

THE most beautiful, the most purely affecting book I have read for some years is Elda Bossi's *Child with a Flower* (translated by C. J. Richards, Macmillan, \$3.50). It is about a child, and watching it grow, told from the point of view of the mother: a mother who is, like all mothers, something of a poet and something of a visionary. It begins just after the child is born, and the mother is, of course, wondering and anxious. The other sleeps: in its light breathing, in its "small, serious, almost sad

face" there is an infinite mystery. That is the deepest moment in the book, and the most grievous. Thenceforward, as we watch the creature living more fully every day, learning to move and play and talk (with delightful mistakes at which we must never laugh), and working to make a life of its own, we see happiness growing throughout the house like morning sunlight streaming through a window. Signora Bossi writes with unusual grace, and her translator has served her well. Her book is delightful for the sake of its style and perception; but it charmed me for another reason: it made me remember incidents which happened twenty years ago, and which, now recalled, have a heart-penetrating power of which only the smaller part is sadness.

Thought

TWO long and thoughtful philosophical books provide the most solid reading of the month. These are Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Measure of Man* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50) and *The Transformation of the Scientific World-View* by the venerable German theologian Karl Heim (Harper, translated by W. A. Whitehouse, \$3.50).

Dr. Heim's book is difficult but valuable. It is a meditation by a Christian thinker on the fact that science, which once professed to explain everything—the structure of matter, the relation of mind and body, the laws of cause and effect, the impossibility of miracles—is now acknowledging itself helpless. The trouble is not that we do not possess fine enough instruments to solve the new problems. The trouble is that the problems are apparently insoluble. The human mind is too small and weak to understand its universe. (This is the final point of the Book of Job.) The same point is treated by Mr. Krutch, who quotes the distinguished physicist P. W. Bridgman's bold words:

The structure of nature may eventually be such that our processes of thought do not correspond to it sufficiently to permit us to think about it at all. . . . We are confronted with something truly ineffable.

Both these books go far beyond the scientists who have for so long attempted to lay down mechanical rules for the behavior of matter, for thought, and for life. They emphasize the inadequacy of science, the eternal incompleteness of intellectual knowledge. Dr. Heim's book passes from this uncertainty into the absolute, the existence and nature of God. But he makes this further problem more difficult by assuming that there is only one God, or only one revelation of God—the Protestant Christian vision of him. His book would be scarcely intelligible to a Mohammedan, would mean little to a Jew, would sorely

THE PARK STREET

Book Counter

BY THE

Peripatetic Advertiser



The swivel chair turns slowly in the spring warmth and the barker's shout that usually issues from it has dropped to a contented mutter. Within range of the chair are four new books — two just old enough to have begun to get reviews, the other two fledglings. Three are first novels, the potential swans of the book world, the fourth — also a first — is the disarming confession of a recognizably ugly duckling (he called himself a black sheep, never having read Andersen).

The contentment of the mutter comes about because these particular cygnets show all the characteristics of the mature bird — the downy period, if there was one, is past.



Tombolo by Nicholas Fersen (\$3.00)

is a novel of a place too true to be credible. That *Tombolo* is an actual point on the map, that it sheltered just such a life as this deepens and broadens the book's impact. This is the forest of ultimate refuge, that draws to itself those people who cannot live within the laws of a world they never made. *Tombolo* lived on loot from the road that ran past it, and shrank into isolation behind its quicksands whenever vengeance threatened it. It was ruled by brutal tyranny and betrayed for a strangled pride but its essential story is of a love affair between two people who realized in a moment of perfect clarity that race or color or creed could set no barriers between them.



Another country, at once the oldest and the newest in the world, is the setting of *The Coasts of the Earth* by Harold Livingston (\$3.00; Dolphin Edition with Ballantine 35c). This is a novel of the volunteers in the Israeli Air Transport Command, written by a man who was one of them. All of the few very good books about flying are heightened by an intensity of emotion and perception that is the new and still dazzling property of this airborne age. *The*

Coasts of the Earth has this kind of excitement and intensity underlying its exploration of the kind of people, Jewish and Gentile, who make up this particular flyers' world. The novel is a winner of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award, and it is pleasant to record its reception in the N.Y. Times: "A rattling good novel . . . It all rings true . . . It can be read, and thoroughly enjoyed, as a fast-paced adventure story. But the author has given it a deeper, more universal meaning — and these overtones will also repay the thoughtful reader."



The other award-winning novel is about Boston but its path does not cross Beacon Hill. In *The Lion and the Honeycomb* by Siegel Fleisher (\$3.50) Boston is a City, another Troy perhaps, for this is an odyssey of the spirit. It is a serious novel and a bitterly debated one as all serious novels should be: a Boston critic finds that the parts are greater than the whole but concludes that the impact of the book is terrific. A New Yorker says that "the multitudinousness [of character and incident] comes through rather than a unity and singularity . . . what is clear is the author's ability, his honest craftsmanship, and his serious wrestling with his theme," and to a Texan, "it's a superb story." Obviously this is a case of every man for himself.



As for the black sheep — his story is unfolded in *Behold Me Once More, The Confessions of James Holley Garrison* (\$3.00). This is the career of the genial drunkard brother of that pious reformer William Lloyd Garrison, and never have the evils of drink been more picturesquely put forward. Its tragedy reflects a cruel age, its charm is owed to the freshness of self-portraiture.



That is the tally and to abandon the swans to metaphor, these three novels considered separately and collectively speak well for the intellectual vigor of the youngest writing generation. Considering them, the swivel chair picks up speed.

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ado a longer religious thinker, and yet they too are trying to do so.

Mr. Krutch does not discuss God, but concentrates on that other entity which transcends science: man. He pours a just scorn on the concept that some set of discoveries and methods called "science" ought to

be the arbiter of human life—complex, dangerous, and happy life, a subject for perpetual improvisation, forever changing, forever original. He suggests that the rules laid down by scientists for such an end, and the horrible plans made by those who misuse scientific concepts ("social engineering," "scientific child-training," etc.) are half-conscious attempts to make man into something much smaller and poorer than he really is: they are the true forces of reaction.

On these questions, every reader will make up his or her own mind. But these two books are valuable reading for those who have wished to think about such subjects, and to be helped along some of the way, without the weight of that most oppressive of all modern prejudices, the "scientific" bias.

Disappointments

IT PROMISED well, Miss Norah Lofts' idea of writing the history of a great Elizabethan manor house by telling the separate tales of its several occupants—in 1648, 1790, 1913, and so forth—but she did not manage to carry it out successfully. The chief defect in her novel (*Bless This House*, Doubleday, \$3.50, Literary Guild selection for April) is a brooding melancholy, inappropriate to the

At the time when those great and beautiful mansions were built, there were many who admired and many who loved them. If they survived

they were filled with strength and prosperity rather than with failure and gloom. One of these houses, Merravay, begins in sickness and sadness, goes on through black magic and repression, and ends in decay, just salvaged by the miraculous return of an Anglophile American businessman at the close.

We are never really shown the conclusion of the house. The

beauty is spoilt at the outset: for the man who tells of its building is a wretched epileptic who loathes the craft of building and dies as the house is finished. Some of the later stories are good, in particular the tale told by a suspected witch; but the atmosphere of the whole book suggests that Miss Lofts has been looking at some of the old English houses as they are now, lonely and decrepit; that she has felt their gloom; and that she has transferred it back to all the earlier and more prosperous epochs of their life.

The other defect of the book is that Miss Lofts has not much sense of language. She undertook to tell the stories of different generations associated with Merravay, in their own words, recording their actual conversations and monologues. But she did not take nearly enough care to mark the changes in usage, so that the talk of her characters is disfigured with anachronisms. Her Elizabethan workman says "Thass done" and "ain't," when he more probably said "That be done with" and "an't"; he says "argufy" which did not exist in the English language until two hundred years later; his nephew calls himself "romantic," using a word and a concept which were both unknown in Elizabeth's day. And so on throughout the book. There are plenty of documents to show how people actually spoke and wrote in the various epochs of English history: *The Oxford Book of English Talk* (edited by James Sutherland) would have helped to set Miss Lofts right on rhythm and vocabulary, and there are dictionaries that tell when various words first came into use. Language, like houses, has its history: it is really a waste of time to try to re-create the men and women of earlier ages without knowing how they spoke.

Pride of Lions, by John Brooks (Harper, \$3.50), is another disappointment. Its basic conflict is that which Mr. J. P. Marquand has often explored—between the young man working in the city and thinking in terms of change, ambition, and the breaking of barriers, and his family, living in a mildly historic old town, worrying about their investments, and complaining about social disruption. It opens when the young

man, about to return to East Bank, is again made aware of the gap between himself and his family—rather like Charles Gray preparing to revisit Clyde in *Point of No Return*, rather like Harry thinking of his family in *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*. It proceeds through many phases of the same conflict, handled with an unfortunate crudity. It is hard to believe that there are many real people like Cousin Lydia, who thinks that a publisher must "do book-binding" and, when she hears that a local girl's Jewish husband has been killed, says, "Sometimes Providence arranges these things for the best." It is hard to believe in the whisky-soaked Uncle Algernon, who seriously declares that "all liberals and Democrats . . . ought to be wiped from the face of the earth." It is hard to believe in the old colored servant called Hezekiah, who affects a Southern accent to please the boss. It is terribly hard to believe in a Princeton sopohomore who had never heard of Dos Passos or Dos-toevski until he found them on the library shelves—beside Donne. Are these figures real people, or stereotypes?

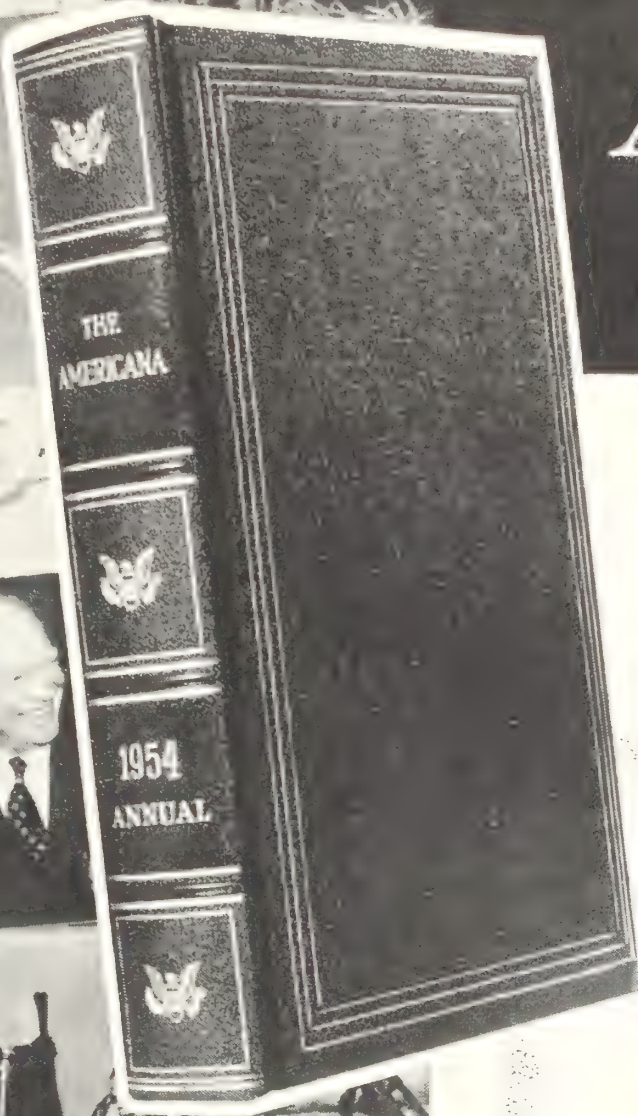
AT FIRST it might seem that this novel was intended as a parody of Marquand; but then it would have been more subtly written. It would have excluded such painful sentences as this:

There was scarcely a reason for [the City Council] to oppose Eastern Refining, which promised the town the chance to shake off the last shackles of the moss-backed ghost-haunted past and to move forward in the community of American cities.

No, it is not a parody. It would have been more penetrating and more effective if written either with some warmth of feeling or with some satiric humor. But Mr. Brooks lacks wit, and, more important, he lacks the sympathy which characterizes the true liberal. He dislikes so many people that his dislike twists them into glum caricatures. The only real and interesting character in the novel is one charming warm-hearted girl, and the only hope for the hero is that she may marry him and make him human.

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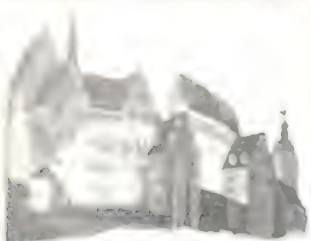
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- Cultivated the great, including Cha-
- Wrote fifty novels and travel books

THE MASTERMIND figure who taught mathematics in Oxford, wrote books for children (sometimes delightful, sometimes nauseating), and disguised himself by inverting his name (Dodgson, *Charles L. Dodgson* — Lewis Carroll) is the subject of two new books. One is a careful analytical study not yet published here called *The White Knight*, by A. L. Taylor (British Book Centre, \$3.50). The other is Dodgson's own diaries, edited by R. L. Green with great care and detail (Oxford, 2 volumes, \$7.50). Mr. Taylor's book is the best interpretation of Dodgson which has so far appeared, and the diaries are the most important of all Dodgson documents outside the children's books themselves. Both are . . . disquieting. We like to think of Lewis Carroll as a happy man surrounded by happy friends, comic monsters, and nice children, something like Lear as W. H. Auden describes him*:

How prodigious the welcome was.
Flowers took his hat
And bore him off to introduce him
to the tongs;
The diamond's nose made the
table laugh; a cat
Soon had him waltzing madly, let
him squeeze her hand;
Wrens posted him to the piano to
sing comic songs. . . .

But it was not like that. The mothers of many of his little girlfriends distrusted Dodgson profoundly; he neglected the girls after they grew up; and he was wounded when they got married. His photographs of the little creatures, taken by methods inconceivably laborious and difficult, are charming, but they are rather emphatically sexy. And the entries in his diary are faintly disgusting; e.g., this, written when he was forty-eight:

I promised a Snark to a quite new
from New York; aged eight; but
talked like a girl of fifteen or six—
wishing goodbye, on the ground
It is rather painful to see the lovely

rubbed off; but I fear it is true that there are no children in America.

Like most of the male characters in his works, Dodgson was evidently a little insane, but, mounted on his hobbyhorses of mathematics and symbolic logic, harmless. The diaries and the biographical study do not completely solve the problem of his life, although they tell us much more about him. In a way, I am sorry they have been published, but they are exceedingly interesting.

Excitement

The Caroline Affair, by C. H. Gibbs-Smith (Viking, \$2.75), is a brisk and economically written suspense story with a background drawn from the last war. The idea is convincing enough and sounds original. A psychiatrist attached to the British intelligence service has to treat a handsome girl for sustained and painful anxiety feelings. He finds that she was captured by the Germans during the war, and tortured. The face and personality of the chief woman torturer have remained in her memory: every now and then, seeing a face like hers or even a picture which resembles her, the girl is overtaken by the old agony. His problem is partly to uncover and eventually dispel this fear, and partly to discover the torturer (if she is still alive). He therefore sets out on two quests, one within the girl's mind, the other all over Western Europe. A good story with an unexpected solution, told without grace of style, but worth reading for its novelty.

EVEN better is *Casino Royale*, by Ian Fleming (Macmillan, \$2.75), a dazzling thriller about a duel between a British agent—working on that difficult level where he has not to gather intelligence but to take violent action—and a Soviet Russian agent. The Britisher's chief talent is gambling; the Russian's chief toehold is gambling. The Russian's mission is to finance a Communist-controlled trade union in the heavy industry of Western Europe. But he has had too much money in his hands. He must recoup himself, and so he moves into a casino where the players are few but very rich. It is the mission of the

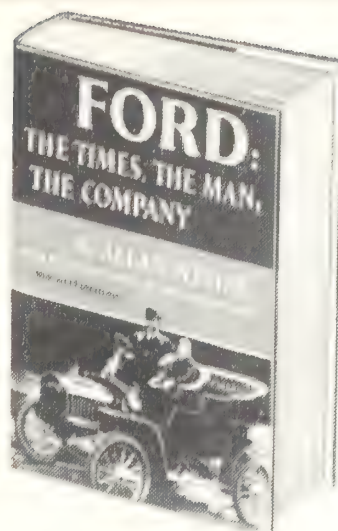
* "Edward Lear," from *The Collected*
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British agent to face him and break him. The gambling scenes are intensely exciting—although the reader must know some French and understand something of baccarat (black-jack based on nine instead of twenty-one). They are followed by more conventional but equally fast excitements, including torture, a handsome girl, and speedy cars. If Bulldog Drummond had had brains, this is the kind of work he would have done. Recommended.

Also Enjoyed

Persona Grata, by Cecil Beaton and Kenneth Tynan (Putnam, \$5), a collection of brilliantly revelatory photographs, chiefly of stage, screen, and literary personalities in America and Britain, linked with superbly witty essays on some of the characters attached to those faces and figures, by the young British critic Kenneth Tynan.

The Old Country Store, by Harold Carson (Oxford, \$5), an original and perceptive piece of social history, analyzing the life of the small communities of the American past by inspecting them from the store counter where their members used to meet. A fine book of rapidly disappearing folklore, set down with pungency and wit.

A Time to Laugh, by Laurence Thompson (Messner, \$3.50), the sad and funny tale of a Sudanese Negro caught up into the British army, grappling in vain with its regulations and perplexities and liberated only by unseen spirits.

Flaubert, *The Dictionary of Accepted Ideas*, translated by Jacques Barzun (New Directions, \$2), and *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, translated by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier with an introduction by Lionel Trilling (New Directions, \$3.75). These two peculiar books by the man Nietzsche called "the decent bourgeois from Rouen" are satirically intended collections of the clichés and follies of the nineteenth century. They are mainly of historical interest now, for we believe in different clichés and cultivate different follies, but they may inspire a contemporary satirist.

Paride Rombi, *Perdu* (Harper, \$2.75), a grim little story about an

THE NEW BOOKS

orphan boy trying to discover his real parents: the setting is the backward island of Sardinia, and the passions of the characters are harsh, fierce, and primitive.

Penguins

ONE of the most brilliant publishing enterprises of our generation is the British firm which works under the Penguin trademark. Started in 1935 as a cheap reprint business, then growing much wider and deeper as its owners found they were creating a new market (like that served by the Insel publishers in Germany and the many good cheap-book publishers in France), and finally becoming a powerful firm with an enormous list containing more new books than reprints, the Penguin company has set a standard of cheap-book publishing far higher than our own paperbacks have so far achieved. It has recently opened a United States branch in Baltimore, and its tastefully printed little books are coming to be available in many bookstores: e.g. Norman Douglas' *South Wind* (65¢), which begins with the Bishop of Bampopo feeling seasick on the Mediterranean and ends with a bacchanal in a Capri cave; and a good new translation of three important Platonic dialogues, *The Last Days of Socrates*, made by Hugh Tredennick (50¢).

The more important and permanent books in this firm's list are called Pelicans: for a specimen, see a remarkable collection by A. C. Bouquet, *The Sacred Books of the World* (85¢). On quite a different scale, the Penguin people have recently put out the first two of a massive series called *The Pelican History of Art*: J. Summerson's *Architecture in Britain 1530-1830*, with an interesting appendix on "English Architecture in America," which discusses the beginnings of the Capitol; and A. Blunt's *Art and Architecture in France 1500-1700* (both \$8.50). These are dryly written and enormously detailed, but their pictures and their browsing value are wonderful.

Not one of the Penguin books has a cover which emphasizes the fact that human beings are mammals. On the contrary, they treat us as intellectuals.



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The City and the Wave, by Jon Godden.

Miss Godden is a creator of atmospheres. In *A House by the Sea* she endowed a house with an all-too-living personality. In this book she makes one live and breathe the life of a city in India. But the story, meant in the end to be hopeful, loses its reader's interest long before the end, in tedium. A lonely star-gazing Anglo-Indian is unhappy over the loss of his pet kitten. The same day he takes into his single room an abandoned child-woman and later unwillingly marries her. With the birth of their child he realizes at last that it is no pet he has befriended; he has embraced all of life and there is no longer any retreat to loneliness and the stars. Considering Miss Godden's talent, one wishes she had chosen more sympathetic, or at least more credible characters.

Rinehart, \$3

Race Rock, by Peter Matthiessen.

The decline of old families, the *dolce far niente* of the young scions of the new rich who have taken over the New England fishing village, is the large background of this violent and intense first novel by one of the editors of the *Paris Review*. Its foreground theme is not a new one, either—four boys and a girl who grew up together trying to break out of the emotional patterns set up in their childhood. But the excitement and tightness, the near-passion with which the book is written make one read the interwoven stories—flashbacks in the 1930s, foreground in the present—with complete concentration and absorption. One forgives the too-long dialogues, the fact that nobody ever seems to have any work to do—the endless time to sit and drink and talk and worry about their own small worlds. Most of the men have had their share of war but the outer world still hardly seems to exist for them; only the spot where they grew up and their own interrelations seem able to evoke real

emotion; some large dimension seems lost. At the end, after a weekend reunion in the big house on the shore—a weekend of October storm and drink and discussion and insult and violence and death—only the girl and one boy give promise of having broken from the sterile past and of heading for a possible life. The story is written with such power that one reads even when repelled by the violence. Harper, \$3.50

The Iron Baby Angel, by Charles R. McDowell.

There seems to be something infinitely nostalgic about summers in small American towns just after the turn of the century, whether one experienced them or not. Those were the days when trains were the great mechanical excitement, when automobiles were just beginning to appear on the streets and life still centered around the horse fountain, decorated and adorned (at least in Danville, Kentucky) with iron baby angels. Add to that the nostalgia that any small boy feels for a town (and its characters) where he doesn't live but where he has spent the timeless, dreamy summer afternoons and you have the quality of this story. As one young editor wrote me about it:

It's set at the turn of the century, a time I never knew. Yet when I first read it I laughed that easy laughter that is pre-Somme, pre-Sacco Vanzetti, pre-Iwo, and pre-, thank God, McCarthy. The author wanted to write these stories—this narrative—because he felt they would pass out of the language.

And the language of the book, now written down, is full of flavor. A local character telling the little boy what his grandmother was like:

She was a great teacher. . . . She never whipped nobody—never kept nobody in. She just put the fodder down low where the calves could reach it, and never bothered whether they et it or not.

Or the railroad man who told him:

By the time I'm seventy-two or -three I'd be the engineer on the company's crack train, the Royal Palm. Someday you'll hear a long woo-ah-woo and you'll see the Palm

BOOKS IN BRIEF

come out of Fackler's Cut in a blaze of light and shake her hips and straighten out. When she blows for Danville you'll see railroaders look at their watches and you'll hear 'em say, "There comes old Kim Hecker, on time again."

That is the vivid, evocative, but unsentimental timbre of the book.

Holt, \$3

NON-FICTION

They Went Wrong, by Croswell Bowen.

It has become a literary fashion to trace the lives of spies, murderers, and other criminals back to childhood to try to discover in a heartless mother, an instrument birth, a tyrant father, the possible psychiatric cause of the crime whether it excuses it or not. Simenon, among others, does it in fiction; John Bartlow Martin does it with brilliance, purpose, and tough compassion as a reporter (*Why Did They Kill?*); Mr. Bowen follows along with a would-be philosophical approach. (His 15-page introductory chapter, "A Reporter in Crime," while denying pretensions in approaching his subject brings in so many literary and psychiatric references that he gives the opposite effect.) The stories of young murderers, thieves, policemen, are themselves fascinating, heart-breaking, and well reported yet after Simenon and Martin, seem predictable and over-simplified. But it will take a hard heart and dull mind not to read them, once started.

McGraw Hill, \$3.50

Three Men, by Jean Evans.

Nearly everyone will remember the remarkable story in the newspapers a few years ago about a blind man who woke up one morning to discover that he could see again. Eye-doctors could not explain it; neither does the author of this book with her "William Miller," but by thorough and creative investigation of his past (studies of reports, many, many personal interviews with Mr. Miller, etc.) she indicates the unusual psychological background that may or may not—she never draws conclusions—account both for his loss of sight, and for his regaining and losing it again. This is her technique in all three studies. The other two



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

men she studies are completely different except in their tortured relations with society and lack of security in themselves. One is a "bad boy" from a slum neighborhood, the other a homosexual from a well-to-do family. All three have at one time or another "gone wrong" and crossed with the law, but in each there is some element of hope. These are valuable and well written pictures of maladjusted people treated with perception and dignity, but after losing myself in the cases in this book and the one above—actual and factual unadorned human anguish—I am now ready to start studying motivations in novels for a while. The author writes so well and sees so wisely that it is easy to imagine that she might do one.

Knopf, \$3.75

Born on Snowshoes, by Evelyn Berglund Shore.

Since the time when the author of this book was twelve years old, she and her three sisters have spent the winters alone with their mother in a cabin in Alaska north of the arctic circle. They run a 200-mile trap line in temperatures sometimes as low as 78° below zero. In this weather they do the work of men, keep themselves alive, and love it. Each has her own dog-sled and can handle it—and a gun—better than most men. As Ernie Pyle wrote some years ago when he met them in Alaska: "These girls grew up in the woods. . . . They knew no life but that of a trapper. They had never . . . seen a village with paved streets or brick buildings. . . . They didn't know much about men. They had never drunk or smoked, or danced or played cards. . . . But they had to shoot only once at a running moose, and they could freeze their feet without crying." It is not surprising that their talents don't extend to distinguished writing but if the story is written without much style it is also written without pretensions. A document testifying to the toughness and elasticity of the human spirit.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

But We Were Born Free, by Elmer Davis.

For fourteen years Mr. Davis has been too busy with war jobs and analyzing the news for American

Broadcasting Company to write any books. Those who have listened night after night to his broadcasts will welcome this book. Just as his news talks never fail to penetrate to the heart of the matter with dry, sure wit, delightful flat understatement, and an unsentimental passion for freedom, so with this collection of the lectures which he made at various places around the country in the winter and spring of 1953 on the general subject of the "need for defending the freedom of the mind." Two of these—"Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age" and "Are We Worth Saving?"—have appeared in *Harper's*. Already a best-seller.

Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75

We Adopted a Daughter, by Harry Bell.

There is an inevitable sameness in books about adopting children, and certain differences too. Each set of parents is different, each child is, of course, a different person. I suppose I've read a dozen of these books and, alike and different, they never fail to fascinate me. This one is different in a different way: it not only gives the reactions of parent to child and vice versa, but it gives a great deal about the actual process of legal adoption, an interesting and to some people startling story. The process, too, differs according to cases and agencies, but this is an excellent personal close-up of how the machinery actually works.

Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75

FORECAST

Novels for Summer

Summer reading will be plentiful and varied. In May comes *Rendezvous* by **Rose Franken** (author of *The Fragile Years* and *Claudia*) and *The Girl's Journey*, two novels in one book by **Enid Bagnold** (author of *National Velvet*). Both of these from Doubleday. In the same month on the Little, Brown list is **Mary Deasy's** *The Corioli Affair* (not to be confused with C. H. Gibbs-Smith's *The Caroline Affair* reviewed above). Miss Deasy's book is the Literary Guild choice for June. On the Random House list for May is *Pictures from an Institution* by the poet and critic **Randall Jarrell** and on Messner's, *The Royal Box*, a

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

mystery, by *Frances Parkinson Keyes*. . . . In June from Harper comes *Pamela Frankau's A Wreath for the Enemy*, a novel beginning with her story "The Duchess and the Smugs," which appeared in the magazine a year or so ago. On June 23 Morrow is publishing *The Conquest of Don Pedro* by *Harvey Fergusson* and the Literary Guild has made it the selection for July. In July Doubleday will publish *The Loving Meddler*, by *Rosamond Marshall* (author of *Kitty* and *The Duchess Hotspur*) and *Mary Anne*, a pre-Victorian novel by *Daphne du Maurier* who scarcely needs introduction as the author of *Rebecca*. This will be the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July.

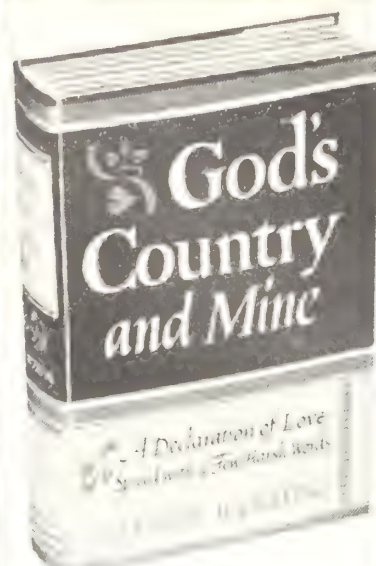
Current Memoirs

The novelist, *Nevil Shute*, has written an autobiography, *Slide Rule*, which Morrow will publish in May; in the same month Viking is publishing the autobiography of *Clement R. Attlee* and Simon & Schuster will present *My Mission to Spain* by *Claude Bowers*. In July from Doubleday comes *Noel Coward's Future Indefinite*. Not as memoir but as biography comes *Mamie Eisenhower* by *Dorothy Brandon* from Scribner's in May.

Library of American Biography

Little, Brown has just announced The Library of American Biography edited by Pulitzer Prize-winner *Oscar Handlin*, professor of history at Harvard. Six of the biographies are now ready for publication and may be ordered from the publisher at \$3 each: *U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition*, by *Bruce Catton* (April); *William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine*, by *Donald Fleming* (April); *Elihu Root and the Conservative Tradition* by *Richard W. Leopold* (May); *Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier* by *Jeannette Mirsky* (May); *Benjamin Franklin and a Rising People*, by *Verner W. Crane* (June); and *Samuel F. B. Morse and American Democratic Art* by *Oliver Larkin* (June). Fifteen other titles are now in preparation.

The publisher of Taylor Caldwell's *Never Victorious, Never Defeated* (incorrectly listed last month) is McGraw-Hill.



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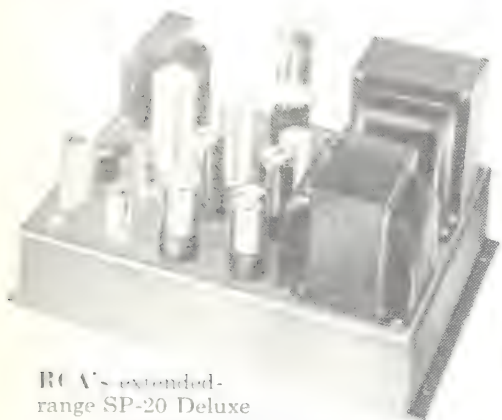
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Hi-Fi Repairs

Edward Tatnall Canby

It's easy to acquire high fidelity today and your new "hi-fi system" is basically well built. Once past the installation stage, it's likely to keep on playing, with a minimum of new needles and an occasional tube, for three or four years without serious trouble. But if repairs are really needed, you may have a bad time.

It should be said that most of the agony in hi-fi homes today is to be blamed on tragically minor misadjustments in the equipment, petty wrong connections, loose wires, switches left in wrong positions, tiny short circuits—difficulties that any knowing amateur could clear up in a few moments. Too many such trifles originate in careless assembly work at the hi-fi sales places, where current business is hysterically good and nobody remembers to be careful. This, we must realize, is the normal complement to success.

If something really does go wrong, you'll find present facilities for intelligent hi-fi repair few and far between. This is even more understandable. Careful assembly can at least be made a matter of system—the same operation over and over again. But equipment failures are ruggedly individualistic and their repair is hopelessly unamenable to mass production.

Moreover (from the dealer's viewpoint) repair customers are a sour lot, whereas the buyers of new equipment are customarily wreathed in smiles. There's nothing worse than a hi-fi hypochondriac.

Let me cite some typical cases. A lady in Chicago writes me that she wonders how I can approve of so-and-so brand machine—she's had a terrible time. After a few weeks, the needle refused to go beyond a certain point on her records and dug holes in the groove; her husband laboriously carted the changer back to the store where "an adjustment was made"—and all was well for several weeks when the trouble returned. Again, the changer went downtown and this time was replaced by a new unit. After three

weeks the same old fault developed, whereupon the store declared it a "hopeless case" and suggested she buy another machine or forget about records. Whose fault? What could have been the trouble? Clearly some freak, and more than likely a very minor matter—but this lady was about to give up her entire hobby.

ANOTHER person writes me of the conversion of his elderly phonograph to semi hi-fi, via a GE cartridge installed in the old arm. He

Worth Looking Into . . .

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Hi-Fi Demonstration Record. With Frequency test bands. Westminster DRB (12").

Test tones, 40 to 15,000 cycles; short musical excerpts, fine quality sound but crudely edited with painful sudden endings. Folder is poorly done for the amateur.

Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band. Good Time Jazz GTJ L-21 (10").

A fabulously effective recording of New Orleans jazz, close-up, ultra-hi-fi, with beautiful low bass and percussion, plenty of very sharp highs.

says that though the serviceman insists all is well, his LP records now have a strange gray color and play with a hiss. The pickup weight, he adds as an afterthought, is only one and a half ounces.

As many shuddering readers know, this gent has ruined most of his collection by applying eight or ten times the proper point weight to the sharp stylus tip, which even at six grams produces tons of weight per square inch upon the plastic groove!

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

What sort of service is this? Many local radio servicemen are beginning to "bone up" on hi-fi, but the conversion to TV is still so recent that most of them haven't yet had time to think about audio equipment. Some, like this man, will go right ahead anyhow. Others will wisely refuse to help, for servicing hi-fi equipment is a far cry from piecing together table radios. Where to turn?

THE answer is two-fold. First, some of the larger equipment sales houses have wisely turned over their entire repair service to specially selected outside firms, lending the implied weight of their own prestige as a kind of unwritten guarantee. This is a good division of labor and realistic. One such firm, so I hear, is Lafayette Radio of New York.

Other large companies have found it worthwhile to emphasize installation and repair on a fairly individual basis and have organized their entire business structure with this in mind. Indirect reports, again, tell me that Sun Radio, also in New York, is an example; also Schrader of Washington, D. C., and numerous others according to their published claims.

The second approach is more drastic. A pioneer example is the Audio Exchange (159-19 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica 32, N. Y.). This firm sells new equipment but concentrates on the exchange of used equipment, reconditioned in its own repair shop. As a logical adjunct, it now is taking on hi-fi repair work in the same shop. A periodic catalogue of second-hand equipment is mailed to anyone interested. Though I give no guarantee in this case or the others above, it would seem to me logical that a specialist firm in hi-fi repair (and exchange) is the answer to our current need. I hope that aroused interest among owners of good equipment will soon make this kind of service worthwhile and profitable throughout the country.

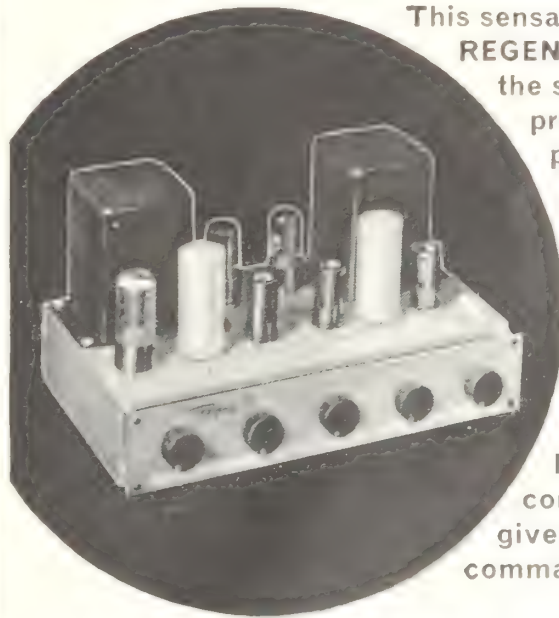
Grieg: *The Grand Romantic Manner*

Grieg: Lyric Suite, op. 54. Reesen: Himmerland (Danish Rhapsody). Danish State Radio Orch., Tuxen, Reesen. London LS 849 (10").

ORCHESTRATED by Anton Seidl from Grieg piano originals and then retouched by Grieg himself, this suite is

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more Romantic in the Frank Grieg style than the Holberg Suite there is no "olden style" here. Nice juicy weepings, an intimacy that is well recorded with the lush close-up London firm technique. The Rosamunde work is a folk dance sort of piece in simple harmony and nicely colored orchestration, very mild and entirely harmless.

Grieg: Peer Gynt (Original stage version). Oslo Philharmonic, Gruner-Hegge. Vocal soloists. Mercury MG 10118.

ONE by one the originals of the ballet and stage scores from which familiar suites have been derived are now coming to us on LP, often with a good bit of spoken dialogue thrown in. From "Egmont" of Beethoven and "Rosamunde" of Schubert to "Peer Gynt" this expansion of familiar repertory is unfailingly interesting to hear and remarkably effective in the easy-going recorded form. Neither in concert nor in the original productions are such works likely to be heard today; the LP record is their ideal outlet.

"Peer Gynt" includes the ultra-familiar music of both suites plus more of the same kind of big, dramatic, somewhat obvious music, including a Valkyrie-like set of joyous whoops from a bevy of buxom cow-girls, saeter girls—and Solvejg's Song actually sung. Peer himself is notable for a series of spoken exclamations in what I'll assume is Norwegian against musical background. A fine recorded sound though the edge is a bit less clean than in the domestic Mercury LPs.

Grieg: Piano Concert #1. Falla: Nights in the Gardens of Spain. Novaes; Pro Musica Symphony, Swarowsky. Vox PL 8520.

Grieg: Piano Concerto #1. Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto #1. Dorfmann; Robin Hood Dell Orch., Leinsdorf. Bluebird LBC 1043.

TWO versions of the familiar concerto—and in both records the work on the odd side seems to me the better job. Grieg doesn't fare too well.

The Vox Novaes disc is technically outstanding with a tremendous breadth of clean sound and extraordinary definition; but the piano tone while thrilling is hard and steely, nor is it possible to say how much of it is in the Novaes playing. Her Grieg with Swarowsky is curiously bouncing in the first movement, contrasting with the usual heavy treatment, but this somewhat novel approach is not enough to redeem an overall hardness. The performance (like too many on LP these days) does not "take fire" though the playing is

hardly incompetent. The Falla, on the reverse, is evidently *simpatico* to both pianist and conductor, for it is more musical by far than the Grieg. The coloristic Falla orchestra comes through superbly, hi-fi.

Dorfmann's Grieg is only slightly less hard than Novaes' and there are strangely mannered phrasings; but the Robin Hood (the Phila.) Orchestra and Leinsdorf are too knowing to let the Grieg orchestration go with less than a fine polish. It is good if not passionate. The Mendelssohn concerto, on the other hand, is instantly alive and exciting in spite of the hard hammering of the Dorfmann piano—the intensity, I gather, is Leinsdorf's, and the rolling billows of storm-tossed orchestral music at the beginning are superb. Again—*simpatico*. Straightforward up-to-date recording.

Grieg: Piano Concerto #1. F. Wuehrer: Vienna Philharmonic, K. Boehm. Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini. Von Karolyi; Radio Berlin Symphony, Rother. Urania UR-RS 7-15.

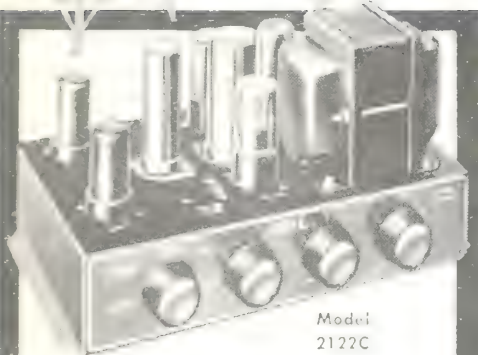
HERE, on the low-priced "Request" label, is the best of these Grieg Concertos, notably in the piano; this version is the only one of the three in which the piano music itself sounds forth as music, ahead of the mere pianism involved. A pleasure!

The performance is in the grand Romantic manner, heartfelt, big, honest, not at all like the slicked up super-Romance familiar to our concert audiences in America. This is surely what the music needs. Grieg, like Liszt, suffers greatly from the harder, less genuinely expansive techniques popular today. The smart modern veneer merely coarsens what is, in these composers, the true high-Romantic expression, "long-haired" and unabashed.

Grieg: Norwegian Peasant Dances, op. 72. Andor Foldes, piano. Mercury MG 10136.

THESE seventeen folk dances were taken from originals for a special Norwegian peasant violin, set for piano by Grieg from the written notes. Their ornamental melodies, full of Lydian mode (raised fourth) effects, are uncannily like the Hungarian tunes that Bartok and Kodaly collected and set—could the resemblance be heightened by Hungarian Andor Foldes, who is an expert Bartok player? In any case, they are most congenial to him and the crisp Foldes technique is good for music that was once for a nasal fiddle, sounding like bagpipes. The settings are late Grieg, the harmonies rich, a more concentrated, subtle piano language than that of the familiar early Concerto.

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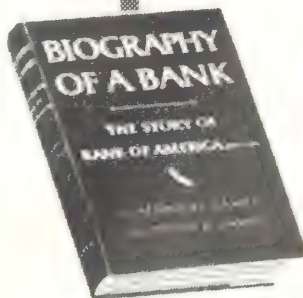
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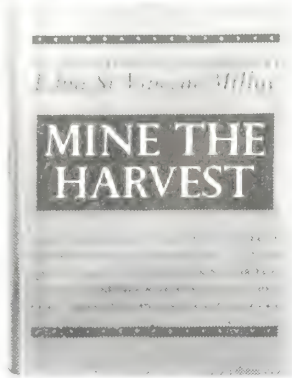
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JUNE 1954

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MAGAZINE

Vol. 208

JUNE 1951

No. 1249

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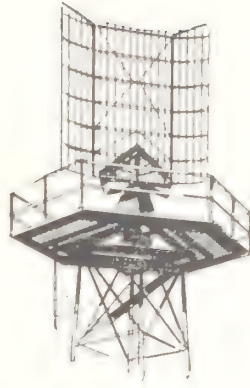
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Subscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; \$5.00 one year; \$8.00 two years; \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional. **Change of Address:** Eight weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept., 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

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be taught?

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If we are to stay ahead in the world's race for technical supremacy, thousands of highly creative engineers will have to be developed . . . men who can make full, swift use of all our new knowledge and uncover more.

The question is, essentially: who can come up with the best ideas first?

There is a natural creative ability in every engineer. But sometimes it remains undeveloped all his life. That is why at General Electric we send many of our young engineers through a special course called the Creative Engineering Program.

Its aim is to bring out all a young man's inventiveness and teach him ways he can continue to increase it all his life.

A student learns many things.

He learns first that he must always think for himself, not rely only on his textbook information or other people's opinions. His first step to greater creativeness is making his own interpretations and decisions.

He learns to analyze every problem thoroughly . . . but never to be satisfied with just one way to solve it. The tried-and-true approach may not be the

best one. Even methods which at first seem ridiculous often turn out to be extremely practical.

He also learns that working with other creative people can be highly stimulating, and that it often pays to bring a number of minds to bear on a project. One man's hunch inspires another; the half-formed idea of a third is made whole by a fourth; the amusing "notion" tossed out almost as a joke leads to a solution.

He works on real company problems, not just theoretical ones.

Results have been excellent. Most of the students file several patent dockets before the year-and-a-half-long course ends. And, after graduation, the men who have attended the course continue to develop new processes and patentable ideas at an average rate almost three times that of non-graduates. Some have made such important contributions that they have received General Electric's highest achievement award.

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After that, you should study management. Make sure it's alert, experienced, aggressive—quite capable of meeting probable competition—or developing the most attractive profit potentials as time goes by...

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LETTERS

Prisons & Reformers—

To the Editors:

John Bartlow Martin's article ["Prison: The Enemy of Society," April] is the best that I've read of its kind, but it would be better for him not to make flat statements about things he's not solid on. He says that a rash of prison riots has not occurred before, which is nonsense. I've been through four major ones myself. Then he says that "riots heretofore have nearly always been connected with escape attempts." This is simply the usual rot handed out by prison officials to make the public think they have been saved from something rather than that the cons have been abused beyond endurance...

The reason prisoners riot is that things in the particular joint have reached a stage where what the great majority of individuals in the place have to look forward to no longer balances the scales against what they have to put up with. It is simply a loss of hope... The three most important factors in all our riots were just those that Martin discounts: bad food; bad treatment, and too much time. I am incensed at how consistently otherwise sensible people persist in discounting the importance of these fundamental things in favor of such asinine causes as a heterogeneous population, not enough hacks, untrained guards, and all the rest of that gibberish...

Martin also says shaved heads, stripes, shackles, etc., are out. They're not. He says that modern prisoners enjoy all the comforts of home. They don't. I spent nineteen years without seeing a newspaper...

EMERITT DEBAUN
Mexico, D. F.

To the Editors:

As a former federal prisoner, a conscientious objector in World War II, I was astounded at the accuracy and perception of John Bartlow Martin's article on prison. It's magnificent.

There is an almost unbridgeable chasm psychologically between those who have been in prison and those who have not. Part of the reason is something Martin didn't mention: the whole experience begins with the fact of imprisonment itself and what this basic fact does to the attitude of the prisoner...

CHARLES WALKER
Cheyney, Pa.

To the Editors:

Please accept my congratulations on John Bartlow Martin's very fine article. This is a challenge to all citizens, particularly to those of us who are engaged in those fields of social work, sociology, psychology, and psychiatry related to correction. The majority of us have felt that reformatories have done little reforming and that you could not really rehabilitate a man by putting him in a cage.

I do feel your reporter unjustly labeled most probation as having political implications. If he does a full-scale study on that subject he will discover that while probation has many weaknesses, it is pretty well cleared of the political statement...

JOHN K. DONOHUE
CHIEF PROBATION OFFICER
County of Ramsey
St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editors:

I appreciated ever so much John Bartlow Martin's article. Not long ago, from my own pulpit, I made the statement that it was about time we Americans realized that our penitentiaries do not make our criminals penitent, nor do our reformatories reform.

I was ever so much interested in Mr. Martin's idea of the formation of a crime research institute. I was intrigued by the fact that he suggested that the staff include almost every professional person. Why not a theologian? Surely there is a preventive force in the mores of our religious climate. Long before I became a minister I felt there was real healing and corrective power in the religious area of life. I feel this more than ever after ten years in the ministry.

W. A. HAUPT
First Methodist Church
Sylvania, Ohio

To the Editors:

Mr. Martin may "know as much about prisons as any man in America," but he betrays his ignorance of our armed forces and the problems of national security by suggesting that certain convicts could be paroled into the armed forces... From the standpoint of national security it would be much more appropriate to sentence criminals to attend high school or college, to work in industry, or to serve on the staff of a magazine. Our armed forces have a tough enough time as it is.

HAROLD W. WILLIAMS
Alexandria, Va.

LETTERS

Who's Befogged?—

To the Editors:

"The Reputation of the Government" in your April issue, by Adlai E. Stevenson, is uniquely shrewd and subtle—and how stylishly it belongs the issue!

DAVID HAMBLEN
Newton, Mass.

To the Editors:

Adlai E. Stevenson and *Harper's* are to be commended for the outstanding article, "The Reputation of the Government." When I read a statement of such a high order of statesmanship—so far above the spiteful bickerings of so many politicians of both parties—I am particularly proud to be an American and to have voted for Stevenson. . . .

PAULMER VAN GUNDY
La Canada, Calif.

Airborne Cavalry—

To the Editors:

Harper's is to be congratulated for bringing before the general public military commentary both serious and timely. General Gavin, author of "Cavalry, and I Don't Mean Horses" [April], is to be congratulated for his historically proven, clear thinking, forward-looking analysis of a basic and recurring military problem.

Unfortunately he offers no solution of the problem—the necessity for and means of providing a highly mobile, hard-hitting force to perform the cavalry role of reconnaissance and screening.

But solution there is. . . . In the U. S. Marine Corps at least this question has been resolved for several years. The technique of a tactical troop movement by helicopters from aircraft carriers to the beachhead for the same purpose as General Gavin's paratroopers landed in Sicily, Italy, and France has been repeatedly tested in maneuvers. We have the organization—the helicopters plus experienced crews, troops, and staffs—to do this now. In Korea, from the first arrival of Marines, Marine units have been moved tactically by helicopter. . . .

LT. COL. F. B. NIHART
U. S. Marine Corps
Washington, D. C.

Von-Stop Recipes—

To the Editors:

Will you please express my thanks to Miss Sylvia Wright for her treatise on "How To Make Chicken Liver Pâté Once" [April]. Seldom have I read any article more applicable to my own way of life—and that despite the fact that



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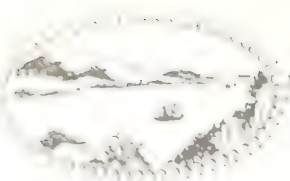
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Pour Dubonnet over
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"A delightful book..."

-Book-of-the-Month Club News

Early IN THE Morning

By **MARION
EDEY**

Childhood is a magical and boundaryless area. Although all of us have passed through it, very few of us can find our way back to it. Marion Edey is an exception. Now in her seventies, Mrs. Edey relives her childhood as if the long-ago yesterdays were still todays, vivid and excitingly uncertain in the wonders they offer. The past is still present to her and she makes it present to us.

Mrs. Edey's, to be sure, was a very special childhood. Not all children, even among the "country-living," have been given the run of a place so rich in its freedoms and delights as Danskammer, that farm some sixty-five miles from New York on the west bank of the Hudson. Not all children in 1890 were brought up in such joyous simplicity. Few had parents who were close friends of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and John La Farge. But Marion and Noel Armstrong were uncommonly lucky.

New York of the nineties is also recalled here—New York of the horsecars and stages, when Tiffany and Brentano were on Union Square; where kids could still climb onto the back of the Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s wagon to snatch a nice lump, or spend a blissful Saturday afternoon being terrified by the wax horrors of the Eden Musée.

Mrs. Edey recreates the past without sentimentalism. *Early in the Morning* is charming as a period piece and enchanting as a chronicle of childhood. (Adapted from the Introduction by JOHN MASON BROWN)

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Cloth binding. \$2.25

LETTERS

she did not touch on "Spanish" omelettes such as I was eating as I read. (Recipe: Take tuna fish-mushroom casserole left from Friday, plus egg vokes from Tuesday's cookies, plus need I go on?)

Evidently you have a fellow feeling. With you and Miss Wright and me and her neighbor from the other apartment we could count up to millions of people who never throw out anything to eat but add it to something else, on and on. More power to us!

MRS. SARAH SINIS WAY
Athens, Ga.

Accolade—

To the Editors:

Magnificent April issue, worth the price of subscription. My favorites: Bernard DeVoto on our freedoms; Adlai Stevenson on our government; John Bartlow Martin on our prisons; Sigmund Freud on his psychoanalysis. . . .

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD
Sacramento, Calif.

More About the FBI—

To the Editors:

I should like to comment upon "How Good is an FBI Report?" by Alan Barth [March]. . . . I will confine my remarks solely to the general nature and effects of the article which are more harmful than all the serious individual errors of the piece combined. . . .

I believe that an accurate answer to the title question is: An FBI report is as good as the tireless endeavor of a great agency and its conscientious devotion to public service can make it; and that is very, very good indeed.

While I personally have not been on any of the investigating committees or subcommittees, I have had a closer, longer experience with FBI summaries than perhaps all but a handful of men in Capitol Hill. . . .

I have served in the Senate since January 1939. In fifteen years I can't recall ever having met an FBI officer or employee—and I have met scores upon scores of agents—who I did not feel was interested in ascertaining the facts on individuals and on organizations, and nothing but the facts.

I have always found in the FBI . . . a keen sense of wanting to protect the innocent as well as to find the facts on those who might possibly be guilty of violating federal law, and a keen desire to protect the civil liberties of both the potentially innocent and the potentially guilty. . . .

To criticize the Bureau for its tracing down every possible lead from every

possible source and for its carefully recording its efforts is to be guilty of total misunderstanding of the investigative process.

Moreover the Bureau has always tried to check and re-check very carefully on the reliability of sources. . . .

ALEXANDER WHELY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors:

On page 27 of your March issue, Alan Barth's article reads: "On November 18, 1953, Robert Morris, counsel to the Jenner Subcommittee, read into the record information which he said came from 'a summary of the loyalty files on [Solomon] Adler.' The summary contained information, Mr. Morris said, showing that 'a high State Department official' stated that Adler was 'intimately connected' with political discussions engaged in by General George C. Marshall in China during 1946-47. And another official, Mr. Morris said, reported that Adler 'was critical' of the Chinese Nationalists in that period. What inference is a reader of this report supposed to draw from this 'information'?"

Mr. Barth has taken these two items out of context. If you will read the record you will find that preceding these items in the record was the fact that two witnesses had given sworn testimony that Adler was a member of the Communist underground. The record also shows that the FBI had this testimony in 1945 and yet Adler was allowed to remain until the end of 1949 as our top Treasury official in China.

The episode in the files referred to by Mr. Barth was introduced to show how Adler, despite the fact that the FBI had evidence that he was a Communist and had passed on that evidence to the proper branches of the Executive, "was intimately connected" with the political discussions of General Marshall during 1946-47.

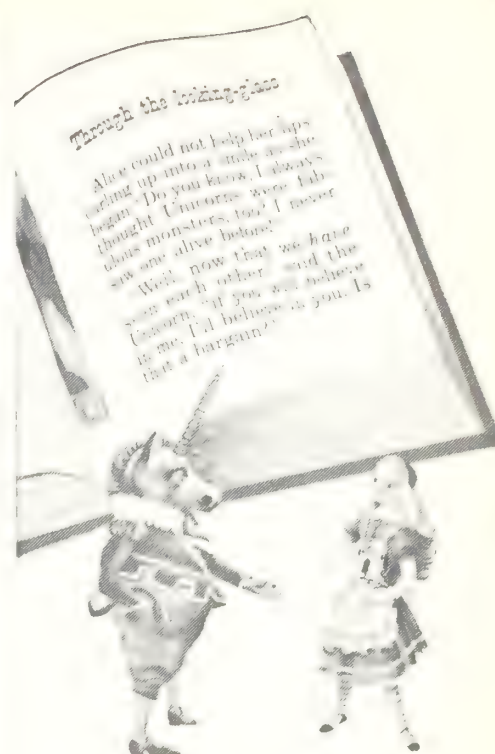
ROBERT MORRIS
New York, N.Y.

To the Editors:

When scraps of FBI reports are selected for publication, it is impossible to determine their context. I am glad to accept Mr. Morris' interpretation of the reference to General Marshall. It fortifies a point I made in the article—that government officials of the highest probity sometimes discounted FBI warnings.

I still do not know what inference a reader of the FBI report was supposed to draw from the "information" that Adler "was critical" of the Chinese Nationalists.

ALAN BARTH
Washington, D.C.



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by

Bernard DeVoto



Victory at Sea

THE word "liberation" has lost the force it had ten years ago but gets it back when you look at "Victory at Sea," which has completed its second run on television, this time with sponsors. Repeatedly you see the tears and ecstasy of people greeting their deliverers: the French in North Africa and Marseilles and Paris, the Filipinos, the Italians. They line streets of shattered buildings, they swarm over tanks and the fields are still burning behind them, against many backgrounds they are ravished by the fulfillment of hope. On half a dozen islands they come slowly down some path from the hills, starved, fever-ridden, carrying their sick and old. On Guam they stagger out from a concentration camp; at Dachau, they have to be carried. At Tokyo they are American prisoners. Each of the twenty-six programs in the great war serial evokes the most powerful and most profound emotions, but the sight of deliverance moves the beholder more deeply than anything else. We forget too easily; everyone should see the whole series every year. It will be all right with me if Congress sees it twice a year.

For twenty-six Sundays last year neither the telephone nor the doorbell was answered at my house between 3:00 and 3:30 P.M. When the series was finished I pressured NBC and the Navy into showing me about half of it again. And recently I spent six evenings watching all twenty-six once more. The idea, apart from repeating a memorable experience, was to see if I could determine some of the principles of the medium which the drama employs. For it is a drama, a work of the imagination, art of a high order. And it is new under the sun. Since this is true, it would appear to have set one of

the directions and broken one of the trails that the development of television will follow.

One thinks first of isolated moments and such special effects as climaxes. A falling plane skips on the surface of the water like a stone, or a burning plane sinks and the gas goes on burning. A Marine uses his helmet to shield the face of a wounded comrade from the rain. At Malta nuns shepherd school children into a bomb shelter. A baby shakes with terror at Okinawa. At Peleliu the surf rolls the body of a soldier in full combat pack up on the beach. Arabs dance to the pipers of a Scotch brigade on a dock at Oran. Someone is reading a letter which has kisses printed on it in lipstick. Firecrackers snap as the first convoy of trucks reaches the end of the Ledo Road. An old man weeps as President Roosevelt's coffin comes down Pennsylvania Avenue. The face of a captured German is pure hate.

SOME moments restore in full emotions we resolved never to forget: Hitler's turkey strut at Compiègne, the tinny bravado that makes every picture of Mussolini corrupt, the anger and shame of Pearl Harbor. Or moments of excitement so intense that one could not stand much of them: the Anzio landing, a Kamikaze almost missing a ship, a convoy under torpedo attack, the flaming death of a carrier. "Roman Renaissance," the fourteenth episode, ends with the crowds hushed by the appearance of the Pope on his balcony. At the end of "The Conquest of Micronesia" crippled planes land on a flight deck and burst into flame and the film closes with a solemnity intensified by the fact that not only the body of a pilot but his plane too is committed to the deep.

The documentary instrument is used here and "Victory at Sea" must be the longest docu-

mentary film ever produced, as Mr. Richard Rodgers' score for it is said to be the longest symphony ever written. But that term, documentary, will not do. What we have is a factual instrument used to break the hold of fact for the purposes of imaginative creation.

A good many times we see men killed; the camera records an actual death. There is horror of a kind which the dramatic representation of death cannot produce; it is no more intense than the horror which fine acting in a fine play can create but its awful immediacy is unique. By itself it would be merely an assault on the nerves. But it is not by itself, and it is neither in artistic terms melodrama nor in reportorial terms mere shock. It is actuality used structurally in a work of art whose effect is on the imagination. Similarly with the faces of men, women, and children, combatants or civilians. These are not the faces of actors. The exhaustion, anguish, agony, sullenness, apathy, despair, or exaltation which the screen shows are not histrionic, they are actual. But the faces blend and generalize and build up, they create a realization of men in war, indeed a realization of war, and this is a function not of fact but of art. Probably the commonest camera subject in the twenty-six programs is something burning. What we see is some actual thing actually afire, but the result is a realization of war as fire that has abandoned fact, advancing so far beyond it that the substance is imaginative.

ONE must have the campaigns and chronology of the war pretty clearly in mind, as I took care to get them before seeing the series this last time, in order to perceive with what freedom time has been treated. On the stage and in the movies it is usually only in fantasies that more than rudimentary rearrangements of chronology are risked, and even in fantasies they are pretty simple. "Victory at Sea" is as free as a first-rate novelist in its discontinuities and mixtures of time. The montage of time is as elaborate as the montage of scene. Just as a single half-hour will build up with scenes that cover a whole ocean or two oceans, a number of battles, various approaches and headquarters, and a variety of shots of industry and agriculture and logistics—so the same program will arrange them in time-relations that may have no regard to their historical sequence. This is structure for the final effect of one program. But there is an equally complex mixture of time among the programs, building the whole series structurally toward a final effect kept constantly in mind. Any given half-hour may go back in time before the preceding one or much farther, it may disregard or recapitulate its predecessors, and it may leap ahead beyond one or more of the half-hours still to come.

That is, complex as the structure of a single program may be, the complete work has a structure far more complex than any of its parts; it has what must be one of the most elaborate forms ever worked out in any art. It is in twenty-six acts, it plays for thirteen hours—and its form is organic and precise, a unity wrought from a vast diversity. I know of nothing in the movies and can remember nothing in the drama that is at once so extensive, so diverse, and so single. Since the material is war, Hardy's *Dynasts* comes to mind but there is no likeness and one thinks again of the novel. The structure of *War and Peace* has a comparable multiplicity and occasionally the techniques are similar. But if there are similarities, it is clear that they provide no basis for comparison. "Victory at Sea" created its own form. It used potentialities that exist only in its medium. It is imaginative drama, it is art, but it is television.

SUCH moments and isolated effects as I have mentioned are, I suppose, primarily the province of the editor, Mr. Isaac Kleinerman. Structure, in both the individual programs and the series as a whole, would appear to be primarily the province of the producer, Mr. Henry Salomon, formerly a lieutenant-commander and for a considerable time an assistant of Samuel Eliot Morison in the great naval history of the war. It was he who conceived "Victory at Sea" and clearly he is, in critical terminology, the dramatist. As a dramatist he had the outline of his form set for him by the war itself, which had its own lines of development, conflicts, climaxes, and resolutions. But that is true of all artists who use historical fact, of historical novelists and dramatists, and there is the corresponding handicap that such an artist may not alter his facts. He may create but he cannot invent.

Additional considerations must be mentioned. There was no single artist. The idea was Mr. Salomon's and he was the directing and unifying intelligence throughout the long development of the artistic conception. But in television artistic creation is not one talent at work; necessarily it is many. This cannot be called, even, a composite or collaborative art; it is a fusion. Mr. Rodgers' score could no more be separated from the film or the narrative than Stravinsky could be separated from Diaghilev in "The Fire Bird." Mention of Mr. Rodgers brings in Mr. Robert Russell Bennett, who not only orchestrated the score but conducted the orchestra which played it. Again, there was a scenario to write, as for a movie, and a script as well. I assume that basically this was the work of Mr. Salomon. He must not only make such decisions as the one to spare no nerves in "Two if by Sea" and then build the

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structure by which they are not spared, but must also write the narrative. But part of the narrative—which has no clichés, is always understressed, and calls on many styles, including the grand style—some part of the narrative was written by Mr. Richard Hanser. (It is worth noting that the narrator, Mr. Leonard Graves, disdains the tricks so fearfully and permanently bestowed on radio by the over-ripe bass of "The March of Time.")

WITH each collaborator and each additional special skill, the odds against unity of effect, which is so memorably achieved in "Victory at Sea," increase geometrically. But I have by no means listed all the skills and talents necessary to produce "Victory at Sea." To name only one more, there is Captain Walter Karig, vaguely described as "official Government technical adviser." We must remember too that the production required a two-years' search all over the world for combat films and related matter, in many bureaus of many nations, armies, and navy departments. Diplomatic negotiations were required to get some of it; much had to be declassified. Some required costly technical processing and this is only one category of the technological procedures that make television expensive. Finally, there was the job of reducing some sixty million feet of film assembled for scanning to the sixty thousand feet eventually used. These skills cost money.

We arrive at another condition of the medium and another basic requirement for such an effort: someone with sufficient power in television and sufficient belief in the experiment to commit a corporation to the expense involved. "Victory at Sea" cost NBC half a million dollars to prepare; I do not know how much twenty-six Sunday half-hours are worth if sold commercially but, to guess, call it between one and two million dollars. Granted that much of this could be written off as tax money, much capitalized in the books as public service and prestige, and much repaid by subsequent sales to sponsors—still half a million is a formidable deterrent. The necessary ingredient was Mr. Robert Sarnoff, the Executive Vice-President of NBC

who saw the possibilities, had his imagination fired, put the resources of his company behind the enterprise, and surely was as responsible as anyone else for the triumph.

It has been necessary to list these necessary conditions and inescapable collaborations. For assuredly "Victory at Sea" created a new art form and assuredly the essence of its triumph is that it utilized the inherent means put at the service of art by the new medium, television. What we have is an imaginative drama of the war, artistic realization of a kind which is possible in no other medium. As I began by saying, it pioneered in one direction which television seems likely to develop. It is well ahead of the field, perhaps as much as ten years. Ten years from now its innovations and techniques may have become customary and even routine instruments. Certainly it foreshadows something, but not clearly enough to make prediction easy.

"VICTORY at Sea" was an experiment but it is not "experimental television" as that phrase appears to be used specifically in the industry. In that specific sense experimental television—and I hope to report on it here at a later time—works in other directions and with other instruments. A large part of it is fantasy, disregarding the actual. It frequently uses puppets, ballet, pantomime, a great variety of technical expedients such as multiple projection, and other instruments of visual illusion adapted from the stage and the movies. I am told that some of its most interesting ventures have been made by small local stations which have to experiment because they lack money to produce the ordinary and usual.

But perhaps we can disregard cost as an item which, in this strange medium, is not relative to what we are familiar with in other mediums, even the movies. A movie may cost several million dollars but is played many times a day in hundreds of theaters for two years or more, whereas the usual television program is performed once. The budget of one unsponsored experimental program on one network I happen to know about is \$13,000 a week. Few other programs on that network have

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so low a budget, but on one hand \$15,000 is not peanuts and on the other it actually is not much less than the prorated cost of one episode of "Victory at Sea." But it is peanuts when compared with the cost of any such more audaciously shown or better sustained. That anniversary program or this year's General Foods program. Apparently somebody can afford to spend what will pay fantastic sums.

When you need the coordination of many talents but the question is in what ratio to one another. The equivalent of Mr. Sarnoff is a prerequisite, to support an expensive venture which starts with one familiar and sure-fire, and more especially to believe in experimentation in planning and making a film. I am not sure that you need the equivalent of Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Bennett. Their contribution here was beyond price but their availability was a stroke of great good fortune: it is possible to believe that considerably smaller talents might create a score which would serve its toll bearing, given a sufficiently fine conception and creative work with.

What is remarkable is that you need the equivalent of Mr. Salomon, through the operation of turn out to be impossible. You need that is, an artist who can bring the work of art which can be created from the material of art and an artist whose skill is of the very highest as the imagination. Conceivably this could be a writer and a director working together, though I think it is more likely to be one man.

Plenty of similar movies seemed in many that "Victory at Sea" had to have twelve hundred miles of film, all covered companies, all governments, all armies and navies, but them and there were many in private hands. One of material is money, but it could be called some of the major work of art and made. The ordinary married was transformed into a drama on exalted themes. Out of horror, suffering, despair, endurance, and courage of all that after that the operatic and magnificent with which they were clothed—artistic imagination wrought the mingling and purification of the emotions which is drama in the strictest

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| 5. The steel maker | 14. The welder | |
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sense, reaching beyond compassion to a reconciliation and exaltation which say as much as anyone has yet managed to say in art about the war.

But, one may think, there aren't any comparable subjects lying around. The destiny of mankind, the overthrow of despotism, the preservation of freedom, the justification of sacrifice—themes so tremendous are not easily come by. But is that pertinent, is it even true? When asked by another enthusiast what such a talent as Mr. Salomon's might engage itself with next, I said that certain sequences in "Victory at Sea" had suggested to me that industry, to mention only one subject, might perhaps be treated as illuminatingly as war had been.

My friend disagreed. You can document industry, he said. No doubt you can document it visually far better than anyone has yet done, and the result may well be spectacular, splendid, or whatever similar adjective you please. But it will nevertheless remain inert, untransformed—it will remain documentary. You cannot make documented industry live as art.

BUT this seems to me to miss the significance of "Victory at Sea." The significance, I mean, of what it has demonstrated, quite apart from its achievement. My friend's argument, in fact, seems a fair statement about the potentialities of television before "Victory at Sea." The material that art works with is human experience, be it human experience in war, in industry, or in anything else; it is in the experience and not in the accident of its setting that great themes are to be sought and found. Hitherto it seemed likely that fixed limitations inherent in television as a medium, precisely the limitations which my friend applied to industry as a subject, would always limit what the artist could accomplish. "Victory at Sea" has shown that they do not; so far as I know, it is the only demonstration yet made but we need only one. It has shown that television is a medium in which an artist can work freely, at the top of his bent, in a major key.

We know now, as we did not know before, that given an artist of proper size, television is one of the arts.

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ficulties of domestic life. They are thus better able to overcome personality differences...better able to deal justly with each other...better able to understand the many practical problems of living together.

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Personal & Otherwise

How They Saved New York

ALTHOUGH it started about twenty years too late, the New York Chamber of Anti-Commerce swung into action with the energy and imagination which always have characterized the metropolis. The first pamphlet—"It's a Lousy Place to Visit and You Wouldn't Want to Live Here"—appeared in June 1960, just three weeks after the organization was founded.

In that same month the Chamber gave the full treatment to the American Legion, which insisted on holding its annual convention in New York City in spite of repeated warnings. A battalion of goons, recruited from the Pistol Local of the International Longshoremen's Association, welcomed the Legionnaires with their own traditional weapons—squirt guns, electrified canes, and water-filled paper bags dropped from hotel windows. The barkeepers co-operated by inventing a new drink, the Forty-and-Eight Mickey Finn Special, and the police called the wagon for every conventioneer who dared to complain over a clip-joint check. One prisoner from every state was forwarded to the back room at the Twenty-sixth Precinct: there they were methodically marked up by the strong-arm squad (though seldom with anything worse than a broken nose) as an example to folks back home.

Later that summer the Chamber of Anti-Commerce brought into action its Official Greeters Corps—a collection of Broadway types selected for their two-tone personalities, obstructive muscle, and Damon Runyon accents. They met tourists at all terminals with a brief message: Get out of town before dark.

Regrettably, these measures led to some misunderstanding in the hinterland. The President of the Chamber—Robert Moses, who was also at that time State and City Co-ordinator in Charge of Everything—tried to clear the matter up with his famous Waldorf-Astoria address to the National Association of Manufacturers. Speaking on the subject "Go West,

Old Man," he outlined the New York program for discouraging new industry. He also announced a handsome bounty for any enterprise already established in the city which would move to Kansas, or anywhere more than 500 miles away.

"For New York has become overgrown," Mr. Moses explained, "to the verge of municipal suicide. Like a circus fat lady, it is paralyzed by its own bulk.

WE HAVE built super-highways, tunnels, and bridges, that are engineering marvels; but our traffic arteries are still clogged with chronic thrombosis. We have latched onto every trickle of fresh water within two hundred miles, but our air-conditioners still run dry. In spite of the highest tax rates in the country, we still have the most overcrowded schools, the sorriest police force, and the filthiest streets. A civic machinery grown insanely complex harasses all of us with its constant breakdowns—ranging from a tugboat strike to a stuck elevator, a broken water main, or a subway short-circuit. In a normal city, these things would be inconveniences; here they are often disasters.

"We have realized, at last," he went on, "that nature imposes an upper limit on the size of every organism, whether it is a brontosaurus or a city. Beyond that limit, every additional 10 per cent of growth doubles

the expense and trebles the inconvenience. New York passed the limit long ago. It is no longer practical: indeed, it is hardly tolerable. Our goal therefore is to siphon off a million population within the next five years. . . ."

With his customary tact, Mr. Moses added that anyone who disagreed with him was an Utopian dreamer, a lily-fingered theorist, and a tool of the vested interests. As he sat down, amid stormy applause, the city's leading real-estate operator grabbed the microphone. In a voice choked with emotion, he proclaimed his conversion to The Cause—and offered to tear down four new skyscrapers immediately, plant the site in trees, and christen it the William Zeckendorf Memorial Gardens.

Next morning four manufacturers of ladies' girdles, twelve stockbrokers, and a publisher advertised for out-of-town locations, and the great exodus really got under way. . . .

ACTUALLY it had started, almost unnoticed, a good many years earlier. One of the first reports on the flight from the city was "The Big Change in Suburbia" (p. 21) by *Frederick Lewis Allen*, the late editor of *Harper's Magazine* and noted social historian. The first of two articles which he completed shortly before his death, it is a prophetic summation of a subject he had studied for many years.

But Is It Art?

ROUGHLY fourteen thousand years ago, a long-haired French artist finished a painting on the wall of a cave near La Grèze. It was a carefully drawn portrait of a bison bull.

The painter went to bed in a state



The Armory Show of 1913 (See page 62.)

of apprehension, because he knew that he would find out next day whether his picture was any good. If the hunters of the tribe killed a bison, he would be acclaimed a true artist, heavily endowed with the magic proper to his craft; and he could have his pick of the bison steaks. If not, it would be obvious that his picture was a failure; and the hunters would get themselves a new artist. Criticism was direct in those days—human bones often are found buried near the murals in Paleolithic caves—and nobody had any trouble in telling whether a work of art was good or bad.

Since then it has become harder. Nearly everybody agrees that magic is still mixed up in it somehow; but beyond that, there is remarkably little agreement on what makes a work of art "good." The critics may be less lethal, but they are still just as vehement as they were in Paleolithic times—as *Russell Lynes* points out on page 62. His "Whirlwind on Twenty-Sixth Street" is an account of an historic turning point in modern art—a sort of watershed in public taste, which is still affecting our furniture, automobiles, interior decoration, and Christmas cards. And to many laymen the artistic judgments which flow from this Twenty-sixth Street fountain seem very nearly as arbitrary and irrational as the critical standards of La Grèce.

Questions of this sort have fascinated Mr. Lynes for a long while. He is himself an amateur painter; his wife is an art historian and lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum; and he has just completed a book—*The Tastemakers*—on the evolution of public taste in America, which will be published in the fall. Mr. Lynes also is managing editor of *Harper's*, and the author of two earlier books and many articles, for this and other magazines.

International Unveiling

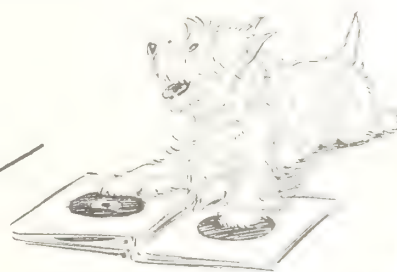
ONE of the minor mysteries of our time is the spell which Pandit Nehru casts over a good many American writers. Normally skeptical and hard-boiled reporters, they seem to drop their guard as soon as they arrive in India. They listen open-mouthed to the persuasive prime minister, and come away praising



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him as a combination of Socrates, St. Francis, and George Washington. The result has been a lot of highly unrealistic reporting about India—and unreasonable expectations about the role that country can play in world affairs. As a consequence, relations between India and the United States have suffered.

Dr. Harry D. Gideonse is a fortunate exception. He looked at India—and Nehru—with a friendly but non-enchanted eye; and his report on page 78 is refreshingly unmystical and frank. The head of Brooklyn college for the past fifteen years, Dr. Gideonse is an economist, a frequent consultant to the government on international problems, and the president of Freedom House.

...*Sylvia Wright*, the expert who told how to make chicken liver pâté *once* (*Harper's*, April issue), this month produces the first authoritative work on a new subject: Sylvia, the Unsemantic Approach. About her article (p. 29) Miss Wright has said:

I have given some thought to why parents feel compelled to give their children fancy names instead of sticking to plain, simple, ordinary old-fashioned ones like Achsah, Melusina, Hezekiah, Silas, or Ebenezer (my great-grandfather was named Silas Ebenezer). Then I discovered that Silas is a corruption of Silvanus, i.e. a male inhabitant of a wood, and so hereafter I am going to close the subject by telling people that I was named after my great-grandfather.

...No matter how 1954 may look to the statisticians, in everyday fact a good many Americans have already lost their jobs. On page 32, *Donald M. Schwartz* describes the effects of a peculiarly tight local situation this spring in South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Schwartz is a reporter on the South Bend *Tribune*. He went to the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri and worked for station WWCA in Gary, Indiana, before going to South Bend.

...The truth about the Mafia, as revealed (p. 38) by one of Italy's foremost interpreters, *Luigi Barzini, Jr.*, is a stranger and more fascinating story than the myths most Americans have heard. Mr. Barzini, formerly publisher and editor in chief of *Il*



Near Galashiels, in the beautiful Valley of the Tweed, the Scottish Borders are a land of scenic beauty and historic treasures.

INSIDE BRITAIN

by JOHN GUNTHER

WHEN a man (said of London, and Samuel Johnson, "he is tired of life," the good doctor, of course, had a better one which he enjoyed all his native land, while the average American visitor has a few short weeks at best. That's why it's wise to leave London behind and get to know the true character of this fascinating country—and its charming suburbs.

Go further off the beaten path you get the more you treasure your trip to Britain. And since all of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland is smaller than the state of Oregon, a great many of its hidden attractions can be seen during a two-week vacation. Especially if you hire a car to take you around (cost, including gasoline, is only \$5 a day).

In Britain, the very names of many villages beam with rare good humor. Sixpenny Handley, Nyther Widdop, Aylecum Boscopp, Cold Christmas, Piddletrentthide, Plwmp and even—excuse it—Bwlch. But it's the "look" of Britain's ancient villages that wins you over completely. In East Anglia, for instance, cottages are thatched with straw, the walls gay with the old pink wash. Steep, winding ways—some lead up to a castle—dominate the Fen country like great ships at sea.

In the Cotswolds, buildings are made of honey-colored stone and there's a saying that there is not an ugly village, not even an ugly house in this unspoiled heart of England. I concur, for I explored every rolling mile of the Cotswolds. Then, there are the tiny, romantic hamlets of the Scottish lowlands—like friendly Ayr, which inspired Robert Burns to write: "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses."

There are downy villages that cast their magical, sleepy spell over you. Ballymoncy, in Northern Ireland, is one of the drowsiest. And there are medieval towns whose ancient legends live on and on.

In the Welsh coast town of Aberdovey,

they say you can find the ruins of a city buried under the sea.

Wherever you go, wherever you go, county of Britain, you'll find its people the most hospitable in the world.

One other thing about Britain worth noting at this time. *It's a foreign country without ever leaving home.* Here and there the air is thick with the smell of the sea—but you'll always feel "at home" abroad in Britain. See your Travel Agent and come to Britain.

When you are tired of the usual sightseeing, there are many different ways to enjoy the country.



"then the dragon came..."



Nobody tells a story like Daddy. The everyday world fades away as his words lead you into a new and shining land.

And what if the Dragon is a bit scary? You need only climb into Daddy's arms to be safe and secure again before it's time to sleep.

To make those we love safe and secure is the very core of homemaking. It is a privilege known only in a country such as ours, where men and women are free to work for it.

And taking care of our own is also the way we best take care of our country. For the strength of America is simply the strength of one secure home touching that of another.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

It is so easy to go and tatted, chances are it was because you didn't have a plan. Well, here's a savings system called the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you wish to save each month and the money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay.

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Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

Globe, is the author of *Americans Are Alone in the World*, brought out in the United States last year.

After a stay in New York in the late 1920s, studying at the Columbia School of Journalism and working on local newspapers, Mr. Barzini covered the international scene for the *Corriere della Sera* for a decade. In 1940 he was jailed by the Fascists and condemned to forced residence in a village. He began to work for the Allies when Rome was liberated and returned to newspaper and magazine work. He now lives and writes on a farm near Rome.

•••The remarkable story of the development of the jet engine (and of its inventor, Frank Whittle) belongs in a special way to **Lancelot Law Whyte**, British scientist and industrialist, who was managing director of Power Jets Limited from 1936 to 1941.

During the war, Mr. Whyte served in London for the Ministry of Supply, as director of statistical inquiries. His interest in theoretical research and in the unification of science has occupied him since then, and his books, *The Next Development in Man* and *Everyman Looks Forward*, have been influential in this country.

•••It has been said in print that **John Cheever's** territory as a story writer is "the correct apartment houses on New York's upper East Side." We should like to amend that statement—which has some essence of truth perhaps—by citing the diversity of his stories in *Harper's*. His latest, "The True Confessions of Henry Pell" (p. 54) takes place on Long Island; "Vega" was located in a mill village in northern New Hampshire; and "The Reasonable Music" in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Cheever and his family live in a remodeled tool-shop in northern Westchester County, New York. Mr. Cheever's first book of short stories, *The Enormous Radio*, came out about a year ago.

•••"The Best Show in New York" is reviewed on page 70 by **Edith Glauber**, a New York housewife and mother, who has been a student of multinational organizations since she attended the Geneva School of Inter-

national Studies in 1937. During the war she worked for the Office of War Information and went abroad as a correspondent for the *Cleveland News*. Since her marriage to Philip Hamburger of the *New Yorker*, she has managed to care for her two small children and also to cover the doings of the United Nations.

•••Among the dozen or so new British fiction writers who have sprung up since the war none is more promising than **William Somerset**. At the moment this Londoner, who has published three novels and three volumes of short stories in quick succession, is undergoing serious critical examination of his most recent novel, *A Bed of Roses*. (See Katherine Gauss Jackson's review in "Books in Brief.") He appears in *Harper's* this month for the first time with "A White Lie" (p. 85).

•••Both poets this month also teach. **Daniel G. Hoffman**, whose "In Humbleness" (p. 28) was recently published by the Yale University Press in *An Armada of Thirty Whales*, is an instructor at Columbia University. **William Force Stead**, author of "Apology for Eve" (p. 84), is professor of English Literature at Trinity College in Washington, and former chaplain and fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.

European Unity

A FRENCH diplomat has been telling this story around Washington, as a neat illustration of the American attitude toward the European Defense Community:

While strolling through the Luxembourg Gardens, an American came across a woman's leg that looked vaguely familiar.

"I wonder," he mused, "if that could be Nancy's."

A few yards farther on he found a torso, bloody and scantily clad in torn lingerie.

"I do believe it is Nancy," he said. "She always was an untidy girl."

And then just beyond he saw seven feminine heads strewn among the shrubbery.

"Nancy, beyond a doubt," the American remarked. "I wonder why the poor girl doesn't pull herself together?"

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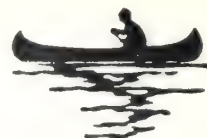
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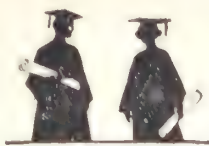
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The editor
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that way*

There are two ways, usually, to find facts. One, go out and dig them up yourself. Two, go find an expert. When it came to writing the "Helicopter" article for World Book Encyclopedia, both methods were used.

The expert consulted is a world-renowned aeronautical engineer who built the first practical single motor helicopter. It was he who wrote the helicopter article for World Book.

And as for the "go out and dig up the facts for yourself" way, a World Book editor went on a flight in a helicopter so he'd understand first hand how it works. His experience was invaluable in editing the article and in planning the informative 2-page diagram on how a helicopter flies.

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Harper's

MAGAZINE

The Big Change in Suburbia

Part I

Frederick Lewis Allen

Marriage prospects, social customs, hobbies, and buying habits of this generation are being radically upset by that most prosaic of men—the Daily Commuter. The two articles which examine this little-understood upheaval are the last writing job completed by the late editor of Harper's.

A FEW months ago the editors of *Fortune* went into a huddle and, after elaborate and careful calculations, produced the statement that as many as nine million people have moved to the suburbs of American cities since 1947, and that as a result there are now thirty million suburbanites in the United States; a record number, and by a large margin. The growth of Suburbia, said the editors, "is portentous even in a country accustomed to talking of growth in superlatives."

The accuracy of their count may be open to challenge, but there can be little doubt that they put their finger on one of the major changes of our time, which seems destined to alter the face of the land and affect our national way of life for generations to come.

The editors of *Fortune* did not classify as suburbanites everybody who lives on the outskirts of our big cities, or their figures would have been much larger. They included only those who work in the city but "prefer to live where there is more open space": those who are attempting to enjoy, if not the best of two worlds, at least something of the respective blessings of two worlds, the world of the city and the world of the country.

In our modern civilization, the metropolis is an almost irresistible magnet. For generations there has been a continuing drift of men and women from the countryside to the cities, and especially to the biggest ones. For the metropolis is where, by and large, the big money, the big decisions, and the big reputations are made. It is the nucleus of power. It is GHQ. It is the place to go for shows, crowds, dazzle, and adventure. And so, decade after decade, it pulls toward it the restless, the ambitious, the energetic, the lovers of excitement, the young men and women who want to be at the center of things, where opportunity may be around the next corner and there is a feeling in the air that anything may happen. "Bam, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife. Oh for a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!" And also, because of its very size and anonymity, it offers that comparative privacy which to some wears the face of loneliness, but to the independent-minded offers freedom to choose their own kind of living.

But likewise—and especially since the beginning of the automobile age—the metropolis has repelled a considerable number of those

whom it drew to it: repelled them with its (poor) ~~poor~~ ^{times} barren pavements, traffic tie-ups, nervous pressures, and inhuman dimensions, and especially with the apparent unsuitability of the life it imposes upon small children. It has not repelled many of these people all the way back to the countryside, for its magnetic power is too strong for that; what it has done has been to hold them within its sphere of influence like so many planets—or, more literally, to drive them part way out of town, to attempt to live *by* the city and yet *in* the country: to enjoy the power and glory of the city and yet at the same time, by daily travel, to enjoy quiet in place of its noise, clean fresh air and uninhibited sunshine in place of its soot and fumes, greenery and gardens in place of its barren pavements, living space in place of its congestion, peace in place of its nervous pressures, a neighborly village life in place of its vast anonymity, and an environment in which children will be able to work and play naturally.

Such a combination of contrasting values seems temptingly easy. Rapid transit systems, good commuter service on the railroads, and above all the automobile make it, for the time being, at least physically possible. But for his effort the commuter pays a high price—in fact, many prices.

THE most obvious one is the sheer cost, in time and energy, of commuting, of repetitive, self-canceling travel. Suppose a man lives 25 miles from his office (not an excessive distance for a commuter): that means some 50 miles of travel a day, 250 miles a week, 12,000 miles a year—perhaps nearly half a million miles in a lifetime of commuting, without getting anywhere he has not been before. Or to put the cost in terms of time, a man who puts in three hours a day in transit, over a period of forty years, will have devoted considerably over three of those forty years to the mere business of getting there and back. He may have utilized much of this time in reading the paper, or looking over reports, or enjoying bridge games; but these are mitigations of an interminable slavery to the 7:59 and the 5:25.

And there is a curious spiritual cost, too, in that his life is strangely divided. He belongs to the city, but not quite; only as a non-resident, non-dues-paying, and therefore only

partly responsible member. He belongs to his suburb, but only as a part-time person who spends the best of his daylight hours, and of his energies, in exile from it. As my wife once put it, his heart and his treasure are twenty miles apart. He becomes something like a split personality, playing one role by day and another by night and over the weekends.

And even his wife, though she may spend nearly all her time in the suburb, is subconsciously aware that during the day it is only half a community, an unnatural manless matriarchy. No wonder she busies herself furiously in organizations of all sorts, as if to rid herself of the frustrating feeling that the place where things are really going on is somewhere else, and that meanwhile she is condemned to play the part of a conscientious and hard-working waiting-room attendant.

The Unbalanced Suburb

NOT only is the life of a suburban community out of balance during the day; there are respects in which it is likely to be out of balance all the time. Take, for instance, the make-up of its population. The standard, traditional pattern has been for young couples to move to Suburbia after marriage—most likely when their first child approaches the active age and they are confronted with the problems of play-space and schooling. When the children are grown, the parents in some cases return to the city. If they do not, their unmarried daughters seem more likely to remain with them than their sons are. Perhaps, too, widows and divorcees are more likely to remain than their male equivalents. Anyhow, the result is likely to be a shortage of young and middle-aged males in Suburbia.

This, of course, is by no means a uniform phenomenon. A careful study of the 1950 population figures for the areas where the Census Bureau has broken these down by age groups, shows no heavy preponderance of young women in some towns which had a considerable semi-independent life of their own before they attracted commuters in quantity. Most of the Boston suburbs belong in this class. In the Walpole, Massachusetts, census tract, for example, women in the 20-to-45 year bracket outnumber men in the same age-group only slightly—1,768 women to 1,588

men; for the Lincoln, Massachusetts, census tract the figures are 476 women to 380 men; in Cohasset, there are 683 women to 603 men; and in Weston the numbers are almost even—921 women to 885 men. But in some of the long-established suburbs outside other cities the preponderance of young women is striking: in Winnetka and Highland Park outside Chicago, for instance, and in Shaker Heights outside Cleveland. In the four census tracts in Shaker Heights, for example, women between 20 and 45 outnumber men by 2,250 to 1,567.

BUT it is in some of the New York suburbs—prosperous communities which have been almost completely suburban in character for a generation or more—that the disparity in numbers between the young people of the two sexes tends to be most acute. In Bronxville, for instance, according to the 1950 figures, women between 20 and 45 outnumbered men in the same age group almost three to two; in Scarsdale and Bedford, more than three to two; and there was actually one census tract in Scarsdale—lying between the Bronx River and the White Plains Post Road—in which, between the ages of 20 and 45, there were 842 women to only 453 men! Polygamy not being in good repute there, the situation of the surplus women might seem a little unfavorable.

(Where, you may ask, are the men? Well, some are at college or doing graduate work; for the first time, the census of 1950 listed such people at their places of study rather than at their home addresses. Some are in the armed forces. Some are at work in far places, or in industrial areas; some simply prefer the independence of the city, though not in sufficient numbers to prevent women from outnumbering men in every one of the five boroughs of New York. In any case, the shortage of unmarried men in many a suburb produces a curious imbalance in its social life.)

And in at least one other respect Suburbia tends to be out of balance: it tends to bring together in large communities people of similar economic status, if not of similar occupation. Many things conspire together to bring about this result: the mass-production principle in housing, which invites real-estate developers to make money by building a lot

of similar houses which appeal to people in the same income bracket; and also zoning regulations; and also, of course, the natural preference of most commuters, who feel more comfortable when surrounded by people of more or less similar status. We all enjoy, naturally, having the bulk of our intimate, day-to-day contacts with those who look at things with eyes like our own; but the tendency, today, to group together large numbers of people of the same economic status in housing projects, housing developments, and suburban areas may tend to insulate them from the problems and preferences of those in other sections of the population, and thus hinder that approach to the classless civilization which is such a source of American strength.

ANOTHER special characteristic of Suburbia is that the suburban region inevitably is always changing. Now of course change is everywhere in American life—in the city and in the countryside as well as in the suburb. But it is especially disturbing in Suburbia because in most cases the commuter chose his place of residence with a hopeful eye to peace, space, and stability, and all these values are threatened by the changes about him; and also, of course, because the transformation of Suburbia is so particularly rapid. Men and women who bought houses with delightful prospects over hill and dale find the prospects cut off by new housing developments; the grove of trees beyond the garden becomes Woodmere Acres or Colonial Estates. Men and women who wanted to live in a settled community find neighbors moving away and new ones coming in. Parents who join the Parent-Teacher Association and go diligently to school meetings, and who think before long that they are acquainted with the leading dramatis personae of the village disputes, discover, the next year, that a new group of people they've never heard of have organized a new attack upon the school problems. And the change is continuous and relentless. The more families flee the city for the deep tangled wildwood, the less deep, tangled, and wild does the wood become.

No wonder the suburbanite embraces zoning regulations with all his heart. They represent, it is true, a kind of governmental interference with private enterprise which in

...they might regard wood took
 as poor but in fact they appeal to the most
 conservative instincts in his nature, as pro-
 tectors of the status quo. And it is fortunate
 that they do appeal to him: for zoning is
 one of the few effective instruments available
 to impose some sort of orderly restraint upon
 the otherwise disorderly growth of Suburbia.

Yet even zoning regulations cannot stop the
 influx of newcomers, though they can divert
 and channel it; and in one way or another
 the process of change continues, placing new
 and unexpected difficulties in the way of the
 family which moved out in the hope of being
 able to combine the opportunities of the city
 with the peace of the country.

Five Chapters of Change

THE headlong changes of today have had
 their antecedents. I think we might
 divide the story of Suburbia to date
 into five chapters—overlapping chapters, as
 we shall see.

The first chapter, or period, began late in
 the nineteenth century, when the number of
 year-round commuters first became consid-
 erable. Up to that time, many well-to-do peo-
 ple had had country places outside the city to
 which they repaired for at least part of the
 year, and of course some of them had had
 large estates in the outskirts; but it was not
 until the latter years of the century, generally
 speaking, that numerous people who had
 lived part of the year at, let us say, Milton
 outside Boston, or on the Main Line outside
 Philadelphia, or at Lake Forest, or at Webster
 Groves, began to remain in such places for
 the winter; that, contrariwise, the sons and
 daughters of the outlying villages began in
 large numbers to take city jobs to which they
 traveled daily; and that the regular com-
 muters, who chose to live "forty-five minutes
 from Broadway," invaded these outlying vil-
 lages in such numbers as to give them a truly
 suburban quality. (The date was later for the
 younger cities than for the older ones, and in
 the case of both Los Angeles and Detroit the
 pattern—especially the subsequent pattern—
 was distorted: in Los Angeles several suburbs
 came to rival the city nucleus in importance,
 and in Detroit the outlying industrial areas
 likewise became the tail that wagged the dog.)

This first period we might call the horse-

and-buggy era of Suburbia, for the commuters
 were pretty well confined to the narrow belts
 of land within walking distance of railroad
 stations and trolley lines, except for those
 fortunate few who could afford a coachman
 to harness the horse and drive them to the
 station, and, after the turn of the century,
 the growing number of those who could
 swing the cost of that unreliable luxury, the
 automobile.

THE second chapter brought a striking
 change. It began at about the close of
 World War I—say about 1919 or 1920—
 and covered roughly the nineteen-twenties—
 the era of the automobile revolution, during
 which the number of cars registered in the
 United States, which had been less than
 2½ million in 1915 and had increased to
 9 million by 1920, took a leap all the way to
 26½ million in 1930. When the automobile
 became something that almost anybody might
 own, and the open car gave way to the closed
 one which you could leave at the station in
 any weather, and there was a terrific spate of
 road-building and road-improving, all at once
 large areas of previously inaccessible land
 were opened up for suburban living. The
 subdivider appeared in force: farmer Jones's
 pasture was crisscrossed with paved streets to
 become Lakehurst Gardens; the short plat-
 form at the railroad station was lengthened,
 and lengthened yet again, to make room for
 the growing army of candidates for the 8:10
 train; and community after community began
 the long stern chase to keep up with the park-
 ing problem. Many a town which had previ-
 ously regarded itself as partly independent of
 the city suddenly found its original inhabi-
 tants outnumbered by the "city people," who
 —to the rage of these original inhabitants in
 some cases—captured control of the school
 system and imposed new-fangled zoning regu-
 lations upon the community. Suburbia was
 growing at a headlong pace.

When the new commuters of the nineteen-
 twenties built houses, they tended to be
 romantic about it, and what their architects
 and builders produced for them was, by and
 large, eclectic: an English-type half-timbered
 house would rise alongside a Spanish villa,
 with an American federal-type mansion or a
 Dutch colonial one cheek-by-jowl. Could the
 owners of those houses have better expressed

their wish to get away, by night, from the ugliness of the commercial world that supported them by day, and to recapture gracious ways of living that they associated with English country houses, or European estates, or the mansions of an earlier, supposedly unspoiled America—with, of course, up-to-date plumbing?

In the minds of some of the commuters the suburban dream included something else, too; they wanted to be able to put their roots down. When a man built an ample English country house in an American suburb and carved the date 1922 over the front door, wasn't it part of his dream that he was founding an estate that would go down from generation to generation, without very much change in the surroundings? Yet already the automobile age was beginning to frustrate that dream, for every new subdivision that was opened up was destined to change those surroundings beyond repair.

AFTER the panic of 1929 the process of change slowed down, and presently, as the Great Depression deepened, it came almost to a halt as we entered the third of our five periods, the fifteen-year period of Depression and World War II, which we might call the era of fringe development and of filling in the chinks. During the early nineteen-thirties the economic paralysis of the nation brought new building nearly to a standstill. During the latter nineteen-thirties there was considerable construction of modest houses and of suburban apartment houses (where these were permitted by zoning regulations): the more outlying parts of the cities themselves tended to spread until the gaps between them and the more favored suburbs were almost closed; and there was continuing activity along those interurban highways which Lewis Mumford and Benton Mackaye once called "Roadtown," with their filling stations, used-car lots, hamburger stands, bar-and-grill joints, neon lights, and ramshackle dwellings. The government meanwhile poured money into the construction of majestic parkways, bridges, tunnels, trunk highways, and clover-leaf intersections. Then again the process of change was slowed by the wartime shortages of the early nineteen-forties, except where the government built clusters of war workers' housing. The net

result was that between 1930 and 1945 the change in Suburbia was less than sensational, and the growth of the suburban population just about kept pace with the growth of the population at large.

But since World War II the change has been swift. We have entered the fourth and fifth chapters of the history of Suburbia. These are overlapping chapters in point of time, but they represent two such strikingly different kinds of change that I should like to discuss them separately. Chapter IV is the postwar boom in housing for GI veterans and other young families, which may have passed its peak though it is still continuing; Chapter V is the discovery of the suburbs by business, which began a long time ago but is now apparently just going into high gear.

The Mass-Produced Suburbs

THE postwar boom in GI housing has been a nation-wide phenomenon, comprising developments both large and small; but to see it on the grand scale you should visit one of the new mass-produced suburbs such as Park Forest outside Chicago, or Lakewood outside Los Angeles, or Levittown, Long Island. These have been observed and described with such faithful care by W. H. Whyte, Jr., writing in *Fortune*, and by Harry Henderson, writing in *Harper's*, that I shall not attempt here a long account of them. Suffice it to say that they are wholly astonishing places. Finding a large, almost unoccupied piece of land within striking distance of a city, the developer has built on it a whole town of very similar houses, applying the economies of mass production to the fierce demand for housing which was caused by the halt in building during the war and by the rising marriage rate and birthrate of the nineteen-forties. These suburbs were built for the young people of an intensely domestic generation, who want to have babies, and take their parental duties seriously; who cannot afford servants and would not know what to do with them if they had them; who enjoy sharing the work in and about the house; who fully subscribe to the do-it-yourself credo of a generation of household tinkers; and who subscribe equally fully to the current cult of informality, getting into slacks or shorts as soon as they reach the suburb

and continuing to wear them until they leave

These new towns have been laid out with a more thoughtful eye to the realities of the ~~modern~~ age than most of their predecessors. Levittown, for instance, has wide boulevards for through traffic, well separated from the houses, which stand along narrower, curving roads; the houses themselves are not severely crowded, having ample front grass-plots and room in the rear for gardens; and there is a commendable variety in exterior design and especially in texture and color, so as to mitigate the endless monotony of thousands upon thousands of basically similar houses on flat land.

THE standard form of architecture in such developments is ranch-type, of which the latest variant is "split-level"; they tend to be one-story or story-and-a-half houses, with agreeably long roof lines. One that I went through in an outlying part of New Rochelle, New York, was selling for \$25,750, a rather high price for such communities: it had, typically, a picture window for the living-room, a dining area off the living-room, a kitchen waiting for the latest mechanical equipment, and, up a few steps (above the garage), three bedrooms and two baths. The garage was built for two cars, not one. The walls were shingled, and prospective purchasers were informed that they might have "optional brick front on living-room panel."

To a visitor from another area, or from an earlier decade, such houses would seem very small but pleasantly simple and unpretentious, and extraordinarily mechanized; I noted that by paying some \$1,250 extra one could get the house I looked at fully air-conditioned. Physically, they represent a characteristically American response to an era of high building costs and abundant machinery; spiritually, they represent an abandonment of the dream of old-world charm that flourished in the twenties, and of the aim of old-fashioned American cottage living that accompanied it and then tended to supersede it in the thirties.

Today's dream looks westward to California—even on Long Island—envisions a family in Technicolor slacks and Hawaiian shirts having a barbecue feast on

the terrace, all smiling as in the latest ads.

These are very gregarious communities, in which people wander in and out of one another's houses without invitation, and organize themselves into everything from car pools to PTAs and hobby clubs of numerous sorts; and in which the churches are much more important institutions than anyone who was brought up in the twenties or thirties would have imagined they would be. Such gregarious communities are paradises for the well-adjusted; by the same token, they are less inviting to residents who prefer a modicum of seclusion and resist being expected to live up to—or down to—the Joneses. And they are not only built for people who, for the time being at least, are on one economic level—according to Mr. Henderson, the incomes range mostly from \$4,000 to \$7,000 a year—but are occupied by people who, again for the time being, nearly all belong to the same age-group.

The passage of years will undoubtedly modify somewhat this latter peculiarity; but at present these new suburbs tend to combine that segregation by income level, which I have already referred to as a somewhat dubious suburban tendency, with a segregation by age-group, which has become at least a temporary feature of much recent mass housing. A firm believer in diversity, who would like to see more, not less, mixing together on easy terms of people of different economic fortunes, different age-groups, and different occupations and pre-occupations, cannot help wondering if these larger new suburbs can escape being natural breeding grounds for conformity.

Business Discovers the Suburbs

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the postwar boom in housing we have been witnessing another phenomenon which I call Chapter V of the story of Suburbia—the discovery of the suburbs by business.

Always, of course, suburbanites have been served by local markets, local grocery and supply stores, and other local enterprises for their day-to-day needs; but in earlier days they went to the city for their major purchases. In the nineteen-thirties, however, some of the major department stores and luxury stores began to establish suburban

branches to snare out-of-town shoppers in at least the neighborhoods of their own lairs. The movement became successful, was interrupted by World War II, and then was resumed at an even faster pace, especially in the New York area; so that as long ago as the end of 1951, when the Regional Plan Association compiled a list of suburban branch stores in the environs of New York, it was able to count as many as eighty—thirty of them in Westchester and Fairfield Counties, twenty-one in northern New Jersey, and twenty-nine on Long Island. And presently the movement took on a new and portentous shape with the advent of regional shopping centers.

THE idea of the regional shopping center has a complex ancestry. It owes much, for instance, to the experience of Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward with their outside-the-center-of-town retail stores, built in the nineteen-thirties, and to the success of small shopping centers in southern California, which had demonstrated that plenty of room to park was more of a magnet for shoppers than proximity to the glitter—and congestion—of crowded urban centers. These successes led to the location of Bullock's department store at the edge of Pasadena, and to the building of the Crenshaw shopping center, and others in the Los Angeles area. But as embodied at Shoppers' World near Framingham, outside Boston, and at Northgate outside Seattle, the regional shopping center is really something quite new: a group of stores, usually including one or more big department stores, situated all by themselves, remote from any city center—even sometimes in otherwise open country—but provided with convenient access from highways, very ample and convenient parking space, and facilities for rest and festivity. (Victor Gruen, one of the leading architects of regional shopping centers, has even suggested that they might include "greenhouses, play areas, band shells, outdoor theaters, outdoor fashion shows, miniature zoos, outdoor shows of painting and sculpture, flower shows, picnic grounds.")

By now the idea has become so epidemic that it would be wearisome to list all the regional shopping centers which are under construction or in contemplation outside one or another of our major cities. Suffice it to

mention the biggest one in immediate prospect, which may have opened before these words see print: Northland, outside Detroit. Its principal feature is a department store operated by the J. L. Hudson Company, but according to the plans it will include also some seventy other stores, will cover in all over 450 acres, and will be able to park 7,000 cars!

HERE, surely, is a revolutionary step toward that "urban decentralization" which the regional plan experts have been hopefully talking about for a generation. And now still another step, of another sort, is being taken, however uncertainly. Branch stores and shopping centers represent service to the consumer who is supposed to be already there; but the movement of business headquarters to the suburbs is something else again. And this, too, is under way, especially in Westchester County outside New York, where the county association has reported that sixty-nine corporations, employing more than 20,000 persons, are establishing new buildings in the area.

Here again there are precedents for what is happening. There have always been major businesses which did not think it necessary to have their focus of operations in a big city. Nevertheless it is news when such a big national outfit as the General Foods Corporation decides to move its headquarters—with 1,200 people—from New York to White Plains, some twenty-three miles to the north; when the American Telephone Company decides that its long-distance lines shall be managed from White Plains; when Union Carbide & Carbon at least acquires land for a move, even though the move is now stalled; when General Electric buys a tract of territory north of White Plains; and when a long list of other concerns of varying sizes are either planning to settle in Westchester or are flirting with the idea.

Drive east from White Plains toward Port Chester along Westchester Avenue and you can see the portents of the change. On your right, on a hillside, stands the severe brick triple building which will house General Foods. Across the way, in the woods of the former Whitelaw Reid estate, the trucks roll in with materials for the rising headquarters of Allstate Insurance; and deeper in those

we told them we may find, later, the central offices of Standard Vacuum Oil

How far will this new movement go? That is anybody's guess. Clearly a move to a suburban location would be folly for a business whose chief officials need to be in frequent contact with bankers, lawyers, advertising agencies, news sources, buyers, or other visitors to the metropolitan crossroads. (Clearly, too, the movement is so young that some of the problems which will emerge cannot now be envisioned. Some of the social problems for the personnel, for instance, such as the marriage prospects for young women employees in regions where there may be shortages of eligible men.) But there are types of concerns which do not need to live at the crossroads—such as experimental laboratories, which may need to receive only occasional contracts, or insurance companies, which build their businesses largely through agents. For such concerns the potential advantages are clear; clean air, light, quiet, and agreeable places to live within easy motoring distance. And in the thinking of some executives, comparative safety from atomic bombing is

an undeniable element. Guess as you will about the future of this trend; I would venture to say only that I think it is more likely to continue than to come to an early end.

Well, there you have the five chapters of the story of Suburbia: first, the horse-and-buggy era of settlements along the railroads and trolley lines; second, the opening of new areas by the automobile revolution of the nineteen-twenties; third, the era of fringe development and filling in the chinks during the thirties and early forties; fourth, the postwar era of mass-produced housing for young couples; and fifth, the discovery of the suburbs for business, for branch stores, for regional shopping centers, and for business headquarters.

These latter changes, since 1945, are bringing about, at full gallop, a transformation which seems bound to alter profoundly the living conditions of those who now inhabit the suburbs, and even to affect strikingly all the rest of us wherever we may live. What shape this transformation is likely to take, and what the prospect demands of us right now, before it is too late, I shall try to show in another article next month.

In Humbleness

DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

NEITHER malt nor Milton can
 Explain to God the ways of Man:
 Hobnailed troops have ever trod
 Upon the flocks who know that God
 Has a pattern, heart, or mind,
 Or that the Universe is kind.

Come flood, come war, come pestilence,
 Come Man at last to Common Sense:
 At last admit, in humbleness,
 Whatever spire he dares erect
 Of either faith or intellect
 Can prove but his sarcophagus;

Yet buried in that iron tomb
 Man stirs again, as in the womb:
 Tunnels free, then, word by word,
 Rebuilds, and is again interred.
 Read this in the histories
 Of *Newsweek*, or Thucydides.

Who the Hell Is Holy, Fair, and Wise?

Sylvia Wright

Drawings by Julius Kroll



IT MIGHT be trying to be named Dinah, or Rose Marie, or Mariana-in-the-Moated-Grange, but it's nothing to being named Sylvia. Every time a writer creates a really terrific heroine—beautiful, romantic, intelligent, distinguished—for some reason he leaps for the name Sylvia.

Anybody named Sylvia learns at an early age not to wince when introduced at a party, because either people say, "Who is Silvia?" looking delighted at their pinpoint precision with Shakespearean quotations, or they say, "Sylvia's hair is like the night." In my case they then guffaw happily, because my hair is not a bit like the night. (I have been described as a rufous blonde, which sounds like a breed of terrier.) You are also likely to suffer a lot of humorous, meaning looks while some singer moos on about "*l'ingrate Sylvie*," who has convinced him that the pleasure of love only lasts for a moment, while the sorrow of love lasts a lifetime.

Even so down-to-earth a writer as Upton Sinclair got carried away by a heroine named Sylvia. She was the belle of her state (*state*, he says, not town), and "suitors crowded about her like moths about a candle flame." Yes, I mean that old muckraker, Upton Sinclair. This is the kind of thing he gets into when he describes her: "I know that a heroine must be slender and exquisite, must be sensitive and haughty and aristocratic. Sylvia was all this, in truth; but how shall I bring to you the thrill of wonder that came to me

when I encountered her—that living joy she was to me forever after." See?

I first became aware of the cross I bear when I was a very small child, playing in a wood in Berkeley, California, in a garment called a "nature suit." This is not what it sounds, but a sort of one-piece gingham play suit with longish shorts and straps over the shoulders trimmed with rickrack. It was considered a little advanced at the time.

My mother and a strange lady encountered me and my mother introduced me. The strange lady looked misty and said, "Ah a wood nymph."

I was told this was the meaning of my name, and for some time I was a wood nymph. I enjoyed it enormously, but shortly thereafter for the first time in my life I took a realizing sense of myself in a long mirror. When I saw, not an ethereal fairylike sprite in flowing pale-green draperies, but a small solemn-looking tubby rufous (straight-haired) blonde in a wrinkled nature suit, my disillusionment and yells of rage were heart-rending.

Later on people decided that the perfect book to give me was Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*. I admire Lewis Carroll very much, but Sylvie is second only to Elsie Dinsmore as the most nauseating child in literature. (At that, Bruno is worse, as Sylvie can at least talk. Bruno says, "Doos oo know?" and, "Hurted mine self *welly* much.") Sylvie is described as "one of the sweetest and



loveliest little maidens it has ever been my lot to see . . . rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes . . . wealth of curling brown hair [Sylvias always have wealths of hair, whatever the color] . . . eager smiling face. . . ." And so on. She is always standing on tiptoe to kiss old people impulsively. She also indulges in the same terribly boring cheeky logic Alice does (but Alice is not sweet): Bruno says he is busy as the day is long, and Sylvie corrects, "No, no, you're busy as the day is *short*!" Sylvie is given a choice of two bejeweled lockets, one of which is inscribed, "All will love Sylvie," and the other, "Sylvie will love all," and she chooses the second because, "It's *very* nice to be loved, but it's nicer to love other people." Well, really, I don't believe I can go on.

My favorite scene was when a boy named Uggug, the incarnation of a horrible child, emptied a butter dish on Sylvie. She was very noble about it.

Actually *Sylvie and Bruno* is not really a children's book. A large part of it is about some equally icky grownups who have long conversations over the tea table about free will, duty, and syllogisms. I doubt if anybody who gave it to me had read it. I suspect only people named Sylvia have read it, and possibly a few Brunos. The aftereffects on *them* must have been frightful.

ANOTHER of the traumatic experiences of my childhood was when my school formed a glee club, which I joined as a soprano. Of course their first selection, to be sung before the whole assembly, was "Who Is Silvia?" I was thirteen; my class was the youngest in the upper school

and so I sat in the front row.

I knew it was going to be awful and for nights ahead of time I lay awake trying to get sick. But there was no escape. When the day arrived, grim, spherical in contour, bursting with undeniable health, I had to stand in the front row and shrill out, "Holy, fair, and wise is she: The heaven such grace did le-end her," etc., while my whole class burst into paroxysms of giggling. By the time love was repairing to my eyes, the glee club was inaudible.

People in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where my grandparents lived, assumed that I was named after a figment of my grandmother's imagination. My grandmother was a novelist; she fell under the sway of the name; and she wrote a novel that had not one, but two, Sylvias. She had the inestimable grace to create a heroine (the main Sylvia) who was thirty-eight and had snow-white hair (a wealth), and let her, in the end, win the charming scholarly hero from a younger, more dynamic lady. But she couldn't resist making her heroine "ethereal," "delicate," "transparently pale." They laughed when they asked if I were named for her.

In actual fact my mother irresponsibly named me after a little English girl she had met while traveling. The English girl had a younger sister named Phyllis, and neatly enough, my mother produced a Phyllis about three years after me. Bad as it was to be named Sylvia, it was worse to have Phyllis trailing after you, equally tubby and unsprite-like, and not even pastoral-looking.

When we complained, my mother added insult to injury by explaining that in each case she had been somewhat at a loss for a name because she was confidently expecting Benjamin. Anyway she herself had always suffered because people kept asking her, ha, ha, ha, if she thought she had married the Wright man.

My older brother called me "Saliva."

Somewhere along the line my father introduced me to a series of novels by Compton MacKenzie in which the heroine was named Sylvia Scarlett. At this point I gave up, as this is the Sylvia to end all

Sylvias. She acts with a Pierrot troupe, runs away from home, gets married and divorced before she is twenty, goes on the stage, travels all over the world, lives in sin, gets mixed up in World War I, has a mystical experience, travels with a troupe of brigands through the war-torn Balkans, and finally cements relations with her true love, a high-born Englishman with a bar sinister, who was once a monk. This is how she talks at nineteen: "A man who admires a woman's intelligence is like a woman who admires her friend's looking glass—each one is granting an audience to himself."

A heroine named—say—Frances wouldn't dare go on like this.

MY WORST experience was when a friend of mine (named Frances) published a short story in which the heroine was obviously me. People used to ask me about it warily as if I had done something a little indecent. My friend made it perfectly clear the heroine was me: she even called her Sylvia. No bones about it. When I asked her if she didn't think she might have changed the name, she said kindly, "Why, of course, it *was* based a little bit on you, but I never thought about the name." Evidently Sylvia is in the public domain, but I cannot help feeling that common decency should have forced her to call the girl Cynthia. Addlepatented people often call me that anyway—when they aren't calling me Phyllis.

To crown this, I was making what I thought was a funny, teeth-in-the-wind anecdote about this for some friends when an ethereal, delicate girl (named Nancy) looked me over and said with detachment, "As it happens, the heroine of the novel *I'm* writing is named Sylvia."

She needn't have looked at me like that. *I* know I don't look like her heroine.

Still heroines are getting less romantic, and I hoped Sylvia would just fade away. Then I had a shock. Apparently the name is so generic it's going on in another guise. What I'm now beginning to find, par-

ticularly in women's magazines, is this kind of thing: "A charming, personable young woman I'll call Sylvia B. was referred to me because of severe headaches. A change of glasses, treatment for sinusitis, and the usual anodynes had been of no help. She had been subjected to spinal tap, complete blood count, brain-wave test, urinalysis, skull X-rays, intensive eye-examinations, basal metabolism test, and a lengthy hospitalization." In addition, the writer goes on to say that she didn't like her children, was unenthusiastic about sex relations with her husband, fought with her mother-in-law, and had no friends. Want to know what was wrong with her? She was too neat.

So it seems there's a new Sylvia appearing and I don't like her any better than the other. She may become a much greater source of embarrassment as I realized recently when a large shiny famous woman's magazine was on the front of all the newsstands for a whole month with a gleaming headline announcing, "Sylvia Is Frigid."

If I ever write a novel and manage to stop myself from calling somebody (horrid) Frances or Nancy, I still under no circumstances will call the heroine Sylvia. But if the compulsion becomes too great, Sylvia of course will be slender, exquisite, sensitive, haughty, aristocratic, ethereal, holy, fair, and wise. It's enough to make anybody frigid.



A detailed portrait of the "readjustment" in one hard-hit community. It isn't like 1929, but it is almost as painful for both working men's families and business men.

South Bend: City in Recession

Donald M. Schwartz

Was a lounge for retired Studebaker employees was opened in South Bend several months ago. Studebaker president Harold Vance and chairman Paul Hoffman spoke at a dedication ceremony. Afterward a man who had attended the affair, and has had much experience with both Hoffman and Vance, was asked what the two had said.

"Well," he replied, "neither of them actually put it in so many words, but what they were trying to get across to those retired men was that their pensions are going to be good."

Studebaker in the previous six months had fallen on hard times. Its work force had been cut from 23,000 to 14,000. Passenger-car production in its South Bend plants had been slashed by nearly two-thirds from a peak of 5,400 cars a week in 1953. Prior to these big layoffs, one of every five persons at work in the South Bend area worked for this one company. As Studebaker had declined during the last year, so had South Bend.

By February, the area's 8,700 unemployed totaled eight and two tenths per cent of the 106,000 labor force, and South Bend had been added to the government's list of twenty-one major cities with critical unemployment—existing that carries with it a built-in preference in awards of government defense con-

This mutual agreement in adversity is found at all economic levels: it is one of the few opinions likely to be volunteered in interviews about the layoffs, and it is one of the first of many contradictions one turns up. For, while the Eisenhower Administration has made it a cardinal principle that the United States needn't depend on military production to maintain high-level prosperity, the South Bend residents of Spring 1954 appear unanimously to look upon army trucks and fighter-plane jet engines as their economic salvation.

The Big Slide

STUDEBAKER made both trucks and jet engines for the government until its contracts ran out in 1953, the year the big slide began. Most people in South Bend see the two events more as cause-and-effect than mere unhappy coincidence. They are inclined to be bitter about it, and to agree with a Studebaker employee just reduced to a lower paying job and not sure of holding that one: "Seems like GM and the big industries get all the contracts," he said. "Seems like Mr. Eisenhower is listening to Mr. Wilson. Seems like the government could give some of the contracts to the smaller companies."

In one form or another, the yearning for war work is universal.

A highly successful factory and community leader: "We've got to get some defense contracts in here. And I think our secretary [of a committee to attract industry] is going to get us one, too. Yes, sir, he's been around,

you know. Used to be with the national Chamber of Commerce. Got the right contacts up there in Washington. We need one of those government contracts bad."

The county's Republican party chairman: "I'm sure Vance and Hoffman are endeavoring to get government contracts. I can't imagine they're just sitting back. By fall they might hire back a thousand or two thousand and that might change the whole picture."

A Studebaker employee with enough seniority to be working still, gives his solution to the layoffs: "War work! And it will take at least a year's war work to get this town back on its feet."

A high official of the Republican city administration: "Let's have a war if you want prosperity. That's always been the American way: have a war for prosperity. It's just a matter of economics, just economics!"

One man doesn't agree. *The president of the Studebaker Corporation.* Said Harold Vance: "There has been considerable misunderstanding of our military production as far as employment in South Bend is concerned. At its peak a year ago I don't think our military jet engine and truck production attained more than twelve or thirteen hundred on the payroll. That has not been a major factor in our employment here."

THE apparent conviction of the man in the plant and the man in the office that lost military contracts are a major cause of South Bend's downfall is accompanied by belief in a corollary source for the city's plight. This one is overproduction of automobiles. Again agreement is wide, beginning with the worker and reaching this time all the way up to Studebaker's president.

Here is Harold Vance on his industry: "Some auto companies greatly overproduced more cars than the market could absorb. They forced their cars on their dealers, cut prices, and badly demoralized the whole market." Facing this supersaturated market, Vance tells you, Studebaker *had* to cut back.

Mr. Vance did not name companies responsible for the demoralizing, but South Bend's Republican Congressman, Shepard J. Crumpacker did. Introducing a House resolution on March 30 asking for a Federal Trade Commission investigation of the auto industry, Crumpacker said: "Some of the smaller

competitors in the field are being forced to the wall by the sheer economic power of Ford and General Motors."

Bringing Back the Boys

IT is rare—virtually unheard of—for anyone to blame the recession directly on the Republicans. Even Indiana Democratic national committeeman Paul Butler, of South Bend, cautions against seeking a partisan explanation of the downturn, though he believes Administration policies have speeded the slump. "I think we were in for something like this," Butler says.

Yet there is one view of the recession from a familiarly political viewpoint. It's a hard-times joke that is apparently a national one and told here in a South Bend version. The joke refers to Studebaker and South Bend's second-biggest employer, Bendix Products Division of Bendix Aviation Corporation, which since January has cut its production force by 500 and reduced the remaining 7,500 workers from 48 to 40 hours a week.

In this yarn, a farmer near South Bend who voted for Eisenhower is asked how he likes Ike now. "Well," he observes, "in one of his whistle-stop speeches I heard Mr. Eisenhower promise to bring the boys back home. And he's sure kept his word! I have one boy back home from Studebaker and another back home from Bendix."

South Bend, incidentally, isn't at all consoled by the Administration's attempt to soothe away present cares on the grounds that unemployment was higher in 1949 than it is now. In South Bend that simply doesn't apply. Only a third as many were unemployed then, except for a seventy-one-day strike period, and the two major employers were both going strong.

Yet when overproduction, terminated military contracts, and—to a far lesser extent—politics are seized upon as causes of the punctured boom, the fact is lost sight of that the present production decline (and consequent unemployment) in South Bend didn't start last fall. Studebaker's dismissal in six months of nine thousand workers who earned over three-quarters of a million dollars a week was rapid, dramatic, and stunning. But in hours worked, these workers and others of the area had been on the downgrade since 1951.

There's no Bread and Butter

Department-store sales in December were down 3 per cent, in January 14 per cent. In February, one of the city's most active stores—*Ward's*, success stories in along with the Notre Dame football team, one of the wonders of South Bend—had a 14 per cent sales slip, most of it in the last week of the month. So the retailers are trimming their advertising expenditures and they, too, are laying off, spilling employees into the unemployment pool. They don't all. The 8,700 jobs can now be attributed to St. Elmer's.

The April Singer Manufacturing Company, the so-called "big rider" announced that it would shut down its South Bend plant over a six-month period. The shutdown was to be permanent, with production consolidated in other plants; and 1,200 would lose their jobs. Singer's South Bend manager, John L. Marshall, said the company had long intended to close this plant, which was started in 1888 when South Bend was at the center of all hardwood tree supply. Although Marshall said the firm immediately launched a drive to "keep Singer here," local leaders were privately not optimistic.

CREDIT, too, is being sharply curtailed. A big store's credit department has issued a series of new orders, tightening up. Studebaker employees must now have eight years' seniority to open an installment account. Credit interviewers who used to approve charges up to \$200 are now limited to \$50. "And they're afraid of the \$50," said one store worker. The store is not because accounts amount on the books have markedly slowed their payments. One customer, told by a store employee that he must pay something on his account, said: "Lady, I've been off work five weeks. I have to support my wife, her mother, and six children. We are eating beans and sugar, get by. I just can't pay you."

Construction activity was slumped sharply last fall, the nation's second-largest building year. The dollar volume in home building peaked in January, February and March, at \$1.4 billion, \$1.3 billion and \$1.2 billion, respectively, compared with \$2,000,000. One builder, twenty-five years a contractor in South Bend, predicts 1973's total of more than a thousand homes built will be cut to between seven and eight hundred this year.

He had announced he would build a three-million-pound-a-year, shopping center at

the edge of the city. Now he doubts he will build the center; if he does, it will be on reduced scale.

"I want to see this Studebaker thing clear up a little," he said. "None of us knows what is in store."

THEN there are fringe effects. The police chief can say that applications for places in the department are "flooding in" where only six months ago he had to "scratch" for recruits. In all of 1953 he had thirty applicants to the force. Sixty came in in the first six weeks of this year.

A woman can tell friends, "Why, you know, a friend of Lurene's, my maid, called up and asked me to consider her for a job if I ever change maids. Can you imagine that? You can actually get them now!"

Township trustees who give direct relief—and the county welfare department, supplementing incomes—report cases mounting so fast they will have to seek additional, unbudgeted money by mid-year. And yet, in the midst of all this, it is not exceptional to hear that "a little recession might be good for us; it couldn't go on that way forever." The sentiment isn't confined to financial circles where inflation is believed to be bad for the country.

Take, for instance, a woman we'll call Barbara. She is married, with one child, and has worked in a retail store's credit department five years, the boom period. She watched the merchandise move out, the charges pile up, and the big payments roll in; and now she is seeing the cycle reversed. Payments have slowed, a brake is on charges, and some of the same merchandise is coming back.

"If this doesn't go too far," Barbara will tell you, "if they can get hold of it, it will be the best thing that could have happened. Some of these people were even figuring their financing on their overtime pay, and when they lost their overtime they couldn't meet their payments. Maybe this will throw a scare into them. They've got to learn there can't always be a war—they can't always live like kings!"

The owner of a small tavern felt the same way. "The whole thing was getting out of hand!" he said. He was satisfied with a mild bust, even though it was beginning to hurt his business. Business men who say they were

ready for a little recession are the norm rather than the exception.

Broadly, people with jobs and businesses hope things won't get any worse. People out of jobs think things are bad enough already. And one man who still has his job, though part of his organization is sliding out from under him, thinks they are already bad enough for corrective action, by government and right now. "We can't get by, lowering employment," Studebaker union president Louis Horvath insists. "If one man is out of a job that is a depression for him."

"What Are We Going to Do?"

SUCH a man is Joe, a native of the city. He was laid off in late January, after two years with a ball-bearing manufacturer. He has three children, ages eleven months, six and seven years; and he lives in a small, square frame house in a new subdivision of innumerable small, square, ten-thousand-dollar frame houses.

Next to the house stands a battered, old-model car. Joe was in an accident Christmas Day, but he hasn't had money since to repair the car. He isn't able to drive it. While Joe visits a neighbor injured in the auto accident with him, his wife, staying with the children, tells the family's recession story.

"We got our first twenty-seven-dollar check from the unemployment office just yesterday. It took about four weeks from the time Joe was laid off. But you can't pay the house payments and buy milk for the baby on that.

"My father-in-law made our house payment for the month. My mother and mother-in-law are buying us food. The kids are just getting over chicken pox, so we have doctor bills, too. We weren't able to save anything out of Joe's seventy-five dollars a week when he was working; in fact, we are about six hundred dollars in debt. No, we don't have a television set. We were never able to afford one.

"We are far behind on life insurance payments for the kids, doctor bills for them and my husband, and payments to Sears. I had the phone disconnected. That money goes for milk now. About the only other place we can save money is at the A & P. We used to spend twenty to twenty-five dollars every time we went there when we had money, but now

...of fifteen, because that's all we
 were thought of giving up this house
 and getting an apartment for less rent than
 our payments. But nobody would want to buy
 the house now.

Had she ever considered that this might

No, I didn't," she said in a forlorn tone
 mirrored in her eyes.

What did her husband say about this?

He just says, 'It's got to be.' I guess he's
 that kind of guy.

Did Joe look for another job?

'Yes, at first. He went several places, but
 didn't find anything. The man at the employ-
 ment office said a year ago he could have
 placed him in plenty of jobs, but now he
 couldn't offer him a dishwasher job.'

Was she bitter about her husband's being
 laid off?

No, why should I be? But some people,
 are, and some days it does get me down. Last
 week I just sat down and cried. I said, 'What
 are we going to do if we lose the house?
 Where will we go?'

Currents Beneath the Surface

THIS sort of helpless, private desperation
 doesn't show on the surface in South
 Bend. No "grass is growing in the
 streets," as the Republican county chairman
 put it, nor is anyone selling apples on corners.
 But occasionally signs of a tense undercurrent
 of concern come into public view. Some,
 ironically, are the actions of civic-business
 leaders, the same who prefer not to make the
 fact of recession too public.

For instance, a meat-packing company said
 in February that business was bad in its plant
 in a city adjoining South Bend, that it was
 closing the plant and laying off one hundred
 and fifty employees. These equal a tiny two-
 tenths of one per cent of the area employ-
 ment, yet the city's Chamber of Commerce
 secretary and the secretary of the Committee
 of 100, an organization to attract industry,
 went to Detroit at once to ask the meat packer
 to keep the plant open. The secretaries got
 no promise; but they reported their plea was
 being considered. They announced another
 meeting with the company, and urged com-
 munity leaders to go to Detroit. A food
 dealers' association voted to send letters to

members urging them to buy more meat from
 the plant so that it would stay open.

Some effects of the recession were unex-
 pected. For example, it has always been an
 almost universal belief in South Bend that
 Studebaker workers were inveterate loafers
 on the job. When the first layoffs hit the city,
 one comment was virtually as universal: "Ah,
 now those Studebaker workers will have to
 hustle to hold onto their jobs!"

But did the remaining Studebaker workers
 start hustling? One believer-in-hustling with-
 in the Studebaker management answers: "I
 think since the layoffs one of the biggest
 changes has been that people in the plant are
 so worried they spend time trying to find out
 the latest gossip instead of working more."

There is also something of a doctrine
 among business men about how you handle a
 recession. The appliance-department man-
 ager explained the method as he presided over
 his going-out-of-business sale: "This is just a
 return to normal selling, that's all. From now
 on it's over—just sitting on our fat cans wait-
 ing for the customers to walk in. We've got
 to go out and get them!" And what luck did
 he have going out and getting them? "Well,
 I could see the business was sliding bad about
 four months ago. I could stop the slide for a
 while by promoting real hard, but I couldn't
 stop it permanently."

His two statements were unrelated in a con-
 versation, but he had raised unwittingly a
 tough recession question: How much selling,
 normal or otherwise, can you do when people
 aren't buying?

Accent on Youth

ONE of the nasty twists of the layoffs
 was that they seemed to have struck
 at those who could least afford
 them—youth. Union-management seniority
 agreements send new, young workers packing
 first—those, especially in a second wave of
 layoffs, who have new homes, new appliances,
 and new babies to pay for out of scant sav-
 ings, if any. Some of the youngest of the new
 workers have been laid off from their first
 jobs, and some people have asked what will
 the effect on them be?

One twenty-year-old who was laid off, a
 worker named Ivern, had to answer the ques-
 tion from behind the bars of the South Bend

city jail. He had been charged with larceny, siphoning gasoline from a parked car. Ivern had worked one year before his layoff. It was his first job. While he was employed he bought a used car. When he was laid off, he said, he drew his unemployment compensation and looked for another job, going as far afield as Gary, Chicago, and Flint. "They said they were laying off. Some said they were just holding their own," Ivern said.

He didn't get a job and so came home. By this time, he didn't have enough money to buy gasoline, no place to get money, and he wanted to visit his girl in Michigan. So Ivern siphoned gasoline.

"It was the first time I ever stole in my life," he said. That appeared to be true. He siphoned the gasoline in a parking lot of the Bendix plants, which is guarded, and was easily caught by a guard.

"I only stole what I did to use it. I wouldn't have had to steal if I had had some money. If I was working I would have had money to buy it. I suppose Studebaker won't call me back now if they hear about this."

Ivern was told his chances of recall were dim, no matter what he had done. "I never did have much faith in it," he said.

Even in his rather half-hearted examination of the future, Ivern was looking in a direction that most South Bend residents at the moment are avoiding. They are busy looking at the recent, booming past, the sagging present, or else they just have their eyes shut. It's understandable. Perhaps they sense that if they look forward, even as Ivern has, it will look to them as it looks to him—black.

The Boss Doesn't Know, Either

FROM Harold Vance on down the line "uncertainty," voiced or unexpressed, describes the mood of this city. And Vance's analysis of the situation was most notable for the things he declined to comment on. He would not say whether Studebaker will recall workers in the spring, explaining that he doesn't wish to "hold the laid-off worker here with speculation."

He shied away repeatedly from comments on the country's economy, turning instead to

remarks on prospects of the automobile business. And in these he would say only that if the market were normal there should be an upturn in spring, but that it wasn't normal.

He would not comment—beyond inquiring acidly, "What does he know about it?"—on a prediction of a University of Notre Dame economist that Studebaker's South Bend production payroll would soon fall still further.

The economist's prediction was borne out when, after January 1, twelve thousand production workers on passenger-car lines worked only forty out of ninety days. One-week plant shutdowns continued into the year's second quarter.

He would not say whether he still thought the company would turn out more cars in 1954 than last year, though he had said this was likely when the 1954 models were introduced. Now, he said, he doesn't know; it's too early in the year to tell.

VANCE is not alone in his uncertainty about the immediate future. For company, among others he has the manager of the South Bend office of the Indiana Employment Security Division, the man whose job it is to take the employment pulse, Samuel I. Brooks. Brooks doesn't avoid the present, but he prefers to explain the past when he is asked about the future.

"You know we are returning to a more normal cycle of buying," he will say. "January was always a bad month, stores laying off people, building industry off, and the automobile business never used to be too good at this time. They never used to work all year around. This cycle is like a wave. It goes up and down," he says, as his hand swims up and down through the air. He implies this is just a dip in one of those waves.

When it is suggested to him that the downturns of those wavy lines also have been known to turn into spiraling lines that continue downward, he agrees that this is true.

"The question, then, Mr. Brooks, is what will things be like in six to nine months, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is the question. What will it be like in six to nine months?"

South Bend wishes it knew.

It isn't much like the legend. But it is one of the strangest organizations in the history of crime—as "Lucky" Luciano discovered to his sorrow. A leading Italian journalist tells how it actually works, who runs it, and why it does not boss the American underworld.

The Real Mafia



Luigi Barzini, Jr.

Drawings by John Altoon

FRANK Coppola, a friend of "Dandy Phil" Kastel and Frank Costello, trafficked in narcotics in New Orleans, Chicago, and Detroit, until he had to get away in a hurry, some time early in 1952. He went to Sicily. There he was born fifty-three years before and there he was sure he could find the complicity necessary to carry on his business by remote control. He still spoke the native dialect with some effort, and, in the back of his mind, had kept the names of relatives and friends of his people who could not easily deny him shelter and aid. He had probably also read in American newspapers of the close connection between the Island, or Mother, Mafia and the Missionary Branch in the United States, sometimes known as *Unione Siciliana*.

There was little of the Sicilian left in Coppola's appearance and manners. He was heavy-set, outspoken, and noisy. Sicilian Mafia leaders, few of whom are rich, wear corduroys or the shabby suits of the village bourgeois, and have the thin bodies, pale faces, and small rounded stomachs produced by indoor life, *pasta*, meditation, leisurely scheming, and afternoon siestas. They ride donkeys more often than automobiles and dislike violent action as much as gross words.

Coppola's life in Sicily was not fortunate. He had, in the beginning, jokingly boasted he would show the old place some new tricks. Luck, however, seemed to be against him.

After a series of small incidents, on March 19, 1952, he had to disappear in a hurry from the town of Alcamo when the police searched his rooms there and found a cleverly constructed trunk containing twelve pounds of heroin, worth about \$600,000 in the United States retail market. The police went straight to the cache and wasted little time looking for anything else.

Even a man of Coppola's resources had a difficult time from then on. He needed capital for another big job, and in Sicily capital is as scarce as water. One night in June 1953 a gang of unknown men, with handkerchiefs tied to their mouths, broke into the country villa of Don Lucio Tasca and left with the elderly nobleman and his nine-year-old grandson. Don Lucio is notoriously rich and theoretically worth one of the biggest ransoms in all Sicily.

EVERYBODY in Palermo knew the next day that the coup could only have been conceived by foreigners—Italians from the mainland or an American. The police, who always know more than they can prove in court, asserted at once that it was Frank Coppola's work. There were many reasons why no Sicilian in his right mind could have been guilty. Don Lucio is a large and benevolent landowner and, like all large and benevolent landowners in Sicily, powerful and

awe inspiring. He is also the most modern, progressive, and daring farmer on the Island; he imports machinery, seeds, and new techniques from abroad, and is therefore much admired by his countrymen, who know that his efforts will, in the end, benefit all. He is an ardent Sicilian patriot, one of the heads of the unfortunate independence movement which fought a short and unsuccessful campaign against government troops immediately after the war; he is a hero who can be recognized.

Furthermore, although he does not, of course, belong to the Mafia—being an honest and upright gentleman—the Mafia, for reasons which will be explained later, stop in front of his gates—as in front of all gates of powerful persons like him—and meticulously respect and protect him, his people, his property, and his cattle. It is common knowledge that any affront to a man like Don Lucio is a direct affront to the Mafia ruling his district, an affront which must necessarily be prevented or punished.

For a couple of days the old man and the child were shifted from place to place in the surrounding countryside. Then, one night, their custodians suddenly disappeared. Don Lucio and his grandson escaped. The boy had behaved throughout with great courage. He had shown no surprise or fear, had treated the bandits with cold reserve, and had supported and aided the old man in their walk back—proving once more that, in Sicily, all children, even those from the best families, know instinctively how to behave when in contact with the underworld.

AFTER a few days, corpses were found here and there in ditches, shot through the back. Some were recognized as men who had helped Coppola in the past. It was, of course, impossible to know who had murdered them. The police suggested that clues indicated Frank Coppola was the murderer. Everybody agreed. In an indirect way, theologically if not legally, he was.

They arrested him on December 1, 1953, in Partinico, a small town not far from Alcamo. He was charged, among many crimes, with the murder of one of his henchmen. Next day the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* oversimplified matters by stating:

Much credit is due to the American authorities under the over-all direction of Harry J. Anslinger, head of the United States Bureau of Narcotics in Washington. . . . Coppola's arrest came after a twenty-month search during which he taunted police by coming out of hiding and visiting local cafés.

For an escaping criminal to become invisible to the police, to taunt them by visiting local cafés, to find shelter, and to be informed of all moves to capture him, he must be surrounded by many friends, with ears and eyes everywhere. The moment he is alone his whereabouts are easy to discover and he can be arrested at any convenient time. In Sicily, the decision whether he is to be helped, watched carefully, or abandoned to his destiny, is taken locally. There is very little Mr. Harry J. Anslinger can do in the matter.

The Comic Case of Luciano

ANOTHER eminent American underworld character who thought he had powerful friends in Sicily is known officially to the Italian police as Salvatore Lucania, better known in the United States as Charles "Lucky" Luciano. When he first landed from an American ship, in 1946, after his deportation, he immediately contacted important Mafia leaders. They treated him with respect, accepted his dinners, invited him once to a wedding, and went with him to the horse races. He behaved with them much as an American snob, in London, behaves with English aristocracy.

Some of his newly acquired friends convinced him that the best thing for him was to invest money in a legitimate and visible enterprise. Thus he would justify his income and gain prestige by playing the part of the returned emigrant who does his bit for the prosperity of the Island. So a corporation was established in Palermo for the manufacture of candy and biscuits, and suitable machinery imported. Luciano was pleased. The candy was good and sold well; there was no competition. Then, after a few months, he began to worry and sought the advice of a lawyer and an accountant. They looked over the books, studied the statutes, examined all the contracts, and advised him to sell his share as quickly as possible. The organization was

...way that he would always lose by only his partners made it. Everything was legal, but he had been swindled of about 15,000,000 lire, or about \$25,000, before he got out. The idea of challenging him on the only ground where he was weak—legitimate business—could only have been conceived by Sicilians.

Arrogance was Luciano's trouble. As a knowledgeable police official put it: "He does not belong to the Mafia. He only claims he does, the poor innocent one!"

The Mafia Legend

THE theory of an international Mafia with headquarters in Sicily and branches in the United States is comforting and plausible. It helps explain mysterious events, accounts for strange loyalties and alliances, and sometimes justifies the impotence of the police. How can stateside criminals of Sicilian origin be defeated? (Every criminal with an Italian name is often classified as Sicilian by the American press, including, in the old days, Al Capone, who was born near Naples, and Frank Costello, who comes from Cosenza, in Calabria.) Their nerve centers are far away. The head of the dragon must be cut first. And that is a job for the Italian police, for "foreigners" whose ways are seldom efficient, clear, or reliable. This is the reason there is a representative of the FBI in the United States Embassy in Rome, an alert, Italian-speaking agent of Sicilian descent, who keeps in constant touch with the Italian police, supplies them with information, and prods them into action. He is probably the only criminal attaché in any of the world's embassies.

The theory's strength also lies in deep, ical roots. The Mafia of popular American myth belongs to the world of semi-legendary, menacing, secret, world-wide society which the human imagination has always fashioned out of some real facts and its own fears.

And it is not entirely a theory. At the end of the last century, when entire Sicilian villages emigrated to the United States, there were, among the honest workers, many petty criminals. Some of them set up a modified version of what they thought was the Mafia—the only Mafia they had had contact with,

that is, the elementary village bands of thieves and racketeers. Some also remembered and tried to apply, in American industrial slums, the real Mafia heritage—a sure knowledge of the secret laws of human affairs and human nature, and the way in which to use power and fear when the law offers the individual no guarantees. Some naturally maintained direct contacts with the Mafia back home, and there was at that time a continuous exchange of criminals. But the new country and the new conditions were so different that the old ways quickly degenerated. As the years passed and emigration stopped, the older men died, memories dimmed, and contacts became rarer and more difficult.

A few immigrants' sons may still use Palermo as a convenient headquarters for their smuggling activities, just as others may use Hong Kong, Istanbul, or Marseilles, but their choice has nothing to do with the decisions of a vast international organization. A few criminals still escape, both ways across the Atlantic, but they find refuge only among friends and relatives, never among Mafia members as such.

NEWS between the two countries is scant. Some Mafia men who left Sicily years ago have never been heard of since. Giuseppe Cocchiara, from Caltanissetta, for example, who worked in a sulphur mine and was known as a low-rank member, left for the United States in 1937. He returned eleven years later in a smart black suit, brown shoes, stiff collar—embalmed like Joseph Stalin, and laid out in the most elaborate coffin Sicily, the land of elaborate coffins, had seen in a long time. The funeral was paid for by Giuseppe's unknown American friends—six horses with plumes, a brass band from Palermo, and mountains of flowers. Nobody in Caltanissetta ever learned how Giuseppe became prominent in America, how he died, why he was sent back to be buried, and why he rated such honors at his death.

On the other hand, sometimes a Sicilian who emigrated may keep his exalted position in his native village while he has no influence whatever in the United States. Such was the curious case of Antonio G., who owns a prosperous grocery store in Brooklyn and lives the spotless life of an American shopkeeper. A feud recently broke out in his native village,

Brancaccio, between two families. Five men were killed in a few days. Everybody stayed home behind shuttered windows. Nobody with enough authority to enforce a truce could be found who did not have relatives in one or the other family. Then somebody remembered Antonio, the Brooklyn grocer, who had been greatly feared in his youth. Antonio flew over, staged a great dinner, handled matters with the ancient Mafia tact, pacified the village, and returned after a few days to his unsuspecting Brooklyn housewives.

For an international Mafia to exist, there first would have to be a tight, disciplined, centralized organization in Sicily. Such an organization would be dangerous but at the same time easy to discover and to destroy. The reason why the Mafia has never been successfully fought and defeated (Mussolini tried hard but merely managed to catch a few hundred rural thieves and small-time racketeers) is that, while the Mafia is several things at the same time, it is *not* a tight, disciplined, centralized organization.

The Lord of Sicily

IF THE Mafia had one big chief he would be Don Calogero Vizzini, of Villalba, familiarly known as Don Calò. (*Don* is the courtesy title of all noblemen and of those commoners who reach an important personal rank.) He is not rich. He is the owner of a poor sulphur mine and some land. He is an old man who leads a quiet and dignified life in his native village, where he lives with his brother, a devout Monsignor. He looks like what he is, a small rural proprietor. His blue eyes have an attentive expression. He speaks slowly and carefully. A slight stroke has left the tip of his tongue protruding from the left side of his mouth and has impeded his speech. Even before that, however, he was not generous with words.

Don Calò is to all purposes an honorable man. His name has never been associated with crime. He was arrested once, right after the war, tried, and condemned to a short jail sentence, but his offence was political and not considered criminal by most Sicilians.

Girolamo LiCausi, the Moscow-trained Sicilian who heads the Sicilian Communist party, announced his intention to address the people in the piazza at Villalba. Don Calò (like

all the Mafia) does not like Communists. He let it be known that the plan did not please him. That should have been enough warning for anybody. LiCausi came anyway. Shots were fired from the roof tops. The small crowd dispersed. A few people were wounded,



among them LiCausi himself, who was left lying in the empty piazza, alone but for two henchmen from headquarters. Suddenly a shadow crossed his body, an old and wrinkled man bowed over him and asked in a colorless voice: "Can I do anything for you?"

It was Don Calò, loyal to the traditions, offering help to his fallen enemy, and enjoying his victory. Those were troubled times and he was arrested, freed under bail, later tried and condemned for having organized the shooting. He did not stay in jail long.

Even the Fascists never knew how to handle ~~it~~. At one time they condemned him to *confino*, forced residence, a police measure used mainly to keep out of circulation enemies of the regime who could not be charged with any particular activity. Such men, like Carlo Levi and many others, were usually sent to remote, primitive villages in the mountains. Don Calò managed to be *confinato* to Fiumi, a fashionable watering place near Rome, where he looked after his health for some time.

Don Calò has never heard of gambling machines, has probably never seen dope, would certainly fight anybody who wanted to sell heroin to adolescents, and is not primarily interested in making money. His whole life has been dedicated to one purpose—the acquisition of power. His words must be obeyed, his enemies must be defeated, nothing within his empire must be done without his knowledge and approval. Land must not be sold, girls married, officials shifted, criminals jailed, business ventures started, without a nod from Don Calò. While gifts to him sometimes facilitate matters, his help cannot be bought. To achieve this position he has to forgo many pleasures, including that of making money, and steel himself against all temptations, because the man who assumes within himself all the responsibilities of a multitude must have no weakness.

He has no weapons, no organization, no visible means to enforce his will. He moves mysteriously, skillfully playing one force against another—helping the law against criminals or criminals against the law, according to his judgment, the rich against the poor or the poor against the rich. In his own way he is a moral man, because he uses his power mostly according to an ancient sense of justice and does not abuse it. Nobody tries to equal him. That is why he is known as "*il padrone della Sicilia*," the Lord of Sicily.

The Two Mafias

THE origin of the word Mafia is obscure. It is used by Sicilians to mean two things: a concept of life in a lawless world, and the loose organization of which Don Calò is the leader. One, of course, is the outgrowth of the other; there could be no Don Calò unless there were first the

mental climate in which he could flourish.

Both Mafias developed slowly in the dim past when Sicily was governed by foreigners like the Anjous, the Spaniards, the Neapolitans, or, even earlier, the Arabs and the Byzantines. Local viceroys and governors extracted as much wealth from the Island as they could, there was no law, bandits overran the countryside, and each man had to face the world with his own personal resources.

Consequently, from very ancient days Sicilians have considered it below the dignity of a real man to appeal to official justice for the redress of wrongs. One defends one's honor. Even today, a Sicilian tries to protect the virtue of his women, the reputation of his family, and the sacredness of his property. This unwritten code is common to other Mediterranean countries like Spain, Corsica, and Sardinia, and not unknown in parts of the United States. It is an obvious derivation from feudal ideals of chivalry.

NATURALLY people consider it dishonorable and dangerous to reveal any information about crimes which they believe to be the private affairs of the persons involved. If a man kills his daughter's seducer, or burns down the house of the neighbor who stole his sheep, he has a clear right not to be interfered with. This duty of secrecy, called *omertà* (another word with obscure origins) is so deeply felt it is unconscious. It makes it almost impossible, in Sicily—and in the United States whenever Sicilians are involved in a crime—to get witnesses to testify to the most patent facts. A man is shot down in broad daylight, in a little village square, in front of hundreds of people. Nobody later has a recollection of anything. Nobody heard the shot or saw the killer. Not even the dead man's relatives have anything to say when questioned. All suspects have tight alibis and can present any number of reliable witnesses who saw them miles away at the time. *Omertà* is not all based on the honor system either. Information given to the police is among the offenses which must be avenged.

A man's authority—which is his capacity to defend himself, to inspire fear, and to deter enemies from harming him—is based on many things. There are, first of all, his own physical strength and courage. Then there

are his natural allies, relatives who will side with him in a feud just as he would with them. Finally there are friends and allies. How to make friends and use their influence is an old Sicilian art not taught in books. Friends are made by offering one's services in times of need so that one can in turn demand assistance when one needs it.

"The Society of Friends"

THERE are thousands of ways to gain a man's gratitude. You may run to him with useful information about his enemies, help a politician gather together a shaky majority on election day, trace and return to the rightful owner his stolen property, or, better still, steal his property and then offer yourself as a guardian to stop the unknown thieves from stealing more. One of the best ways is to come across secret information damaging to the interest of an important person. You make a friend for life that way.

It is easier, of course, for a powerful person to gain the loyalty of ordinary people. Sicily (and more especially the Western half of the Island) is a close and intricate mesh of these delicate relationships, cutting across class lines—great men who rely on humble men and humble men who serve their protectors as the *clientes* waited on their lords in old Roman days. Everybody is, in a peculiar way, a prisoner of the mesh, the high and the low.

This is the culture ground in which the Mafia, in its second meaning, flourishes. The society exists only in a relatively small section of Sicily—the Western end, especially between Palermo, Partinico, Alcamo, and

Caltanissetta. It is a spontaneous organization. Men are born specially fitted for leadership, in Sicilian villages as elsewhere. They cannot help emerging. In their quest for power and authority they somehow never stop. Some begin life as poor unknown peasants, manage to serve a little local chief, slowly and patiently climb higher until, in their turn, they eventually command the loyalty of a few, who rely on them for protection. Later they are recognized as chiefs and arbiters in their village, not through any legal procedure, elections, or investiture from above, but simply because, at one point, nobody dares to challenge them. They later add to their provinces, conquering neighboring villages and entire districts, whose chiefs bow to them rather than fight them. In the end, a few make their authority felt all over the West of the Island. At the top there is only one Don Calò.

THE organization is not hard and fast. Many men live and die without knowing whether they ever belonged to it. It has no certain name. It is called Mafia only by outsiders. When people who abide by its unwritten code and obey its orders are mentioned they are vaguely called "the friends" (*"gli amici"*). A member from a distant village is usually introduced as a "friend of friends." Curiously enough, when the whole organization is mentioned at all, it is called by the same name Quakers use for their church, the "Society of Friends." It becomes a strong alliance only when a common danger threatens the many little chiefs and their retinues or when they fight for a common gain. They usually stick together, however,



to the Mafia wars would be dangerous.

It is a conservative organization. It supports the powers that rule the contemporary world, because only the powerful can offer favors and protection. It was, for instance, on the side of the Bourbon Kings of Naples until 1860, when it came to the side of Giuseppe Garibaldi who had landed in Marsala and was conquering the Island. It was Fascist under the Mussolini dictatorship and anti-Fascist immediately after the war. It is now deeply anti-Communist.

While its ancient purpose may have been to bring rough order in a lawless world and to enforce some kind of primitive justice, it has become a cancerous growth that prevents the regular administration of law and order and the detection of crimes—even in these days when Sicily has an efficient and honest police, furnished with modern automobiles, radios, and automatic weapons. In many desperate cases, now as in the past, the only way to punish a criminal or even to know his name is to negotiate with the Mafia, remembering that every advantage must be paid for and no favors are done for nothing.

A State Within the State

THE Mafia is outside the law, a state within the state; all Sicilian criminals must reckon with it if they want to stay alive and prosper; it always knows everything that goes on everywhere of a legal or illegal character. Still, it is not strictly a criminal organization. It accepts crime as part of the inevitable ills of the world, it tries to control it, to exploit it, to channel it, and, sometimes, to prevent it. Crime is not however its main business. Bandits are free to ply their trade, kidnapping an occasional business man for ransom, stealing cattle, or holding up busloads of travelers on lonely roads—as long as they do not harm protected persons and pay for their own immunity with whatever services are required.

The higher a man is in the Mafia the less direct contact he has with criminals of any kind. The great leaders lead unimpeachable private lives. Some contribute heavily to welfare funds. Many cultivate respectable friendships. All conduct their affairs with subtle cunning. They speak very little, and nothing is ever called by its name. When

they are negotiating, the matter in hand is never mentioned. The conservation circles around politics, the weather, the price of olives, and only *en passant* are a few vague words said—once—which you must catch on the wing and interpret correctly.

WHEN the chiefs are challenged, which happens seldom, they use all possible means to destroy their enemies. They know so many secrets and have so many loyal followers everywhere that they can damage anybody in whatever field they choose—the banks, the law, his relatives, his loves, politics—at precisely the right moment. They can wait for years. They can also resort to murder. But a great chief orders the killing of an enemy only with vast reluctance. Murder is the last resort; a sign of failure. The able man should never be forced to kill.

All this makes life in Sicily extremely complicated for anyone who is not a Sicilian. Things happen around him and to him without apparent logic or explanation.

This, for instance, was the incredible adventure of a gentleman from Rome who, in 1943, while serving in the Italian army as an officer, was transferred to a dangerous post in Sicily just before the Allied landings. One of his first nights in Palermo he had a few drinks at a bar and gave vent to his feelings. He said it was a shame things were as they were, that he admired Sicilians who ran their own things their own way, that the Mafia was the only serious and efficient organization in the general decay. (He was not far from being right, too. The Mafia sided with the Allies and kept the Island at peace, prevented disorders, and once, when bread was scarce, managed to find thousands of tons of wheat to feed the population until the American ships arrived.)

The next day an unknown voice on the telephone made an appointment for the Roman gentleman that afternoon in a central street. There a little man he had never seen approached him and said:

"Sir, we know you have spoken generously of Sicily and the Sicilians. We want to show you our gratitude. Go to see Captain Soandso of the Medical Corps this evening at six."

When the Roman entered his office, the Captain asked him: "How is your ulcer?"

"Very bad," the other answered, tentatively.

He had no ulcer, of course. He was examined, X-rayed, and given orders to leave immediately for one of the best military hospitals in Northern Italy. He spent the rest of the war curing an imaginary ulcer in luxurious and safe surroundings. He has never heard again of the Mafia.

The System in Action

FOR a non-Sicilian to own and manage an estate on the Island is almost impossible. He never knows what to do. His watchmen and his overseer are naturally Mafia men. If they are not, his cattle are stolen, his vines cut, his hay set on fire. In any case, a regular percentage of his crops, wood, wine, oil, and wheat disappear. Unknown people sometimes spend the night in his haylofts or his cellars, and cattle cross his land at night in mysterious voyages. He must ignore everything. His overseer and watchmen, however, will be very loyal to him and strenuously defend his interests, sometimes even against the Mafia.

A Sicilian lady who had lived all her life in Rome inherited some land a few months ago. She visited her estate and found that her overseer was not satisfactory. She wanted him changed. But how? It was carefully explained to her that the preceding overseer had been a good man but had lost his job and his honor. A few cows had been stolen from a neighboring property years before and the *carabinieri* had come to investigate the theft, taking with them the poor peasant who had been robbed. Of course, they discovered nothing. But the old overseer was a relative of the peasant's. Out of pity he took him aside and told him he had seen the cows crossing the land the night before, and also who was leading them. A few days later orders came that the old overseer had to be fired. When the man entered the manager's office he already knew what was up. Like a Communist deviationist on trial, he merely said:

"It is only right. I deserved it."

His son had remained on the land as a share farmer and was doing well, an honest and reliable man. The lady wanted to know why she couldn't name him to his father's old post. Everybody patiently explained to her it was impossible. The whole family, they said, had lost honor.

The lady took, then, a decision which only a Sicilian—and a Sicilian who had lived far from the Island for years—could take. She asked for an appointment with the local Mafia leader. It took some time to negotiate it. Finally it was granted, at night, at a lonely spot. She was to go alone. The chief arrived in an old automobile accompanied by his son. The son never spoke, as he was only a witness. (Sons often listen to all their fathers' business conversations in order to be able to fill in for them at a moment's notice, in case of their murder or arrest.)

The older man was tall, blue-eyed, and kind. He complimented the lady on her courage and her initiative. They spoke of different matters. When the lady casually mentioned several farmers' names and, among them, that of the old overseer's son, the chief put a finger on her sleeve and quietly said:

"You can trust that boy."

That was all. The talk turned to other things. The next morning she fired the unsatisfactory overseer and told the young farmer of his new appointment. She asked him if he wanted some money in advance. He said: "I need nothing. I have had my satisfaction."

THERE is a young nobleman who owns vineyards on the East Coast of the Island, a modern man who loves to race automobiles and to travel (you may easily meet him in Paris, London, or New York). One day, a few weeks ago, when he was working in his office, the local chief, whom he knows well, came in, hat in hand. He asked that the young man drive alone, that night, to a distant village, visit the *carabinieri* barracks, and declare to the sergeant in charge that the three men who had been picked up a few hours before were his own men—that he knew them well, that they were honest workers, and that he had come to bring them home.

"They will be released on your word," said the chief.

What could the young man do? Did the Mafia not see to it that nothing was ever stolen from his property? Was he not protected from bandits, kidnappers, and blackmailers? According to the code, it was his turn now. He did what was asked and drove back in the night with the three men in the

He had never seen them before, he did not know who they had been arrested, and he refrained from asking them. He left them where he had been told, at a lonely fork in a country road.

The next day, in the marketplace, several unknown men came up to him, repeating the traditional words, "*Agli ordini*" ("At your orders"). He answered with the traditional answer, "*Preghiere solo*," meaning that he, in his position, dared not give orders but could merely beg for favors. He still does not know what he was used for.

There are more dramatic incidents in the Sicilian newspapers every month—mysterious murders, bandits found killed in lonely spots without a clue, wealthy business men who disappear and suddenly reappear without an explanation. But the small, everyday incidents give more of a feeling of the real, all-pervading Mafia and its mentality.

LIKE all Europe's ancient institutions, the Mafia of Sicily is no longer what it used to be. While it is still strong and can, in an emergency, defeat its enemies, it has been weakened by outside forces and internal decay. The war, Allied occupation, land reform, and progress have modified it. New roads, an efficient police, telephones which now reach the smallest hamlet, have made its work difficult. The younger Sicilians are losing the old tastes and habits. Many of them have been to war, traveled abroad, and learned new ideas. Newspapers, movies, the radio are teaching the same ideas to those who stayed behind.

Within the Mafia itself, personalities are

slowly changing. Men of Don Calò's generation are still in command, but they are old men and they die. Their successors, the sons who never spoke, do not obey the unwritten laws with the same tenacity. Many now want to make money in a hurry and, above all, cannot be depended upon as surely as their fathers. Mafia solidarity is no longer proverbial. So far the change is more noticeable in the cities; life in the country is more or less unchanged. A man from Palermo said recently:

"You ask something of a Mafia chief. He still answers with the same old reassuring words, 'Leave it to me' (*E' cosa mia*). But now sometimes nothing happens. He could not do it. Somebody, somewhere along the line, probably betrayed him. You feel sorry for the poor old man. You never mention the matter again. It's really pathetic."

This, then, is the Mafia, a venerable and provincial organization of unknown origin, which is slowly dying with the world it ruled. The region in which it is still strong is so small it can be toured by car in a few hours. In its many centuries of activity the Mafia never managed to conquer the east of Sicily; it never penetrated as far as Catania, Messina, or Siracusa. It never crossed the straits into Calabria. In the half century in which millions of Sicilians went looking for work in the industrial cities of the north of Italy, the Mafia did not go with them. It does not exist in Milan, Turin, Genoa, Florence, or Rome.

Does it not seem strange that anyone could really believe that the Mafia rules the American underworld, when its arm has never reached even to the Italian Mainland?



The odds against developing a successful turbojet engine were fifty to one, but the British took the gamble. The man who backed the inventor and his dream tells the fascinating story of a venture which changed the history of the air age.

Whittle and the Jet Adventure

Lancelot Law Whyte

MY DIARY for September 11, 1935, shows a note: "stratosphere plane?" That was the day when I first met Frank Whittle and heard him describe the great jet planes that in ten or twenty years would be speeding round the globe at incredible heights. His vision was right, though he had little idea of the struggle that would be necessary to achieve it. And now, nearly twenty years later, the early days when everything still lay in the future are more real to me than the final success. Certainly that first meeting is more vivid than any other episode in the six years of adventure.

At that time I was working with a firm of investment bankers in London, investigating new technical processes and raising money for the rare deserving cases. The difficulties and disappointments in such work are legion but I found it rewarding, for it allowed me to use my scientific training and now and then to see a mere idea grow into a practical achievement as the result of one's own belief in it. I had been impressed by the high rate of risk involved in all new development, often ten failures for one success, and I had proposed the creation of a large development corporation to spread the risks and draw capital from many sources. But my secret hope was that something wonderful would turn up for which I would throw over everything else.

One day Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, one of my employers, told me that a Danish-born consulting engineer, Mr. M. L. Bramson, had telephoned to say that a young flight lieu-

tenant had invented a new aero-engine, and asked me to see him. I hesitated. A new aero-engine would cost a million pounds and I did not want to raise false hopes. But I was told that it would be unfair not to see him. So I went and met Whittle in Bramson's office in Bush House.

IT WAS like love at first sight; the impression he made was overwhelming. I have never been so quickly convinced, nor so happy to find one's highest standards met. Whittle held all the winning cards: imagination, ability, enthusiasm, determination, respect for science, and practical experience—all at the service of a stunningly simple idea: 2,000 hp with one moving part. This was genius, not talent. Though I have known a number of the greatest living scientists and thinkers, this meeting with Frank Whittle gave me a thrill I have never experienced otherwise, partly because he was younger and I was discovering him for myself, and partly because abstract intellectual activity lacks the concrete reality of practical invention. An Einstein does his work in an intellectual dream; Whittle would have to do his in the harsh world of human conflict and his airplane would have to fly—or crash. That stern challenge appealed to me, and I believed that Whittle was equal to it.

That night I told my wife that I had met one of the great inventive engineers of our time. To explain my excitement I said that it was like what I imagined was the experi-

...a towering, a storm in an earlier eddies
...one surrendered to the enchantment
of a single-minded personality born to a great
task. Even in those early days many felt this
attraction to Whittle and from them were
drawn his brilliant and devoted team of col-
laborators. This quality made the adventure
grand—and tragic. For Whittle's success was
too complete and its strategic importance too
great for him and his team to be allowed to
remain in control. The urgencies of war have
no respect for persons.

Whittle expressed his idea with superb conciseness: "Reciprocating engines are exhausted. They have hundreds of parts jerking to and fro and they cannot be made more powerful without becoming too complicated. The engine of the future must produce 2,000 hp with one moving part: a spinning turbine and compressor."

THE elegance of this idea won me. Every great advance replaces traditional complexities by a new simplicity. Here it was in the iron world of engineering. Whittle was on a winner.

But was he too early? The idea might be right and yet premature. Here Whittle played his ace: "Aerodynamics is a rapidly advancing science, while turbine design is old-fashioned. A turbine blade moving swiftly in a stream of gas is like an airplane wing going at high speed. I propose to use the latest results of aerodynamics to improve turbine design so as to reduce the energy lost in turbulence. Properly streamlined blades will make possible efficient turbojet flight."

I saw what he meant. The untidy waste of reciprocating motion and turbulence was to be replaced by the efficient simplicity of streamline rotary flow. Whittle was to be the Parsons of the air. This seemed almost too much to expect. Yet it was reasonable. Who could be better placed to spot this possibility than a young scientifically-minded flight lieutenant?

In me the enthusiast battled with the skeptic. One doubt remained. Was I merely hypnotized by a personality?

Then Whittle said casually: "Of course the odds against me are fifty to one, and the money must be raised on that basis." I had had experience of inventors. If Whittle at twenty-eight could afford that objectivity it

proved that he really believed in science. There was to be no inventor's bluff. It was to be scientific from the start.

AN INNER decision was made: I would do all I could to help him. Even if my firm had little money available I had more experience in raising funds and of the world of affairs than he had and he needed me. On November first Whittle wrote: "I think that together we are going to do big things."

It was only later that I came to understand Whittle's caution in estimating his chances of success. He had not himself sought that interview. The idea of turbojet flight had first come to him in 1929 when he was twenty-two, and his first patent application had been made in 1930. The Air Ministry had seen it but were not interested. Whittle was married, patents were expensive, and his friends could not help. So he had become disillusioned and had failed to pay the renewal fees.

His Air Force teachers had recognized the exceptional quality of the human material and were giving him the best possible training in Mechanical Engineering, even sending him to Cambridge for a Tripos Course. But no one thought anything of his ideas. The man was clearly first rate and would provide the service with an excellent test pilot or instructor, but his fancy ideas—well, what do ideas matter anyway, it's the man that counts. How British! Five years were wasted, or partly so, for Whittle was being trained and the science of metallurgy was advancing.

In 1935 Mr. R. D. Williams (now Member of Parliament), who had been retired from the Air Force on medical grounds and was looking for some useful activity, remembered Whittle's daring ideas of 1930 and went to see him at Cambridge, getting his reluctant permission to try to raise money for the development of the engine. After some failures Williams came into touch with Bramson, whose enthusiastic response set the enterprise going.

Thus when I met Whittle he had already experienced five years of disillusionment and was harder-headed than most men of twenty-eight, and certainly better equipped than any other inventor I have ever met. But it is misleading to call him an inventor; he was a designer-engineer.

Whittle's scheme for a turbojet engine was not as novel as we imagined. A Frenchman, Guillaume, had patented a turbojet aero-engine for high speed flight in 1921, and in the very year of our meeting a German, von Ohain, had patented an engine rather similar to Whittle's on which development was begun by Heinkel in 1936-37. About the same time a second German turbojet enterprise was initiated by Wagner at the Junkers Airplane Company. (It is not known how far the German work was stimulated by Whittle's 1930 patent.) Thus Britain and Germany started nearly simultaneously,* but while von Ohain's designs led to the world's first turbojet flight in Germany in 1939, his type of engine was later abandoned, and Whittle's work not only provided the basis of most of the jet engines of 1954, but stimulated and influenced the others. Moreover, parallel to all this the Caproni Company in Italy was developing a jet-propelled airplane using a piston engine and a fan to create the jet, with which they achieved jet-propelled flight in 1940.

These facts indicate that in 1935 the time was ripe for turbojet development. If either Britain or Germany had then put its resources behind a priority program, the one doing so would have had some three years' lead by 1940 and have won the air war without difficulty. But neither country did so, and it is clear that neither knew what the other was doing or its own work would have been accelerated.

THE importance of the enterprise for us was immense. But in 1935 the Air Ministry thought Whittle's estimates fantastic, partly because no alloys were available capable of standing the very high temperatures and fierce turbine blade-tip speeds which his design required. This eminently reasonable attitude—as it seemed to most experts at the time—was disastrously mistaken, for the necessary alloys became available as the development proceeded. Blind to this possibility the Air Ministry said to us: "It is

for you City people to gamble on Whittle. We cannot give you money but we will help by lending Whittle's services free as chief engineer to your company, because we expect to get valuable scientific information from your failure."

The Director of Scientific Research said to me: "This is an unexplored world: we don't even know which way Whittle's engine will turn round."

At this point Bramson had the judgment and courage to stake his reputation on a favorable report, saying that Whittle's scheme was entirely practical. This was decisive. Power Jets Limited was registered in March 1936 with a cash capital of £3,000.

Thus there began three years of struggle for financial support. The need for the utmost secrecy made it impossible to raise money by the usual methods, the Air Ministry only made trivial research grants in 1938-39, and wealthy individuals whom I approached in confidence said: "If it's so secret, it's a matter for the government."

To Each Whittle, a Tizard

THE CLUE to the advantages of Whittle's scheme lay in one factor: simplicity. Rotary motion was simpler than reciprocating, streamline flow simpler than turbulent, and so on. How was one to sell the value of simplicity? I thought of Sir Charles Parsons and his turbine. How had he raised money for the *Turbinia*, the first ship to be driven by a turbine? What he had done, surely Whittle and I could do again. So I drafted a statement of the advantages of "the Whittle System" (so-called to avoid disclosing its real nature) by copying Parsons' 1894 Prospectus for the Marine Steam Turbine Company and simply substituting "airplanes" for "vessels," and "gas" for "steam."

But Parsons had many advantages which Whittle lacked. He was the well-to-do son of Lord Rosse, with a private engine-house and workshop attached to the family castle. Whittle was the son of a mechanic without private means. Parsons could do and say what he liked, and raise money by a public issue. As a serving officer Whittle was tied hand and foot by "King's Regulations." I threatened to take the idea to the United States if the Air Ministry would not give us more money, but

* The first serious American work on a turbojet was begun by Lockheed in 1940, on a relatively inefficient design. Until 1942-43 the United States Navy believed that a turbojet would be useless as a primary power plant because of its short range and poor take-off.

the threat was empty, for if I made a single step which thwarted their wishes they could withdraw Whittle by a telephone call and the company would be destroyed. The financial deadlock seemed to be complete.

Early in 1937 the need for funds was desperate and Hitler was known to be arming. I appealed to the one independent person in Britain with the highest expert knowledge and authority, Sir Henry Tizard, then Rector of Imperial College, London, and Chairman of the official Aeronautical Research Committee. On June 22, 1937, he wrote me a letter which can serve as a model for the Tizard's of the future—and may every Whittle find his Tizard:

You ask for my opinion about Flight-Lieutenant Whittle's scheme.

I think that there is nothing inherently unsound in his ideas. He may possibly be somewhat optimistic in some of his predictions, but even allowing for that I think it highly probable that, if he has the necessary financial support and encouragement, he will succeed in producing a new type of power plant for aircraft. I am particularly interested in this work because I think that, if we are to provide the high powers which will be necessary for aircraft of the future, we must develop some type of turbine. Further, the fact that such an engine would use heavy oil is of great importance from the point of view of defense and of commerce.

I have a very high opinion of Flight-Lieutenant Whittle. He has the ability, the energy, and the enthusiasm for work of this nature. He has also an intimate knowledge of practical conditions. This combination of qualities is rare and deserves the utmost encouragement. I sincerely hope you will get the necessary finance because I think you will have to make up your mind that a large expenditure will be necessary before final success is reached.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that (000) is certain. All new schemes of this kind must be regarded as "gambles" in the initial stages. I do think, however, that this is a better gamble than many I know of, on which much money has been spent!

This letter transformed the situation, for it meant that we had the support of the highest opinion outside the government, and it enabled us to obtain modest financial support and technical help from engineering

companies who were already engaged on secret work and could therefore be trusted, such as the British Thomson Houston Company, who were Whittle's earliest industrial friends, and G. & J. Weir Limited of Glasgow, whose chairman, Lord Weir, had been Air Minister in 1918.

By the summer of 1939 we had spent £15,000 of private money and £3,000 from the Air Ministry, and Whittle's bench model engine had made successful runs of up to twenty minutes. This greatly impressed the Ministry, which placed a contract for the first experimental airplane with the Gloster Aircraft Company and ordered a Power Jets engine for flight tests. Then one day toward the end of August the Air Ministry told me that the Air Council had made the crucial decision to leave Whittle with the company in the event of war and that they approved my decision to devote myself to a rapid expansion of the company's program. They would pay every penny we spent, provided that we always followed their advice.

Trials and Tensions

A UNIQUE drama began with the outbreak of war, when a small group gathered in a disused foundry at Lutterworth near the British Thomson Houston's Rugby factory and began to organize the expansion of the company. This is best told by the following figures:

	<i>Expenditure</i>	<i>Staff at end-year</i>
1939	£ 20,000	15
1940	75,000	140
1941	200,000	330
1942	500,000	560
1943	500,000	980

In 1936 the Company had one employee, a chief engineer in Air Force blue, and during the first stages all constructional work was done by the British Thomson Houston Company and other subcontractors. At the outbreak of war the payroll was only 10, but within 18 months, by the spring of 1941, we were employing 250, including some 40 highly trained personnel: engineers, physicists, and draftsmen. This rapid expansion in the circumstances of 1939 to 1941 was only possible because we were united by one aim: to make jets to win the war.

But there was some irony in this. We imagined that Power Jets had only one aim. In fact Whittle had two aims, to him inseparable, but incompatible in wartime Britain. The first was efficient jet flight. Here he succeeded in spite of heart-breaking and health-destroying financial, technical, and personal difficulties. He proved that his ideas were right, against countless mistaken or unduly pessimistic experts of an older generation.

The other aim was to make Power Jets Limited a manufacturer of air engines, with research, development, and production under one management. This plan was highly controversial, above all for a serving officer, though in other circumstances it might have been possible. Here he was beaten by the fact that established engine manufacturers were in a position to achieve quantity production far more quickly than Power Jets.

FROM 1939 to 1941 the tension was never relaxed for a moment. We would leave board and committee meetings after exhausting battles with civil servants or with collaborating firms to return to engine tests at Lutterworth—often successful but once or twice ending in a shattering explosion—and frequently finish with night duty at the factory listening to the German bombers, as for example on the night of the first mass raid on Coventry, only twelve miles away. The days were an unbroken round of interviews, visits, discussions, arguments, all translated into a flow of decisions about increased staff, buildings, and technical collaboration; and at the heart of it all Whittle's designs steadily going forward and the early models succeeding and failing and then again succeeding—and this against the Fall of France, the rally under Churchill, the Battle of Britain, and the risks of an invasion. Unbroken tension and excitement, with its result in nerves and illness.

At one critical stage Whittle himself could stand it no longer and as he lay in bed day after day the whole enterprise was shaken by the appalling doubt: had too much been gambled on one man and had that man taken on too much? Many were asking those questions. In the early summer of 1941 Power Jets Limited was like a genius incarnated into a company, certainly brilliant and imaginative, but so unorthodox as to cause widespread alarm. Every month that passed after

the summer of 1939 made it clearer that the gamble was worth while, but as the first flight tests grew nearer the doubts became graver: could an efficient service aero-engine really emerge from so unorthodox a background? Would not something go wrong at the last moment and justify the countless critics who distrusted or resented our rapid expansion at state expense?

Whittle's character displayed the dilemma of all originators: single-mindedness separates one from one's fellows, and yet co-operation is necessary for achievement. Power Jets had to resolve that problem and to win co-operation while pressing ahead more rapidly than was comfortable for any collaborating firm. Hence that tension and anxiety which grew as the preparations were being made for the first flight.

Then finally, in May 1941, nearly six years after our first meeting, I stood on an air field to watch the incredible thing happen. Gerry Sayer, Gloster's chief test pilot, was in the cockpit. The engine started up with the hum and the shrill roar we knew so well from the test bench; the airplane moved down the air-field and took off according to program. It completed the schedule of tests precisely as planned. There was no drama, no excitement. Indeed, I felt a little puzzled and anxious. Could it really be true? Everything seemed to go too well. The plane came down and landed without a hitch. It was all right—one phase of the great adventure was complete.

Several records were made during the first flight trials, and the performance was not only better than prediction, but also proved to be in certain respects better than that of the contemporary German designs.

Three months later I left the company. Difficulties had accumulated and the task I had set myself was accomplished. It was the early development which had appealed to me, and that was over.

Lessons of Victory

THE reward for the company's success was its disappearance, for three years later, in 1944, the Treasury bought out the shareholders compulsorily, making it a state concern. This was held to be the only way of tidying up a complicated situation, for private investors had put in £20,000 and the

... of Condition. Whittle's splendid team of engineers disintegrated, for few of them could accept the changed conditions.

It was Greek tragedy in the modern world: the hero publicly acclaimed at the very moment when his deeper ambition is frustrated. On January 6, 1944, the British and United States governments released their joint statement on jet propulsion giving Whittle the credit; on that same day Power Jets Limited were informed that the Minister of Aircraft Production would exercise his right to take over the company's assets. Whittle's first and strictly technical aim had been achieved; his subsequent and more personal ambition, to control a group of engineers engaged on development and production, was denied him.

Whittle's technical success was proved by the startlingly successful first flight. But that soon lay in the past, and his life work was cut short because his company was taken from him. He began his service career at the age of fifteen and retired as Air Commodore at forty-one. Whittle is now only forty-seven and it is likely that he still has fertile ideas that have not yet been exploited.

IN SEVERAL respects the enterprise developed almost exactly as Whittle had anticipated. His ideas of 1929 led straight to the first British jet fighters, the Meteors of 1944 chasing the V-1s, and to the Comets of 1951. Some of my early memoranda, based on his views, require little more than a change of tense from future to past to turn them from estimates into historical records. He always held that some combination of turbo-jet and fan might in the end provide the best general-purpose combination, a view which may well prove correct.

Nor was Whittle alone in being right in 1935. Bramson was also right, and Sir Henry Tizard soon after. And Professor (now Sir) Melvill Jones, an aerodynamics expert, said in 1935 that though he did not "expect the sky to be peppered with these things in ten years time, Whittle's scheme was the only solution." Moreover, in Germany several groups were gradually reaching the same views.

These facts justify an important conclusion: Given sufficient experience, objectivity, and imagination, the fertile new development

can be spotted while it is still only an idea. Of course, nine out of ten experts will fail to recognize it. This is not only because most established authorities have become conservative and lack generosity and imagination, but also because those who are experts in the specialisms of the past inevitably tend to view new problems too narrowly. Being overspecialized they think of each aspect separately, instead of seeing the task as a whole. They know the practical difficulties that are met by existing methods and fail to recognize that a new and more comprehensive method may circumvent them.

WHITTLE, and after him von Ohain and Wagner, viewed the problem of jet propulsion as a single issue: how to design a plane and engine together so as to fly at 500 mph. The United States was five years behind Britain and Germany, not for any technical reason concerned with specialist knowledge or special materials, but because no American engineer happened to see the problem of high speed flight as one—to be solved by a single comprehensive solution. Leading American experts were either trying to make better engines for existing planes or better planes for existing engines, whereas Whittle had asked himself from the start: How to fly at 500 mph?

There is a clue here of wide significance. The most fertile new ideas are those that transcend established specialized methods and treat some new problem as a single task. This is true, not merely in technology, but in most branches of inventive or creative activity.

Co-operative groups, from great industrial concerns to small research teams, inevitably tend to rely on what is already acceptable as common ground, and that means the established specialized techniques. None of the five earliest turbojet developments in Britain, Germany, and the United States was initiated within established aero-engine firms. It is usually the relatively isolated outsider who produces the greatest novelties. This is a platitude, but it is often neglected.

The last thought that comes to me when I reflect on the Whittle adventure is the power of ideas, and even more the power of a man inspired by a timely idea. A scientific journalist wrote recently: "Having fun in science costs big money. . . . The day of the private

adventurer in science is over." If this were true, the advance of science would soon be at an end.

The most original and fertile new ideas require infinite patience and relatively little money. Sooner or later the idea attracts friends who put their resources behind it and so great things can come from a small seed. More important than money is the timeliness of the idea and quality of the man. When the idea, the man, and the time—which means the developing background of thought or technique—all come together there is magic in the air and even a dullard can tell that some-

thing extraordinary is happening. Newton's friends did not need to understand his mathematics to sense his genius. From 1937 to 1939 Whittle and I watched one official after another coming over to our side, and this was not the result of deepened understanding of the theory of engine design. It was the unmistakable aura of genius that did the trick.

There are today many problems more important than high-speed flight. Beneath them all lies one supreme need: the cultivation of the creative imagination. I do not believe that life will long remain worth living unless the West recovers its belief in genius.

Proverbs of a Humanist

ALBERT GUERARD

Be a rationalist — within reason.

Be guided by conscious, conscientious good will;
but do good with a critical mind.

Gladly suspend disbelief: even make-believe may
rise to the dignity of a symbol. But put thy trust
in steadfast doubt.

Doubt until thou canst doubt no more. Pause, and
resume the course of thy doubt. For doubt is
thought, and thought is life. Systems, which end
doubt, are devices for drugging thought.

Serve both the Many (through Civilization) and
the One (through Culture): work for a highly or-
ganized community of philosophical anarchists.

Trust not the wiles of little men: they prevail but
for a moment.

Call nothing thy own, except thy soul.

Spurn hatred and fear: they are debasing. And
self-contempt is hell on earth.

Have no faith but in faith: which is the hope that
charity is not vain.

Love all gods, except a jealous God.

Love Nature and Man, Science and Art: but be
ready to see the heavens roll up like a scroll.

—From *Bottle in the Sea*, Harvard Uni-
versity Press. Copyright 1954 by The
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The True Confessions of Henry Pell

A Story by John Cheever

Drawings by Edward Sprague Jones

MY NAME is Henry Pell and I live in Remsen Manor. Remsen Manor is a colony of four hundred and seventy-four identical houses on the north shore of Long Island, bounded on the south by a parkway and on the north by the high brick wall of one of the last estates to remain in a neighborhood that I imagine was once occupied mostly by parks and manors. (When I spaded up the backyard for a garden I uncovered a jar for *pâté de foie gras*, a rotted tennis sneaker, and some smoked glasses; but so much for these old bones.) We own the house we live in although we think of it as a temporary ownership and there is always at the back of my mind the image of a more spacious house and a more romantic landscape. The firm I work for has offices in all the larger cities and before we moved to Remsen Manor my wife and I and our two young daughters had lived in Bloomington and Tacoma.

We moved to Remsen Manor in the spring, bought a furnished house, and occupied it happily—or so it seemed to me. We were surrounded in general by open-minded and sympathetic people and we made friends, joined some community projects, planted a garden, and cooked hamburgers in the backyard when the days were long. What is wrong with places like Remsen Manor has been stated often enough, and my aim was to discover and use what was right in such a development. It was unbeautiful certainly, but it answered all our immediate needs and some day we would move into a house with a broader view. Our neighbors and their ideas

of entertaining were not exactly what we were used to but they were all good-hearted people and there was nothing really wrong with Remsen Manor excepting that it made my wife unhappy.

To tell the truth, we are poor and have been poor ever since our marriage. The down payment on the house took all our savings and the financing was more than we had been paying for rent in Tacoma, so we had less money than before. We are the kind of people who eat eggs for breakfast once a week and think of a half-day cleaning woman as a luxury. Lucille carries home the milk from the supermarket to save the price of delivery and she does most of the washing and ironing for the family. We have always felt, like most people who are young and poor, that our circumstances were about to change. When I was transferred from the Tacoma offices to New York a half-promise of advancement was made, but business was slow that summer and the promotion never came through. The promise was made again at Christmas and broken in March. I was disappointed, of course, but it seems that Lucille felt this more than I.

My wife is a beautiful woman—I think—and our marriage up to that point had been a changeable and a hot-blooded relationship with some humor in it, much understanding, lust, mutual respect, and the flow around us of the children's lives. The people we love cannot always be accounted for, I know; they seem susceptible to weathers of considerable violence that we, although we lie beside them,

do not feel at all. I have never known a woman who could be called transparent and I have never worried much about motivations, but in Lucille's case I could see plainly enough that her faith in my ability to improve our circumstances was weakening.

She is a young woman who went to school in Fiesole and graduated from Smith, but in Bloomington and Tacoma she had been competent at patching up the disparities between her education and her married life. She seemed to fail at this on our second spring in Remsen Manor. Culturally, the development had the atmosphere of a parking lot and I think that the architectural monotony that we looked out onto from every window depressed Lucille and weakened her ability to imagine opportunities and changes. At the same time the dark, Lenten rains had begun to fall and our ranch house smelled of wet plaster—a clammy pungency that reminded me of unoccupied and unfinished places.

WE WENT in town to the theater. I remember, one Friday night in March or April. I had tickets for a revue, but the revue wasn't much good or we weren't in the mood for it. At the intermission we put on our coats and left the theater. I took Lucille from there to a bar, trying to breathe some fire into the evening but she was quiet and sad. I kept hoping that something would save the evening and because of my stubborn hopefulness we missed the 12:18 and had to go home on the most harrowing of the locals. On the trip I put my arm around Lucille, but she drew away from me. Then—as we were approaching Hempstead—she began to weep. I tried to speak to her—to touch her—but she resisted. When we got off the train at Remsen Manor the cab-stand was empty and the last bus had gone.

We started to walk home in a peculiar formation—single-file. She didn't want to walk or talk with me. She forged ahead in her high heels and I brought up the rear, resignedly. We must have walked like this for nearly half an hour. Finally she stopped at a corner and waited for me to catch up. I had not been looking where we were going and I didn't understand her hesitation. Then I saw that we were lost. The most sensible thing to do, perhaps, would have been to go back toward the station and make a fresh start but I heard,

or thought I heard, the noise of traffic on the parkway. It was a good bearing and I reasoned that if we went due south we would be bound to come into our own neighborhood. I took the lead then and Lucille followed.

My hunch seemed to be right because after another fifteen minutes of walking I saw the lights of our house. I opened the door and Lucille went ahead of me into the living-room. I remember the first thing she did was to take off her shoes. I looked around for the baby-sitter but there was no sign of her. Then Lucille went over to the fireplace and straightened the picture on the wall—Picasso's "Woman in White." It was that idle moment of home-coming when your attention seems to wander before you pour yourself a glass of milk, look at the children, and undress for bed.

Then I noticed a note on the table and, assuming it was from the baby-sitter, I started to read:

"Dear Joe, I've taken the children and gone back to Denver and please, please,



please don't try to follow me again. If you follow me so help me God I'll do something awful to myself or the kids. . . ." Lucille glanced at the note over my shoulder and we both saw, at the same instant, that we were in the wrong house. She stepped back into

to go out and put on her coat. Neither of us spoke. We let ourselves out and closed the door quietly and continued our lonely walk home.

THE next day I remember was fair and warm. There was a lot of light in the sky when I returned from work. The children met me at the door and I went into the kitchen, looking for Lucille, but the kitchen was empty. I found her in our bedroom, sitting by the window. She was reading poetry and I think she had been crying. I didn't understand. I lifted the book out of her hands. "When like a running grave time tracks you down," I read. I gave the book back to her and spoke with bad feeling, for it seemed to me to have been a long time since there had been much tenderness between us.

"Do you have any plans for supper?" I asked. "I'm hungry." She didn't reply. "What's the matter Lucille," I said, "what in hell's the matter?"

"I don't like this life," she said.

"What did you say?" I asked. It was only spitefulness that made me want her to repeat what I had heard clearly enough, and spitefulness, I guess, that made her answer.

"Nothing," she said.

"You came in on this with me," I said, skipping my claim not to have heard her. I knew that she was expressing her loss of faith in me as a provider—a loss of faith that seemed deepened by the dismal view outside the window. Her lack of spirit made me angry and I spoke with absolutely no restraint; I was bellowing. "Now look," I said, "I've worked a hard day and a long day and I don't have the patience to be met with sighs and tears. I know that you think you have a hard life, but I think you exaggerate your lot. Just because you went to school in Fiesole doesn't mean that you don't have to adjust yourself, the way the rest of us do. You have a loving husband, two beautiful children, a good house, and plenty of money. It may not seem like plenty of money to you, but you don't have to put oatmeal in the hamburger. There are many women who would give a lot for what you have. Here you sit languishing—here you sit pining like a maiden in a stone tower. The Rapunzel of Remsen Manor. I don't have the stomach or the patience for it

tonight." I gave the door a good bang on my way out.

I went to the kitchen. In the icebox I found some kind of big fish and I put this into the oven. My daughters came into the kitchen to help and I love my daughters, but even this love seemed shadowed. When the fish was cooked I called to Lucille but she didn't reply. I ate at the kitchen table with the children and when supper was finished they put on their bathing suits and we went into the back yard where I turned the hose on them. We do this almost every fine evening in the spring and summer.

The air rang to their sweet voices. It was a magnificent evening, but the magnificence of it made me sad the way that your sadness can be deepened by hearing distant dance music and cheerful talk when you're in no mood for these things. I watered the children until their lips were blue, washed the grass off their feet, and gave them a parting shot as they went toward the back door. Then I got them to bed, kissed them good night, and closed the door. In the hallway I seemed to feel the stillness of a foundering romance settle over the house. I went out into the back yard.

I WAS discouraged then and I needed hope and patience badly. I could whistle for patience, I could wreath my face in a smile, I could speak in a loud and a cheerful voice but what was the point of all this if my heart felt black? For almost the first time in my life I felt lost, miserable, and tired. I would have been able to like Remsen Manor if Lucille had helped me, but with the problem of her discontents and a nearly empty pocket on my mind, the backs of the indential houses, curving away from me into the distance, looked like the spit and image of hell. I felt like a fight, but there was nothing to punch but the clothes on the line and I started walking.

I strode around MacArthur Circle, but Remsen Manor is not much of a place to walk in. It has no real thoroughfares and the streets only lead deeper and deeper into the belt of residences. Night was falling then and the air was full of idiotic music. God how I hated the place that night! The atmosphere seemed barbarous, genteel, and insane; a breeding place for all the hideous tragedies

of vulgarity. I walked on—I broke into a run now and then—out beyond the houses to a place where new roads and sewers were being excavated for an addition to Remsen Manor to be called Remsen Park.

Then I saw the brick wall of the last remaining estate in the neighborhood. This cheered me up. When I got to the wall I saw that it was about fifteen feet high and posted at regular intervals with the threats and warnings of the Pinkerton Agency. I interpreted the height of the wall and the threats and warnings as a sterling challenge. The mortar had loosened here and there in the brick and I got a handhold and a foothold and began to climb. I fell twice but my reason seemed to depend on my ascent and I finally got a grip on the top, pulled myself up, and swung over. Then I fell.

I FOUND myself in a garden, as you might expect. The lawn was like a cloth. There were dark trees and white statues and urns full of flowers—petunias, I think. It was all spread around a long marble pool, fed by a fountain. The arrangement of statues and urns and water reminded me of an old theatrical backdrop—a threadbare vision of wealth and peace that I had seen somewhere. Only the peacocks were missing. With a brick wall between myself and the troubles of Remsen Manor, I felt light and free. The atmosphere was of sanctuary and had in it too something of the past for the garden was clearly dated—the urns and the statue of Venus with a dolphin all belonged to the turn of the century.

"Who are you and how did you get in?" a woman asked. I saw her kneeling at the end of the pool.

"I came over the wall," I said cheerfully.

"Thank God," she said. "I thought it was someone from the house. Well since you're here you can help me."

I went up the walk to the pool. It was dark around us then, but the sheet of water held the summer twilight, and this reflected light and the sounds of the fountain let me approach the stranger with a feeling of perfect familiarity and affection. I saw what I thought was a young woman—a dark blonde—whose hair was cut in such a way that it fell across her cheeks when she bent her head. Her voice sounded very young—it had the sweet hoarse-



ness of youth—although I was happy to hear this sweetness varied with the charming notes of maturity. She looked up as I approached. Her arms and shoulders were bare.

"What's your name?"

"Henry Pell."

"We have a dreadful time with trespassers," she said reflectively, "and I ought to make you go away, but you won't come back, bringing a lot of friends with you, will you?"

"No. Honor bright."

"Well then you can help," she said. "You can open the cans and I'll empty them. It may seem like a foolish waste of time to you, but it's Mother's idea and the poor soul has so little fun these days that I don't feel I can refuse her anything." I sat at her side and saw what she was doing. Near her were two cartons—forty-eight cans—of concentrated alphabet soup. She was emptying the soup into the pool by the fountain so that the letters were circulating freely. I began to open the cans and hand them to her.

She rinsed the empty cans in the pool and returned them to the carton. There was nothing straitened or peculiar about her in spite of her peculiar occupation.

"Dad's a snob," she explained, "and he has someone at the house he's anxious to impress. He's terribly proud of his pool and they'll go

in the morning and Mother thought it would be marvelous if they found themselves wallowing around in alphabet soup. He'll be *wild*."

The work of opening the cans went quicker than the work of emptying them and when I had finished she asked me to make her a drink. "Everything's there," she said, nodding over her shoulder to an arcade at the back of the pool. "Make yourself one. I drank too much before dinner and I may just as well continue. I *am* going to stop smoking," she said, putting out her cigarette.



I found a bar in the arcade and made two gin and tonics. She had finished her work when I returned and was standing at the edge of the pool with her hands clasped in front of her.

"Isn't it divine?" she asked. "I can hardly wait until morning." She took her drink and walked to the edge of the pool where there were some long chairs. Her shoes were silver and she seemed to be dressed for a party. "Oh dear," she said suddenly, "I suppose you wanted to go swimming and now I've spoiled your swim." Self-reproach overtook her as it will a young girl. "You did want to go swimming, didn't you? Most of the people who climb the wall do. It's very dangerous. George, the head gardener, shoots at trespassers with a crow gun. Well you can go swimming some other night. I'll make George take his wife to the movies and you can climb the wall and go swimming but you mustn't bring anyone with you or tell anyone."

I stretched out in a long chair close beside her. My spirits were soaring. "This is so pleasant," she said. "I had expected to spend the evening alone. I'm Nancy Pleyel. I used to be Nancy Martin but I got a divorce last month and now I'm Nancy Pleyel again." Without mentioning Lucille I told her about myself. I have never seen an attention that was so easily engaged. When I told her that my feelings about Remsen Manor had driven me to climb the wall, tears came to her eyes.

"Oh, I know how dreary it must be," she said tenderly. "I've seen it from the parkway. Mother can't stand to have it mentioned. She meant to buy the land, you know, but her agent forgot all about it and when we came back in the fall the houses had all been built. She won't let the maids shop or go to the movies there. But this is so cozy," she said, "that I think we ought to have another drink and I *must* stop smoking."

WE TALKED and drank a lot—I remember opening a second bottle of gin. I had no intention of going until I was asked to go. Nancy seemed prepared to stay up all night and I don't think she was the kind of girl who worried much about the passage of time.

Her grandfather had built the estate, she told me; she had been born there and in her childhood Remsen Manor and Remsen Park had been estates belonging to her aunts and uncles. When she spoke of her family she made the alphabet soup in the swimming pool seem like the mildest kind of joke. All her friends and connections seemed to be occupied with high jinks. It was my idea, early in the morning, that we go swimming after all. It was her idea—I say this in her defense—that we turn off the lights that illuminated the water. The only thing questionable in what she did was the amount of gin she drank, but I drank a lot myself. She was not a tramp—it seemed to me that there was sweetness and innocence in her bones. At four in the morning she took my arm and walked me back to the wall. Her light breathing, her light step, the darkness and the lightness in her hair and her voice made me feel like a lion and I mounted the high wall with great agility.

"You'll come back tomorrow night, won't you," she called. "At about eight then? I'll

keep George occupied and put up a ladder. Good night, good night."

All the windows of Remsen Manor were dark when I walked home and it seemed to me not only to be a sleeping but a dreamless community. No dogs barked at the sound of my footsteps—there were no dogs in Remsen Manor, no trees to speak of, and no song birds. But I felt less loathing for the place then than I did compassion for all of us who, given to make the symbol of a house, had scratched out such uniform and ugly boxes. My own windows were dark. Lucille slept. I took a shower to wash the alphabets out of my hair and smiled tenderly as I watched them go down the drain because they refreshed my sense of the reality of what had happened. I stretched out in bed feeling strong and kindly—even toward Remsen Manor, for I was indebted to the fluidness of a world whose housing developments mushroomed around the parks of old millionaires where the golden apples grow.

MY GOOD memories of that night took me through a day of office politics so dense and frustrating that it is still remembered and talked about. The vice president in charge of merchandising had set a trap for the advertising manager and the atmosphere was like the atmosphere that surrounds the fall of a Balkan cabinet. None of this could touch my happiness or dim my memories and I came through that tiring day as if I had spent it swimming in the sea. On the commuting train I looked at my neighbors with a mixture of deep compassion and joy. I was glad that none of them had climbed the wall before me, but I pitied them for their bad luck. When I got home the children ran to me and I kissed them tenderly. I hardly looked at Lucille because I was afraid she might have picked that evening to refresh her faith in my abilities and amend our affairs. I had left a good part of myself on the other side of the Pleyels' wall and I had at least to go over there and collect it.

"I'll eat later," I told her. "I'm going to take a walk. . . ." I changed my shirt and left the house. The squalor of Remsen Manor couldn't touch me. I hardly heard the strains of idiotic music. Some boys were playing ball by the excavation and one of them shouted to me as I started to climb the wall: "Don't go

over there, Mister, they'll get the cops after you. You better not go in there, Mister. . . ." When I got to the top of the wall I saw that she had placed a ladder against it and I climbed down.

SHE was waiting in the garden and she turned quickly and went to me to be kissed. She took my arm and walked with me to the arcade. "Let's have a drink," she said, "and then we'll go up to the house. I want you to meet Mother and Dad. Dad may be able to get you a job and then you can get rich and leave Remsen Manor. I've told them you're a friend of Brother's. Brother lives in Texas. When Mother asks you if you're related to anyone—and she will—say yes. Say that he's your uncle. Say that he's abroad. You understand, don't you? Oh I *knew* you would, I'm sure that Dad will get you a job—you're so intelligent. You're the most intelligent man I've ever met."

We walked together through a garden to the house. The lawn was broad and at the bottom of it I could see the ocean. I was enraptured by the space, the quiet, the company of the dark blonde on my arm, and the color of the sea. We entered some glass doors into a large hall, lined with marble columns. In the distance I saw a man and an old woman in a wheel chair, bent over a backgammon board. Another man stood near them. We approached the group and Nancy introduced me to her mother. "How do you do," the old lady muttered rudely. She didn't even raise her head. "Are you related to Charlie Pell?"

"He's my uncle," I said.

"*Really.*" She raised her head then and gazed at me admiringly. She seemed to welcome me cordially to her friendship. She groped with her right hand for a considerable length of time among the layers of gold lace that covered her bosom. Finally her hand emerged, holding a string of pearls which she spread out over her front. This exhibition of beads seemed to be a gesture of confidence. "That's the Count d'Alba," she said, pointing to her opponent.

"How do you do," the count said.

"And this is Daddy," Nancy said.

"Yes, yes," her father said. "Nancy tells me that you want to get rich quick. Well you can't even get rich slowly these days." Mr. Pleyel laughed at his own joke. He had a

secret, and uncomprehending air. "There isn't a man in the United States who could afford to build a hall like this today," he said. "The stone come from Massa." He rapped one of the pillars. "Solid."

"Double sixes," the count said.

"That looks to me like a five and a six," the old lady said.

"I'm sorry," the count said wistfully.

"The younger generation doesn't have any gumption," Mr. Pleyel said.

"Your uncle wanted to marry me," the old lady said. "Oh I was beautiful! I had the most beautiful nose. The bridge of it fell during the twenties. It simply collapsed. I've no idea what went wrong. Where's Charlie Pell now?"

"He's abroad," I said.

"Why don't you take your young gentleman down and show him the pool?" Mr. Pleyel said.

"Oh I will," Nancy said. She took my arm.

"The pool is very interesting," Mr. Pleyel said. "The stone was quarried in Saint Vincenzo. It's solid."

"Now I owe you four hundred and thirty-dollars," the count said.

"Let me see those figures," the old lady said crossly.

Nancy and I walked back through the garden. "You poor kid," I said, meaning to express my sympathy to her for being related to the caricatures in the hall.

"Oh but I adore my parents." She seemed to sing. "I think they're simply marvelous." It was her tact and suppleness that overcame this misunderstanding. "It's probably because you don't know them that they seem odd," she said. "After all you only saw them for a minute."

WE HAD returned to the lawn that surrounded the pool and to the noise of water. Loved and loving and encircled by space, I seemed to have come into a kind of paradise. The warm sun raked the full length of the lawn with light but the air had already begun to smell of the damps in the trees. The sound of someone playing the piano came down from the house. It was an old musical comedy song about the tribulations of love and Nancy explained that the count was playing. "He was playing the piano in a saloon when Mother picked him up."

The seaward sky was dark—the marble gods and goddesses gleamed as the dark clouds rose—and we heard thunder. The storm came on swiftly and we went into the arcade where the thin roof only magnified the noise of the rain and leaked here and there and seemed to me to have some bearing on love as if the plain fact of a leaky roof in a storm belonged to my romance.

The rain passed over and when we went swimming we found that it had softened the water. I went away at twelve and she walked with me to the ladder. "I won't be able to see you tomorrow night," she said. "A friend of Brother's is coming East and I have to entertain him. . . ." This made me uneasy since I was a friend of Brother's and how could I tell that the newcomer wasn't an impostor like myself. I protested but it did not take much to change her mind.

"Well for a little while then," she said. "I'll meet you at eight." I kissed her good night and climbed the wall.

WHEN I got home the next night my suspicions seem to have been correct. At least Lucille had on a pretty dress and the children were scrubbed and the smells from the kitchen were appetizing, but I was too anxious to get to the Pleyels to feel a pang of guilt. I got over the wall at eight and climbed down the ladder. The garden was empty. I looked for her on all the walks and in the arcade. Then I sat by the edge of the pool, waiting for her to come. Alone, the noise of the fountain sounded mournful to me. The sky blazed with color; a few birds sang. It was nearly dark when I heard her light step on the walk. She ran to me and when I took her in my arms she began to cry. Her crying aroused in me the strongest sense of anger and I wanted to bash in the nose of whoever it was who had hurt her feelings.

"It's poor Mother," she said. "Poor Mother's so upset and I wish I could help her. It breaks my heart to see her troubled. It's all because of the Count d'Alba. She won some money from him and he paid her with a bad check. She called the police—she felt that she had to—and now he's in jail. It made her so sad. It's the sort of thing she hates. And Brother's friend came in the middle of all the trouble and now I have to go back and entertain him. But I'll meet you tomorrow night."

"I'll shake Brother's friend." She put a hand on my arm and smiled. "Now I have to fly."

This encounter left me feeling frustrated and impatient and I went to the garden early on the next night. I did not go home at all. The place was empty when I climbed down the ladder, but someone had recently been swimming in the pool. The curb was wet and there were some towels thrown over the balustrade. I waited patiently, listening to the fountain and from the house the distant sounds of talk and laughter. Then, at a little before dark, I saw two men coming over the grass. They were hatless and in their shirt-sleeves and one of them wore at his belt a pistol and a large watchman's key on a chain. They came directly up to me.

"Get out," they said.

"I'm waiting for Miss Pleyel."

"We know," the man with the pistol said. "She's the one who told us. Now get the hell out or you'll spend the night in the Port Washington jail and get a fifty-dollar fine for trespassing."

I got to my feet and started moving toward the wall with the men on either side of me. When I looked back at my sanctuary they hurried me along and when I had climbed the ladder they removed it. Then they turned their backs on me and disappeared up a path and I sat on the top of the wall for a last look at my garden. A moment later I heard Mrs. Pleyel's resonant voice, sounding down the path.

"Not so fast, not so fast, Manfred," she cried. "You'll make me spill my cocktail!"

She came into view. Her chair was being pushed by a fat little man with yellow hair. Nancy and a stranger followed. Nancy clung to the stranger's arm with a suppleness that I had often admired, but I saw for the first time that she was not young. She was a well-preserved woman of perhaps forty. "So you're Peter Parson's nephew, are you?" the old lady asked. "Yes," the stranger said. "Where is Peter now?" the old lady asked. "He's abroad," the stranger said. "He wanted to marry me," the old lady said. "Oh I was beautiful. I had the most beautiful nose. . . ."

"I must stop smoking," Nancy said, tossing her cigarette onto the grass. Mr. Pleyel, bringing up the rear, rapped the shoulders of Adonis with his knuckles.



"Solid Carrara," he said. The procession moved out of sight.

When their voices had faded some crows flew down from some trees at the edge of the garden and began to hunt in the grass, talking with other crows. Their loud, harsh cries seemed to create space and to sound the particular notes that I needed for my parting with the Pleyels. Some early yellow leaves fell diagonally across the air onto the water and the wind blew the fountain spray this way and that on the stone. Then I turned, climbed down the wall into the excavation for Reimsen Park, and walked home.

It was a home-coming in the fullest sense of the word, for while I might seem unworthy, my return was waited with some anxiety and much tenderness. Lucille sat with me in the kitchen while I ate my supper, and I could see that she was prepared again to believe any promises that I made, and I made her quite a few. We would have eggs for breakfast; we would make a trip on a boat; we would have a house some day with a staircase and a view. I was grateful for my memories of the Pleyels, for they had kept my feelings occupied and my senses open when the situation might have been otherwise.

I owe something to the Pleyels for the fact that we have been happy and contented ever since; all of us, since I read in the paper last week that Nancy was married for the fourth time. And so good friends and travelers, forbear to damn the crumbling walls of old estates and the flat roofs of Reimsen Manor when you see them from the parkway. All is well.

Nothing quite so explosive, so influential, or so entertaining has ever happened to the art world of America as the Armory Show of 1913. Here is a lively account of an exhibition that unalterably changed the taste of Americans and split the art world apart.

Whirlwind on Twenty-Sixth Street

Russell Lynes

The lords of the art world have grown weary of the traditional vs. modern fight even if the artists haven't. Two years ago when the Metropolitan Museum in New York held a large exhibition of sculpture by hundreds of American artists, all hell broke loose when the prizes were announced. The National Sculpture Society, which represented the "traditional" group, howled like banshees because the prizes went to the "modern" group, and the epithets that they hurled were not just artistic; they included words like "left-wing" and "anarchy" and worse.

The next year, when the Museum held an equally large exhibition of drawings and water colors and prints, it was taking no chances. The pictures were selected by two kinds of regional juries. To avoid the kind of name-calling that the sculpture show had elicited, the artists could submit their works to the decision of traditional jurors or modern jurors. The exhibition went off without incident and without much public interest.

The Metropolitan was not the first organization to take the easy way out of the fight that has kept the art world in a constant state of belligerency for more than forty years. Other museums and art societies and business patrons, such as the Pepsi-Cola Company, have used the same dual jury system. But there has been no fight like the one that started it all. In an era when tastes are thought to shift more rapidly than ever before, the battle between "traditional" and "modern" drags on and on, far from decision. Here, then, is the story of how it all started.

IN THE late afternoons in 1911 a small group of young painters used to sit in a little art gallery at 305 Madison Avenue in New York and complain about how badly the world treated them. They called themselves "progressive," and they bemoaned the fact that they had no place except this one gallery in which they might regularly show their wares. It was a situation that they found unbearable, and what they decided to do about it caused an eruption in American taste from which we have not yet recovered. It was not at all the kind of eruption that they expected, and it was certainly not what they wanted. It brought the house down around their heads.

The timbers of the house were scarcely robust. The art world in America just after the turn of the century was in a period of acute doldrums. The Academy had a corner on respectability and it was impossible for the younger painters who were tired of the tradition of Hudson River landscapes and gentle anecdotal homilies on the American scene to get their works shown in the Academy's annual exhibition. The respectable public grumbled politely, as did the equally respectable critics, at the group of young painters who called themselves "The Eight" and especially at those members of the group who had been dubbed the "Ash Can School." It was not considered nice, and it was certainly not considered artistic, to paint the meaner aspects of city life as these men insisted on doing. Why should anyone paint pictures of saloons and run-down markets and tenement bedrooms

and pushcart peddlers and slatternly women? What was the point of painting subjects that were not beautiful? Was that art?

The public thought it was most assuredly not. The painters insisted that there was beauty to be seen everywhere if only you had the eyes to see it, and in defiance of the Academy and of a public that would pay \$20,000 for a Bougereau and only \$260 for a Ryder, they organized a Show of Independents. Five hundred pictures were hung without benefit of a jury, but the public was not much interested, and the art dealers had their eyes turned in another direction.

II

THE origins of the Armory Show, as it is now always called, were casual. Walt Kuhn, an enthusiastic painter and caricaturist in his early thirties, who had natural gifts for showmanship and for making both fast friends and fast enemies, suggested to Jerome Myers and Elmer MacRae that the three of them should organize a large exhibition of progressive American art. MacRae and Myers, like Kuhn, then had pictures on show at the Madison Gallery, and so they met one evening in 1911 at Myers' studio on 42nd Street with Henry Fitch Taylor, another painter and the director of the gallery, to talk it over. They started by drawing up a list of artists whom they wanted to have join them. The response was such that soon they had an organization with J. Alden Weir as its president, Gutzon Borglum (who was later to become famous as the sculptor who carved the faces of four Presidents on the side of Mount Rushmore) as its vice president; and Kuhn as secretary. There were about twenty-five members in all, among them men whose work is familiar today, such as George Bellows, Jo Davidson, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Mahonri Young, and John Sloan.

It was one thing to form a society, but it was another to organize an important exhibition. Where to have it? Where to get the money? For about a year they discussed these questions and tried to find an exhibition hall. Weir resigned as president and, according to Myers, "even the stout-hearted Kuhn" became discouraged. "Finally there came a meeting," Myers recalls, "when hope was nearly abandoned. . . . It seemed as though our work was

all to be wasted for lack of a location. As we were leaving, I told Kuhn that I would go to see Arthur B. Davies."

Myers had no idea what he was letting himself and the painters of America in for when he and MacRae persuaded Davies to become president of the association. At first Davies was reluctant to join; he was anything but a joiner. Finally he agreed, and things began to happen which had the artists breathless. "Thus it was that I," wrote Myers nearly thirty years after the Armory Show, "an American art patriot, who painted ash cans and the little people around them, took part in inducing to become the head of our association the one American artist who had little to do with his contemporaries, who had vast influence with the wealthiest women, who painted unicorns and maidens under moonlight."

Davies was known to his contemporaries, the members of the association, as a man who kept himself very much apart from the rest of the art world. At those meetings at which he did appear he sat and said nothing. When he would go to look at paintings in a gallery he could not stand the presence of other visitors and if there were more than two or three he would go away. He liked to keep the address of his studio a secret, and one of his contemporaries tells that on one occasion "an invitation to see his new work in progress was qualified with the condition that the address of his studio must afterward be forgotten." Another of his contemporaries, and one who worked very closely with him on the Armory Show, recently said of him, "He was morbidly shy, nervous, and self-conscious. He was crabbed, and he wanted to be the idol of a little clique."

WITH his election to the presidency of the Society of American Painters and Sculptors, the shy man turned into a dictator. According to Guy Pène du Bois, a fellow-member of the association, Davies became "severe, arrogant, implacable" and "governed with something equivalent to the Terrible Ivan's iron rod." Even Gutzon Borglum, who was known for his toughness and his ability to stand up to anyone, couldn't take the imperiousness and venom of the new president. One day when he and Davies were on a trip Borglum said as a joke that if Davies

a sculptor he too could afford a car. I mapped back at him. I could if I had that kind of man. Bingham resigned and his letter of resignation to the *New York Times*, where it was printed before the members of the society saw it.

After a year or so the resentment of the members of the society toward Davies suddenly the dream of a show began to take shape as a reality. In the process it emerged as something quite different from what it was originally conceived to be.

Most of the accounts of the origins of the Armory Show, and there are many, were written by men who participated in it, but they did not sit down to commit their reminiscences to paper until twenty-five or thirty years after the event. As a result there are a variety of versions, quite different stories of who was of prime importance and who played minor roles, of who selected the pictures, and even of who was responsible for changing the basic plan for an exhibition of American works of art into a show that was, in a manner of speaking, "stolen" by the European painters. There seems little doubt that Davies was the fountainhead of ideas, that Walt Kuhn was the energetic lieutenant who carried them out, and that Walter Pach, a painter and a writer but not a member of the society, did yeoman service as guide, salesman, publicist, and handyman extraordinary. There was also little question that old friends became new enemies, that rifts opened which were never closed again, and also that even those who were most intimately involved in the planning of the show had no inkling of what they were letting loose upon America. They expected to surprise and shock the public. They did not expect to start riots, alert vice squads, and be burned in effigy by students.

THE original plan of the Armory Show was simply to stage a large and comprehensive exhibition of paintings and sculptures by what the group believed to be the more advanced American artists. With these they wanted to show, as Walt Kuhn said, "a few of the radical things from abroad to create additional interest." Just what the radical young artists of Europe were up to was known to only a few habitués of Alfred Stieglitz's "291" gallery in New York. There the famous photographer, who was the earliest

active promoter in America of the Post-Impressionist artists of France, showed works by Cézanne and Toulouse-Lautrec, by Gauguin, and even by Matisse and the indefatigably shocking Picasso. But "291" was merely the tiniest outpost of the European artistic radicals, a gallery into which scarcely a dozen people could crowd at a time, and it made no impact of any account on the public and very little on the American artists. Davies, however, was very much aware of it, and according to Walter Pach had bought a water color by Cézanne there and a Picasso.

IT was Davies' interest in the Europeans that changed the complexion of the exhibition, but the change did not happen all at once. Before there could be any show of any sort, a place had to be found to hold it and money to be found to pay the rent, insure the pictures, and defray the costs of a catalogue. Kuhn undertook to find the place; Davies went after the money. One of the members of the Association of Painters and Sculptors mentioned that there were several armories in New York that let the public play tennis for a fee, and maybe one might be rented for a show. Kuhn went from one to another until he found that Colonel Conley, who was in command of the 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard (it was known as "the Irish Regiment"), would let him have his Armory for a month for \$4,000 with a down payment of \$1,800. Kuhn appealed to his friend, John Quinn, who was an art collector and also a lawyer, to take over the legal aspects of the arrangements, and though Quinn, according to Kuhn, "thought the whole scheme a crazy one" he agreed to help. Just where Davies got the money for the down payment is still a well-kept secret, but he got it. He was, you will remember, a man "who had vast influence with the wealthiest women."

From this moment on the members of the Association of Painters and Sculptors "retired to their various studios and hoped for the best," leaving the selection to Davies and Kuhn and the legal details to Quinn. Davies went off to think things over; Kuhn went to Nova Scotia on a painting trip; and Quinn went about his practice. While Kuhn was in Nova Scotia, Davies sent him a catalogue of a large exhibition that was then being held in

Cologne in Germany. The show was called the "*Sonderbund*" and Davies said in his accompanying note: "I wish we could have a show like this one." Kuhn wired him saying that if he could get him passage on a ship he would go at once to Cologne to see the show and get as much of it as he could for the Armory. In a few days Kuhn left. Davies saw him off at the ship in New York. "Go ahead," he said to the young painter. "You can do it." This was in the summer of 1912.

III

KUHN arrived in Cologne the day that the exhibition closed, and saw most of it after it had been taken down from the walls and was stacked waiting for shipment. Here were Cézannes and Van Goghs and here too were "the leading living modernists of France." Kuhn was delighted, especially with the paintings by Van Gogh and the sculpture of Lehmbruck, whom he met and persuaded to lend work to the New York show.

From Cologne he went to the Hague, where he saw pictures by the aging Redon, and was so impressed that he took it upon himself to guarantee a whole room in the show to his pictures. He then made a quick trip to Munich and finally to Paris where, suddenly, the prospects became overwhelming. "One night in my hotel," he wrote, "the magnitude and importance of the whole thing came over me." He cabled to Davies, begging him to come to Paris. Davies came by the first boat.

For several weeks Davies and Kuhn "practically lived in taxicabs," racing around Paris talking to painters, borrowing their works, staying up all night. They enlisted the interest of "the formidable M. Vollard," the great art dealer who had befriended Van Gogh and whose anticipation of the public taste for the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists was one of the most extraordinary pieces of imaginative art merchandising of the time. Walter Pach was also living in Paris, and his friendships led Davies and Kuhn into many studios they might otherwise have missed. It was Pach who introduced them to the brothers Duchamp-Villon, and thus to the "Nude Descending the Staircase" by Marcel Duchamp which became the scandal of the Armory Show. No picture in America has

ever elicited so many wisecracks, evoked so many cartoons, infuriated so many critics, or angered so many peaceable citizens.

By late in November, the arrangements had been made. Pach had agreed to see to the endless details of collecting, packing, and shipping, and Davies and Kuhn went back to New York to herald their new prophets.

There was a good deal of the showman in Kuhn. He loved theatrical performers of all sorts, spent a good deal of his life consorting with circus folk, and he was well aware of the importance and magic of ballyhoo. He persuaded Frederick James Gregg, an editorial writer for the *New York Sun*, to take charge of the publicity for the forthcoming exhibition and the painter and critic Guy Pène du Bois was corralled to spread the word wherever he could—especially in *Arts and Decorations*, of which he was editor. Press releases poured out from a little office, and Kuhn hustled about, making arrangements with contractors to build booths in the Armory, organizing students to act as ticket-takers and guards, trying to get a full list of the works of art so that there might be an accurate catalogue, helping to deal with the American artists whose work was to be shown, and countering the complaints of those whose work was not. There was a time of frightful anxiety when the ship on which the paintings and sculptures were coming from Europe encountered storms on the Atlantic and turned up in New York harbor two weeks after it was due. Not the least of the problems was how to make the military drill hall look like an art gallery: but at the suggestion of George Bellows, the painter and lithographer, Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney gave a thousand dollars at the last moment for greenery and other decorations. Swags of evergreen were hung from the armory balcony and trees were arranged behind them: the hall looked not only handsome but festive.

IN ALL about 1,600 paintings, drawings, prints, and pieces of sculpture were assembled at the Armory. There were separate rooms for the Cézannes and Van Goghs, the Redons and the Gauguins. In order to give a proper perspective on the new and revolutionary works there was also a collection of old and revolutionary works—pictures by Ingres and Delacroix and Daumier and Corot.

...and Rembrandt and Monet. There was even a sixteenth-century drawing of geometrical human figures to show the respectable origins of cubism. And of course there were languid Matisse "nudes" and Picasso cubist figures. There were bright abstractions by Picabia and Léger and somber ones by Braque; there were sprightly landscapes by Dufy, and pale maidens with no noses by Laurencin; there were sculptures by Bourdelles and Maillol and moody pictures by Rouault.

Indeed, it is difficult to think of a painter or sculptor who is now considered a "modern old master" who was not represented at the Armory. Side by side with them were the tamer works of the Americans—John Sloan and Stuart Davis, Albert Ryder and William Glackens, Marsden Hartley, Mahonri Young, George Bellows, Edward Hopper, Karfiol, Luks, and dozens of others. It was a mammoth undertaking and an expensive one, but not a single member of the association that fostered it was asked to put up a cent. "It was Davies' party," Kuhn said. No one ever seemed to know exactly where the money came from to meet the expenses of bringing the pictures together, of the carpentry, the hangings, the pedestals for the sculpture, or the benches. Whenever money was needed, Davies managed to find it.

IV

THE Armory Show opened its doors on the evening of February 17, 1913, and to the strains of band music from the balcony, four thousand people wandered among the bewildering pictures. "All society was there," Kuhn said, "all the art world." At the entrances art students sold catalogues and gave away free badges with the emblem of the show printed on them—the pine tree flag of the American Revolution with the words "The New Spirit" printed below it. Davies and MacRae and Kuhn and John Quinn and a dozen or so artist-members were on the receiving line, while Walter Pach, who had hurried to New York from Paris, was busily trying to explain the new art to the puzzled visitors. Quinn formally opened the exhibition with a speech. "It is the most complete art exhibition," he said, "that has been held anywhere in the world

during the last quarter of a century." Quinn was an impressive figure, well known as a member of the National Democratic Committee, and as a sponsor of arts in Ireland, especially of the Abbey Players. "He was tall and aristocratic with a profile like a Roman coin," a painter said of him, "only finer."

But for all the dignity that his presence lent to the occasion, it could not stay the "amazement and amusement" that, according to a reporter, "was written on the faces of the bystanders." They flocked to the rooms where the Post-Impressionists' and the Futurists' pictures were hung, and "so deeply packed was the crowd in front of the freakiest pictures, that it was almost impossible to see them."

WHETHER fury or bewilderment predominated in those who attended the opening, there was a sense of excitement that was undeniable. There was no question that something was happening to the arts and that the safe and sensible tradition so dear to the Academicians was pitted against an outlandish, disrespectful, and, above all, vigorous enemy. "The opening night seemed to me one of the most exciting adventures I have ever experienced," wrote Joel Spingarn, an aesthete of Columbia University. "What moved me strangely was this: I felt for the first time that art was recapturing its own essential madness at last, and that the modern painter-sculptor had won for himself a title of courage that was lacking in all the other fields of the arts."

Other critics could see only the madness and the storm broke in the papers at once. "The Armory Show is pathological! It is hideous!" said the *New York Times*. "Some of the most stupidly ugly pictures in the world and not a few pieces of sculpture to match them," wrote Royal Cortissoz, the respected critic of the *New York Herald*, and he later added: "This is not a movement and a principle. It is unadulterated cheek." Cartoonists had a field day, especially with Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Staircase," which Julian Street referred to as an "explosion in a shingle factory."

But in spite of hundreds of columns of type and the almost daily cartoons, the general public was at first apathetic. On the opening night it looked as though the success of the show were assured, but for the next two weeks almost nobody came and the deficit grew. It

was on the second Saturday that indifference suddenly turned into pandemonium.

The slow fuse of publicity finally detonated the explosion, the dam of indifference broke, and the public flooded through the doors of the Armory. "Actors, musicians, butlers, and shop girls . . . the exquisite, the vulgar from all walks of life," according to Kuhn, crowded around the astonishing exhibits. School children by the hundreds were shepherded by indignant teachers through the maze of "vulgar, lawless, and profane" works of art. Art students came to jeer and so did celebrities. Caruso, then at the peak of his operatic career, entertained the spectators by drawing caricatures of the paintings and tossing them to the laughing crowd. The numbers became so great that the price of admission in the mornings was raised from twenty-five cents to a dollar so that those who wanted to study the pictures seriously could get near them.

In the four weeks in which the show was open in New York more than a hundred thousand people came to wonder, to puzzle, and to scoff. What had looked to the members of the committee as though it might be a financial calamity had turned into a very profitable venture. Not all of them, however, were pleased with the turn that the affairs of the show had taken.

"I hope," said the painter Robert Henri to Walter Pach, who was in charge of selling the pictures and sculpture, "that for every European picture you have sold you have sold one by an American."

UNFORTUNATELY for those who had promoted the exhibition as a means of bringing American painters to the attention of the public, this was by no means what was happening. The Europeans were outselling the Americans by a very discouraging ratio. Quinn bought between five and six thousand dollars' worth of the new foreign art. The Metropolitan Museum bought a painting from the show by Cézanne. It was "one score after another for foreign art," wrote Jerome Myers, who was wounded and distressed by what he saw happening. "People became freak-conscious, the normal taste was bewildered. Faith lost its balance." But worse than that, the art market was suddenly turned upside down. "Art values shivered," he said;

"some went down to zero, others leaped skyward. . . . While foreign names became familiar, un-American propaganda was ladled out wholesale."

Myers was by no means alone in his distaste for the foreign invasion. Royal Cortissoz called it a subversive movement on the part of aliens to disrupt American art. "The United States," he said, "is invaded by aliens, thousands of whom constitute so many acute perils to the health of the body politic. Modernism is of precisely the same heterogeneous alien origin and is imperiling the republic of art in the same way." Cortissoz was never known as a liberal in art matters, though he was one of the most influential and popular art critics of his day.

A DIFFERENT and far more booming voice took quite another attitude toward the foreign invasion. "Messrs. Davies, Kuhn, and Gregg," wrote ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in an article in the *Outlook*, "and their fellow members of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors have done a work of very real value in securing such an exhibition of both foreign and native painters and sculptures." But his article, which he called "A Layman's Views on an Art Exhibition," pulled no punches.

There was no question that he disliked the Cubists and Futurists intensely and his remarks about them have often been quoted since to demonstrate the true Philistine attitude. Actually he recognized, as did few of the professional art critics of the day, that here was freedom for the artist and that freedom, *per se*, was good. "There was one note entirely missing from the exhibition, and that was the note of the commonplace. There was not a touch of simpering, self-satisfied conventionality. . . . There was no stunting or dwarfing, no requirement that a man whose gifts lay in new directions should measure up or down to stereotyped and fossilized standards."

And then he stated his views on the art itself. "But this does not in the least mean that the extremists . . . are entitled to any praise, save, perhaps, that they have helped to break fetters. Probably in any reform movement, any progressive movement, in any field of life, the penalty for avoiding the commonplace is a liability to extravagance. It is vitally

necessary to move forward and to shake off the dead hand of the reactionaries; and yet ~~over so far the line that there is apt to be~~ a lunatic fringe among the votaries of any forward movement. In this recent exhibition the lunatic fringe was fully in evidence, especially in the rooms devoted to the Cubists and the Futurists, or Neo-Impressionists."

It took a new kind of critical vocabulary to try to explain the strange new art. "Significant form," a phrase devised by an English critic, Clive Bell, fell from many lips. "Tremendously sincere" was the retort to those who claimed that the abstractionists were pulling the public's leg. "I am not competent to say whether these words represent sincerity or merely a conventional jargon," said Roosevelt.

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY night the show closed with a noisy, rowdy, and gala celebration. "It was the wildest, maddest, most intensely excited crowd that ever broke decorum," wrote an artist who was there. "The huge Armory was packed with the elite of New York and many not so elite." Artists and millionaires, society matrons and reporters, art collectors and "celebrities too numerous to register" milled about, and at ten o'clock a regimental fife and drum corps saluted the close of the show with a rousing rendition of "Garry Owen." Once the public was cleared out, then the artists of the Association and the girls who had taken tickets and sold catalogues, started to celebrate for fair. Through each room and section of the show the band marched with the crowd of artists and workers behind them. Champagne was produced and dancing started, and then of course there were toasts and speeches.

"To the Academy!" shouted one artist in derision.

"No, no," retorted John Quinn. "Don't you remember Captain John Philip of the *Texas*? When his guns sank a Spanish ship at Santiago, he said, 'Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying!'"

When Maurice Prendergast, a painter a generation older than the young men who arranged the Armory Show, came to see the exhibition, he looked around for a moment and then in the loud tones that are common to the hard of hearing he boomed

out, "Too much Oh-my-God! art here."

From New York the show went to Chicago and some of the too-much art was subtracted from it for the showing in the Art Institute. All of the shocking pictures, however, were included, and the press build-up that preceded their arrival was a publicist's dream. Serious articles by Harriet Munroe in the *Chicago Tribune*, in which she tried to give the rationale of the new art, were countered with full-page shockers in the *Record Herald*. ("Hark! Hark! The Critics Bark! The Cubists are coming to town, with Cubist hags and Cubist nags, and even a Cubist gown.") But even the build-up did not presage the excitement caused by the show itself. Crowds jammed the Art Institute, but the city fathers of Chicago managed to add a fillip that was missing in New York. His Honor the Mayor publicly pronounced on Picabia's abstraction, "The Dance at the Spring." "I see it. Plain as day," he said. "It's Charlie Merriam attacking the traction merger."

And Chicago was loftily moral. Arthur Charles Farwell, president of the local Law and Order League was reported as saying: "Why, the saloons could not hang these pictures [it was the Matisse nudes that bothered him]. There is a law prohibiting it. . . . The idea that people can gaze at this sort of thing without it hurting them is all bosh. This exhibition ought to be suppressed." An instructor in art at the Waller High School publicly complained that the exhibition was "nasty, lewd, immoral, and indecent!" And a clergyman who had brought a group of Sunday School children for their annual visit to the uplifting masterpieces in the Art Institute, let out a bellow of indignation when he saw the modern pictures and demanded that the public be protected from these "degeneracies." A few days later a local newspaper carried the headline, "Futurist Art Included in State Vice Inquiry."

THE inquiry amounted to nothing. The chairman of the Vice Commission, whom Walter Pach described as "a nice old state senator," came to look around and especially asked to see a painting called "Prostitution" and the "Nude Descending a Staircase." The former was a moral little picture about the evils of sin and the latter suggested nothing at all to the senator that he could object to.

The publicity given to the investigation, however, brought out a kind of clientele that did not usually haunt the Art Institute. Pimps and prostitutes came to look at the "dirty pictures," and went away disgruntled at having wasted their quarters on admission tickets.

It was also in Chicago that the art students, instructors, and employees of the Institute staged a protest meeting at which they dressed in "Futurist" costumes, painted their faces in odd colors, and burned a Matisse and Walter Pach in effigy. One of the professors made a "Cubist speech" and his wife played "a Futurist sonata." The sonata, which no longer sounds very surprising, was Ravel's "Running Water."

V

FROM Chicago the exhibition went to Boston, but by that time the hilarity which it evoked seemed to have nearly burned out. Boston disapproved and in general stayed away, thinking that it was more seemly to ignore what Cortissov had called "unadulterated cheek" than to make a fuss about it. The final tally of sales of pictures showed that more than two hundred and fifty pictures had been bought in New York as against fifty in Chicago and Boston together.

The day of accounting to the members of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors came in the autumn following the close of the exhibition, and it was not a happy occasion. The members met at the Manhattan Hotel, and Kuhn, the secretary, placed his report upon the table. Guy Pène du Bois was the first to look at it. He studied it for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I resign." Then Robert Henri looked, and then George Bellows, and Mahonri Young, and Jerome Myers, and one after another the members resigned and left the meeting without a further word. The show had been a financial success, but it had also been a financial calamity, so the artists thought, for American art. The evidence of the report was overwhelming: the painters of Europe had captured the imagination of American collectors and with it the market. "Our land of opportunity," said Myers, "was thrown open to foreign art, unrestricted and triumphant."

The Armory Show has often been called a turning point in American taste, and

there is no denying that it was. But whether taste was turned forward or backward from that point is another question. The immediate influence of the exhibition on the taste of most Americans was scarcely noticeable, and what effect it had was largely negative. Possibly a hundred thousand people out of a population of more than a hundred million believed that the new art from Europe was a revelation, a sign of new vitality in the visual arts, and a gate to the future. More likely, a few thousand or even a few hundred thought so. The strange paintings and sculptures in the Armory, which most solid citizens took as a direct insult to their sensibilities, produced a small hard core of disciples and a vast new army of Philistines. Most Americans were confirmed in the conviction that artists are irresponsible members of society, bent on careers of exhibitionism. Even those who had conscientiously followed the paths down which the mentors of taste had led them, determined to refine their taste by reading and travel, by hours spent in museums and still more hours in lecture halls, were unprepared for what was suddenly thrust at them in the name of art. Indeed, they, the very backbone of support of the arts, were the most infuriated of all.

THE principal result of the Armory Show was to divide the republic of taste, which had once been like France—a country of many political groups separated by minute shadings of opinion—into two major parties, a nice convenient system that is dear to Americans. The new parties were "Modern" and "Traditional," and even now, if you give your allegiance to either party, you are still likely to vote the straight ticket.

Lately the party lines have begun to blur, as they did earlier in our political system, and the bitterness of the schism that was wrought by the Armory Show has been somewhat, but by no means entirely, sweetened by the passage of time.

"Whatever you think of this show," said one of the laymen who came to the Armory the night the exhibition opened, "our art can never be quite the same again." He was right. And so was Theodore Roosevelt, when he wrote in his essay in the *Outlook*: "It is just as easy to be conventional about the fantastic as about the commonplace."

The Best Show in New York

SRO at the UN

Edith Iglauer

*Drawings by
Jack Shigaki*



I VISITED the headquarters of the United Nations on the banks of New York's East River the other day, expecting to amble about at leisure. To my amazement there were so many people swarming around the cavernous lobby of the General Assembly building that I had to burrow my way through—around some Girl Scouts, past women with white cards pinned to their dresses and a group of middle-aged men looking at the ceiling. At last I reached for the blue-gray uniform of a UN guard.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"What do you mean, what's happened?" he said. "Nothing's happened. Matter of fact, this is a very slow day!" He shrugged. "You should see this place on a really good day, when the Russians are cutting up, or some big shot is visiting, or on a mid-week holiday. We get so many people, the buildings just can't hold them all."

Then he added a phrase I was to hear from almost every UN official I met. "I guess we're the number one tourist attraction in New York—even ahead of the Statue of Liberty and Radio City."

The number of people who want to see the

United Nations headquarters or attend its meetings—an average of six thousand a day when the sessions are on, and as many as four thousand a day when the sole attraction is the buildings—has astonished everyone from the architects to the delegates. Everyone, that is, but the employees of the Special Services Division who have been making arrangements for public visiting since the early days of the temporary headquarters at Lake Success, Long Island. Even there, an inconvenient eighteen miles out of New York, they received several hundred thousand visitors annually. But until this winter they could never persuade anyone else of the need for more public accommodations.

THE architects who planned the UN headquarters had a unique problem: to design a world capital on a strip of international territory in the heart of one of the world's largest cities. They visualized a mildly interested public coming to UN meetings through special entrances, directly into seats set aside in the various chambers. Some UN delegates argued for an ivory tower where the public would not be admitted at all. The

final decision was to put the United Nations on view, but not very much. How little is indicated by the frantic makeshift arrangements that have had to be made for the hordes—over two million—who have descended since the General Assembly building was opened in October 1952. Elevators in public areas are too small, bottlenecks occur wherever the visitors must move through narrow corridors and revolving doors. There is no auditorium for public briefings and no dining place capable of handling the thousands who want to eat in the buildings.

At Lake Success, visitors ate in the enormous Secretariat cafeteria. The cafeteria in New York is not big enough even for the Secretariat. A hungry visitor can choose between candy bars purchased at a counter in the basement, or an excellent lunch in the Delegates' Restaurant—if he has the stamina to wait in the long lines for the relatively few seats available, usually before or after the delegates have eaten.

Every kind of educational, professional, and club group wants to "make a day of it" at the UN—in addition to packaged sight-seeing tours, scout troops who must take a trip through the UN to win merit badges, sailors from ships in port, beauty queens, and foreign potentates. In one week people came from every one of the United States, plus Alaska and Hawaii, and from fifty foreign countries.

THE need for more facilities for this welcome Goliath, the fascinated public, has begun finally to be recognized. At the General Assembly last fall, the delegates voted half a million dollars to increase their restaurant's eating capacity, a not entirely unselfish gesture.

The restaurant, which is run by the Knott Hotel chain, cannot keep its quality high or its prices low (under \$2 for a table d'hôte lunch) unless it breaks even, which requires a large turnover. With a seating capacity of 360, even delegates must wait for tables. They have been known to become hysterical, reduce the hostesses to tears, and pour letters of complaint on the Secretary-General himself, if they so much as surmise that people already seated are visitors, not some of their 800-odd colleagues.

A peculiar result of all this popularity is

the unlooked-for profits that are beginning to pile up for the UN from four of the fastest growing small businesses around New York. Located in the public concourse, one floor below street level in the General Assembly building, these are: (1) the guided tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations; (2) the gift shop, run by the UN co-operative association; (3) the bookshop, whose management was recently turned over to the Columbia University Press; and (4) the stamp counter, which has a complex, ultra-philatelic arrangement with the United States Post Office. Like many other services throughout the buildings—the barber shop, the restaurant and cafeteria, elevator maintenance, and general cleaning—they have been turned over under strictly supervised contracts to outside agencies experienced with details unfamiliar or distasteful to international civil servants. An outside organization can also hire and fire more expeditiously.

What They Come to See

WHEN the Guided Tours commenced, a week after the buildings were opened, five hundred people arrived while the staff of ten guides was still working out its routine. Almost three thousand now turn up daily for the tours, a third of them with advance reservations. The current staff of seventy includes traffic cops to prevent one tour from colliding with another, since a new one is dispatched every two minutes.

Anyone with a dollar can take a tour. Organized groups, students, and clergy pay less, and armed forces of the United Nations are conducted free. The tour takes one hour. (Most of this time is spent sitting comfortably in the meeting halls, while guides point out their features and answer questions.) Traveling on the tour's main line, the first stop is a plaster model of the site. The twenty-odd persons on each tour get their bearings here, for they can see how the three major structures are related. (The Conference area, where the council chambers are located, serves as a connecting arm between the low, domed, fan-shaped General Assembly and the tall narrow shaft of the thirty-nine-story Secretariat office building.)

There are three council chambers, each decorated by a different Scandinavian coun-

try. Norway did the Security Council; Denmark, the Trusteeship Council; and Sweden, the Economic and Social Council. Eight or nine tours may be in one chamber at the same time, each guide telling something different. One may be pointing out the motives of Faith, Hope, and Charity woven into the blue and gold damask on the walls in the Security Council, while another explains the significance of various birds, animals, and heroic figures that stare with Nordic impassivity from the mural covering most of the wall behind the horseshoe-shaped delegates' desk.

IN THE Trusteeship Council—the most beautiful of the three chambers—one group may be hearing how the designer, Finn Juhl, perhaps had a certain type of pastry in mind in the three-colored striped carpet, while the eyes of the group beside them are fastened on the charming figure of a young girl with her arms outstretched, carved from a solid teakwood block. Among the pinks and reds of the Economic and Social Council—conceived by the famous Swedish architect, Sven Markelius, as a workshop, with ceiling pipes and ducts left exposed—the talk runs mostly to UN budgetary matters. Here the visitors may learn some surprising facts—for example, that the total UN annual budget of forty-eight million is less than New York City's yearly budget for cleaning streets.

In the General Assembly Hall, tours are startled to learn that this great auditorium—seventy-five feet high, with its blue and green chairs and Léger murals (known around the place as “Scrambled Eggs” and “Frightened Rabbits”)—is as big as Radio City Music Hall, though it contains far fewer seats. They may be told about the marvelous elevator mechanisms that enable a speaker addressing the Assembly to raise and lower the lectern to suit his height. If tours happen to pass through while a plenary session is meeting, they may see one or more of the three highest UN officials seated behind a long desk on the podium; or the delegates, some in saris and desert robes, sitting at their assigned places.

At the end of the tour, many stop first to put down their feelings in the guest book: “A Thrilling Experience,” “Incredibly Beautiful,” or “Just Wonderful.” “The Hope of the World” or “Inspires Hope” are frequent re-

marks, as well as “Peace on Earth.” Amazingly few people have anything even mildly critical to put down. “Let's Get to Work” or “The UN has a long way to go” are about as sharp as they get.

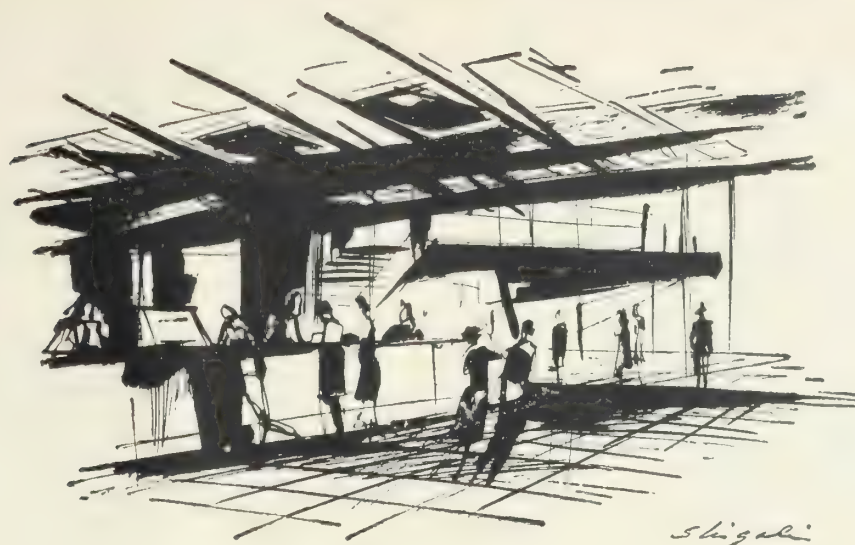
Quite a number of visitors enjoy the tours so much that they write a letter saying so when they get home. One lady from Colorado was so impressed she took the tour six times, then wrote from home that she had addressed the sixth grade at her local school on the subject, had written a play with the UN gift shop and information desk depicted on stage, and was organizing a series of talks entitled “A Visit to the UN.” A Florida gentleman liked his guide well enough to invite her to visit him and his wife “as our guest at any time to address our various clubs in this part of the state.”

Probably the most moving thank-you note the Guided Tours ever received was from several blind children whose tour of the UN was widely reported in the newspapers. Their teacher later sent in a joint letter composed in Braille. “The thing I liked especially was the the carpet from Denmark,” one wrote; “it had a wonderful, unusual, cozy feeling.” Another said, “It was wonderful to sit in the President's chair and the Secretary General's chair and to be able to feel the actual shape of the building.”

Charmers in Uniform

THE guides are invariably praised for not being stereotypes. The able director of the Guided Tours, Carl Cannon, believes that if the girls have no set speech to memorize they are more flexible to the varied demands of school groups, women's clubs, business men, and visiting foreigners. The girls—a group of charmers, selected not only for poise and good looks but for intelligence—are given a two-week training period; but Cannon feels that it actually takes six months to make a girl into an expert guide. “We tell them to act as if they were showing a friend around the building,” Cannon explains. “We give them the main points to stress and furnish the basic information and then let them interpret it.”

Lucille Topkis, who trains the girls, confines her checks on their actual delivery to corrections of factual errors and gentle sug-



gestions. Listening to a trainee go through a trial run, she is apt to remark, "Don't say, 'I think the UN is doing a wonderful job!' Give your group the facts and let them form their own judgments." Or she may remind the girls, "Don't use the word America for the United States; South Americans are Americans, too."

The guides wear simple blue uniforms designed by Cannon, with contrasting blue braid draped around the left shoulder and their names embroidered in the same color on their left upper pocket. At least a third of the girls come from outside the United States, and among them they speak some twenty languages. Scarcely a day passes without a request for a tour in a tongue other than English, usually French or Spanish. Sometimes the guides give a bilingual tour, in which everything they have said in English is repeated to a few people in some other language—a difficult assignment, because whichever group waits gets fidgety. Visitors are often so disappointed not to have a guide with a "foreign" background that an American girl who had acted as an English maid in summer stock once took an hour's tour around with a cockney accent.

The girls are recruited chiefly by word of mouth. They hear about the guide service or the guide service hears about them. Many are college graduates and several are doing graduate work. Most are unmarried and almost all are in their early twenties.

Several, like pretty British Patricia Davidson, have had theatrical experience. "This is very much like acting," she says, "and very

satisfying. I feel I am doing something important." Among the guides there are also several dancers, painters, and models, and some who came to the UN directly from entertaining UN troops in Korea.

The girls' chief occupational hazard is loss of voice. "It's worse than our feet," they complain. Their supervisor, Andromache Geanacopoulos, a stunning looking American of Greek descent, who came from Radio City to be the first guide, says that chronic laryngitis has already forced one guide studying singing to give up her job.

ALL the girls have noticed the tremendous impact the buildings have on visitors. They say that people often cry when you tell them about the UN. One guide related recently how a man stood up in the General Assembly and quoted from "Locksley Hall" by Tennyson, "Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd;/In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

Korean veterans and middle-aged business men from the Midwest offer the greatest resistance to the idea of the UN, and many Americans are surprised that other nations besides the United States contribute to the budget. Some groups do not respond at all on the tours, and others ask one question after another: "What would happen if a crime were committed on this international territory?" "What nationality would a baby born here be?" "Can political asylum be granted here?" "Where are the bomb shelters?"

"Since the buildings are almost entirely

of glass, they are obviously built for peace," is one guide's stock answer.

Everyone wants to know which delegates are which, and especially which one is Vishinsky or just any Russian, or whether Malenkov comes often (a frequent question).

Some of the girls consider junior high school students the most exciting groups to take around. "You can really reach them," they say. "And they always ask the \$64 question, 'What chance has the UN?' High school groups are the worst: they are apathetic and self-conscious. There are always some who sit in the back row and flirt in a place like the Security Council. But seven- and eight-year-olds ask extraordinary questions, such as, 'What is the Security Council doing about atomic energy?' And, 'Who are the six non-permanent members of the Security Council?'"

The girls are crazy about their work. "Why shouldn't we be?" says a tall, beautiful blonde. "One day I may take the King of Cambodia around, in French, and another day I may have the ship's crew of the *SS Superbe*, or Janet Gaynor—she wore dark glasses—or Fran Allison of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. We even had European beauty queens—prize winners—who spent so much time looking at themselves in their pocketbook mirrors that it took an hour to get them halfway around."

Curios, Stamps, and Best Sellers

THE Security Division takes the guides on a safety tour from time to time to point out the fire exits, demonstrate how they can call for a guard at any of the innumerable places that dot their route, and show them photographs of the regular nuts

who haunt the United Nations buildings.

"I've had several on my tours," one guide has confessed. "There was a woman who must have heard about the individual air-conditioning units in each Secretariat office; she said she had come to see if each employee was wrapped in an atmospheric tube. And I had another who asked why the floor kept going up and down, like the sea. I called a guard, pronto!"

The girls have observed that the first stop for most visitors as they come off the tours is the bookstore, to purchase colored postcards of what they have just seen. A million and a half postcards and 100,000 copies of the souvenir guidebook, *Your United Nations*, at fifty cents a copy, were sold last year. Kits with the sixty member nations' flags and little wooden poles to paste them on are also popular. Not long ago over 3,000 were sold in a month. Kodachrome slides with views of the buildings and ten-cent vest-pocket editions of the charter of the United Nations have a rapid turnover. The charter, printed in all five official languages, English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese, is the only item in Russian regularly on sale, but the bookstore frequently orders the Russian texts of UN publications on special request. Many language students and souvenir hunters buy the charter in all five language editions just for fun, or to compare texts.

Bookstore salespeople get many customers who have clearly never set foot in a bookshop before—along with college professors, students, teachers, and librarians. Wall Street firms also make regular use of UN statistical material.

Few customers buy the set of San Francisco conference documents for ninety dollars, but

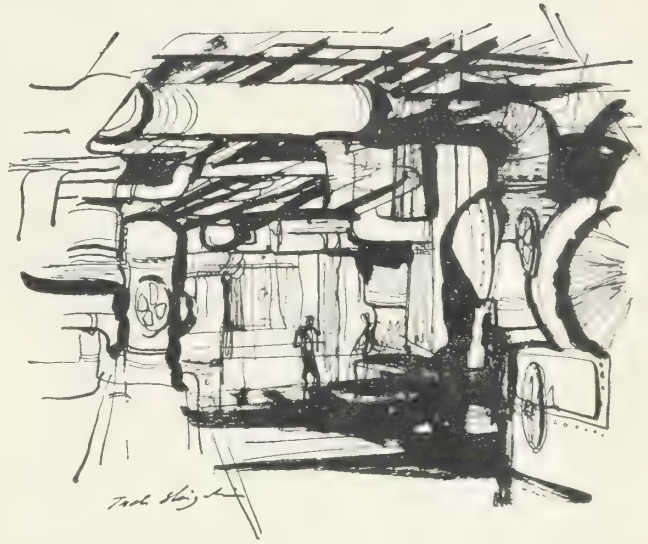


Labor Conditions in the Oil Industry in Iran, an International Labor Office publication, has been a best seller. UNESCO catalogues of color reproductions of paintings, as well as its studies of human rights and a monthly periodical, *UNESCO Courier*, are extremely popular.

WHEN visitors buy postcards in the bookstore, they usually keep right on going to the stamp counter, where they can purchase special UN stamps which they must use if they want to mail their cards on UN territory. By a special agreement with the United States, the UN designs and issues its own stamps, which are used for all mail, visitors' and official, to be canceled on the premises. The stamp desk, which handled 792,000 pieces of mail last year, is operated by the UN, but a United Nations Post Office Station hidden in the Secretariat's first basement is operated by the United States Post Office.

Last year the UN Postal Administration grossed \$392,500 from its philatelic sales. What's more, \$190,000 for postage was paid to the United States Post Office for sending off 1,200,000 pieces of mail and receiving 750,000 for distribution inside the UN, a tidy business anywhere.

The UN Postal Administration, having conveniently dumped its official postal problem elsewhere, is able to concentrate a good deal of its time on philatelic enthusiasts. Stamp collectors always want something called the First Day of Issue whenever there is a new commemorative stamp (and the UN has begun issuing four a year). Private businesses make special envelopes which in turn are sold to collectors, who then send them into the UN to have the new stamp and special mark of the First Day of Issue canceled on their faces. Last February, when a new stamp commemorating the FAO appeared, the Postal Administration serviced 275,000 of these covers, hiring twenty extra temporary employees to lick the stamps and paste them on for weeks ahead. Some collectors want one stamp of each denomination (there are two to each issue, a three- and an eight-center) or a block of four, or a pair of each, and the UN tries to oblige, drawing the line only at requests for the addition of the Secretary General's signature.



FEW visitors can seem to resist stepping into the United Nations Gift Center, despite the scramble to reach a counter and make a purchase. Started as an outlet for handicrafts of member and would-be member countries, it has broken all records for a gift shop of its size. Squeezed into a corner twenty-eight by thirty feet in the public concourse, it had a gross profit last year of half a million. The shop was able to make notable contributions to charitable causes with some of its profits: \$1,750 from a special three-day sale for Greek earthquake relief; another \$700 to Turkish sufferers; \$2,200 to European flood victims. At the same time a 4 per cent dividend, the maximum allowed by its laws, was paid to shareholders in the organization that runs the shop, the United Nations Co-Operative, Incorporated.

Any member of the United Nations staff, including accredited press representatives, can buy a share of the co-operative's stock at \$10 a share. In line with usual co-operative practice, there is a limit of fifty on the number of shares any one person can own, and any of the 750 shareholders who sever their official UN connections automatically cancel their shares. The co-operative, currently mulling over additional projects in which to invest unused profits, already runs a service garage for the Secretariat and delegates, as well as the Gift Center, and buys phonograph records which it sells to UN employees at cost plus a small service charge.

The fame of the UN Gift Center has spread. People come in just to see how it works. The Pan American Union in Washington, D. C., recently sent someone up

take a look, before starting a similar project in *their* building. Mr. Einar Olsen, a ~~United Nations~~ business man who directs the co-operative, and Mrs. Charlotte Mlinar, ~~manages the Gift Center~~, were pleased, just as they are pleased to welcome buyers from private businesses who inquire about the sources of their merchandise. "We are perfectly willing to bow out when our merchandise is accepted by the general trade," says Mr. Olsen. "We must always break even, we prefer to run at a profit. Our main goal is to promote the art and handicraft of member countries, especially underdeveloped ones, and thus increase their standards of living. These people have never really had a chance to show what they can do, and here they have a showcase toward the world!"

This showcase has an intriguing assortment of merchandise including unusual items like the toy koalas of kangaroo skin from Australia, or replicas of old Maori cave drawings made by a temperamental New Zealand artist into striking, if expensive, wall hangings. The shop's biggest selling items are its gorgeous Indian scarves made of paper-thin silk through which gold brocade designs are woven. Tens of thousands have been sold at \$2.25 each. Dolls, from thirty countries, first stocked at the suggestion of a delegate's wife, are so popular that it is impossible to keep up with the demand.

THERE are so many types of merchandise—and so little space—that it is impossible to show everything in stock at one time. South African drums, or Israeli metalware, or Norwegian silver may be shown for a few weeks at a time, and then pulled out to make room, say, for American Indian beaded belts, or Eskimo carvings, Siamese jewelry, Russian trays, and African beads.

Sometimes Mr. Olsen makes suggestions to importers or to artisans in faraway places with whom he is more and more making direct contact. A hint was dropped to New Zealand silversmiths to put a little less silver in their bry so that the price could be lower. Places have been shortened to choker to suit customers' tastes. On the other hand, black soapstone Eskimo carvings are sold at \$10 per item, because Mr. Olsen is eager to have Eskimo work represented. Sometimes delegates or Secretariat mem-

bers come in and complain about the merchandise from their native lands. "We like that," says Mr. Olsen. "That gives us our chance to say, 'All right, you find us a better type of merchandise from your country.'" For example, there was nothing but unattractive, typical tourist merchandise—mother-of-pearl pins and crude coconut shell work—coming from the Philippines. Through someone in UN's Technical Assistance, the shop was able to get its first Philippine craft work—hand-hewn bowls and woven jackets.

Security—Large and Small

WHILE the UN's new proximity to New York has brought undreamed-of advantages, it has also enormously complicated the job of guarding the organization. As many as six crackpots a day, especially when there is a new moon, gravitate to the premises—people who want to "do something" about the Russians; Puerto Rican nationalists; Slavic organizations with special grievances; or even some old friends of seven years' standing, like the man who thinks he's St. Sebastian, with a peace plan; or another fellow who believes he's full of uranium and may blow up if provoked. A recent visitor started a back-to-nature movement by taking his clothes off in the main lobby. Fortunately, Bellevue Hospital is close by. The new fence around the UN site has helped immensely too, since visitors can only come into the grounds at a few definite entry points.

The Security Division also runs the always busy Lost and Found. A spectacular number of earrings are lost when visitors clamp on the earphones that bring them simultaneous translations of speeches. Visitors forget where they left their automobiles in the three-level garage below the buildings. Signs and ash trays disappear regularly; in fact, a completely new supply of cheap ash trays is purchased every year for the public lounges. The use of any UN insignia on silverware in the restaurant is avoided for fear it might vanish, too.

After six o'clock at night, when the Information Desk is closed, UN guards find themselves doing homework for youngsters who call in for help. "Sometimes I've read off all sixty members of the UN three times in the same evening," one guard complained.

A NEW responsibility for the UN guard force is the children's playground at the northeast corner of the site. When the area from 42nd to 48th Street was cleared for the UN buildings, a public playground was among the casualties. Now it has been replaced. Because it is inside the United Nations territory, a UN guard is always there to keep an eye on the youngsters. Joe Katz, a former New York City policeman, has been in charge of the playground since it was opened in April 1952. "Why me? I often ask myself," he said reminiscently to a friend the other day. "The boss said, 'You are a responsible man with two children and lots of experience, especially in first aid.' So here I am."

A complete medical kit, filled with splints, eyewashes, and peroxide is kept in his two-by-four guardhouse inside the playground. "We don't have serious accidents, thank God, just a couple of kids hit by swings and mothers wanting aspirin," he said. "We warm a couple of baby bottles a day with hot water from the guardhouse. Anything my customers ask, I do, except baby-sitting. I did that once and after about an hour the kids began to howl for Mommy. Mommy was inside at a meeting. Never again!"

"My customers are all under twelve, and the only adult without a child we let in the grounds is the ice-cream man, request of the

mothers," he went on. "In summer we give a shower from a sprinkler-head to fifty or sixty of my customers every day, weather permitting. I have a lot of regulars, including classes from a public school and orphanage, and a lot of my customers have to give me a hug before they can come in. When just my regulars are around, we usually have a story hour and play riddles and sing."

He took his friend on a brief tour of the premises, from the shiny new red swings and teeter-totters to the sandpile, which is raked every morning and washed once a week, courtesy of the UN. He began to laugh. "Did you know that the United Nations has to act as a truant officer?" He settled down on a bench, and swept a loving eye over his customers.

"There's a family of thirteen redheads, a pretty lively bunch, that are among my regulars," he said. "Well, one of these kids, about ten years old, got to coming pretty often and just sitting around chewing the rag with me. One day along comes his principal. She wants to take him back to school. Turns out he was playing hooky. Do you know what that kid had the nerve to say? He told her he was on international territory and she couldn't touch him! Mr. Cosgrove, my boss, had to come out and hand him over." Katz shook his head. "Imagine a ten-year-old kid knowing enough to say he's on international territory!"



Is Nehru really a "great spiritual force" and "the Voice of Asia"? The President of Brooklyn College came back from India with some skeptical questions about that country's "moral leadership"—and its smug view of the outside world.

An Unsentimental Look at India

Harry D. Gideonse

IT LOOKS different from New Delhi" is the standard comment with which Prime Minister Pandit Nehru greets Western visitors. Indeed it does. The gap between India and America is growing fast—and nearly all Indians, plus a good many sentimental Americans, put the blame entirely on the United States. They accuse us of failure to "understand the Eastern mind"; and they often talk a good deal about the "spiritual qualities" of the Orient and the noble character of Nehru. Rarely is there any hint that Indians might fail to understand America, or to appreciate the spiritual qualities of the West.

When I returned recently from ten strenuous weeks in India, I was convinced that misunderstanding is by no means a one-way street. As I visited universities, research institutions, and government agencies, I found myself under the constant provocation of challenging argument, misinformation, inverted racism—and a searching curiosity about America. Since I was a private visitor, with no official responsibilities, I could afford to give frank answers, which often collided head-on with the established stereotypes of Indian thought.

For example, the audiences at my lectures were always startled when I reminded them that America had been drawn into World War II because an Asiatic power had attacked us. They have swallowed so much anti-

colonial propaganda, which invariably casts "Europeans" in the role of aggressors, that they could hardly credit the fact of Pearl Harbor. (A minor, but curious, item of misunderstanding is the way in which Indians normally use the term "European" for all Westerners, including Americans; but it does not seem to include the Russians.) Moreover, when I pointed out the reason for Japan's attack—the fact that America was the only consistent defender of China against Japanese aggression—my listeners often seemed to feel that I was inventing a debater's argument. The historical truth simply did not fit their preconceptions.

The remark that "it looks different from New Delhi" often is accompanied by a rather smug assumption that India has a monopoly on virtue, and that it alone presents "the Asiatic viewpoint." Yet Nehru obviously does not speak for Red China—nor for Formosa. New Delhi doesn't speak for Japan either; it doesn't even think of Japan. In Indian minds, the Japan of the past is somehow curiously merged with the responsibilities of the British; and the Japan of the present and future is confused with the responsibilities of the United States. When an American points out that Communist aggression in Korea was essentially aimed at Japan—and notes that Japan therefore is more concerned with the future of Korea than India is—his Indian listeners seem to freeze. Similarly, I observed

repeatedly that the Indian press simply ignores official American statements which stress the Japanese interest in a Korean settlement.

The gap between New Delhi and Washington is not caused merely by geography or a different memory of recent experiences. It is also—and overwhelmingly so, in my experience—a matter of different ideals, and of startlingly divergent ways of expressing such ideals.

THE key word in American information activities—and in our political pronouncements—is “freedom.” We are always speaking of the “free world” and of “freedom” as if these were self-evident truths, as clear to any listener in India as they would be to a Middle Western newspaper reader. They may make some sense to the small group of Westernized, educated Indians, but even to this small segment of the three hundred and sixty million people who live in the subcontinent, the terms are confusing.

In Calcutta I was invited to lecture on “Changing American Philosophies of Freedom” to a large Hindu group. The audience was apparently deeply interested, and there were many questions in the stifling heat of an Indian summer afternoon. But I was amazed by one question toward the end of the two-hour session. It started with the characteristically flowery courtesy of the East, but ended with the blunt statement that the audience had listened for two hours to interesting “Atlantica” but had “heard nothing about the subject that had been announced, since there had not been a word said about the soul.”

That evening at my hotel, in the rare comfort of an air-conditioned room, I was initiated by a professor of Sanskrit into the difficulties of translating the conception—and even the word—of freedom into the languages of India. There is a word that means self-government. There is another word that means autonomy. But the word “freedom” in my lecture topic was probably understood as the equivalent of “*moksha*,” which is usually rendered as “freedom” in the classical Hindu sense that “freedom is the absence of desire.” That is the way, for instance, in which it is used in the Bhagavad-Gita, the holy epic of Hinduism. The word is related to the libera-

tion of the self from material or physical needs, and it is obviously almost the exact opposite of our conception of freedom as the presence of choice. Choice is clearly rooted in desire—or, at least, in interest.

In succeeding versions of the same lecture, I found common ground by discussing the Henry David Thoreau part of our tradition. I also stressed the difficulties which India was encountering in its economic development plans, because higher standards of living, industrialization, and capital investment are all based on moral principles which are the opposite of the traditional Hindu ideal of renunciation.

But our traditional American stress on “freedom,” as related to the economic phases of the “American way,” almost certainly misses fire in India. The attempt to appeal to Indians by using the psychological assumptions of a modern American advertising agency frequently clashes with the classical Indian conception of freedom which regards the satisfying of material wants—including sanitation—as essentially “busy work.”

And this conflict in basic motives—the desire for increased productivity, on the one hand, and the admiration for religious renunciation on the other—is the deepest and the most tragic dilemma facing the leaders of modern India. There are a few Indian intellectuals who are giving careful attention to the problem of restating India’s cultural and spiritual traditions in a manner compatible with India’s material needs. Moreover, Nehru’s ambivalent and obsolete position on these issues is widely criticized within the Congress party. But usually the gap is filled with “leftist” slogans which beg the moral question, while they suggest that material productivity is largely a question of scientific magic. This fashionable “leftist thinking” also implies that capital development will fall from the skies like manna, rather than grow from concerted productive effort.

The Trouble of Many Tongues

LANGUAGE is not only a major problem in the communication between India and the West. It is also perhaps the greatest single challenge to the unity of India itself. Almost all Indian colleges and universities teach in English, and common knowledge of

English was one of the most important forces in developing a national point of view. Today—and this is surely a paradox of Indian “nationalism”—a major consequence of independence is to weaken the hold of English. At the same time, the regional languages—there are about ten important ones—are becoming the vehicles of local political movements which threaten to split up the country. The establishment of the state of Andhra—breaking away from Madras—during the fall of 1953 was merely one example; there are many similar movements in the making. In the south, the Communist party has made itself the spokesman of regional nationalism, and an unholy mixture of Communist slogans and parochial demagoguery has put the dominant Congress party in the untenable position of having to support the local patriots in order to keep local electoral support, although this at the same time weakens the central government.

IN MODERN history India has been unified only twice, once by the Moguls and once by the British. In both cases, the job was done by force. Now the dominant tendency in India is toward disintegration into provincial and linguistic groups, rather than toward the development of a strong national state. Everywhere people are demanding that schools, courts, and political discussions should be conducted in the native provincial language, and the danger that India's intellectual and cultural life may once again become wholly parochial frightens the country's educational and cultural leaders.

The older leaders made their careers in a national setting, and they moved from one part of India to another as they matured. Radakrishnan's academic career illustrates this “national” pattern—from one university and province to another, contributing to a national perspective as he acquired it himself. Today the younger men are compelled to teach in the local languages, and this fact itself limits the horizon of their careers. Movement from Mysore to Calcutta, from Madras to Benares, will be more restricted in the future, while publications in the provincial languages will, of necessity, have a more limited audience. The English language is still a unifying force which enables intellectuals to communicate freely with all sections

of their country—and with the world as well. But the handwriting is already on the wall. Even in my own experience, in dealing with the younger groups I was noticeably restricted by their more limited ability to speak English.

The New Crop of “Intellectuals”

THERE are colleges in India—Bethune in Calcutta and St. Stephen's in New Delhi are good examples—whose faculty and equipment match the best anywhere in the world. But the typical picture is different. Everywhere enrollment is huge, teachers' salaries are callously low, faculties have been diluted with poorly-trained young teachers, and there is characteristically “leftist” agitation on the campus. Everywhere the local Communists—and some Communist “youth leaders” are in their thirties—exploit local issues; and it would be foolish to deny that there is plenty of ammunition for their agitation.

For example, I found many colleges with equipment for a thousand students trying to adjust to an enrollment of more than six thousand. And the prevailing examination system—administered by outsiders who know neither the students nor the faculty—encourages a form of fiscal exploitation. Rejection of 70 per cent of the candidates for degrees becomes a vested interest of higher academic authorities, because examination fees have become indispensable to college finances. The Congress party, which used college students in its own struggle against the British, now finds it hard to cope with Communist enemies who use its own favorite weapon. I met many educational administrators who seemed resigned to defeat by the conflicting pressures—from government on the one hand, and their own faculty and students on the other.

Two Indian universities were closed during my visit, as a direct result of Communist agitation. At one of them I arrived on the day of the closing. The local administrator was obviously unprepared for the entertainment of a foreign visitor under the circumstances. As we talked about the events of the day, I asked him to translate one of the student leaflets that had been distributed at the college gate that morning. He was astonished when I correctly guessed the contents of the third paragraph, after he had translated the

first two for me. When I told him I had seen similar literature in Brooklyn more than a dozen years ago, it seemed to open a novel perspective. Few people in India realize that they are dealing with a world-wide phenomenon—local issues and the limited horizon of their previous colonial experience have obscured the similarity of the pattern. From then on, our conversation ran in terms of Communist techniques as an international conspiracy; and our experiences in the United States suddenly seemed full of significance in Uttar Pradesh.

Indian intellectual life in general is deeply influenced by a rather simple "leftism," and leading Fabian Socialists of thirty years ago are often cited as the spokesmen of the Western tradition. Indians know little of the economic thought of today, whether British or American. To them the period of the Webbs and of Harold Laski is still the present. These people favored Indian independence, and so Harold Laski is still a name to swear by. The most widely-read Western journal is the London *New Statesman and Nation*, which is notoriously and continuously anti-American. Nehru is one of its constant readers, and he speaks of Kingsley Martin, the editor, as a "statesman."

There is an amazing contrast between what is written about India and what is said by Indian intellectuals. The literature stresses Indian interest in spiritual matters. Actually I found very little interest in such problems among intellectuals—although there is more of it in the villages and among the non-Westernized groups. Many intellectuals are both ignorant and contemptuous of their cultural heritage. The moral presuppositions of Western freedom are ignored, and a facile verbalism takes its place—especially when the leading spokesmen for the West seem to present their own case in terms of the economic by-products of a free society, and often ignore its cultural foundations.

INDIA is a big country, and the variations between, say, the Bombay area and Calcutta are as great as those between Arizona and Maine. From an American standpoint, Bombay is "friendly" territory—while the Calcutta area is not only "unfriendly" to the United States but is a serious problem to the governing Congress party (which in this

area is manifestly "friendly" to American visitors). Bombay is better housed and its school and administrative facilities are more adequate. There is a sense of more intimate participation in world affairs, and an American visitor does not encounter the barrage of critical questions that is his common experience in, say, Calcutta.

But in India as a whole the stunning impact of misery and poverty must be felt to be appreciated. A million refugees from Pakistan live in the streets of Calcutta; a quarter of them suffer from tuberculosis. An American car parked in the street in many parts of India is soon surrounded by dramatic illustrations of human misery awaiting the return of its passenger—lepers, people with stumps of arms, sufferers from loathsome eye diseases and elephantiasis.

A Nation of Villages

EVEN so, the urban population is much better off than the rural—although I hasten to add that an American visitor in the villages typically finds a friendly reception. There is a myth about us in the villages: the myth of generosity and the magic of science and technology. I had been told of the shy and almost invisible women of India, but my experience in one stop by the roadside after another revealed a hearty hospitality. (The women's radiant smiles usually showed magnificent white teeth, which should offer a research challenge to the dental profession, considering the incredibly inadequate and monotonous diet of the villagers.) But the housing and the sanitation must be seen to be believed—and the primitive tools point to a cause of Indian poverty that must go back centuries beyond the rule of the British.

The present Indian government is concentrating on agricultural development. The politically vocal segment of the population is in the cities, and it clamors for urban development in practically every newspaper; but the Congress party has had the courage to resist this pressure, spending most of its talent and limited resources on rebuilding the rural community. This clearly makes sense, because 90 per cent of the people live in the villages, and food is the most urgent problem for the whole nation.

The government's Five-Year Plan, there-

fore, calls first of all for the reconstruction of agriculture; even its industrial chapters are directly related to the increase in farm output. This Plan calls for nothing that hasn't already been tried in the long history of American agricultural development; and our aid program is geared directly into the Indian government's farm plan.

The fulfillment of the plan seems to be in excellent shape, but the objectives are relatively modest. The primary hurdle is the scarcity of capital, which must come either from foreign sources, or from the Indian people themselves. To secure the capital from the Indian people, by the Russian technique of paying them less and charging them more, would require a ruthlessly autocratic government. Instead, the plan is committed to the democratic method of raising capital from voluntary savings and direct taxation. It is disheartening, however, to study the modest figures and discover that even if the plan is totally successful, the actual gain in income per capita over the five-year period will be very slight, because the annual increase in Indian population—between five and six million a year—will make it necessary to provide for some thirty million additional mouths.

The Wrong Kind of Education

POPULATION is the basic Indian problem—and the chances of getting it under control are hardly promising, in the light of traditional attitudes and standards of living. But the inadequacy of education is a major secondary problem. Unemployment of college graduates is serious throughout India, creating unparalleled opportunities for party-line recruitment.

There has been a pathetic misdirection of educational effort in the past, which persists in spite of a shelf of government reports which unerringly diagnose the basic malady: everyone wants a white-collar education for a white-collar job—and there are not enough white-collar jobs—while no one seems to want an education that is deliberately designed to meet actual needs in agriculture, technology, sanitation, and education.

There are some splendid exceptions here and there—agricultural colleges, engineering schools, teacher-training colleges. But the overwhelming majority of Indian colleges and

universities are grinding out a poor copy of English liberal-arts education of the time of Macaulay, which was transplanted to India in 1835 to give England a clerical and administrative service, "a class of persons, Indian in blood and color, but English in faith, in opinion, in morals, and in intellect" (to use Macaulay's own language in his classic *Minute on Indian Education*). The result today is a mongrel product, trained to be verbally proficient in studies for which there is little use, and disdainful of (or at best uninterested in) the type of training that would fit the everyday needs of India.

IT is popular to blame the British for a poor start, but the malady is more deeply rooted than rhetoric may suggest. (There has been no hesitation in rejecting other cultural imports of the British.) In this case, too, the basic difficulty seems to be an incompatibility between Indian attitudes toward labor and material productivity on the one hand, and a vague general desire for the fruits of material productivity on the other. There is much talk of freedom and technology in India; but there is very little awareness that the material well-being of the West is largely a by-product of Western spiritual and moral ideals, plus a positive attitude toward work. The educated Indian commonly considers manual labor—or even a foreman's job in a factory—as beneath his dignity.

Eleanor Roosevelt tells in her latest book, *India and the Awakening East*, of a conversation with Nehru in which she asked whether it would be possible to link India's spiritual faith in renunciation with the desire for material improvement. Where—she asked—would India get the *incentives* for the hard work that would be required for the betterment of her living conditions? Nehru, and many Indians with him, think of spiritual values as one thing—and of material progress as another. They have read Tawney with the other Fabian Socialists, but they have missed the essential lesson of the interdependence of moral attitudes and material progress. Or—as Mrs. Roosevelt politely summarizes it—"the discussion was inconclusive, and Nehru gave me no feeling that I was wrong."

This is precisely the moral vacuum which Communist propaganda is endeavoring to fill.

The gap between moral preachment and

actual practice is perhaps the common denominator of all my observations. It ranges from the theoretical respect for all forms of life, which leads to shocking cruelty to animals in actual practice, to the disparity in educational objectives and achievements which I have just mentioned. It is most glaringly obvious, however, in Indian discussions of foreign policy.

Preaching vs. Practice

THEORETICALLY—and economically—India is part of the “free world,” but no one who reads the Indian press would think for a moment that her real sympathies or interests are with the West. Almost every day someone repeats Nehru’s dogmatic statement that colonialism is worse than communism—and Americans are regarded as one of the “colonial powers,” when we are not singled out as the “leading imperialist power.” Mr. Dulles is the whipping boy of every editorial writer, in much the same spirit as those editorial writers in the United States who castigated Dean Acheson for his “soft policy” toward Moscow while he was in fact initiating the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the NATO pact.

Every speech of Senator McCarthy is widely publicized, while news items about new strategic railways from Communist China to the gates of India are minimized if they are published at all. Kashmir is discussed as if it were an American adventure in Indian imperialism. Incredible as it may seem to American readers, Indian editorial writers actually used the phrase, “the predatory Mr. Stevenson,” when they accused him of a fantastic plot to interfere in Kashmir as an “agent” of the Eisenhower Administration.

Nehru’s government voted in the United Nations to brand North Korea as an “aggressor.” Yet when Nehru addressed the Indian troops assigned to administer the Korean armistice, he stressed—and it was widely publicized in India—that they should remember that India was “a friend to both sides.” Indians still picture themselves as “moral leaders,” apparently undisturbed by the wide gap between their pronouncements on the one hand and their actual conduct in Kashmir or Korea on the other.

Perhaps the best pragmatic conclusion we

can draw is that we should never hesitate to give India clearly defined responsibilities so that—as in Korea where the Indian troops were responsible for practice rather than preachment—they might “learn what they live.”

It was amusing to me to witness the unsettlement of the established line of criticism against the supposedly “anti-Asiatic” United States, when I suggested that China had originally been put on the UN Security Council because America recognized the importance of having a permanent Asiatic seat there. I usually added that eventually, and after suitable guarantees of compliance with the United Nations Charter, Communist as well as Formosan China might be given membership in the Assembly—and that India might then receive the permanent seat in the Security Council. I presented this as the personal suggestion of a private student of international relations—but it led to categorical and official denials of Indian interest in such an idea, which would clearly focus responsibility and help to expose some of the empty moral preachment in which New Delhi now habitually indulges itself.

Incidentally, such a policy would help to make clear our real interest in the strength and responsibility of independent India—and, by focusing attention on responsibility, I think it would improve our position in India, whether or not it eventually was accepted.

WE ARE NOT waging a winning battle in India. Even during my ten weeks there, we were noticeably losing ground, and the image of China was forever in my mind. The causes are deeply anchored in the cultural history and domestic politics of India itself, as well as in some of the hardest facts of world politics.

But the battle is not lost. There are large potential resources on the side of freedom in India. They are particularly numerous in the villages, among the senior civil servants, and in the varied interests of India’s economic life which are closely interwoven with the West.

There is also great potential strength inside the Congress party itself, and in the confused but dynamic leadership of the Socialist party—which is far more critical of Soviet objectives than Nehru is.

The ideological no-man's land between Gandhi's disciples on the one hand and the Communist party on the other is currently filled by strange hybrids, ranging from fanatical Hinduism of the type that led to the assassination of Gandhi to extreme forms of nineteenth-century rationalism; from Vedantic communism, to the Fabianism of leaders like Nehru whose chief quarrel with the Socialists is their unwillingness to accept his soft foreign policy toward the Soviet Union. Almost anything can still be expected to emerge from the present fluidity of political forces.

I have great faith, however, that responsible participation in political decisions—such as India's military role in the Korean armistice—will throw the ultimate decision to the side of freedom. This is certainly not the time to

restrict our cultural and exchange programs in India—or to reduce our economic help.

The deep tendency of Indians to confuse the slogans of Communist propaganda with the idea of anti-colonial "nationalism" is a challenge to American political intelligence. American observers frequently make the mistake of confusing Nehru with the Indian nation. Nehru's intellectual and political position is "dated"—it is a viewpoint rooted in the Laski-Benes period. Even India's Socialists are more concerned with the modern problems of freedom than the veteran Nationalist leader whose views were crystallized by his life-long struggle against "colonialism." Whatever may have been the case in the past, support of Nehru is not necessarily identical, today, with a policy of support for a strong and independent India.

Apology for Eve

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD

COME back Eva, I've relented,
All I said was just invented
By demented
Jealousy,
Love gone crazy. Here's a handsome
Frank confession; for my ransom
Come and plant some
Sense in me.

No one here now cares a penny
Who I am among the many,
This might any
Fool have known.
Comfort gone and laughter ended,
Cocktail hour no longer splendid;
Though befriended,
Yet alone.

Day by day I've no one sharing
Home and garden, no one caring
What I'm wearing.
Life began
Not with Adam; when the new man
Lived alone, he wasn't human:
Adam's woman
Made him man.

A White Lie

A Story by William Sansom

Drawings by Raffaello Busoni

THE wife of my old friend stood by the doorway into her hall saying good night. We had dined well, and I was glad to be out there in the country with them, comfortable in that ordinary old brown room with its windows open to the veranda dark against the night sky outside, moths batting about the water colors, a smell of burned briar and red-backed novels about. It was a house of roast mutton, cardigans, absent children, and now and then a whiff of scent or groceries from my hostess; and if you went into the downstairs lavatory golf bags fell about you. Outside, no wicker-basket bicycle but a handy little second-hand runabout. We were in Surrey, in gabled conifer country.

So she looked down at her husband and myself, half-risen from our chairs, smiled, and said: "Now don't be long!"

And he, already filling his pipe, smiled back: "Ten minutes, my dear, ten minutes."

But when the door then closed behind her, he went straight over to the whisky decanter. This I knew meant half the night.

I watched as his well-known back swore at the spluttering siphon, and shook my head: "You old liar you."

He turned. "No," he said, "just a simple convention. We both know. But somehow a statement, a misstatement is necessary."

Whenever he said anything he believed, he looked puzzled. Now those ridges crossed his forehead and while holding our two glasses he still managed to scratch the end of his mustache-stubble with one finger. Belief caused him to question belief.

"A convention," he went on, "and that's

very different from a white lie. Though they may be necessary too. Well-intentioned deceit, the sweet sister of Give-and-Take. Though," and he frowned as he sat down, "any white lie can breed seven others before nightfall: and these get grayer as they go on, until the big black one in the night. You've got to be careful."

"You have."

He looked at me curiously, as if I myself were an evidence, a memory he could almost recall.

"There was one white lie, lily-white . . ." he murmured. "I've never told anyone before. But . . ." and he looked at me a bit too carefully for my comfort, "would you like to hear?"

I had to nod. And he was off.

"I STARTED pretty early," he said, "in fact, exactly as I was proposing. You might say I skated into her arms on a white lie—and it ended in a white wedding.

"But it was really no skating time, it was June. Eleven years ago. A full sweet high green English June. Grasses high, trees full-blown, all summer fresh and full-green, and I was on holiday in this Hampshire village where I met her.

"I fell for her and then I fell in love with her. She was so—but how can one describe the girl one loves? The days of the great loose lovely adjective seem to be over. I suppose most people would have thought her an attractive young woman with a nice nature, admired her enterprise in raising a market garden from her mother's fallen fortunes,

watched her while about the village in an old station wagon, and looked to the day when she'd settle down with a nice comfortable young man just that much older. Who was soon—but soon only by a stroke of strange chance—to be me.

"I was in love, but I was normally nervous. Or abnormally reticent. Or for an Englishman normally reticent. I don't know, but anyway I had put off saying the word until the last moment, the last day, the last afternoon of my holiday. And there I was with bags packed to leave that village of my summering and my love, berth booked at Southampton for half-a-year abroad. In an hour the country train that was to take me would come puffing up the valley, its echo steaming always nearer to tell me the time was up. Even before that, one might see, like a distant fire in the summer fields, the soundless puff of its white smoke. Then see it crawling black against the green fields, a small creature in the wide rise and fall of land, slow, insignificant. But it would grow bigger, move faster, and come at last flying iron-high into the village and shudder stamping to a stop, and stop time too.

"I had just an hour—before I'd hear it. I think she knew what was on my mind—and I think we both felt the answer would be yes. But there was the saying to be done. A traditional hurdle. At any rate—there we were taking a last walk down the lane to where our special place was, a lovely sheltered bank of high grass by the lock-gates of a disused canal. That doesn't sound much. But it had its magic. June is not all roses.

The rank land of flowering nettles and huge-leaved docks, of grass high as corn and the white elder-flower lacing the air above, the time of year when gravestones disappear in country churchyards—there's a summer magic in so much rich, high, growing green. Green upon green upon green—and a nightshade underneath, a smell of quiet black earth. Old story-books of the past century show it well in their steel engravings of summers long ago—no color of flowers in these, just as there were no flowers but the lace-white elder to punctuate the luxuriant green of that special patch we had grown to love so. It seemed resonant of all summers past, it grew fresh every year but it was old. No sound but the occasional shuffling of a bird: blue, long afternoon blue above: it was a sleepy place, and no clock ticked away the time.

"**Y**ET—there was one other color, though again green. This was the slime, like a jeweled lichen, that covered entirely the motionless canal water. Bright yellow-green, a lovely mold of minute leaves like wet emerald dust, rich as marzipan, close-fitting to every submerged branch or fallen lock-timber as the skin of a pretty lizard. When the sun shone on this motionless brocade of mold it was as fascinating to the eye as things that move—as a fresh running stream.

"Mary had settled herself down on the grass, and I was just bending to sit beside her, when I happened, by habit, by chance, I don't know, to glance back at that jeweled scum. Just then the sun came out from behind a small cloud. And in sud-



denly defined shadow it drew on the sparkling green, not a yard from the bank, three yards from my foot, a monstrous effigy. It drew the face and figure of a man, dead, lying on his back half logged in the water.

"'Darling,' she cried, 'What's . . . ?' I was looking again, unbelieving, at the lovely slime. There was no doubt, the little green leaves made a wet mask of his features, nose, eye sockets, cheek bones—no more than that, nothing to say if it was bone or still flesh. The world seemed to grow wide, wide as I held my breath for a long second of racing thoughts—until at last I found my voice: 'I thought something stung me. But I don't think—' She looked alarmed, I judged her eye-level, it didn't look as if she could see, but in panic I did what otherwise I would never have dared—flung myself across her. 'It was nothing,' I said and closed her answer in a long kiss.

"And then I began to murmur all my love—but all the time my lips were making those words, and I meant them, my mind was roaring: Will she see? If she sees—the moment's gone, possibly forever. Could I tell her? No, there isn't time. But the police? There isn't time. But my citizen's duty? *There isn't time.* But at the same moment—as in moments of emotion the mind still finds time to angle off on the most ordinary, material considerations—a great and awful curiosity gripped me: who was this green dead man? Murder? Accident? The fatal mischance, long ago alone in this deep country, of a lonely traveler? An airman dropped from the war? And how long ago? Bones picked by the canal mud, now mysteriously chemically risen? Or if it was murder, and only yesterday—how fast did that green stuff grow?—and if we two left some sort of trace, a belt buckle, cigarette ends, anything . . . Then what? But always the answer came . . . *No time now.* And then the sound of the train came puffing climbing up the valley. It was the building of two new lives against the mystery of his now passed. So with his green dead mask behind me, I asked her to be my wife.

"**H**OURS afterward I wanted to tell the police, to cable. But I never did. They'd have asked why I didn't report immediately . . . and my reply would have sounded rather silly—you know the way



they go on—besides, it would have come back on her. As far as I know, he's still there.

"And I've never told her, either. She's often talked of that day: and she always says it was the way I looked and acted that really decided her. I'd been a bit slow, a bit reserved before . . . but on that last day, there down by the canal, she'd felt the sudden strength of my arms, seen a real anguish in my eyes, my heart, and hers had cried, yelled, she said, out to me. . . .

"So you see. . . . A mild opportune deceit, a whitish lie can go a long way.

"Once you're in, you worm down deeper and deeper. You're faced once again with an old problem, the choice that faces us one way or another every day of our lives, and perhaps colors our thinking moments more than any other in this less formal, more complicated, less ethically defined age of ours—I mean the choice between expediency and truth. You might say that, if I told her, she would understand. So she would. But at the same time she would lose something precious. It is held sane, but it is often cruel, to destroy illusions. For all I know it might be the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and in this case the back of a largely cherished camel. What do you think? . . .

"More whisky?"

After Hours

Mayhem in Academe

It is very nearly an *a priori* assumption among academics these days that this is an age of anti-intellectualism in which the members of the upper reaches of the teaching profession and of scholarship have never had it so tough. Unless, however, the position of the intellectual in the community were a strong one, there would be no reason for attacking him. But be that as it may, there is no one outside the academic profession who knows how to be as mean to an intellectual as a pure-blooded academic himself. If scholars could use on their enemies the techniques that they use on their friends, they would fare far better in their present war with anti-intellectualism.

If you are in any doubt about what I mean, let me refer you to the back pages of any scholarly journal. There you will find the professors reviewing the books of their colleagues. There you will see scholarly gentlemen, the hope of civilization, lighting matches under the intellectual fingernails of other scholarly gentlemen. You would get the impression that the academics really find each other insufferable. It's not so, of course, but the academic book review is one of the most lethal weapons of a civilization that prides itself on its means of devastation.

Such reviews seem to follow a formula. They start with a statement which welcomes the book in question and greets it with a few platitudes. Then comes the section that starts with "but" This is the meat of the review. The final paragraph seems to try to repair the damage, at least sufficiently to avoid a physical attack on the reviewer by the reviewee at their next encounter. With this in mind, let me try to give you a specimen of an academic book review that, if you should be called on, you can use by filling in specifics where I have used generalities.



Title of book, name of author, name of university press, number of pages and price—usually set in bold face, as here.

The publication of this study will be welcomed by all scholars in the field. It isolates an aspect of the subject for the first time and places it in a heretofore largely overlooked perspective, thereby opening avenues of investigation which could only have been suggested by a scholar who could bring to the work a background of specialized knowledge, an uncommon familiarity with the area of study, and a methodology at once painstaking and objective.

It seems to this reviewer, however, that in setting forth the thesis which he wishes his readers to pursue with him, the author has embarked on a line of investigation that in its essential elements cannot arrive at any thing but a wholly erroneous set of conclusions. He has, for example, assumed as valid certain findings on the part of a number of his colleagues who have been investigating allied areas, and without further investigation of his own, has proceeded from premises which, the reader will find, I have in my own works on this subject proved to be without basis in sound scholarship or interpretation.

I should like to suggest, moreover, that the author return once again to primary sources, because I believe that on re-examination he will find that he has not only misquoted them (he has relied on the eleventh-century vulgarized transcription instead of the more reliable tenth-century source) but that if he will consult my book on the subject he will discover that his translation of their meaning in the light of twentieth-century scholarship is both inaccurate, and if I may say so, dangerous. Were he able to say what he meant (re-

grettably he is less than expert in the handling of the English language), his readers might better distinguish the small areas of scholarship in his book from the vast areas of pure fantasy and wishful thinking.

In all justice, however, I should like to say in conclusion, that this book will be welcomed by all scholars in the field, and that its author has undertaken to illuminate a most important and all too frequently ignored facet of this field of investigation. For this we must be duly grateful.

The Sullivan Street Smile

GREENWICH VILLAGE is both an artist's colony and a small town, and the coalescence of art and the neighborhood spirit is the Outdoor Art Exhibit which descends twice a year, in spring and fall, on Washington Square. In recent years the show has overflowed the Square, and the city has closed to traffic three parallel blocks below, MacDougal, Sullivan, and Thompson Streets, to provide extra gallery space. Washington Square itself is expensive and decorous, but these streets are poor and Bohemian. Perhaps it is this difference in *ton* that determines that Washington Square proper displays the varnished and framed paintings, while these streets are the domain of the while-you-wait portraitists, ranging from quick-sketch artists working in pencil or charcoal to full-dress operators who produce two-by-four-foot oils.

My wife and I discovered, on our last visit, that a blank leaf on an easel has the same fascination as a street excavation. Each artist had a little group of onlookers who crowded in, whispering to each other, and occasionally gave advice. We stopped once on Sullivan Street and we were hooked.

Shortly after we arrived, a twentish young man in a howling-blue sports ensemble plopped his girl, a lush blonde in a stiff white peasant blouse, onto a vacant sitter's chair and dickered till the artist gave him a price. Then, as the painter got to work, he bought himself a Good Humor and sat down on the curb to eat it and watch the easel. We left the portrait we'd been supervising to follow this new venture from start to finish.

The artist was a young man about the same age as his patrons, with a long, serious,

gangling face, who worked with a kind of dramatized application: he emphasized the picking up of each piece of charcoal, and, when he measured with his thumb, held the pose for long, solemn moments. Nevertheless, in no time he had sketched in the face and figure to the waist and started laying on the oils. I noticed, though, that he had left the mouth and chin blurred: they were giving him trouble. Then, as I looked up the street, I saw that the other painters were all in the same fix.

The difficulty was that the sitters' mouths wouldn't keep still. Not that the sitters were talking—they were much too conscious of posing—but the mouths were curling, of themselves, into little self-conscious half-smiles. The sitters were trying to uncurl their mouths: they were trying to look natural, or, better, noble and serious and beautiful. But fifty strangers were staring at them, including a squinting painter who might very well be reading the secrets of their souls and putting them down unmistakably and permanently—along with a slightly crooked nose and rather thick eyebrows—so they were embarrassed and couldn't help themselves. It was the same smile on all of them, a smile not specifically theirs, but rather a smile of situation, or, more exactly, a smile of predicament. I felt I had seen that smile before, and I had, in family photograph albums. But still, I thought, as the lips of the girl we were watching gave a jump and curled faintly up again, there was an archetype smile of that kind—and then I remembered the Mona Lisa.

THERE seems to be, in the world of art and ideas, a family-style system of hand-me-downs: whenever adults stop taking a theory or a work seriously and are on the point of discarding it, they give it to the children and make them wear it out. In art, there is the mystery of the Mona Lisa, or, as my sixth-grade teacher asked one day in the period devoted to art appreciation, "Why does she smile that way, children? No one has ever discovered." I took the question to heart—the whole class did—and it was years before I realized that the teacher hadn't cared about the answer: it was strictly a question for children.

I was looking for the answer in high

school, when I came across Vasari's statement, in his *Lives of the Painters*, that Leonardo hired a small orchestra to play during Mona Lisa's sittings and evoke her ambiguous smile. At the time I rejected this notion because it so resembled those Hollywood press releases that appear when an epic is being filmed and explain how five thousand zebras were persuaded to stampede during forty continuous hours of retakes. I was still looking for the answer when I found Walter Pater's passage beginning, "She is older than the rocks among which she sits . . ." in which he imagines that this Italian housewife had been gloating for four centuries because she had trafficked, on the side, with Eastern merchants. At that time, I thought Pater was just showing off.

Yet when I discovered, as an adult, that Mona Lisa was simply nervous, I realized that both men had gleams of the truth: they had, at any rate, half-solved the smile. Mona Lisa was only human, which means she had *something* on her conscience, though probably

plausible that Leonardo hired musicians to play during Mona Lisa's sittings, but it was obviously to get her to relax and wipe that grin off her face. But as Mona Lisa was no celebrity and, like the sitters of Sullivan Street, unused to having her portrait painted, the presence of the strangers with lutes or hautboys or shawms or rebecs probably unnerved her quite as much as being alone with the painter, so that Leonardo finally gave up and painted the smile, for he was too responsible an artist to fill in an imaginary mouth.

So, we discovered, was the young painter we were watching. The girl rose from her chair when the painting was finished, and discovered a bewitching smile on her portrait she and her young man agreed they had never before seen on her lips. They stood in various poses and twisted their heads at assorted angles, considering; the girl, at last, decided she liked the picture because she looked pretty, and the young man received the unsolicited assurance from several members of the crowd that it was a fine likeness. So, I am sure, was the Mona Lisa.



nothing so serious as the black-marketeering Pater suggested, and as it has always been part of the folklore of Western civilization that artists can see deep into the soul, she probably felt, like the Sullivan Street sitters, very much on the spot. It also seems perfectly

Illiterate Feet

JUST about six years ago this column got around to the subject of the ballet, of its most notable benefactor Mr. Lincoln Kirstein, and of the status it enjoys in this predominately non-dancing country.

"A Protestant dancer is almost unthinkable," I quoted Mr. Kirstein as saying. "The best dancers are brought up in countries where it is considered honorable to dance." Dancing was "still the stepchild of the arts in America," he thought, but audiences were growing. He seemed not to be worried about the future.

Now, a half-dozen years later, I think it is fair to say that his optimism was justified. What was then Mr. Kirstein's Ballet Theater is now the New York City Ballet, playing late this past winter to reassuringly sizable audiences in the City Center of Music and Drama, of which Mr. Kirstein himself is now managing director. The New York City Ballet has become the closest equivalent you could imagine to an official national company, with a reputation reinforced in Europe by tumultuous applause and in America by a picture on

the cover of a newsmagazine. Short of having courses in the ballet given by Arthur Murray, it is hard to see how it could become more honorable.

Mr. Murray's own eminence, parenthetically, is a symptom of changing mores, as I am reminded by the *Wall Street Journal's* assurance that there are now more Americans studying ballroom dancing than there are enrolled in all our colleges and universities. Yet this is not The Dance, of course, in Mr. Kirstein's sense; and it can hardly be argued that so Calvinist a country as this one has abruptly become fertile soil for ballet talent. "You people," an educated African Negro anthropologist said to me several months ago, "are simply illiterate in the dance. You're almost as bad as the British."

FROM the African point of view, the distinction between ballet and ballroom would be differently drawn. In the African sense, ballet in the United States is still a spectator sport; and my anthropologist friend would probably regard nationwide instruction in the Mambo as, in the long run, more beneficial to the United States than a dozen New York City Centers. His tradition is one in which the music derives from the dancing—the sound having originated as a consequence of the gesture—and to him we seem to go about the whole business in a ridiculously backward fashion.

A sharply contrasting theory of the dance is presented by a group touring America this spring—the Azuma Kabuki company from Japan. Its tradition is even more rigorously formal than our own. I suspect they have adapted freely for audiences who have hardly any idea what they are up to, but their basic style of really extreme artificiality has not been lost. To the Japanese, a posed tableau can clearly arouse the most exquisite sensations, and an American observer gets the constant impression that the costumes are at least as important as the people inside them. Even so, it is surprising how much is similar, how many ways of moving about the stage Kabuki has in common with the ballet, and how much more alike they are than either is like the communal dancing that seems natural to an African.

To be sure, neither ballet nor Kabuki is intended to be popular recreation; both are



polished and stylized theater. Yet the question remains: how much can the audience sense vicariously of what the dancer is doing and trying to say, without knowing how it feels to dance. There is more to it than making a pretty picture. Either the ballet awakens echoes of muscular empathy in its observer, or else it loses its power to stir him deeply—and the dancer begins to seem like a marionette, gyrating to a music box. The audience must dance too, as the Africans do, at least in phantasy, in order to be receptive and responsive.

BUT this isn't meant to imply that the New York City Ballet is not worth every word of praise it's had. The company will be on tour this summer—in Chicago as these words are published—with stops along the Pacific Coast through June and August in Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles (Kabuki will also be in these parts the end of May and first of June).

Even if you went to the ballet for nothing but the noise and the colors—as, to pick the noisiest and brightest, in "Fanfare"—you would be rewarded out of all proportion to your belief, or lack of it, in the future of the American dance. Six more years at the present rate, and nobody will have to worry about its future.

—Mr. Harper



The New Books

by

Gilbert Highet

Cry Havoc

Wars do not end for generations, sometimes for centuries, after the killing stops. People go on paying for them, rebuilding after them, altering the world to accommodate the changes they have brought, and thinking about them and the revelations of character and destiny which they involved. Already there have been some fine novels and histories about the second world war. More will appear in the future, written from new and surprising points of view. Historically and strategically and psychologically, not one tenth of its story has been told.

The Final Struggle

REVIEWING Plievier's *Moscow* in April, I suggested that this able novelist ought to write a third volume covering the final stage of Hitler's war. A novel on almost exactly that theme has now appeared: Erich Maria Remarque's *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* (translated by Denver Lindley, Harcourt Brace, \$3.95, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for June). It describes the last furlough of a doomed German infantryman fighting on the Russian front. He returns to his home town, to find it almost unrecognizable. He can scarcely even discover the street where he and his father and mother once lived. When he locates it, it is a tormented mass of ruins. Where is number Eighteen? Eighteen had been his house. Is this Eighteen? No, this is Twenty-two. Where is Eighteen? Where are his parents?

He never finds them. He learns only that they are alive; they have been removed. . . . He does find a girl whom he had once known, and, with her, he has a few days of happiness. Even that

happiness is like a moment of peaceful dreaming in the midst of a sustained nightmare: air raids, burning buildings, arrests and terror, brutality and madness and despair. Graeber, the hero, is not a Nazi party member, he is simply a soldier; but, as he says himself, in the relentless discipline of the German army it is practically impossible not to fight even when one feels that fighting and dying are meaningless. And so, after his furlough, he returns, and fights, and fights, until at last he takes one final decision which both brings him death and gives his life some meaning.

This is a good book, well planned, and full of poignant detail. Its author reminds us, indirectly but clearly, that throughout the sufferings of Graeber and his fellow-Germans there were millions upon millions of others whose agonies were infinitely worse, whose homes were occupied, not by compatriots, but by brutal or callous aliens, and whose very food was stolen to keep the Boches alive. At Graeber's first dinner with his enchanting girl, they eat sole from Belgium, *foie gras* from Alsace, and cheese from starving Holland: the first gift he gives her is a bottle of vodka looted from Russia, and he follows it with some armagnac looted from France. I remember in Germany, just after the war, seeing a letter in which a woman lamented bitterly that in the very last air raid before the war ended, her husband had lost an entire medical library which he had taken from a Dutch doctor's home during the occupation of Holland: she said it showed the injustice of war. I should imagine that this Remarque novel would not be very popular in Europe outside Germany; but probably many of us here can read it with more

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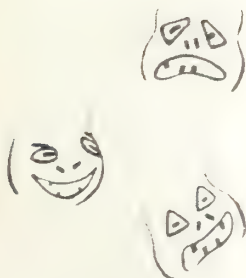
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Occupation

Two good non-fictional books add to our knowledge of that horrible and glorious epoch. In *October '43* (translated by Milly Lindholm, Putnam, \$3), a gentle, pacifistic Danish schoolteacher, Aage Bertelsen, tells how he and almost all the other Danes in the kingdom exerted themselves, as soon as the occupying Nazis had determined to arrest and destroy the Jewish population, to hide, feed, comfort, and ultimately smuggle overseas into Sweden thousands and thousands of these doomed and helpless people. The tale is moving enough in itself. What is even more moving is Mr. Bertelsen's account of how, although reared as a Christian on Jewish-inspired scriptures, he realized for the first time through this close and dangerous association both the weaknesses and the strengths of Judaism.

The Danes are rather trustful. Their attitude to the Germans was far less bitter and violent than that of the hard, vengeful Norwegians. Much of that mildness shows up in this book—notably in the strange fact that Mr. Bertelsen gives the real names and descriptions of many of his underground helpers, and explains their stratagems quite candidly. Evidently it has not struck him that, if the Russians occupy his little country, all the men and women he has named will be arrested as "unreliable elements" and the escape routes he has described will be rendered useless.

THE Poles, who have suffered more, are less trusting. Throughout their new book on the Polish resistance, *The Unseen and Silent* (translated by George Iranek-Osmecky, Sheed & Ward, \$4.50), there are scarcely any genuine names (only *crzypwte pseudonyzmy* such as "Zryw" and "Krzyk") and very broad and general organizational details. Told from many different points of view, this book nevertheless forms a convincing and moving unity—culminating in a superb chapter nearly a hundred pages long, describing the almost successful attempt by the Polish Home Army to recapture Warsaw from the Germans, a fabulously courageous action which lasted for over two months, and which would surely have succeeded if the Russian forces, instead of waiting in treacherous apathy outside the tormented city, had thrown in only a few batteries of artillery, a few squadrons of tanks, to help in the struggle against Hitler. Perhaps they thought it would soon be over. As the battle stretched out for a month, six weeks, two months, sixty-nine days, did they feel ashamed? Whatever they felt, their leaders were once more reminded of the permanent fact that the Poles hate foreign rule and have a

genius for insurrection. At the end of this unhappy but heroic book, we seem to hear, faintly but clearly, the hymn of the Polish Legions:

Poland has not yet perished
 While still we live. . . .

Battle

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Someone had blunder'd.

MOST of us know Tennyson's poem on the charge of the British light cavalry brigade at the battle of Balaclava, in the Crimean war, one hundred years ago this coming October. Very few of us know what happened. In fact, the brigade was ordered to attack a Russian force which was withdrawing from a ridge with some captured British guns. The order was misinterpreted as instructions for an attack on another Russian force, not on the ridge but at the end of the underlying valley, fronted by its own guns in an almost impregnable position and flanked by batteries on both sides. The result (as a French observer remarked) was "magnificent, but it was not war."

The action was not very important strategically, and the casualties scarcely exceeded five hundred. Such bungles are to be found in the history of every army (think of Longstreet's career), but unless they directly change the course of a war they would seem scarcely worth writing about. Yet Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith, author of *The Reason Why* (McGraw-Hill, \$4), has made a completely absorbing book out of this single incident. Her description of the battle itself is splendid, ranking with the best of Arthur Bryant's Napoleonic action scenes. Her understanding of tactics is thorough, and she knows British history admirably well.

She explains the astonishing blunder as the result of many convergent forces, all of which she analyzes with delicate perception and wide learning: the characters of the principal officers involved (all British noblemen, brave, inexperienced, headstrong, and selfish) and of their subordinates (battle-hardened Indian Army officers coldly ignored, brilliant prima donnas like the Italian-born Irish officer who delivered and misinterpreted the fatal order); the organization of the British army, where the men were almost hopelessly neglected, few officers ever studied military theory, and commissions were secured by family or political interest and the payment of huge sums of money; and the structure of British society, in which a peer of the realm was then all but irresistibly powerful and considered himself above criticism from the mass of the public, to say nothing of his tenants, dependents, and subalterns.

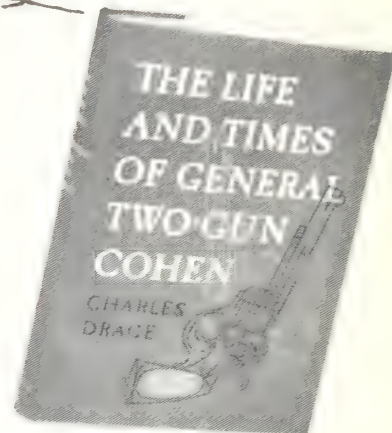


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Mrs. Woodham-Smith is apparently a pupil of Lytton Strachey. Her style is often satiric; she makes little attempt to conceal her scorn for the chief actors; and her account of the Irish famines and evictions vibrates with pitiful indignation. But she writes less fancifully and more thoroughly than Strachey, and her book leaves a much more lasting impression than his brief, brilliant, inaccurate essays. It is warmly recommended.

Original Novels

You will enjoy everything about Margery Sharp's *The Gipsy in the Parlour* (Little, Brown, \$3.50, Literary Guild choice for May) except perhaps the mistaken title. Miss Sharp writes deliciously. She has a fine sense for rhythms and words—for instance, she must be one of the few living authors who know the meaning of "careen"—and her humor is pervasive but sensitive, as in this description of a little girl's gloomy home life:

On Sundays we all ate roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at the big dining-room table, when I was questioned briefly yet searchingly on my week's school work. If our dining-room chairs still exist, one has scuffed legs.

It is a pleasant story she tells: of a huge Devon farming family, four big brothers and three deep-breasted hearty wives, into which comes a little woman meant to be the fourth wife. The little woman is not quite ready for marriage . . . an illness, inexplicable and possibly dangerous . . . a decline, even . . . an affliction of some sort keeps her alive and allows her to rest in the parlour while the other women work, but will not permit her to marry. Gradually she comes, from her sickbed, to dominate the house. The domination is ended, naturally but ingeniously, in a denouement which I shall not spoil by describing it here. This is a charming book from the first sentence to the last. Only the title is wrong. The little woman, Myfanwy Davis, is not a gipsy: a gipsy girl would never imprison herself in one or two rooms of a house, would never work so quietly and deviously, would flare out now and then, would

enjoy life too much rather than too little. No, she is a cunning, dark, brooding Welsh girl, with the voice that Dylan Thomas calls "the dumb goose-hiss." (See his wonderful evocation of a Welsh village, *Under Milk Wood*, New Directions, \$3.)

THEN there are two novels about business. J. B. Priestley has produced a weird story, part Buchan, part Balchin, part Gurdjieff, called *The Magicians* (Harper, \$3). It tells of a tired, disillusioned executive who finds his life senseless and thinks of retiring. But he is drawn into a colossal plan to provide the whole world with a calming, cheering drug, something more encouraging than aspirin, more warming than

Books on the Air

Gilbert Highet's radio program, "People, Places and Books," is now broadcast over New York station WQXR and many other stations throughout the country, and is probably the most popular book program being listened to today. Ask your local station if it is now being broadcast in your area.

cigarettes, less habit-forming than alcohol. (See Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*.)

Because he knows that this invention, apparently beneficial, will make the human race still stupider, still more receptive to simple false propaganda, he resists; yet he is attracted by the power and the rewards involved. At this point, enter the Three Wise Men—three calm, infinitely far-sighted, rootless, and unidentifiable sages, who come to dominate the negotiations. They understand, far more deeply than the average man, the mysterious time-dimension of the universe in which we all uncomprehendingly live. Somehow, they can control the vision which others have of that dimension. By making the chief characters revert, in a dream, to their own youth, and thereby realize their own shallowness and misery, they thwart the entire plot. This book is so imaginatively and energetically written that one realizes only on

THE NEW BOOKS

reflection how shallow and improbable its main theme has proved to be.

The Power and the Prize (Ballantine, \$3.50), by Howard Swiggett, is more broadly written and actually goes much deeper. It is a study of big business, on the level where money matters little ("you pay him somewhere around fifty grand, I suppose"), where international competition between major states is involved in any deal, and where one of the ultimate conflicts is the struggle among the top men for personal power. These men are the Executives, the Managers, who exist in every advanced civilization. Mr. Swiggett describes, with care and subtlety, a long and arduous negotiation between an American and a British combine for the control and capitalization of an important new metallurgical process, with mining rights attached; within this, he tells a strange but convincing love-story, interwoven with a bitter personal struggle between the powerful but unscrupulous old boss and his calm, determined, ultimately more human heir-apparent. A stirring novel, which I read twice with increasing enjoyment.

Vice and Crime

THE former head of the Vice Squad at Scotland Yard, Robert Fabian, has produced another account of his work, **London After Dark** (British Book Centre, \$3.50). This is even better than his earlier reminiscences (reviewed here in October 1953), and contains many remarkable stories of detection. But the most interesting thing in it is the account of the dangerous societies that flourish in the underworld of London, as of every large city—the dope-takers, the perverts, the dirty-book and dirty-film enthusiasts, the sewage of humanity. Some of Mr. Fabian's accounts recall a novel about the New York underworld called *The Little Stockade*, by N. A. Scott; and one chapter at least coincides with a sensational episode in the fourteenth volume of Jules Romains' *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*.

Mr. Fabian complains bitterly that the laws of Britain hamper the

police in controlling the spread of such societies, and that the ordinary man does not realize how important it is to eliminate stimuli specially designed to appeal to the weak-minded or the spiritually crippled. A police reporter once told me that whenever a particularly brutal type of murder was committed in his area, the police searched the neighborhood until they found a room where the walls and ceiling were covered with pornographic pictures, and then began to question the occupant. He added that they were seldom wrong: the confession often came soon, as though with relief. Mr. Fabian agrees with this, and says:

I maintain that such a man begins to commit actual murder from the first moment that he begins to indulge his sadistic daydreams, from the instant that he deviates from his normal routine, and begins to buy sadistic [books]. . . . And I believe that anyone who does anything at all towards pandering to such impulses is equally guilty as an accessory.

SO says the preventive officer, who has to pick up the bodies, murdered or abused, and then find the men who wrecked them. So says the New York State legislative committee on "comic" books, which in its annual report unanimously agrees that "authors and publishers are exploiting crime and horror for profit" and that the distribution of crime-packed "comic" books has contributed in large measure to juvenile delinquency.* So, with much more force and with a broader frame of reference, says Dr. Frederic Wertham in a painful book called **Seduction of the Innocent** (Rinehart, \$4, Book-of-the-Month Club alternate for June).

It is painful in several ways, not least because it is so clumsily written. It looks as though it had been put together, hurriedly and in furious indignation, from dozens of files and case histories all bearing on the same subject, and then rushed into print without proper editing. The result is that it may repel many sensitive readers and fail to convince many more, because it sounds repeti-

* *New York Times*, March 12, 1954.

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tive, disconnected, and careless. It is a regrettable blunder to mangle the language like this:

A parent who *would* look casually over his child's comic books would think that almost every book *has* its own publisher.

Although Dr. Wertham does not write well, he is an experienced psychologist—experienced in one of the fields which is most important for this inquiry: crime and incipient madness among young people. And he gives powerful examples, first, of the actual statements made by "disturbed" youngsters about the fevered excitement they feel in gazing at the more atrocious pictures in "comic" books; second, of the disgustingly vulgar and distorted scenes the books contain; and, third, of the enormous profits involved in this traffic. As one of the researchers for the *Reader's Digest* said, "Pornography has now become big business." And if pornography is suppressed here and there, then sadism can be substituted, with almost equally large profits to the publisher. After all, what harm does it do? No one suffers—except the artists, who want money so much that they willingly paint revolting pictures to illustrate the vile stories handed them by their bosses; the authors, who may at one time have thought they would be creative writers, and now find themselves dredging the garbage for edible morsels; and the unstable young people who are showered with books about gorilla-rapists and brilliant crooks, and are thus subjected to the worst kind of all educational patterns, the bold and violent stimulus followed by a short cold sedative ("But Remember, Crime Does Not Pay" to which they tend to reply, "No, but it's Awful Fun"). The most powerful part of Dr. Wertham's book comes toward the end, where he examines the idea that banning dirty books would mean censorship, and that censorship of this kind is unconstitutional. He quotes an opinion given by Mr. Justice Frankfurter in the U. S. Supreme Court:

It would be sheer dogmatism . . . to deny to the New York legislature the right to believe that the intent of the type of publications which it has proscribed is to cater to mor-

bid and immature minds—whether chronologically or permanently immature. . . . Laws that forbid publications inciting to crime [are] not within the constitutional immunity of free speech.

This last sentence covers almost all the ground that Dr. Wertham has tried, in his confused but passionately sincere treatise, to explore.

Also Enjoyed

The Relaxed Sell, by Thomas Whiteside (Oxford, \$3.50), investigates big business from one of its strangest sides: advertising and high-pressure salesmanship. It is composed of seven long articles in the best tradition of intelligent reporting: filled with facts, made real by many verbatim conversations and visual reminiscences, and contriving to be civilly impersonal without ever becoming dull. Mr. Whiteside's piece on soap opera, "Life can be Terrible," is scarcely up to James Thurber's wonderful five-part study, "Soapland" (which can be found in *The Beast in Me*, Harcourt, Brace, 1948); but his other articles are keen and witty. If you think of it, it is absurd for fifteen intelligent men (an organizer, an editor, an eminent scientist, two writers*, a director, an advertising man, four actors, an announcer, a sound-effects man, and at least two cameramen, not to mention prop men, stagehands, laboratory personnel, and so forth) to spend much of their waking life producing TV melodramas about space-travel, aimed at twelve-year-old children and designed to persuade their parents to buy one kind of cereal rather than another.

But it is even more ridiculous when we look into its details. The monstrous Mesozoic reptile found by the space-explorers on a planet attached to Alpha Centauri is in fact a two-inch turtle bought in New York; the Mesozoic mud in which it wallows is a tray of Wheatena; the camera does the rest. Yet, by jingo, there's gold in that thar mud. Ask anyone in the advertising business.

Around a Rusty God, by Augusta Walker (Dial, \$3), is a touching

* One of the writers is also a trained urologist, which seems appropriate.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

little story about a lonely Chinese boy who got two tiny kiddings, reared them, learned to love them, and learned from them how to understand other animals and other people. The book is full of kindly understanding, and the style is sensitive. The reader sometimes asks himself why, among so many Chinese who are brutally cruel to animals, this one boy is such an exception: Beng Gow himself would say it is because, by growing up with the animals, he was brought to realize they were not strangers.

The Literary Guild selection for June, Mary Deasy's *The Corioli Affair* (Atlantic/Little Brown, \$3.75) is a romantic novel about the unhappy love affair of an Irish immigrant girl in the 1880s. The hero is a river-boat captain. After it gets going, the story is good enough, but it is set forth in a style as damp and colorless as the river mists.

Louis Auchincloss's *The Romantic Egoists* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3) is a skillfully written and percipient group of short stories about contemporary New Englanders and New Yorkers. One of them, "The Legends of Henry Everett," appeared in this magazine.

Memoirs of a Buccaneer, by L. A. T. Le Golif (translated by M. Barnes, Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) is an amusing Errol-Flynnish autobiography which may not be genuine, but is full of action and humor.

Four Thousand Years Under the Sea, by Philippe Diolé (translated by G. Hopkins, Messner, \$4.50), is a careful, scholarly, and yet beautifully evocative account of a new kind of archaeological investigation, the discovery and exploration of sunken ships and cities of antiquity.

Randall Jarrell's brilliantly witty portrayal of a small "progressive" college, *Pictures from an Institution* (Knopf, \$3.50), has not much story; but its character-drawing, style, and humor are dazzling. Those who like irony will particularly appreciate the fact that much of the book is a satire on a satirist who is engaged in satirizing the other inhabitants of the academy.

BOOKS IN BRIEFS

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Cobweb, by William Gibson.

This is a first novel which affected this reader like a dash of cold water in the face—stimulating and refreshing to a degree. It is a vivid story of cross-currents in institutional administration, which means that it is a story of human desires, ambitions, frailties, and strengths, and it is fascinating. The institution happens to be a home for the mentally ill, but this is no *Snake Pit*. The patients come into the picture, of course, and movingly too, but only as they affect the lives of the administrators and doctors whose story this is. . . . A new set of drapes for the living room of "the castle" sets the whole interlocking cobweb shaking in a poignantly exciting series of events. For the duration of the book, and well after, the reader vibrates with the emotions of the highly credible, and often lovable, cast of characters. Immediacy and compassion come right out of the pages. Knopf, \$5

The Last Love of Camille, by Frances Winwar.

This is a sweetened presentation of the affair between Franz Liszt and the Lady of the Camellias. Basically, of course, it is the story of the beautiful and appealing nineteenth-century courtesan, born Marie Alphonsine Duplessis. She was mistress of many, Chopin and Liszt among them, and finally married and destroyed the young Count Perrégaux, though she was, according to the story, passionately devoted the whole time to the fickle Liszt. It is story material all right, and has tempted writers and musicians before. Miss Winwar's evocation of the time and people is not distinguished but it is readable and romantic and will probably be popular. Harper, \$3

The Generous Heart, by Life in Fearing.

A fine, suspenseful story of the West, of the tale in a fund-raising fiction Campaign Consultants, a violent skulduggery including, by der—in a so-called philanthro

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ganization which wanted to become a client, *The Generous Heart*. The story begins with a hit-run fatality in Central Park and gets more and more involved and violent as each character tells his part of the story. If the end is slightly tricky, and the moral base of the plot seems in danger of falling apart, things are not really as bad as they seem and the pace of the narrative never lets down. By the author of *The Big Clock*. Harcourt, Brace, \$3

A Bed of Roses, by William Sansom. On the eve of a projected trip to Spain with two of their best friends, Louise Abbott and her lover, Guy, have a violent quarrel, the last of many, in her London flat, and she breaks off their four-year liaison. But Guy, sadistic, thick-skinned, hateful, comes on the trip anyway. On the ship going to Spain another young man falls deeply in love with Louise and they become engaged. Guy refuses to believe this and against a most exotic and excitingly convincing background of Gibraltar, bull fights, and the fair at Seville, the story goes from violence to violence and finally to a most astonishing conclusion. Everything about the story—setting, situations, everything—tends to show in a frightening way the fascination that violence has for all of us. Compelling narrative, brilliant characterization, most graceful writing—all force the willing suspension of disbelief for the duration of a most unlikely tale.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50

The Widows of Thornton, by Peter Taylor.

Mr. Taylor is a young man who has already written a short and distinguished novel, *A Woman of Means*. In this book, called a novel, Mr. Taylor evokes the town of Thornton, Tennessee, through a series of sketches of people who have left it years ago. I am one who has had nearly all I want of people recalling and failing to escape their pasts, especially in the South, but these further in a anything but usual. In

logue and wry situations to deny to reveal themselves and their the right a satisfyingly succinct and of the fashion. has p

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NON-FICTION

General Dean's Story, as told to William L. Worden, by Major William F. Dean.

General Dean is a courageous man of persistent integrity. And even in the face of his denials this comes through the simple story of his flight, capture, and three years of confinement apart from his own men and from any other Caucasians. During that time, ill with dysentery and malaria, he ate what his guards ate (fair enough but not exactly the diet for his illness), was not allowed to walk or exercise or even to stand up except to visit the latrine. He was interrogated for sixty-eight hours at a stretch, threatened with torture, tried to kill himself when he was afraid he might give away secrets, and yet still seemed to retain a simple, four-square attitude of sensible patience with whatever came and a belief that it would all come out straight. It isn't surprising that there are few new ideas here. There are some astonishing facts. On his flight: "My elimination came to a complete stop for thirty-two days." Of his interrogators: "One of the things I noticed first was that these people were much more anxious to have me say what they wanted me to say than to extract any really new or useful information." . . . What impresses one following General Dean's years of captivity in cold and hunger and filth and pain, is the dogged will of a noble man to go on living by those beliefs and ideas that more literary men have been able to make into more exciting books.

Viking, \$5

The Man Behind Roosevelt, by Lela Stiles.

"Beloved and Revered Future President" . . . Thus Louis McHenry Howe began a letter to Franklin Roosevelt in 1912. He had met him in 1907 when Mr. Howe was a newspaperman in Albany, and from that day to the day of his death, he worked for F.D.R. This book is Mr. Howe's story—the story of his frail health and tough spirit, his dedication of all there was of both to the career of another man. Here is the political story of the death of dreams when F.D.R. was stricken with polio; the incredibly dramatic moment

A List of Cheerful Books

Some years ago the Brooklyn Public Library compiled a list of "70 Cheerful Books Most of Which Have Happy Endings." A literary columnist mentioned it in one of his essays and the Library has been deluged with requests for it ever since. For *Harper's* readers interested in this kind of reading, we shall be glad to furnish the list on request.

when for the first time after his illness Mr. Roosevelt walked across a platform, before an audience, and made an impressive speech. Here is the story of his nomination and election in 1932. Mr. Howe lived to see his political hero win the heights he had planned for him, but died before he had seen the climax of F.D.R.'s career—before even the second term. It is a familiar story, now a part of history, but somehow in this very personal, undistinguished book it comes alive again, and with a new poignancy.

World, \$4.75

FORECAST

June Offers a Miscellany

The publishers may not issue many books during the summer, but they certainly provide a variety. For June we have, in science (Macmillan): *Insect Fact and Folklore*—legend as well as scientific data—by **Dr. Lucy W. Clausen** of the Department of Public Instruction at the American Museum of Natural History. In biography (Duell, Sloan and Pearce/Little, Brown): *Age Is an Imposter*, the life and (many) activities of Mary Baker Eddy after seventy, by **Norman Beasley**. In biography and art (Little, Brown): *Samuel F. B. Morse and American Democratic Art*, by **Oliver Larkin**, professor of art at Smith College and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Art and Life in America*. On military planning (Morrow): *Strategy for the West* by **Sir John Slessor**, Marshal of the Royal Air Force. And in fiction (Knopf): *The Black Swan*, by **Thomas Mann**.

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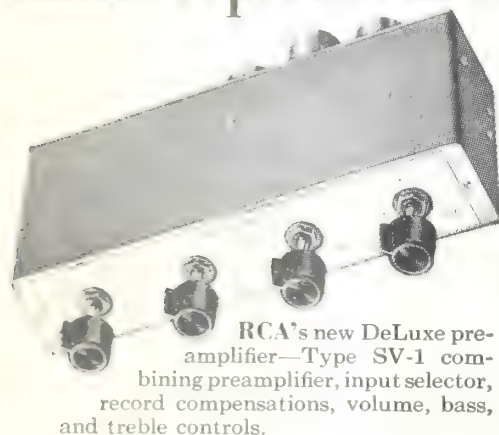
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The Devastating Diva

Edward Tatnall Canby

FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS is back. RCA Victor has reissued on a Collector's Issue ten-inch LP a group of the records this extraordinary *diva* made before her death in 1944. Jenkins, in case you didn't hear, was the sprightly old lady who gave semi-private recitals in her own coloratura voice for years to audiences that were thrilled, astonished, embarrassed, and fascinated by a phenomenon that seldom occurs in such awesome circumstances—a singer who *thinks* she sings on pitch.

The incidentals to the Jenkins concerts were perfect frosting to the cake; the lady appeared in numerous costumes to suit the "mood" of her selections, she tossed great baskets of prop flowers into the audience, then before she would do an encore insisted on retrieving the posies for another throw. Her style, in other words, was impeccable.

She was the Helen Hokinson lady incarnate—unbelievable, perfect. Hokinson was her ardent fan, for that matter.

AS FOR the music, most of her audiences were instantly reduced to giggles at the first phrases from that unbelievable vocal instrument. Imogene Coca's fine musical take-offs on TV (to the roars of the studio audience) couldn't hold a candle to it, for the supreme subtlety of the Jenkins art, present in full measure in the recording, lay in that unanswered and still unanswerable question—Did she Know? Was she serious? Or was it an act?

After your first incredulous laughter or embarrassment, you may come to agree with me that this old lady was a sort of genius at the borderline of reason. She was not unlike that distinguished old man of Iran who is now on a tearful hunger strike, though he is accused of secretly eating cookies and vitamin pills in the dark. There is a diabolical cleverness behind old Mossy's antics, as the political world is all too aware, and yet these antics are

genuine, heartfelt, and no conscious "act." So it was also with Jenkins.

She sang off-pitch—her intonation, indeed, was ghastly. But this was no mere tone-deaf yowling; her music had a subtle ghastliness that defies description—except that, after a session with Jenkins on discs, one grad-

Worth Looking Into . . .

France

Ibert: *Conc. da Camera for Saxophone.*

Debussy: *Rhapsodie for Sax. M. Mulé; Paris Phil., Rosenthal. Capitol L 8231 (10").*

Ravel: *Alb. del Gracioso; Une Barque; Pavane (orch. versions). Fauré: Pelléas et Mélisande. London Symph., Poulet. M-G-M E3116.*

Debussy: *Three sonatas (Violin; Cello; Flute, Viola, and Harp). Fournier, Janigro et al. Westminster WL 5207.*

Bizet: *Jeux d'Enfants; Jolie Fille de Perth. Chabrier: Suite Pastorale. London LL-871.*

Bizet: *Symphony in C. Utrecht Symph., Hupperts. Mus. Masterpiece MMS-11(mail).*

Mod. French Music (Milhaud; Le Boeuf. Ravel: *Le Tombeau. Satie, Gymnopédies. Honegger: Pastorale). Conc. Arts Orch., Golschmann. Capitol P-8244.*

M.-A. Charpentier: *Mass and Symphony "Assumpta est Maria" (1699). Jeunesses Mus. de France. Vox PL 8440.*

Franck: *Organ Music. Robert Noehren. Audiophile AP 4/5. (2LPs).*

usually becomes convinced that the lady was, oddly enough, highly musical. It takes a superb musician, of a sort, to sing devastatingly, excruciatingly off-pitch.

Many people have been indignant at what often seemed a shameless exploiting of a crackpot. For a while

THE NEW RECORDINGS

I felt that way, too, especially when she ended her career with the famous sold-out concert in Carnegie Hall and died, if not on the spot, only weeks later. Now, I'm not so sure.

For one thing, Florence Foster Jenkins was her own best promoter. Nobody really exploited her. Second, it is fully clear that she had a wonderful time of it—if there was any embarrassment, it was not hers. She maintained throughout that close balance between thorough cleverness and harmless insanity. I don't suppose anybody will ever know what she *really* felt, and I'm glad of it.

A Florence Foster Jenkins Recital. With Cosmé McMoon, pianist. RCA Victor LRT-7000 (10").

IT OCCURS to me that RCA has happily seized upon this material as its answer to Columbia's very considerable success with that lady genius of the musical take-off, Anna Russell. If so, then those who have enjoyed Miss Russell's very conscious and quite sane improvisations at the expense of music will find a very different sort of performer in Jenkins, as outlined above.

The Jenkins records were originally 78s of the old prewar small-company type. In those days commercial recordings on other than the big labels were almost invariably inferior in tonal sound, but the musical effect is easily audible here and only the hi-fi fans need be warned away. The fi is decidedly not hi.

Beethoven: *Tempi and Variations*

Beethoven: Symphony #6 ("Pastoral"). (1) Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Kleiber. London LL-916. (2) Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Col. ML 4828.

IF THE odd numbered Beethoven symphonies are the titans, then the even numbered works are decidedly the trickiest to perform. One can hear a dozen "Pastoral" recordings and come away unsatisfied.

The Sixth requires extraordinarily perceptive styling, to use a modern term, for it is an odd mixture of straightforward tonal craftsmanship and highly conscious mood painting, unique in music. The work itself is precisely built in terms of pure music and no other Beethoven symphony has more explicit shaping and phrasing, more elaborate indications for sudden louds and softs, off-accent, staccatos, slurs, crescendos, and diminuendos. Some conductors—Mitropoulos, say—follow these indica-

tions rigorously; others—Beecham here, for example—take easy liberties.

But more important and more subtle is the philosophical expression of the pastoral moods, the scenes in the country, the peasant dances, the gathering storm, the sweetness and repose after the turmoil is over. These are universal concepts, but every period and every nation has had its own delicately adjusted means of expressing them. For the construction-minded Beethoven their portrayal was not easy, and they are not easily encompassed in the reading of the score. The Sixth misfires far more often than not—either by overplaying, whereby the music becomes heavily naïve and anticlimactic, or by a scholarly underplaying that admits only the purely musical interpretation—in which case much of the detail work, notably the droning repetitions of small figures, becomes meaningless.

The Kleiber reading of the long and unbroken third and fourth movements is no less than superb. It is the first in a long time that hits me as perfectly in tune with Beethoven's precariously balanced intent. The peasant dances are a whirlwind of energy and sincerity, the storm is deadly in earnest but not one whit overplayed, the serenity of the finale is captured as it rarely has been. At first I felt his first movement was perhaps too heavily literal, but in view of the triumph of the remainder I'm willing to wait; it may well fit into the picture on further acquaintance.

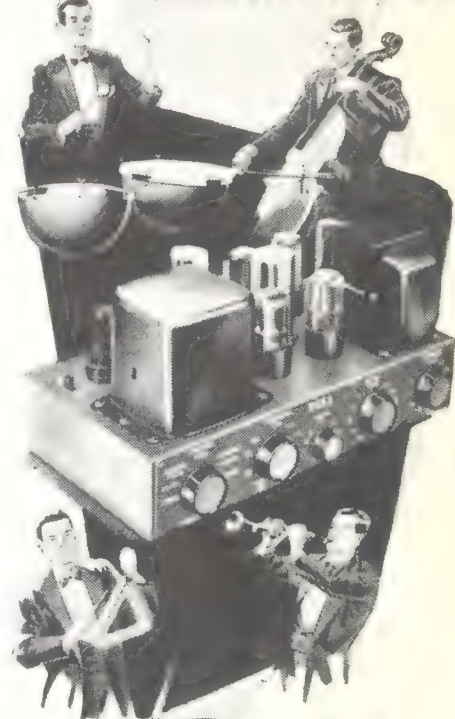
Sir Thomas Beecham's playing, after Kleiber's, is all urbanity and sophistication. Though one cannot pick an outward flaw in this silken rendition, my ear protests that this is merely the usual—and utterly wrong—routine of highly polished and effective playing. What's more, the London recording technically surpasses the relatively dull EMI sound of 1951.

Beethoven: Symphony #5. Amst. Concertgebouw, Kleiber. London LL-912.

OF THE twenty-odd Fiftys now listed on LP, this one is of considerable interest in its solution of a special problem: the tempo of the opening "motto" as related to what follows. Interpretations have varied remarkably, but the joker is that on the return of the "motto," twice later on, an accounting must be made, so to speak, in terms of the opening. A slow beginning involves a drastic retard in midstream at the development's end and again in the coda, which to many ears has sounded forced. Yet an "a tempo" beginning is, to many ears, undramatic.

That is Kleiber's way here. The tempo is strict, literally as written, and the return passages involve no slowing-

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down whatsoever. It is quite possible that here is the original intention, shorn of late 19th-century dramatics. Not exactly comfortable in the listening—possibly we (and the players) are too accustomed to the other way—but well worth an exploration for its stimulating possibilities.

For another out-of-the-way and very musical interpretation, try the Eugen Jochum version on the Epic label. It is extraordinary how these less well known (to us) performing organizations can throw unaccustomed light on the ultra-familiar repertory works. Jochum's Brahms symphonies are excellent, too.

Beethoven: Variations opus 105 and 107 for Flute and Piano; Bagatelles op. 126; Five small pieces. Richard Dirksen, pf., Wallace Mann, fl. Esoteric ES 525/6 (2) with complete score and parts.

HERE'S an example of the thoroughness with which the well known composers are now being documented via LP—on a commercial basis. It is hard to believe that the handful of out-of-the-way works on these four LP sides would command such a whole-hearted treatment. Yet some of the music is undeniably first class, notably the late-Beethoven Bagatelles. For all their size, they belong with the last quartets as examples of his most profound and revolutionary thinking. Here we have not only the performance and the complete musical score for the entire recording but even a separate booklet containing the flute parts alone! Just what one is supposed to do with it I don't know, for an actual performance from it would be difficult in view of its reduced size.

There are considerably more than a dozen separate sets of variations here on a variety of tunes, some of them very familiar, a good proportion "Scotch," meaning from Great Britain. The music was, of course, not for listening but for playing; it is outwardly of the commercial sort, well padded out as Beethoven could do when his genius was up for sale. But there are plenty of indications of the composer's stature and not a few hints of the celebrated big works. The playing is up to the music's implications—no faint praise. Recordings excellent.

(Note: The music is for "flute or violin" and piano and there is some doubt whether it was not also intended for piano alone, the solo part merely added for extra sales. Internal evidence is clear enough: the solo is given enough work to make it, ideally, indispensable, but the crafty Beethoven has written his piano parts so that for the most part they are quite intelligible without the solo, in case of emergency! Good commercial thinking.)

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